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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

JULY 1948.

PALESTINE.

I.



NOVEMBER seems to be a fateful month in the history of modern Jewry. In November 1917, Lord Balfour, in the name of the British Government, issued his Declaration promising the Jews a National Home in Palestine; in November 1947, the United Nations Assembly approved the Partition Plan, while the representative of the British Government abstained from voting. Great is the divergence between the policy of Lord Balfour and that of Mr. Bevin: much can happen in thirty years! But what does this relatively short time mean, compared with almost 2,000 years of the Jewish Diaspora? Israel's hope of a free life in their own country has never flagged from the year 70 until to-day. And even though it is a far cry from the solemn pledges of the Labour Party to support Zionism to the actions of the Labour Government in and about Palestine, it seems almost miraculous that Dr. Theodor Herzl's prophecy, uttered in 1897 in his book *Der Judenstaat*, that a Jewish state would emerge after fifty years has materialised after exactly five decades. This dream of the founder of modern Zionism survived the Nazi avalanche, the greatest catastrophe in Jewish history, so rich in catastrophes. Israel, the state, is a fact.

However, as these words are written, there are no Jews in the Old City of Jerusalem for the first time since King David wrested it from the Canaanites. This is due to the guns of the Arab Legion, a Transjordan force trained and sustained by a country which thirty years ago issued the Balfour Declaration. This is strange indeed, but is by no means the only surprise caused by events in Palestine. Is it not even more significant that the collective conscience of the world manifested itself when the United Nations accepted Partition? It is not often that this conscience is apparent. And how stunned were anti-Zionists all over the world early this year when they realised that the much publicised Palestine Arab animosity to the Jewish state had evaporated into nothing, despite the Hitlerite Grand Mufti's unceasing propaganda. The defeat of those "volunteers" was even surpassed in May when, at the end of the British Mandate, the armed forces of Egypt, Iraq, Transjordan, Syria and the Lebanon—with some units sent by Ibn Saud, and with the pitiful remnants of irregulars—to quote the B.B.C., "marched into Palestine from the North, the East and the South," and, after several weeks of "victories" could, apart from the Old City of Jerusalem, claim the "capture" only of towns like Gaza, Beersheba and Jericho which are Arab places and where they met no opposition. They did not take possession of a single Jewish settlement within the approved boundaries of the infant state; while, at the same time, Arab towns and strongholds like Jaffa and Acre were captured by the Jewish army in the stride of its defensive offensive (not to speak of Haifa with its mixed population), and the Syrians and Lebanese were forced to retreat behind their own frontiers.

Nevertheless, it would be foolish to assume that Israel faces no more hurdles. The fight for survival—if the truce fails to bring about a settlement—will have to go on for a while yet, though now that the British officers have been withdrawn from the only efficient Arab formation, the Arab Legion, the chances of the invaders have lessened. The events of the last months have proved that the 700,000 Jews in Palestine can cope with the danger emanating from the Arab countries in the Middle East. It is quite likely that, just as the assault of the Mufti gangs collapsed, so will ultimately—if the truce brings no peace—that of the regular armies of the Arab League. The explanation is primarily psychological. The young men and women in the Hagana fight for realities: their own survival, survival of their Palestine community, survival of the Jewish people wherever they are, or may be, persecuted, and for future generations. The chief aim of the mercenaries is simply looting. If they find no opportunity for looting, they will go home. The Palestine events prove that numbers are not really decisive: spirit, faith, readiness for sacrifice, together with good organisation, count for more.

Battle honours are not all, and physical survival is only the first step. Many difficulties will have to be overcome by Israel, even if the fighting should soon end. There will be the important matter of currency brought into danger by the action of the British Government in barring Palestine from the sterling area. There will be the need to grapple with the economic position of a community based primarily on workers. Work, in many instances, has been abandoned for quite a time because the workers were called to arms to defend their past and future efforts. There will be the problem of immigration into the new state of tens of thousands from the Cyprus camps and perhaps hundreds of thousands from Europe, mostly Germany, within a relatively short time: this will necessitate immense funds. In connection with this, there will also be the problem of how to re-educate some of these immigrants, how to impress upon them that after their gehenna of Nazi persecution and post-war frustration, they are coming, not into an idle paradise, but into a country of hardship and hard work. And there will be, naturally, the predominant need to reach an agreement with the Arabs in Palestine and the neighbouring countries.

When guns, mortars, bombs and airplanes cease to disturb life in the Holy Land, then will come the time to plan and work for a mutually profitable compromise with the Arab world. Perhaps the shock of the fighting will at last have brought the Arabs to a comprehension of the basic fact that Israel is here to stay. The return of a people to a country lost two thousand years ago may be unique in history, may be an exception from the rule, but it is a fact to-day. If this can be appreciated in Cairo, in Beirut, in Damascus, in Amman and Baghdad, then Tel-Aviv will gladly greet them with the ancient Hebrew "Peace be with you," then little will stand in the way of a *modus vivendi* between this tiny Israel and the vast Arab countries. In the first stage probably only trade agreements will be concluded, with the aim to make the Middle East a strong economic unit, but a permanent restoration of peace may even initiate a new era of development in all spheres of life in the Arab countries. Moderation must prevail in the counsels of Israel: one of the young state's foremost duties will be to eradicate terrorism and any imperialism from its midst. This should give the Arabs confidence that they have no

danger to expect from Israel, and help them to get rid of their own ill-fated imperialism. Both parties will have nothing to lose and everything to gain by working hand in hand so that these lands, rich by nature, should step firmly towards a prosperity unknown there since the Middle Ages and the glory of the Moors. Every awakening is unpleasant. Perhaps it is a part of Arab mentality to prefer a lethargic existence, based on the tradition of centuries of idleness, to a life of activity; that may be, subconsciously, one of the main reasons for the present Arab antagonism to the dynamic Jewish immigrant from Europe. But, after all, the lessons learned by the Palestine Arabs may not have been in vain. The Palestine Arab is to-day immeasurably better off in health, schooling and general standard of life than thirty years ago. This improvement has been brought about by the Jews on the one hand and the British Mandate on the other. One day the Arabs in neighbouring countries will comprehend that having a peaceful and internally developing Jewish state in their midst may be a blessing to them.

One should not forget that there is always the Soviet Union in the background, waiting for an opportunity to gain a foothold in the Middle East. This to some extent explains Moscow's policy in advocating Partition, together, paradoxically, with the United States. From Israel's standpoint it would have been unpolitical and foolish not to have accepted that gesture gladly, but gratitude should not lead her so far that she becomes a buffer in the interests of an imperialistic power antagonistic to the Western world. Wisdom, also in this matter, must prevail in Tel-Aviv, and no doubt it will. Jews know what totalitarianism means: they should be mortally afraid even of a totalitarianism which has not written anti-Semitism into its programme.

Another problem of paramount importance which will need an early clarification and solution is Israel's attitude to Britain. At present the Foreign Office is reluctant to recognise the Jewish state and to open a new chapter in Britain's Middle East policy, but recognition will certainly be called for by events. This, when it comes, will at once set up far-reaching repercussions in Israel. The Jews will gladly forget the last few years of Downing Street's hostility, and will remember rather that Britain is the country of the Balfour Declaration, the only Great Power which in the past genuinely tried to promote Zionism. The Mandate Administration may at times have failed to interpret the British pledges in the right spirit, but the Palestine Jews know that it was Britain who made possible the nucleus of the National Home and thus of the new state. They also know that—despite the not always impartial attitude of the British Press and wireless—the Englishman is far from being anti-Semitic or even anti-Zionist, and that the Englishman's fairness prevents his accusing all the Jews because of the misdeeds of small terrorist groups. And so, despite Mr. Bevin and Glubb Pasha, the British and the Jewish people are natural friends, and, in the sphere of politics, natural allies.

If the old, though now dormant, friendship of Britain revives, a wave of pro-British feeling in Israel will sweep away the unhappy memory of recent events. And if the Middle East policy of the Foreign Office is revised, as it will have to be, nothing will prevent Britain's continuing to play an important rôle in that part of the world. Only the principle, Divide and Rule, will have to be superseded by the

understanding that Israel is an organic part of the Middle East whose interests are in reality compatible with those of the Arab states and of Britain. It is not impossible that the leasing of the port of Haifa to Britain and the United States may be considered. If that suggestion is made the Jews will be sympathetic to it and Israel will find some way to carry it out. Though the new state will have to be formally correct in its dealing with powers, though it will certainly try to avoid a blatantly unfriendly act to the Soviet Union, there can be no doubt that its real sympathies lie with the Western powers. Commercial interests will also be a factor binding Israel and Britain. It is important for the new state to be re-admitted to the sterling *bloc*, not least because Britain is the main market for Palestine oranges; just as it will be important for Britain to rely on the friendship of a speedily developing country to which she can export many of her goods. British manufacturers would be very glad to use Israel as a re-export place for their goods to the Far East. With some goodwill on either side both will gain, and with them all the Middle East countries. This will be a valuable contribution to that which is more important than anything else: the peace of the world.

SIMON WOLF.

II.

The Arab case as regards Palestine is a simple and straightforward one, based on certain indisputable facts and on universally valid principles. It is the case of the indigenous people of a country and the vast majority in it for self-determination, for the right to keep their country to themselves, to live in it in peace and security, and to shape its political destiny. It may be summed up in the contention that it is unlawful and immoral for one people to try to establish a national state for themselves in the country of another people, since this can only be accomplished by exterminating or dislodging the latter.

The facts on which the Arab case is based are these. When the Zionist attempt to establish a Jewish state in Palestine began some thirty years ago, Palestine had been an Arab country for 1,300 years, forming an integral part of the Arab world and populated almost entirely by Arabs. The Jewish political connection with Palestine had come to an end 2,000 years before. For many centuries since the early days of the Christian era no Jews had lived in Palestine at all, and at no time during those 2,000 years did the Jewish community in the country form more than a tiny minority of the population. In 1917, when the Balfour Declaration was issued, the population consisted of about 650,000. Of these more than 600,000 were Arabs and only about 50,000, or less than 10 per cent., were Jews. A large proportion of these Jews were long established citizens and had become completely naturalised. They lived as a normal part of the population, differing from the Muslim and Christian Arabs only in religion. They had no political claims to the country and there was no conflict between them and their fellow compatriots.

Moreover the Muslim and Christian Arabs are the descendants of the original native population of Palestine who inhabited the country even before the Jews entered it in Biblical times, who survived the Jewish period, retaining possession of a large part of the country (the Jewish kingdoms in fact never included the maritime plains of

Palestine, which the United Nations partition plan has allotted to the Zionists as the core of their state), and went on living in the country, after the Jews left it, to become Arabised in the seventh century of the Christian era, as a result of the Arab conquest. The Arabs conquered Palestine not from the Jews but from the Byzantine Empire long after the country had ceased to be in any sense Jewish. Even when later the Arab world came under Turkish rule the Arabs continued to be the native population of Palestine. And towards the end of the Ottoman period they, together with the other Arab communities, were recognised by the Turks as equal partners in the Empire and given a proportionate share in its government, so that when the first World War broke out the Arabs of Palestine were not only the native population of the country but also shared in the juridical sovereignty over it as full members of the Ottoman Empire.

These being the facts, the universally recognised principles on which the Arab case rests are two. First, the principle that long and continued possession gives a people an unassailable right to the land they inhabit, a principle which in fact provides the moral basis for every nation's title to its land in the world of to-day and the rejection of which would blast the foundations of international order. The Arab case is that an uninterrupted occupation of Palestine for 1,300 years gives the Arabs an inherent prescriptive right to the country which automatically cancels any other claim, certainly one based on an occupation which had never been complete and which had come to a final end 700 years before the Arab occupation began. Secondly, the Arabs appeal to the principle of self-determination. If Palestine is an Arab country, if the Arabs are its indigenous people and the large majority in it, then it is wrong to dispose of it in the interests of another people and in open defiance of the wishes of the Arabs.

Moreover, this inherent right of the Arabs to Palestine as their country was repeatedly confirmed during and immediately after the 1914-18 war, both in the general proclamations of principle made by the Allied governments and in specific pledges made to the Arabs by the British Government in return for their revolt against Turkey and the part they played in the defeat of the Turco-German forces in the Middle East. Lastly this right was recognised in Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, which proclaimed the independence of all the Arab provinces of the Ottoman Empire.

It was not the Jews of Palestine who disputed this clear right of the Arabs or demanded a position for the Jews in the country manifestly incompatible with it. It was a body of foreign Jews in Eastern and Central Europe, in Paris, London and New York; Jews who were citizens of other countries and had never had anything to do with Palestine; whose ancestors had had no position and no rights in Palestine for 2,000 years, if ever, since a large proportion of the Eastern European Jews are not even of Semitic stock (being the descendants of Gentile communities converted to Judaism in the Middle Ages). These Jews, or Zionists as they came to be known, wished to revive Jewish nationalism and acquire a Jewish national state in Palestine. Their design, in plain words, was to take Palestine away from its people.

Unless the Arab case as stated above can be logically refuted (which neither the Zionists nor their supporters have ever succeeded in doing with the host of entirely irrelevant arguments they adduce), it must be conceded that neither Britain nor the League of Nations had any right to promise the Jews any special status in Palestine after the first World

War against the wishes of the Arabs, and that therefore neither the Balfour Declaration nor the Mandate had any moral validity. Yet even those two documents, which constitute the entire juridical basis of the Zionist position in Palestine, do not support the present claims of the Zionists. What they provided for was the establishment of a Jewish national home in Palestine. In neither of them were the Jews promised a state. In neither of them was there any recognition of the claim of the Jews to a state in Palestine. Indeed the British Government in 1917 deliberately rejected this Zionist claim and would only commit themselves to a text from which all such implications had been carefully excised. Lastly, both documents contained specific stipulations that the establishment of the Jewish national home should not in any way prejudice the rights or position of the Arab population. And though it may conceivably be argued that some kind of limited national home may be established for one people in the country or another without causing any prejudice to the latter, it is obvious that this argument becomes a cynical mockery if what is demanded is a sovereign national state reducing the indigenous population to minority status in their own country or compelling them to leave it.

The kind of national home envisaged in the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate, the kind of national home which the British Government expressed its willingness in 1922 (Command Paper 1700) to help the Jews establish in Palestine under the Mandate, has in the view of the British Government themselves been already achieved. Something like half a million Jewish immigrants have been enabled in the course of the last thirty years to enter Palestine and establish themselves in it as a national and cultural community with its own life, social and religious organisations, national language, schools, and press, together with an almost exclusively national economy. If this was all the Jews wanted, and it represents the maximum they could possibly have without inflicting a mortal injury and injustice on the people of the country, they could have secured it with Arab consent, and there would have been no problem and no war to-day. For although the Arabs have consistently denied the validity of the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate, and have regarded even the establishment of a Jewish national home in this narrow sense as an unwarrantable encroachment on their rights, they were prepared (when the matter came up before the United Nations) in the interests of peace and as a maximum concession towards a compromise, to accept the results that had accrued up to date provided a final limit was put on their expansion. They offered the Jews in Palestine complete equality of citizenship with themselves under a federal constitution, local autonomy in the purely Jewish parts of the country with full guarantees for the maintenance and development of Jewish cultural life, and an effective share in all branches of the government in proportion to their numbers, or even in excess of it.

With regard to the question of immigration, which has been greatly complicated by the persecution of the Jews in Europe under the Nazis and by the war, it is essential in the Arab view that the Palestine question and the Jewish refugee question as such should be treated as two distinct issues if a reasonable solution of the Palestine question is to be reached, and that the Zionists should not be allowed to exploit the plight of the displaced persons and the humanitarian feelings which this tragedy has naturally and properly aroused in the civilised world, to further their political ambitions in Palestine. Jewish immigration

into Palestine involves acute political issues and cannot be regarded in a purely humanitarian light. If Palestine is an Arab country and the Jews have no right to sovereignty in it, then the continued arrival, against Arab wishes, of foreign immigrants who have a political design on the country is an act of aggression, and does not cease to be so merely because the immigrants may be in another sense refugees. Their status as refugees does not give them a specific right to Palestine, where they have political ambitions. It does not give them a specific right to enter any country against the wishes of the majority of its inhabitants. It merely gives them a human and moral right against the whole civilised world, and their problem can only be solved on an international basis, by all the countries of the United Nations opening their doors to them in proportion to their resources and absorptive capacity. For the world to try to solve the Jewish refugee problem at the political expense of the Palestine Arabs would be an act of great meanness towards both the Arabs and the *bona fide* Jewish refugee who has no nationalist ambitions and merely desires a new home and new opportunity, but whose plight has been exploited by the Zionists for political ends.

The United Nations has no right, legal or moral, to decree the partition of Palestine and the establishment in it of a Jewish state against the wishes of the overwhelming majority of its population. In voting for partition the U.N. Assembly violated its own Charter, which guarantees the right of self-determination to all nations and is based on the principles of democratic procedure. The Arabs had demanded that the case be referred to the International Court of Justice for a juridical decision, but their request was rejected in the *ad hoc* committee of the Assembly (though only by a majority of one, showing that many members felt uncertain about the Assembly's competence to decide the matter). Despite this, however, the partition resolution was passed, but it was only by extremely dubious methods and as a result of unwarranted pressure by certain Big Powers that the necessary majority for it was obtained.

In any case the Assembly's resolution was a mere recommendation and not a decision. It had no binding force on the member States and it carried no arrangements for its implementation. The United States which had been its principal sponsor subsequently jettisoned the partition scheme and the Security Council refused to implement it. Moreover, the resolution did not merely provide for the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine. It provided for the establishment of an Arab state as well and of an economic union between the two states, which was held to be essential to the scheme as a whole. In other words the resolution laid down certain conditions as the prerequisite of partition, and assumed Arab willingness to co-operate in carrying it out. These conditions were not fulfilled because the Arabs were unwilling to co-operate in the mutilation of their country and their own effective liquidation as the lawful owners and people of Palestine. For this is precisely what the Assembly's partition scheme amounted to. Sixty-two per cent. of the total area of Palestine including the country's most valuable assets was to go to the Jews who form only a third of the population. Five hundred thousand Arabs were to be left as a minority in the Jewish state. And lastly, the parts of the country left to the Arabs were to be scattered areas joined together by pin points of contact through Jewish territory and lacking in all the means that go to the making of a state.

The Arab rejection of the scheme meant that the conditions laid down in the Assembly plan would not be fulfilled and so the entire resolution lost any validity which it might have had. The proclamation of a Jewish state by the Zionists when the Mandate ended had therefore no basis even in the Assembly's resolution, and having no other basis either in law or morality was nothing more than a mutinous action by a foreign minority against the indigenous majority of the people of Palestine. Moreover, the Zionists had even before the end of the Mandate launched a campaign of brutal violence and terrorism against the Arab population with the object of bludgeoning them into acceptance of the Jewish state or compelling them to flee. When the Mandate ended Palestine, including the purely Arab areas which even U.N.O. had not allotted to the Jews, was at the mercy of the Zionist terrorist organisation, and a quarter of a million Arabs, mostly civilians, had become refugees in the surrounding Arab countries. The intervention of the Arab States with their regular troops to protect the Palestine Arabs and prevent the forcible establishment of a Jewish state in what had always been and was still an Arab country was a natural and lawful action; and no amount of casuistic manoeuvring at Lake Success by the Zionists and their supporters can alter the fact that in Palestine, whatever technicalities may be invoked, the Zionists and not the Arabs, the foreign intruders and not the people of the country, the minority and not the majority, are the aggressors.

EDWARD ATIYAH.

Secretary, The Arab Office.

TOWARDS EUROPEAN UNITY.

THE Hague Conference—the Congress of Europe, to give it its official name—was not intended to work out a detailed Constitution for European Unity, but it achieved all that such a Conference could do. It might more properly have been described as a European Demonstration rather than a Conference or Congress. Officially, there were 750 delegates, but it seemed that there were far more, and in any case those 750 persons came from almost every country in Europe. Such a gathering could not hope to draft a Constitution, nor were those present entitled to do so; for while many of them were representatives of the organisations co-operating to call the Conference, others were interested individuals and none of them had the right to speak authoritatively for their countries. More than twenty ex-Prime Ministers were present and nearly thirty former Foreign Secretaries. There were many Members of Parliament of all political views, prominent churchmen, industrialists, trade unionists, lawyers, economists, scientists, philosophers, authors and university presidents.

The Hague meeting achieved two purposes for which it was suited. The Press was represented by 250 journalists and the propaganda effect, especially in Europe, must have been considerable. But perhaps the most important achievement was the bringing together of persons from all European countries for interchange of ideas and to explore the extent to which agreement was practicable. For not only were different political points of view represented, but different ideas as to the extent and meaning of European Union might have led to disagreement rather than unity; and indeed agreement was not

reached without difficulty, without late sessions, and without considerable concessions being made.

Undoubtedly the overwhelming prestige on the Continent of Mr. Churchill was an invaluable asset. In a much less tangible way the atmosphere of The Hague and the attitude of the Dutch seemed to me also an underlying influence making for agreement. We in Britain underestimate the influence of the long years of their Occupation. Probably the Dutch, like many other Occupied Countries, suffered as high a rate of casualties in the war through bombing from both sides, in the Resistance Movements, through deportations of one sort and another, as in the actual fighting in the beginning and the end of the war. The Channel may make little difference strategically in a future war, but it still leaves the British people with a sense of independence, of isolation, which is not shared by the countries which realise that in a few hours or a few days they might again be overrun. Be that as it may, the strength of feeling on the Continent in favour of European unity seemed to me more intense, more resolved, less theoretic than in England. Whether or not it was discretion, there was unexpectedly little talk of the Russian menace, and the long discussions of the three Committees were directed to the positive advantages of closer association rather than the more negative denunciation of the danger from the East. Nevertheless, the question of admitting people from the Eastern European countries, refugees of course, was not settled without controversy, but admitted they were as full members to the Conference, along with representatives of the Spanish Socialists. For if the Conference were to take its stand on a Charter of Human Rights, how could such people be refused only because they were not acceptable to the Governments of their countries?

Of course the "Right Wing Conservatives" of Europe were represented in force. Mr. Churchill brought a strong delegation including Mr. Eden, Sir John Anderson, Mr. Duncan Sandys, Mr. Richard Law and other Members of Parliament. Mr. Van Zeeland, whom Mr. Dalton has called a collaborator, took a prominent part. The Catholic Church was also well represented; the Socialists of Europe, though present, were not there in strength. Our own Government frowned upon attendance; Belgium's Socialist Prime Minister, M. Spaak, was in any case in the throes of a Cabinet crisis. But the French trade unionists did their best to make up for the absence of others, and by a determined struggle cajoled the Conference into accepting amendments to the economic resolutions which seemed to many members of the Conference to be more syndicalist than Socialist.

M. Ramadier, as Chairman of the Political Committee, was more fortunate. Federalists were fully represented at the Conference. Both from France and Italy, as well as from England, many delegates sought to persuade the Conference to accept their view of European Unity. At the other extreme there were those who felt that the Brussels Treaty between Great Britain, France and the Benelux countries, with its military co-ordination, co-operation in economic affairs and a basic Charter of Human Rights, was a sufficient pattern to follow and develop, and so the words "Union or Federation" are linked together throughout the Assembly's Resolutions. It was not the business of this Conference to attempt a solution to this problem. All delegates could agree in urging the Governments of their countries

to call a "European Assembly chosen by the Parliaments of the participating nations from amongst their members and others":

- (a) to stimulate and give expression to European public opinion ;
- (b) to advise upon immediate practical measures designed progressively to bring about the necessary economic and political union of Europe ;
- (c) to examine the juridical and constitutional implications arising out of the creation of such a Union or Federation and their economic and social consequences ;
- (d) to prepare the necessary plans for the above purposes."

Each national delegation was charged to press upon its own Government the urgency of calling such an Assembly, and this is the next task to be achieved. Mr. Churchill and leading delegates of the British delegation have already done so.

In one way the work of the Economic Committee was simpler. The advantages of economic co-operation are so obvious, even if in practice the obstacles are quite as numerous and no less difficult to overcome. Some time was spent in discussing whether economic unity could, in fact, develop without the first step towards further political unity. Economic collaboration could mean very little or very much ; but without an overriding political organisation it is doubtful whether even the incentive of Marshall Aid would be sufficient to break down the "economic self-determination" of each separate European State struggling to solve its own problems.

The Cultural Committee under the Chairmanship of Dr. de Madariaga started with a magnificent statement, circulated before the Conference opened, of a liberal conception of man's individuality. It produced a practical report dealing with a proposed European Cultural Centre, a European Youth Institute, Education, and a Charter of Human Rights.

The Conference ended with a powerful exhortation from Mr. Brendan Bracken to improve the organisation in each country. Frequent meetings are to take place of the International Steering Committee, and there is no doubt that European Union in some form or other is launched as a great issue in the political life of Western European countries. But the difficulties in the way are great. Collaboration between completely independent nations is one thing, but a federation on the lines of the United States or any other Federal country seems an almost impossible achievement. The arguments for the fullest possible unity are overwhelming, but the inertia of the political systems in all countries is, in itself, a formidable difficulty to overcome. The Hague Conference made a beginning, but there is a long road to travel and time is short. Perhaps we have got to work out some new form of association which will neither conform to the patterns of previous Federations or Confederations—something which is suited to the special conditions of Europe. Over all looms, on the one hand, the threat which people are so anxious not to face, the possibility of atomic war. On the other side are the infinite possibilities of the development of the oldest and greatest industrial resources in the world, with a population of more than 200 million. If effective unity could be achieved, Europe need neither fear Russian interference nor depend upon American assistance.

• WILFRID ROBERTS.

THE ADAPTABILITY OF COMMUNISM.

THE accession to power of the Communists in Central Europe has produced three types of reaction. Some have hailed it as a necessary and welcome revolution full of the promise of social peace and justice, of security, prosperity and full achievement; to others it has appeared as an unmitigated disaster, the end of all they and their ancestors worked and fought for, heavy with the threat of internal disruption, the lowering of standards of life, the death of liberty and free individual achievement. There is a third group which regards the advent of Communism as probably inevitable and possibly beneficial, which is prepared to accept the *fait accompli*, recognises the present futility of struggling against the tide, and is prepared, from motives partly selfish and partly patriotic, to make the best of it, by working to ensure that their country shall secure the blessings of all that is good in Communism and shall avoid all its unpleasant accompaniments.

Those who think in this way are not few, nor are they unimportant. Many of them were two years ago liberals or conservatives—reformists who opposed the Communists in Press and parliament in Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. They were politicians, party leaders, journalists, civil servants, professors, school teachers, writers or artists, and they still are, because they have been sufficiently pliable or persuadable to adopt Communism or to adapt themselves to it, many of them I believe quite sincerely. In countries where orthodox Communists are in a minority these reconciled collaborators are of great importance, because it is they who justify to themselves and to a large part of the people the passive acceptance of the rule of a minority and readiness to work with the new order. The form of the justification is normally to argue that, given the proximity, the power and the influence of the Soviet Union and the internal conditions created by the war, the domination of the Communists was inevitable; as the only alternative to civil strife, which might have developed into a general war, it was preferable; as affording the occasion for revolutionary changes it might provide an opportunity for purging from the community much that was evil, and embarking on economic and social courses that promise great good; and that in countries with as long a national tradition and as fully developed a national character as Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia, the national genius is capable of taking hold of Communism, divesting it of all that is not in harmony with national liberal tradition and cultural achievement, and investing it with a specific national character, thereby so transforming it that it will not destroy, but rather fulfil, the millennial achievement of the nation's genius.

This is the faith of many good and honest men in Central Europe, urged sometimes with a passion that betrays an anxiety to convince themselves as much as their hearers and readers. This faith in the creative adaptability of Communism is also sometimes preached by Communists in Western Europe, and the validity of its assumptions and conclusions is worth examination.

The basic assumption is that Communism, like Christianity, can take various forms, so that while the essential creed remains universal, the liturgy and ritual are capable of infinite variation according to differing national habits and susceptibilities. I deliberately use the religious metaphor because Hungarian or Polish Catholics and members of the Czechoslovak Protestant Churches have long been accustomed to think

that, while they shared the essentials of faith with their orthodox neighbours, yet they themselves had a more refined and civilised form of the faith ; so they are conditioned to think that they can take the orthodox Communism of Russia, purify, civilise and westernise it, and make it specifically Polish, Czech or Magyar. For, though they are kept very ignorant of what goes on inside the Soviet Union, the Poles, Czechs and Magyars have a shrewd suspicion that Russian Communism was rudely born in a backward community, that its adolescence was made hard and rough by the harshness of civil war and foreign invasion, during which repression, persecution and obscurantism acquired a momentum which has not yet been checked. But, argue the reconciled, Communism is not repressive, intolerant and obscurantist in virtue of its essence. These unpleasant attributes of Communist rule as practised hitherto are but accidents, due not to the nature of Communism but to the fact that Communism has up to the present only obtained power in the essentially uncivilised and undeveloped countries of Russia and Soviet Asia, Bulgaria, Rumania and Yugoslavia ; there Communist rule could not be libertarian because liberty can only exist where there is security, both internal and external, prosperity and some practical experience of self-government.

In other words, the argument is that the curtailment of liberty in Eastern Europe, the controlled Press, swollen police forces, government by decree and regimentation of the individual, are due not to the fact that their governments are Communist but to the ignorance, backwardness, inexperience, lack of respect for law and order and general political and economic primitiveness of the Russians and Soviet Asiatics, Rumanians, Bulgars and Serbs. It is assumed that whatever the governments of these peoples were in name, whether czardoms, constitutional monarchies, parliamentary democracies or people's republics, the instruments of government would be much the same, because people who are politically and economically undeveloped cannot be governed anyhow else ; whether Czar or Politburo, Alexander or Tito, Boris or Dimitrov, Carol or Groza rules makes no difference to the methods of government, for methods are determined by the degree of social development ; what has changed is not the means, but the end, not the instruments but the beneficiaries of government.

This argument is reinforced by a sentiment that is important, the inner conviction of the Czechs and the Poles that they are the best of the Slavs, and the unquenched faith of the Magyar that he is better than any Slav. The Pole has not yet ceased to believe in a Messianic mission of Poland ; the Czech still thinks of himself as a member of the one nation which has made the best of both eastern and western civilisations, and the Magyar is still convinced that he is nature's natural aristocrat.

Hence it is that in these three countries there are many who flatter themselves that " it will be different here." It is usually agreed that the actual transition to Communist rule must necessarily involve some regrettable restrictions on liberty, that those benighted fools or selfish knaves who resist, or might resist, the new order must be restrained and punished, that there are even in the most civilised countries some who need to be protected by Press control from false doctrine and reactionary foreign propaganda, that the executive has to be strengthened at the expense of the legislature and judicature until the new order is safely established. But, say the reconciled, these are only temporary measures, which not so long ago both Harold Laski and Sir Stafford Cripps were

prepared to advocate. Once the muddle-headed have been convinced and the irreconcilable have been rendered harmless, the State will be able to divest itself of its emergency powers and revert to liberty ; a Peisistratus or Cromwell or Danton is the harsh necessary forerunner of any age of liberty and democracy.

Each of the three nations has an intense pride and faith in its national character and achievement. The reconciled Pole believes that a people which in the sixteenth century ruled an area which stretched from Danzig to Odessa and from the Oder to Kiev, which produced Saint Stanislas and Saint Hedwiga, Matthew of Cracow and Copernicus, Mickiewicz, Sienkiewicz and Chopin as evidence of its civilisation, and Boleslav the Brave, Casimir the Great, John Sobieski and Kosciuszko to bear witness to its political ability and courage, will surely be able to make something better and noble of Communism than muzhiks of Russia and the cossacks of the despised Ukraine. The Czechs will tell you with even more conviction of their faith that Czechoslovakia is now entering on an epoch which will see the consummation of a thousand years of political achievement and spiritual ripening. They never tire of recalling the self-sacrificing sanctity of St. Wenceslas and St. Adalbert, the enlightened imperialism of Premysl Otakar II, the constructive statesmanship of Charles IV, the devotion to truth and courage of Jan Milč, Jan Hus and Jerome of Prague ; they believe that the Hussites of the fifteenth century were in the van of political progress and, they are trying to persuade themselves, of social justice ; they are immensely proud of the statesmanship of George of Poděbrady, of the European fame of Comenius, of the pioneer scholarship of Dubrovsky, Šafařík and Jungmann, of the scholarship and leadership of Palacky, of the genius of Havlíček, Vrchlický and Manes, of Smetana, Dvořák and Janáček ; Thomas Masaryk they think of as one of the three or four greatest men of the twentieth century, and they are trying to convince themselves that all the great and good things which these men lived and fought for can be mated with the genius of pure Communism, to which none of them was inherently alien, and of which all of them would have approved as the ideal, and that from this union, once the labour of parturition is over, will spring the Czech Communism, happy, free, just and wise, able and willing to enlighten equally the totalitarian Communists of the East and the libertarian individualists of the West.

I imagine that there are many Hungarians who think on similar lines. The Magyars were a ruling race for eight hundred years, accustomed to think themselves superior to subject Slovaks, Croats, Serbs and Russians ; it is their pride that their Charter of Liberties is three years older than Magna Carta itself ; they, too, can boast a roll of saints, heroes, statesmen, artists and scholars which extends from Árpád to Kossuth, from King Stephen to Szechény and Deak, Petöfi and Bartok. Their pride of race and their faith in traditional Magyar genius is such that they, too, believe that they can make of the new order something that can partake of universal Communism and still be essentially Magyar.

What are we to think of these hopes and this faith in nationally redeemed Communism ? If there is anything in them, then a new epoch of human history, a fruitful and exciting experiment is being begun in Central Europe, an experiment which may well be of prophetic interest to Italy, France and Germany, probably, too, to us and the Americans. But there are two things which should make us and the reconcilers suspend our plaudits : one the actual course of post-revolutionary

events in Central Europe ; the other a consideration of the essential character of the Communism to which Central Europe is being subjected.

First, it is become tragically clear that national traditions and habits are being slowly steam-rolled into flat conformity with the eastern pattern. When we observe what is happening to the vigorous Polish tradition of the liberty of the individual, when we see Hus being stripped of his religious character and caricatured as a social-reformist prototype of Mr. Fierlinger and Professor Nejedlý, when we hear Masaryk's exhortations to humanity and love perverted to justify the arbitrary decrees of action committees and the suspension of the right of the elector to choose among those who would represent him in a sovereign parliament, it seems folly to believe that the pattern will differ much in Central Europe from that which we already know in Eastern Europe. I have no doubt that many of the trappings of nationality will continue to be tolerated, even encouraged, as they are in the various constituent republics of the Soviet Union ; national costumes, folk-dancing, folk-music and vernacular poetry will be fostered ; buildings and institutions will to some extent be allowed to keep their honoured names, though already the older street names which paid tribute to the heroes of the nineteenth century are giving place to a welter of Gottwald Squares, Rakosi streets, Stalin and Malinowski avenues, and the Teléki Institute in Budapest is now the East European Scientific Institute. Much more important is the reduction to standard pattern of the forms of government. The Hungarian parliament with its long and continuous history is, like the Czechoslovak Assembly, reduced to the form of an occasional meeting of party nominees, whose function is largely to give formal approval to and to promulgate the decrees made by central action committees, which may perhaps have sprung from the spontaneous will of the people, but certainly were not elected by them. One would have thought that if there was one thing valuable and glorious in the tradition of the Central European nations it was the right to oppose : Polish opposition to the Teutonic Knights, to Saxon despots and Czarist tyranny ; the opposition of Hus to ecclesiastical presumption, of Žižka to German imperialism, of Masaryk to Habsburg oppression and faithlessness ; the opposition of the Magyars to Tatars and Osmanli, to Habsburg and Romanov, surely all these are of the essence of the history of these three peoples. And yet it is just this right of opposition which is being denied to them ; to question, to criticise, to condemn is treated as treason to the State, opposition to the sovereign will of the people. Everywhere the assumption is made that the expressed will and policy of the Government is and must be identical with the good of the community, and is beyond question. Some right to criticise verbally is, it is true, still tolerated ; in Hungary the Church is still strong enough to make its voice heard in the pulpit and in print ; but for the rest the voice of dissent is being silenced by persecution and threats, and by the fact that editorial boards and publishing firms, universities, journalistic societies and writers' and artists' guilds are being purged of "reactionary" and opposition elements. What becomes of the doctrine of synthesis when even communists, socialists and radicals of long standing and known patriotism are kicked out (like Laušman and Peyer) or kicked upstairs (like Gottwald and Tildy) ? More and more denationalised, rigidly orthodox Communists, whose devotion to doctrine swamps any nationalist sentiment they may have, such men as Zapotochy, the new premier, and Slansky, the party

secretary, in Czechoslovakia, and Rakosi and Gerö in Hungary, are becoming the effective rulers ; this must surely demonstrate even to the most optimistic of the reconciled that their hope of preserving distinctive national genius is vain. The fact that so many of these new rulers of Central Europe are of Jewish origin is no reflection on the abilities of an able race, but it is indicative of the process of denationalisation.

What we tend to forget and what those who are hoping for something new or better in Central Europe tend to forget is that Marxism claims to be scientific, to follow laws that are as ineluctable and as universal as the laws that govern the planets in their courses. Such a political theory cannot permit of local aberrations, for scientific truth makes no compromises. What is valid for Russia is valid for Czechoslovakia. To the Marxist the existence of the class war in Czechoslovakia before February is not a matter for dispute or historical investigation, but is a matter of necessary scientific fact. There is no place in the scheme of Lenin's and Stalin's Communism for abstract right and justice, for the right to criticise and oppose, for parliamentary sovereignty and two-party government, or for any of the other liberal *faux pas* on which the Poles, Czechs and Hungarians used to pride themselves. Those who would be reconciled should recall the words of Lenin : " The transition from capitalism to communism will certainly create a great variety and abundance of political forms, but their essence will inevitably be the same : the dictatorship of the proletariat,"* and of Stalin : " Some people believe that this theory [of the dictatorship of the proletariat] is a purely ' Russian ' theory, applicable only to Russian conditions. That is wrong. Lenin's theory of the dictatorship of the proletariat is not a purely ' Russian theory,' but a theory which applies to all countries. Bolshevism is not only a Russian phenomenon. ' Bolshevism,' says Lenin, is ' a model of tactics for all '."†

That is the statement of scientific revolution. Marxism claims not only the surrender of the allegiance of the individual but also of the nation ; Marxism provides a necessary pattern of development and regards local deviation as impossible, for all concession to local political tradition is compromise, and scientific law makes no compromise.

R. R. BETTS.

WHICH WAY CHINA ?

FOR good or ill the meeting in April and May of the Chinese National Assembly, the first held under the new constitution, was a landmark in China's history. Although no elections could be held in the Communist-controlled areas, the members, coming from as far afield as Chinese Turkestan, Mongolia and Tibet, were fully representative, and they showed a welcome determination to speak with the voice of China, which is traditionally for common sense and the middle way and is utterly sick of war and the extremists both of Kuomintang and Communism.

Infuriated rather than cowed by the attempt of the reactionary overlords of the Kuomintang to stifle the Assembly, before it had even met, by putting over a hundred members under house arrest, the Assembly brushed aside the colourless agenda prepared for it, clam-

* *Selected Works*, vii, p. 24.

† *Problems of Leninism*, p. 99.

oured for a searching inquiry into the mismanagement of the war with the Communists and the sins of the whole Administration, and scored two distinct triumphs, one, in forcing the Government to agree that the Assembly should meet again in 1950 instead of 1952; the other, in electing as Vice-President, against the strongest opposition by the reactionaries, General Li Tsung-jen, a stalwart for liberal government and reform, whose administration of his native Kwangsi has made it "the model province" of China.

In a word, the Assembly gave the clearest possible mandate to the Government. It was the most hopeful sign that has come from China since the war. But hopes have been raised before, notably at the all-party conference in Chungking at the end of 1946, when General Chiang Kai-shek conceded all the most important demands of the Communists, only to see them break away within three months—the Communists do not want agreement, they want exclusive power—and one cannot be blind to the danger of further disappointment.

Theoretically, China is now guided by her Constitution, the product of three years' careful work and, on paper, an admirable document. Under it, the National Assembly, reinforced by an ample system of local self-government, is the source of all authority. Between its meetings it is represented by the Legislative Yuan, or council, an elective body functioning as a perpetual parliament, without whose approval no measure proposed by the Executive Yuan (roughly, the Cabinet) can become law. A further check on the Government is provided by the Control Yuan, also elective, which perpetuates the powers of the famous Censors who, in imperial days, were brave enough even to impeach the Son of Heaven himself. But the Chinese have an unhappy reputation for drafting excellent regulations which no one obeys, and it cannot but be feared that the Constitution may take rank with the teachings of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, continually extolled by Kuomintang and Communists alike as the bible of modern China and, as patently, ignored in practice.

The picture presented by Nationalist China is one of bewildering complexity. The principal political parties are the Kuomintang entrusted by Dr. Sun Yat-sen on his death in 1925 to accomplish his aims, the Young China Party and the Social Democrats. These last two parties are weak in numbers and organisation, but may fairly claim to represent the great mass of Chinese public opinion, the growth of which in recent years is one of the most significant phenomena of the awakening of China. Upon the adoption of the Constitution the Kuomintang properly became only one of a number of equally legal parties, entitled, as General Chiang has said, to make suggestions but not to dictate to the Government. But, having dug themselves in by the provisional order of government adopted in 1928, when the capital was moved to Nanking, as the sole authority, unquestionable and inviolable, the Kuomintang's ascendancy appears immovable, while the war with Japan enabled a small group of reactionaries, commonly known as "the C.C. clique" from the initials of the two Chen brothers who direct it, to gather all power into its own hands.

Against this, the Kuomintang contain men of all shades of opinion, many of them advanced liberals. That was clearly shown in the National Assembly where, although the Kuomintang outnumbered the other parties and the Independents probably by five or six to one, criticism of the Government came plentifully from Kuomintang members.

Another element in the State is the student body, who since the

downfall of the Empire have claimed to inherit the mantle of the literati, the scholars composing the mandarinates, who from time immemorial had stood at the top of the four recognised ranks in China—scholars, farmers, merchants, soldiers. United in all provinces, explosive and reckless, the students have proved their strength more than once since, over forty years ago, they set out to rouse public opinion against opium. They are said now to have started a national campaign for the formation of a "middle of the way." They will not fail for want of enthusiasm, and, as General Marshall said in his sad valedictory to China at the end of his long efforts to make peace between Kuomintang and Communists, there is probably no lack of moderate men on both sides who would support the students' efforts. But it is too early yet to say whether they are likely to succeed.

In all fairness, the enormous difficulties confronting the Chinese Government when it returned to Nanking early last year from its long exile in Chungking must not be forgotten. For eight years more than half China had been held by Japan, factory plant had been carried off, the country was full of worthless Japanese notes, and the whole Administration, by no means perfect even before the war, was in ruins. The opportunity thus presented to political grafters to insinuate themselves into lucrative positions was availed of to the full. Manchuria, where the Government now hold little more than Mukden and the railway thence to Peking, and are in danger of losing even that, was a particularly bad example. Instead of the three or four old Manchurian generals of Chang Tso-lin, tried men, popular with the people, being sent to take charge after V.-J. Day, Manchuria was invaded by a swarm of Kuomintang carpet-baggers, who filled their pockets with both hands and so alienated the Manchurians that they were easily won over by the Communists. Manchuria was virtually lost before the fighting had begun.

Another obstacle to recovery is the greed of vested interests and the aggressive nationalism of the younger officials, for ever on the lookout to resent the slightest shadow of foreign interference or privilege. Before the war a large part of the produce of the Yangtze Valley was carried to Shanghai by British ships. It might be again without detriment to Chinese shipping, for there is, or might be, ample cargo for both and eager purchasers for it throughout the world. But when in 1946 the Chinese Government tried to re-admit British ships to the Yangtze, to carry supplies to the famine districts of Hunan and such general cargo as there was space for, the Chinese shipping companies and officials protested so violently that the British ships never sailed. Since then they have also been deprived of their freedom to ply between ports along the coast. The result is that freights have been pushed up to such a height that trade is stifled and China loses the exports which might balance trade and support her currency. As Lord Ammon, head of last year's British Parliamentary Mission to China, told Nanking, "China is not so much shutting others out as shutting herself in."

Again, it would be most unjust not to recognise the good work done by some of Nanking's departments. Lord Ammon was much impressed by the improvement in elementary education and by the number of new well-equipped factories in Shanghai. Much, too, has been done for public health; and the Minister of Communications, Dr. Yu Ta-wei, has won very high marks. It is proof once more of China's unsurpassed resilience that, in South China where there is still no war, the whole of

the 760 miles of the Canton-Hankow railway was reopened to traffic in July 1946, although all the rails had been torn up in the war to check the Japanese advance.

The inertia of the masses of Chinese officialdom is a heavy obstacle to progress, worse to-day than when the late Sir Robert Hart used to say that he had done well if he succeeded in putting through any reform within seven years of proposing it. What can be expected when the only certainty about the money in one's pocket is that it will probably be worth some thousands of dollars less to-morrow than it is to-day? Eighteen months ago the Chinese dollar stood at about 7,000 to the £. At the moment of writing it has dropped to the region of 4,000,000. Money passes from hand to hand with lightning rapidity as people hasten to buy something durable, and capital flows out to invest itself in gold bars smuggled through Macao, or diamonds in Hongkong, which is now Amsterdam's third biggest customer for polished diamonds in the world. The Government's attempts to check the fall of the dollar by import restrictions and State dealing in an increasing number of commodities have only led to unparalleled smuggling all over the coast, and black markets.

Among the many paradoxes that China presents none is more noticeable than that the most peace-loving, most easily governed people on earth have nearly always been somewhere in a state of war-like rebelliousness. If there had been no Communism in the past two years, it is odds on that there would have been trouble from some other source. But it could not have been so bad nor, for a variety of reasons, so peculiarly dangerous to the whole social structure of China.

Excluding their hold on Manchuria (which, be it remembered, is bigger than Germany and France together and immeasurably rich both below and above ground) the Communists now dominate the best part of seven northern provinces between the Great Wall and China, territory about five times the size of Great Britain. The Government hold a few big cities, Peking, Tientsin, Tsingtao, etc., but apart from these their authority extends little beyond the ground on which their troops stand, and the initiative, at any rate for the time being, has manifestly passed to the Communists.

More and more the latter assume the tone not of revolutionaries but of an independent State. The committee headed by the famous "Red dictator," Mao Tse-tung, which has directed the revolt for twenty years, is about to be replaced by a constituted government representative of all "the liberated areas." Political agents closely follow the Communist armies to impose Marxist administration in towns and villages, and all the emphasis now is laid on right political thinking rather than on the agrarian reform by which the peasants were first won over. "Marxism-Leninism" is extolled by Mao Tse-tung as the key to the liberation of "the thousand million peoples of the East"; and the Communists' May Day exhortations to unite against "American imperialism" were addressed to "the workers of all countries." Torrents of abuse are poured out on America, who is accused of dictating to the United Nations' Commission in Java in order to "enslave the Indonesian peoples" and of recruiting 100,000 Koreans to fight for General Chiang Kai-shek.

It is the tragedy of China to-day that she has to withstand an entirely new kind of adversary when she herself is trying to adapt herself to a new and wholly foreign form of government. In the past 3,000 years there have been many rebellions; dynasties have risen, flourished for a

while and fallen. But it was only the rulers that were changed, not the system or the structure of society. Only once was a serious assault made upon these, when Shih Hwang Ti, so-called Napoleon of China, tried to create the totalitarian State ("guns for butter" indeed) in place of the humane teaching of the philosophers and their insistence on the rights of the individual. Shih died within ten years of becoming Emperor, and his system was overthrown almost in a night.

The weakness of the republican form of government for which Dr. Sun Yat-sen opted is not that it is based on the principle of democracy (for which indeed there were many precedents in imperial China when for all practical purposes the Chinese governed themselves through their guilds and village elders), but that for the first time it has introduced politics into China. Formerly there were court intrigues, secret societies, rebellions, but no politicians, with the inevitable concomitant of controversy, gerrymandering and the balancing of one faction's interests against another's. Add to this what is in effect an exceedingly cumbrous and dilatory committee form of administration, and it is easily seen how difficult it is for Nanking to cope with Communism, which continually infiltrates through its lines and rots its defences from within.

The outlook is not wholly without hope. The new Cabinet announced on May 31st was clearly framed to meet the National Assembly's demands for reform. No impartial observer who has watched President Chiang Kai-shek's actions and speeches since the concessions he offered to the Communists at the Chungking conference can doubt that he is genuinely for reform and liberal government; besides General Li Tsung-sen already mentioned, he is supported by Dr. Wong Wen-hao as Premier, a scientist by taste but one who has proved himself a good administrator and a firm opponent of "the C.C. clique." It is not good that the latter have managed to insert one of the Chen brothers as Vice-President of the important Legislative Yuan; for the President Dr. Sun Fo, though a progressive, is not a strong man. But it is agreed that the "C.C. clique" has had a setback through the National Assembly's revolt, and the character of the Cabinet as a whole should arouse new hopes.

It is also highly probable that the pronounced movement of the Communists towards pure Marxism will frighten many who have gravitated towards them only through disgust with the Kuomintang. There is evidence that the peasants are finding that the Communists' exactions of their produce are at least as heavy as those of the old landlords and they are manifestly growing restive against the suppression of all freedom of thought and the interminable village councils which they are forced to attend.

These are favourable circumstances of which a realistic policy in Nanking would be swift to make use. It would mean loss of "face" for the Government to cut its losses in the North and to stand resolutely on the defensive along the Yangtze Valley while concentrating efforts on making the South so prosperous and contented that it might gradually win back the North by sheer power of attraction. But the stark facts of the situation are that China is now divided into two States, and prolongation of the attempts of the South to conquer the North can lead at best to a stalemate, at worst to ruination of the country, which is precisely what the Communists desire as most favourable to their seizure of power. To the extent to which a part of the new American loan to China is to be spent on weapons it is regrettable. To

the extent to which it leads to economic recovery, as it is meant to do, it is truly welcome. It is for the new Government in Nanking to say on which side the emphasis is to be thrown.

O. M. GREEN..

IN SPAIN TO-DAY.

THE reopening of the frontier between France and Spain constitutes an anti-climax to the violent campaign conducted some eighteen months ago against the Franco régime. The reasons for the failure of that campaign are manifold ; but as Mr. E. J. Hughes, an American official who lived in Spain during the critical 1942-6 period, has rightly emphasised in his recently published book, *Report from Spain*, it was a pity that the attack on Franco's dictatorship did not come from a country more prominent in the defence of basic democratic freedoms ; it was Poland who led the attack in the forum of the U.N.O. This, of course, did not improve the chances of concerted action being taken against the Spanish dictatorship. On top of that the Polish campaign was coupled with accusations which could hardly be accepted by impartial observers ; for to accuse Franco's Spain of being a threat to peace was rather to over-state the case.

Outwardly Spain to-day gives an impression of stability and tranquillity. Such an impression is, of course, deceptive ; for there is plenty of dissatisfaction to-day and the tempers and feelings have been by no means entirely subdued. Reliable reports suggest that in the mountains of Asturias spasmodic guerrilla activities have been going on, in spite of the watchfulness of the *Seguridad*, the Spanish security police, which, according to well-informed people, is by far the best-organised institution in Spain. It seems that the guerrillas have been still supplied with arms, although the scale of that support has never been too vast, and during my stay in Madrid rumour had it that recently quite a large consignment of arms fell into the hands of the *Seguridad*, one of whose agents successfully posed as an emissary of the guerrillas. It was discovered to the dismay of the Spanish authorities that this particular consignment was dispatched by some American "merchants of death." The anti-Franco activities are by no means limited to spasmodic fighting in the Asturias ; the Communist "cells" are undoubtedly active all over the country, but, according to people "in the know," the Communist influence in Spain has not increased during the last two years or so. It appears that the Communists have been almost decimated, especially as far as the leaders are concerned. Leadership seems to be badly lacking among the Spanish Communists, and even Communist sympathisers complain that there is hardly any intellectual centre or nucleus left in Spanish Communism. They say that Anarchists, who are equally bitterly opposed to both Franco and Communists, command a much better intellectual *élite* ; and that Spanish Communism has been cursed from its very beginning by a tragic lack of people with imagination and vision.

Dissatisfaction with Franco is rife, and the reasons for that resentment and antipathy are partly economic, partly political. Some observers put the number of his supporters at only 20 per cent. of the population ; such an estimate seems to be fairly accurate. But the remaining 80 per cent. are by no means decided in their views, opinions and actions ;

they are either passive and just grumbling or disgusted with any sort of political life. Many see no other alternative but to wait and see ; they fear any new outbreak of violence. This fear of a new civil war seems to unite many sections of the population ; the majority of people agree that Spain cannot afford a repetition of such a calamity. They often mention Primo de Rivera's benevolent dictatorship as the best solution for their troubled country. Monarchy seems to be more acceptable to public opinion than it was ten years ago, but they do not know how this change to monarchy should be brought about. They still recognise the fact that you cannot rule Spain without the consent of the two most powerful factors : the Army and the Church.

The third pillar of the régime, the *Falange*, appears to be in a state of decline. Small wonder, as there was very little original and genuine strength in that second-hand creation. From the outset the *Falange* was deprived of any originality in its social and political programme ; it has been living, in its first " heroic " phase, on ideas freely borrowed from Italian Fascism ; in its second phase it has been looking for inspiration to the Third Reich. To-day the ideological contents of the *Falange* have almost completely evaporated, and the main driving power of the party seems to be an almost unlimited appetite for lucrative jobs. Franco has not lost his ability to play off one of his supporters against another : the Army against the *Falange* and the Church against the party. Although since 1945 the Catholic hierarchy in Spain have made some efforts to disengage themselves from their too close association with the régime, the Catholic Church—the greatest potential opponent to the dictatorship—has not declared herself clearly against the régime. On the contrary, by agreeing to the inclusion in Franco's Government of Dr. Martín Artajo, one of the most prominent exponents of the Catholic Action, the Catholic movement in Spain has largely forfeited its freedom of action and has rendered its very reluctant and belated opposition to Franco almost sterile. A strong and efficient opposition cannot be created in Spain, not only because of the dispersal of political centres and energies but also because of the tragic inability of Spaniards themselves to find a compromise ; and the same applies to various political parties and factions leading a sort of phantom life abroad.

• It seems that many errors of judgment are being committed by those observers coming from Northern or Western Europe who would like to measure Spanish political life by their own yardstick. It appears that emotions and inclinations of national temperament play a much more important part in political and social life than it is commonly realised. Scandinavians, Dutch, Danes, Finns, Swiss and, of course, British, have achieved a happy harmony in their political life based on the sense of compromise, but their temperament is much more " phlegmatic " than that of either Italians or Spaniards. France, whose emotional disposition cannot be dismissed by any impartial student of her complex political history, offers a rather different picture, and in modern times we have been witnessing in France many an upheaval and violent struggle between authoritarian tendencies and an equally powerful trend towards freedom and individualism. Italy has been torn by an even more pronounced conflict between the forces of authority and freedom. In Spain the clash between the highly centralised authority and the instincts of individualism and even anarchy seems a recurrent theme. This inner conflict appears to form the very basis of the political life of the Latin races.

Consequently political remedies and prescriptions which have brought about splendid results in Scandinavian and English-speaking countries might prove rather inefficient in Latin countries, where violent outbursts of political feelings and clashes of ideologies and emotional factors are likely to play havoc with the great and difficult art of political compromise. It seems, too, that many English observers have been guilty of underrating the importance of emotional elements in the life of human communities; the fact that an Englishman aims at bridling his emotional reactions and that English social life has been based on common sense and ideas of evolution has compelled many British students of the international situation to underestimate the influence of emotions in national make-up. This tendency led many British people to regard National Socialism in Germany as a "normal" political phenomenon, whereas this movement was imbued with a religious and fanatical ardour. Similarly many British observers—with their rather rationalistic attitude towards religion—could not grasp the religious character of Russian Communism. They have often failed to perceive the emotional character and appeal of those two great modern political "Mohammedanisms": the German National Socialism and the Russian Communism.

We cannot understand Spain, her history and her present difficulties without realising that she is a highly emotional country, and that common sense, compromise and other virtues so prominently displayed by the Nordic and British races are by no means so highly valued among the Spaniards. Franco, a very adroit and highly astute gambler, knows that this lack of genius for compromise among the Spaniards is one of his most, if not *the* most, powerful allies. His cunning and adaptability to changing political situations should not be underestimated. He seems to be fully aware of the inability of the Opposition to come to some compromise and to bury their petty ambitions. At the time of Germany's collapse the Spanish ruling clique was seized by something approaching panic; this is confirmed by all impartial observers who have been living in Spain for a long period of time. But Franco—who proved so much more shrewd than Mussolini by not entering the war—was saved from disaster. To-day he seems to be much more firmly entrenched than, say, a year ago. Cynical observers in Madrid are whispering that since 1946 some Powers have had second thoughts, and that they have come to the conclusion that even Franco might be useful in this very uncertain world of ours. This is a tragic sight; but there is no use blinking the fact that Franco's rule shows no signs of immediate collapse.

POLITICUS.

THE AMERICAN CONCERT AT BOGOTÁ.

SINCE important world events are often crowded out of the news columns by the newsprint shortage, it is doubtful whether the Bogotá Conference of the inter-American Union would have secured so much space in the attenuated newspapers but for the revolt which interrupted and all but led to the cancellation of the conference. Thus to spotlight the revolt in the Colombian capital was justified in the event, since it helped to modify the whole intention of the conference, and indeed added a new twist to its agenda.

When the Bogotá Conference, the ninth in the series, opened on March 30th, it was no isolated meeting, but another stage in the development of inter-American relations which stem from the Monroe Doctrine of 1823 via the formal institution of the Pan-American Union in 1890. The latest phase in the story of this development dates from the war-time meeting at Mexico City, where most of the States of the American continent adhered to the Act of Chapultepec. This instrument laid down a procedure for meeting immediate acts of aggression, which in March 1945, with Germany still undefeated and Japanese resistance expected to last a further two years, seemed well within the bounds of practical possibility. More importantly, however, the Act envisaged the conclusion of a treaty designed to provide permanent co-operation for mutual defence "following the establishment of peace."

These arrangements were worked out at Petropolis, a holiday resort near Rio de Janeiro, where an Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance eventually received the signatures of nineteen of the twenty-two American States on September 2nd, 1947. (The three absentees were Canada, which is not a member of the Union; Nicaragua, whose political régime was not then recognised by its fellows; and Ecuador, whose delegate lost his credentials during the conference owing to a revolt at home). The third of the twenty-six clauses defined the position and remedies of any American State which becomes the victim of aggression by stating: "... an armed attack by any State against an American State shall be considered an attack against all the American States." In the event of such a contingency the course of action would be decided by an Organ of Consultation, consisting of the Foreign Ministers of the signatory powers, whose decisions would be binding if a two-thirds majority were obtained, subject to the important proviso that "... no State shall be required to use armed force without its consent." As delimited in the treaty, the "American continent" includes both Canada and Greenland (which is Danish territory), as well as the colonial areas currently in dispute between the European Powers and Guatemala, Venezuela, Chile and the Argentine.

Behind the political preoccupations at Rio loomed the shadow of Latin America's economic troubles, due in large measure to the rapid dwindling of dollar and other reserves built up during war years when the anti-Axis Powers bought lavishly in South America. In face of the worsening economic situation, it was felt that some system of regional aid—a Latin-American Recovery Programme—might not be out of place in the New World no less than in the Old. Secretary Marshall and Senator Vandenberg, however, successfully soft-pedalled on economic questions, and the view was expressed both during the conference and at the final session by President Truman that the vigorous application of the Marshall plan to Europe, by restoring the Old World's capacity to buy in Latin America, would indirectly benefit these countries more than any direct aid could do. Nevertheless it was agreed that economic questions should be placed on the agenda at the Bogotá Conference or at an alternate conference to be held later in 1948.

Accordingly, when the delegates assembled in the Colombian capital at the end of March this year, economic and social items were included in an agenda which read:

1. The adoption of a "Peace Charter of the Americas," with compulsory arbitration as an important feature.
2. The setting up of specialised inter-American agencies and dependent organs.

3. Inter-American economic co-operation, including a proposal that the United States should institute an inter-American finance corporation with a capital of 5,000 million dollars.

4. Political and other matters with special reference to the defence of democracy against the infiltration of anti-democratic régimes. The question of European colonies was also included.

5. An educational charter and a "Social Programme for the Americas."

Despite the embarrassment which it would undoubtedly cause the United States in its relations with Britain, it was the colonial issue which first jumped into prominence when the delegates met. Argentina, Chile, Guatemala, Mexico and Venezuela had already tabled their claims in the Rio Treaty, and during the six months between the two meetings the temper of all the claimants had visibly risen. It was perhaps not altogether surprising therefore that quite early in the conference a spirited debate should ensue on a Guatemalan resolution calling for the termination of European colonies in the Western Hemisphere. This resolution commanded wide support, the delegates of Venezuela, Argentina, Peru, Colombia, Uruguay and Chile being among those who spoke in its favour. Señor Betancourt of Venezuela, in suggesting that plebiscites should be held to decide the future of these colonial peoples, declared: "The position of Venezuela is trenchant and categorical regarding this matter. We consider incompatible with the inter-American juridical system any historic, economic or strategic arguments which might be involved as justification for colonialism." Speeches such as this drew no answering fire from the United States, and when the Colombian revolt came down on Bogotá, literally scattering the delegates for several days, it was whispered in some quarters that this display of the virtue of Latin-American democracy at work would perhaps prejudice the suitability of the South American Republics to administer territories which in the main show little desire to forsake their present masters. Nevertheless, when the twenty-one republics met on April 30th at Quinta Bolívar (Simon Bolívar's former home) for the final ceremony of their unprecedentedly stormy meeting, one of the items to which they were invited to put their seals was a declaration against the continued existence of European colonies in the Americas. There were no "teeth" in the resolution, however, despite Argentina's previous demand that there should be, for it was suggested that this conference possessed no jurisdiction over the subject, which was therefore passed forward to a later inter-American conference scheduled for some time this autumn. The United States, which had opposed the resolution throughout, finally abstained from voting. On this, as on other items on the agenda of the Ninth Inter-American Conference, it is true to affirm that the debate continues.

The Bogotá revolt, which did no more than interrupt the debate on colonial issues, had far wider repercussions on another aspect of affairs, since it brought the "cold war" right out into the open. Whatever part the Communists may or may not have played in the fomentation of the troubles in the Colombian capital, they certainly took full advantage of the situation as it developed. The far-reaching possibilities of ideological war had been more than hinted at in the Rio Treaty, which had visualised the Organ of Consultation swinging into action in the event of "an aggression which is not an armed attack." Nor had it gone unnoticed that the "cold war" between rival ideologies might conceivably flare up into something more serious at any point where

United States met those of the rival power. Senator Vandenberg had referred pointedly to this during the discussion at Petropolis. "I am certain that my distinguished colleague from Argentina will be among the first to agree to consult on whether an attack on the United States in the German Zone might be a threat to the peace and security of the American continent."

In his opening speech to the Bogotá Conference Secretary Marshall referred to the shadows cast by the East-West division, and when the revolt broke out he improved the occasion by detecting the hidden hand of Moscow in the riot of destruction which descended on the capital. Speaking of the revolt on April 12th, he stated: "It is in the same definite pattern as the occurrences which provoked strikes in France and Italy. . . . We must keep clearly in mind the fact that this is a world affair—not merely Colombian or Latin American." The effect, apart from Colombia's rupture of diplomatic relations with the U.S.S.R., was to sharpen the anti-Communist line in a sense which alarmed Mr. Walter Lippmann, who described it as "... a dangerous infatuation, for it concedes to Moscow exactly what Moscow claims and desires; that all the oppressed and discontented masses of mankind must look to Moscow for leadership." At the conference, however, this line of argument went by default, and the final act contained a strong anti-Communist declaration which condemned "the methods of international Communism as also the methods of every totalitarian political system." In addition, the conference pledged itself to all means necessary to combat subversive action against American institutions, and arrangements were made for joint consultation to this end.

The general long-term economic problem which loomed so large at the Rio Conference, and which in the eyes of many delegates had represented the main justification for the Bogotá meeting, had again to be shelved for consideration at a later date. Some concession there was to economic need, for it was announced that the Import-Export Bank was to be granted additional lending powers up to 500 million dollars. This announcement was received in ominous silence, evidence of the disappointment felt by the delegates, and a measure of the general feeling that in the dispensation of economy favours Europe was away ahead at the top of the queue. This sense of frustration has tended to obscure the importance of an agreement on economic co-operation which was initialled the day following the official close of the conference. This looks forward to closer co-operation on financial and technical matters, and by promising prompt and adequate repayment of expropriated foreign-owned properties will, it is hoped, encourage and facilitate the entry of more private American capital. In the political sphere the Charter of the Organisation of American States was definitely established as a regional organisation within the framework of Article 52 of the United Nations Charter. Members have agreed on the procedure for settling disputes among themselves, including mediation, arbitration and the submission of legal differences to the International Court.

Judged by the yardstick of other post-war conferences elsewhere in the world, the achievements of the Ninth Pan-American Conference hardly justify the criticism advanced by Mr. Welles, who has declared that "the feeling against this country (i.e. the U.S.A.) at the Bogotá Conference was more bitter than at any inter-American meeting since the Havana Conference of 1928." This is due, he considers, to a failure to invite co-operation in a long-term policy which "... by increasing

production and promoting industrialisation, would help them to raise the living standards of many people now illiterate, under-nourished, desperately poor and without sanitation or decent housing." In sum, and taking a longer view, however, it is important to remember that the Bogotá meeting was but one of a long series, past and yet to come. As the European Recovery Programme runs into full swing, it may well be that the economic forces of recovery thus let loose in South Africa by "off-shore" purchases will provide a happier setting for the economic discussions which are due to form the core of the next meeting of the Inter-American Union later this year.

ERIC FORD.

WOMEN'S MOVEMENT IN INDIA.

IN 1926 Mr. Oaten, Director of Public Instruction, Bengal, at a prizegiving function at a girls' school in Calcutta, threw out this ringing challenge: "How long are you going to tolerate a man-made system, a man-made syllabus, a man-made examination, and a controlling authority in which women have no influence as the dominating arbiter of your educational destinies?" and called on Indian women to "tell us with one voice what they want and keep on telling us till they get it." This challenge was met, and the All India Women's Conference (A.I.W.C.) came into being early the following year. The A.I.W.C. owes its genesis to Mrs. Margaret Cousins, an Englishwoman who issued an appeal to women all over the country to set up local committees and constituent conferences in each of the Provinces to express their views on women's education. Its opening session took place in Poona in January 1927. The earlier annual meetings confined their attention to education and condemnation of child marriage in so far as it interfered with education. At the third conference, however, the platform was broadened to embrace social reform. Soon the A.I.W.C. began to concern itself with politics in the widest sense of the term, better to perform its function of establishing women in their rightful position in the State and in society. It is the only organisation with branches in the Indian States. With 200 branches and 30,000 members the A.I.W.C. is a factor to be reckoned with. This is not to suggest that no progress was made by Indian women before its creation.

What England took centuries to achieve has been accomplished in India in an incredibly short time. In one or two respects India was ahead of England. University degrees were taken by Indian women on equal terms with men in Bombay in 1885 while Oxford did not grant degrees to women till 1920. Again, in 1894, an Indian woman claiming to be a "person" (the draftsmen of both the Indian University Act and Legal Code let in the word "person" to cover both male and female) defended a woman upon her trial for murder in a British court. It was not until 1923 that women began to practise at the English Bar. Moreover, in the Legislative Council of the State of Travancore a woman was in charge of the portfolio of Public Health seven years before Miss Bondfield became a Minister in Britain. In other instances advance in India was coeval with that in England. Francina Sorabji the great missionary and pioneer of women's education in Western India, with Pandita Ramabai, her gifted pupil, and Ramabai Ranade, was preaching the gospel of education and social

emancipation about the time Girton and Newnham were founded. Mrs. P. K. Roy of Bengal and her sister Lady Bose followed not long after doing similar service in that Province. In literature the first to attract attention in the West was Toru Dutt with her exquisite verses in both French and English.

Women's movement in India has, on the whole, had a smooth run. Their political enfranchisement was won almost without a fight. Latterly, they have secured several noteworthy rights, social and legal no less than political. Reasons for this are threefold. In the first place, the dominant religions, Hinduism and Islam, hold in deep veneration woman and motherhood. Secondly, reforms came at just the psychological moment following joint agitation by men and women, and the men were too fair-minded not to acknowledge that help. Lastly, the long and protracted fight for the vote waged by their sisters in Britain and America made the task of Indian women much easier. Even so, the emancipation movement owes much to politics and the "politically minded."

Soon after the outbreak of the first World War Mrs. Annie Besant coined the slogan "Home Rule for India," and with her flair for organisation set up Leagues all over the country for winning *Swaraj*. Her internment by the Government of Madras gave an enormous impetus to the awakening of Indian womanhood. Thirty years ago, on December 18th, 1917, the first claim for suffrage for Indian women was made in an address presented to Edwin Samuel Montagu at the historic All-India Women's Deputation waiting upon him in Madras. It pointed out that the admission of women to modern political life had been a cardinal feature of the Indian National Congress, in which since its inception women have voted and been delegates and speakers. In the same year a woman—Mrs. Besant—had been elected its President. Forming the better half of the population, the address continued: "We urgently claim that in the drawing up of all provisions regarding representation our sex shall not be made a disqualification for the exercise of the franchise or for service in public life." In support of extension of the franchise to women the Joint Select Committee of Members of both Houses of Parliament heard a deputation led by Mrs. Besant, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu and Mrs. and Miss Herabai Tata. Madras led the way in the matter of women's franchise, and under the operative provision of the Government of India Act women became enfranchised. Other Provinces followed suit.

To-day, Indian women are playing an increasingly important part in national and international affairs, and are enhancing the nation's prestige in the eyes of the world. There is now virtually no prejudice against a woman holding a key post. Merit, and not sex, is the criterion. Mrs. Pandit was chosen to lead the Indian delegation to the United Nations because she was found best for the job in hand. This gifted and good-looking fifty-year-old sister of the Premier of the Dominion of India had had experience in civic, political and public administration fields. Mrs. Pandit was elected chairman of the Allahabad Municipal Board Education Committee in 1935, in which capacity she did excellent work. Elected to the United Provinces Assembly in 1937, she filled the responsible office of Minister of Local Self-Government and Public Health with singular ability. She found herself in prison thrice for political reasons. To-day, she is India's Ambassador at Moscow.

Among modern Indian women Mrs. Sarojini Naidu occupies a unique

position. A gifted lyrical poet, a connoisseur of Oriental art, an ardent social reformer, a seasoned soldier in India's struggle for freedom, a charming hostess, and a devoted mother and loving wife, the nation's "nightingale" was recently chosen to act as the Governor of the United Provinces—the first lady in the British Commonwealth to be accorded this singular honour. In 1905 she embarked on her work of social reform by addressing the delegates of the All-India Social Conference in Calcutta. Considered in those days a "moderate" in politics, she threw in her lot with the late Mahatma Gandhi when he launched the Civil Disobedience movement. In 1924 this indefatigable worker toured the Union of South Africa to bring about an improvement in the lot of the Indian settlers. Two years later her presidential address to the Indian National Congress contained this significant passage: "I, who have sung soft lullabies, I, the emblem of Mother India, am now to kindle the flame of liberty. In electing me to be the chief among you, through a period fraught with grave issues and fateful decisions, you have reverted to an old tradition, and restored to the Indian woman the classic position she once held in a happier epoch of our country's history." As ever, Mrs. Naidu is a power in the land. She was chairman of the committee which planned the historic Inter-Asian Conference held in Delhi last March-April, and attended by accredited representatives of more than twenty-five Asiatic countries. She was, too, chairman of the Indian committee which arranged to send exhibits to the first really comprehensive Indian Arts Exhibition to be held at Burlington House, London, under the aegis of the Royal Academy from December to February.

In 1946 Mrs. Hansa Mehta, another well-known social worker, was chosen to serve on the U.N. Status of Women Commission. She was a member, too, of the Commission on Human Rights. Begum Hamid Ali has taken Mrs. Mehta's place on the former body this year. It is worthy of note that there was no British woman in that country's delegation to the United Nations, or the Status of Women Commission, while Mrs. Roosevelt is the only other woman besides Mrs. Mehta to have served on that body. Tall, talented and strikingly handsome, forty-year-old Rajkumari Amrit Kaur is a member of the U.N.E.S.C.O. representing India, and during the first year when it met in London she was elected vice-president of that organisation. She has served on the executive committee of that body. She was, too, the first woman member of the Advisory Board of Education, and one of Mahatma Gandhi's private secretaries since 1935. As Health Minister in Nehru's cabinet she has one of the toughest and most unenviable assignments there is.

Turning to the position of women at home, i.e., in national affairs, soon after the introduction of the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms after the first World War Madras was the first Province to have a woman, Dr. Mrs. M. Reddi, for its deputy-chairman of Council. Both Bombay and Madras, and subsequently other Provinces, have women magistrates, municipal officers and Justices of the Peace. Fifteen women were elected to serve on the Constituent Assembly to draft the new constitution. They included three Moslems and one leader from the "depressed" classes. Two women were on the important Minorities Committee of that body.

Although there are no reserved seats for women on municipalities they serve on them in significant numbers. Much good and unostentatious work is being done by them in the social sphere.

Capable women are to be found in charge of special hospitals, schools and colleges. Women magistrates are doing extremely valuable work, especially in juvenile courts. Increasingly large numbers are training themselves for educational and social work in rural India. They bring to their multifarious tasks such qualities as sturdy commonsense, a liberal non-sectarian outlook, and executive ability of a high order. They are playing their part, which is indeed a vital one, in the building up of a new, stable and prosperous motherland. In all their activities they find the A.I.W.C. a pillar of strength since it represents the largest and most influential body of organised women in India.

The entire work of the A.I.W.C. is done by voluntary agents. It made a munificent contribution to the cause of Indian women's education by the establishment of the Lady Irwin College of Home Science. Its "Save the Children" Committee has set up children's homes in Bengal, Orissa and Malabar. This live organisation publishes its own monthly journal, *Roshni*, in English and Hindustani, with separate Hindi and Urdu scripts. It has published several pamphlets on questions affecting women and children, such as food and milk, women in mines, draft Hindu Code, civil liberties, nursing services, a national theatre and Karnatak embroidery. Its Central Office of Information and Research Bureau recently issued a timely report on women in employment in Government services. The A.I.W.C. has done meritorious work in the field of legislation. It either sponsored, or worked for, the Child Marriage Restriction Act, extension of franchise, and the 'All-India milk campaign.

In 1946 Mrs. Mehta requested the Standing Committee of the A.I.W.C. to prepare a Women's Charter of Rights defining the position of women, their rights and responsibilities, to give the Constituent Assembly an authoritative and comprehensive picture of their needs. It was to serve not only as a basis for drafting the new constitution but also as the groundwork for future legislation in political, social and economic matters. This charter drafted by Mrs. Kamaladevi, Mrs. Hannah Sen, Mrs. Renuka Ray and Mrs. Shiva Rau, closely resembles the aims and objects of Western feminist societies. The A.I.W.C. accepted the Charter early in 1947, and also demanded the institution of a social service ministry at the Centre and in the Provinces. It was presided over by Lady Rama Rau, and attended by 5,000 delegates, the majority of them quite young. The President stressed the A.I.W.C.'s demands for social security, health, insurance and education including vocational training. She urged the drafting of a Children's Charter of Rights, arguing that women must actively and intelligently plan the lives of the children since the most important people in their early lives were the mother and grandmother at home. Lady Rama Rau favoured centralisation of the village medical health scheme, advocated organisation of trained workers to cope with emergency relief and rehabilitation needs, and the provision of an adequate fund to enable representative Indian women to attend international conferences and cultivate and sustain such fruitful contacts. Resolutions passed at the conference related to the abolition of child labour and framing of a composite Maternity Benefit Act. The Princess of Berar, who attended the conference, made an impassioned appeal for communal harmony. A Moslem League Conference of Women has recently been formed, and pressure brought to bear on Islamic women to join the new body. Nevertheless, some courageous



Moslem women are still loyal to the parent body, and two of the six vice-presidents elected in 1947 are followers of the Prophet.

It is a happy augury of the times that large and increasing numbers of girls and young women, after the scholastic or college training spend their vacations touring villages and educating their sisters in better ways of living. Others have made a career of rural service. The spirit of service is in their blood. Young Indian women are training to-day for diplomatic service, and quite a few have taken up journalism. Mrs. Pandit's second daughter is leader writer to one of the principal North Indian dailies. Some are publishers, many more are taking up nursing and medicine, and Miss Sosa Matthai was recently appointed National Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. for India and Burma. Certain professions are still not open to them, but they are knocking hard to get this door ajar. Young women still have a great deal to fight for, but they can take courage from what has already been achieved by their mothers and elder sisters. Indian women are awake and on the march. Educated women, instead of being tied to their homes, are doing capital social and political service. But progress has been uneven. The more fortunate among them realise this and are doing their best to help their weaker sisters. Herein lies the hope for India of to-morrow.

V. S. SWAMINATHAN.

KONSTANTIN FRANTZ: APOSTLE OF EUROPEAN UNION.

WHEN Jakob Burckhardt read Konstantin Frantz's *Das neue Deutschland*, he made the simple but sufficient comment that the author had his head clear of the mists. Yet although his opposition to Bismarck had been unrelenting, Frantz's death in 1891 went unremarked in the German press. Recently, however, his name has often been mentioned in Germany when European union has been under discussion. Indeed, in the same week as the Swiss historian, Dr. Eduard Sieber,* lectured on Frantz last August to a conference of educationalists at Godesberg, the *Deutsche Merkur* quite independently published a leader on him.

G. A. K. Frantz was born in 1817 at Oberbörsneck, a small village near Halberstadt, and throughout his life he frequently said that he was fortunate in the place of his birth. Not only did Thuringia possess a strong local culture, but it was a place where other cultures met. "What is German and what is Prussian claim the attention at the same time, and one comes to understand and appreciate the peculiarities of both," he wrote in *Die Wiederherstellung Deutschlands*. His work as a Prussian diplomat, which gave him the opportunity of extensive travel in Eastern and Western Europe and even as far as North Africa, only strengthened his love of his native soil, and in 1868, ten years after the publication of *Quid faciamus nos?*, a work which, by advocating an alliance between England, Prussia and Austria, ended his diplomatic career, he wrote to Richard Wagner: "Coming from what was formerly known as Northern Thuringia, a place midway between Upper and Lower Saxony, related to both, yet different from both, I feel within myself how much race and home

* The author of "Europäische Föderation," an authoritative article on Frantz in the *Neue Schweizer Rundschau*, January 1944.

(Stamm und Heimat) mean. Even to this day my whole being is determined by it. I can no more get out of this feeling than I can out of my own skin." (It was this which endeared him in spite of his other doctrines to the Nazis, who gave a selection of his writings in a book, *Das grössere Deutschland*, published in 1935.)

The starting point of all Frantz's political theorising is his frequently stated belief that Germany, placed geographically in the centre of Europe, should be the centre of a great European federation of independent states. But Bismarck's intention to unify Germany under Prussian leadership, apart from the inherent defects of this plan, would not inspire the confidence of Germany's immediate neighbours. A new Europe on a federal basis could only come into being if Germany itself remained a confederation of separate states, each having "the right to order and manage its own internal affairs." In the middle of the nineteenth century he drew a distinction between the Great Powers of Europe like Prussia, Austria and Lombardy, and the World Powers of Russia, North America and Britain, whose overseas empire justified her right to such a title. He saw that with the expansion of trade and commerce and with the advances in the field of technology, which must soon revolutionise methods of warfare, the European Great Power must inevitably become an anachronism. His solution was European federation, not Bismarck's Prussian hegemony.

There can be no doubt that he feared Russia. In his first considerable work, *Polen, Preussen und Deutschland* (Poland, Prussia and Germany), which he wrote after his early travels in Eastern Europe, he began by making four points: that Poland, Prussia and Germany were bound together by common interests, that Prussia should enter into a union with Poland, but that both states should preserve their own constitutions and administrations, the symbol of unity being the king, who should reside alternately in Berlin and Warsaw, that Poland should cultivate her national heritage in matters of culture and should resist all Prussianising tendencies, and finally, but perhaps chiefly, that such a union would be the best means of preventing any further Russian penetration into Europe. To those who objected that an alliance with the Slav people of Poland would result in a loss of Germany's national identity, he replied: "Germany is not a national state at all and can never become one. . . . It will not harm the German nation to live in the same house with Slav peoples; and it can and must be just as little our intention to endanger the national feelings of those Slav peoples who enter into an alliance with us." In the *Vorschule zur Physiologie der Staaten* (*Introduction to the Physiology of States*), which he published in 1857, he departed from the belief to which the French Revolution gave birth, that "state" and "nation" should coincide, and he pointed to the example of Switzerland, where a state had been created quite independent of the nations which comprised it, the nations still preserving their individual identities. Few men ever embodied more fully than he the spirit of international tolerance. He asserted that no nation had the right to impose its will on any other. He asserted that the German people would lose their most precious possession if diversity were lost and the various families ("Stämme") forgot their own culture. And he looked forward to the time when all the countries from the Channel to the Gulf of Finland and from Switzerland to the Black Sea should be allied on a federal basis to a Federal Germany at the centre of them all.

Quid faciamus nos? appeared in 1858. In the following year Frantz published his *Untersuchungen über das europäische Gleichgewicht* (*Examination of the European Balance of Power*), and it is here that he worked out his thesis that the European Great Powers must be impotent in any military or economic conflict with a World Power. The whole of central Europe would fall an easy prey to any World Power with the lust for conquest; and his fear of Russia led him to feel that aggression, if it came, would come from the east. Here was a compelling reason for European federation still relevant almost a hundred years after Frantz wrote his work. But there was another reason why he disliked the politics of the Balance of Power: they were the politics of mistrust, making it impossible for the statesmen of the different European countries to pursue a common policy for the amelioration of mankind's lot. He therefore set before the nations of Europe a loftier aim: "to bring about a measure of positive co-operation, in order to further with united strength those human purposes which statesmen must never allow to escape their attention."

In the uneasy period before the defeat of Austria at Königgrätz and her withdrawal from the German Confederation, Frantz wrote his next work, *Die Wiederherstellung Deutschlands* (*The Revival of Germany*). It begins with words which from the cosmopolitan Frantz seem strange: "There is something great, and for every man something essential, when he feels himself a member of a nation. It strengthens the character, vivifies the will and exalts the spirit, it raises him morally, intellectually and æsthetically. Where this feeling is absent it is always regretted, and hardly anything else can serve as a substitute for it." And he went on to write that this feeling was absent unless one regarded Germany and not just the individual German state as the nation. But it soon becomes clear that he was thinking of a federal union of all the German states, and it was such a "nation" which inspired his enthusiasm. "Germany must be merged into Prussia!" Bismarck had declared, and Frantz published his book in 1865, a year before Bismarck completed his policy. Frantz continued a tireless enemy of this policy. He declared unequivocally that neither Prussia nor Austria was fitted for the task of unifying Germany, and if the old German Bund were weak, as he was compelled to confess that it was, the revival of Germany could only be brought about on a federal basis. Bismarck's solution was one based on force, Frantz's was based on reason and persuasion and consent. When the Iron Chancellor had carried his policy through and become the most popular man in Germany, Frantz criticised scathingly the reorganisation of Germany under Prussian leadership. In *Das neue Deutschland* (*The New Germany*) he denied to Prussia the right to call herself a German state at all; she was rather, he said, "something half-way between German and Slav." He held that the military character of Prussia, the regimented nature of her people, her policy of governmental centralisation, her subordination of cultural matters to military considerations, and, above all, her lust for conquest, made her quite unfitted for the leadership of Germany. Considering Bismarck's achievement, he was moved to write: "Just one more generation like this and what used to be called German culture, the German spirit and the German temper would become a mere fable." To us in the 1940's, looking back over two world wars, both an extension of the Bismarck policy, Konstantin Frantz's words written in 1871 have a prophetic ring. And he continued to reiterate his own solution, of a

German Reich in the mediæval sense: no exclusive national state, but a federation of liberal states in which would be maintained a delicate equipoise between the obligations owed by each citizen to the smaller and the larger unit of which he was a member.

In the years which followed Frantz modified none of his ideas and most of them are restated in *Der Föderalismus als das leitende Prinzip für die soziale, staatliche und internationale Organisation, unter besonderer Bezugnahme auf Deutschland* (*Federalism as the Guiding Principle for the Social, State and International Organisation, with special reference to Germany*), published in 1877, but here he developed more fully than elsewhere his thesis against centralisation of government. In earlier works he had conceded the need for some measure of centralisation; it had been an historical necessity. But now he thought there was a great danger that provincial cultures might be destroyed by the machine of Prussian efficiency. "If one believes in a future for the German nation, then one must believe in a future for the individual German peoples (*deutsche Volksstämme*)," Frantz had written eighteen years before, and he sought in this book to preserve provincial cultures by giving a new importance to parish councils. The smallest administrative units farthest from the centre must be given as much authority as possible, so that remote villages might realise their importance and feel like states within a state. But Frantz was always anxious to foster the larger loyalty, and the attitude which allows a sympathetic regard beyond immediate frontiers. That loyalty to the nation based on the awareness of a national culture, whether the nation be thought of as Saxony or Germany, must not be allowed to preclude a loyalty to the larger international organisation. In this book he developed more precisely his thesis of European federation based on German federation. There would be a West German Bund consisting of the Prussian provinces to the west of the Elbe, the Austrian provinces of Salzburg, Tirol and Vorarlberg, and the German provinces lying in between. Eastern Prussia and the rest of German Austria would join this Bund in a defensive alliance. He returned to the plan put forward in his earlier book that Poland and Prussia might find a fruitful alliance under a king who would live alternately in the two capitals. In the south-east an Austria linked with Hungary under the same monarch might form an alliance with the Balkan States, and prevent any further penetration by Russia into Europe. He never lost his fear of Russia. Holland, Belgium and Switzerland would be encouraged to unite themselves with Germany in the west. (The Benelux idea would have pleased Frantz.) Thus there was to be no "merging" of any state into any other state, no development of Pan-German ideas, there were to be no solutions "by blood and iron." The states of such a federal union would be separately quite independent, there would be no central administration, relations between them would be regulated by international law, but they would work together in matters of trade and defence, and would be bound by appropriate alliances. This sentence of Frantz's has a modern ring, "No power on earth would dare to attack this union, and for its own part it would not be able to pursue any aggressive aims!" If he did not propose a league of all nations it was because he did not wish to be accused of impractical idealism, or because he distrusted Russia, or because he realised that if such a league were to be effective it would involve the sacrifice of some measure of national sovereignty, and neither he nor the time was ripe for that. All he wanted to do was to free the weak

Power from the menace of the strong, and in Europe this could be done as he thought it had been done in North America. Europe herself could become a World Power, and if ever the time came for a League of Nations or a United Nations Organisation, it could conveniently group itself round a united European federation, Western Europe being the centre of our modern civilisation.

Frantz regarded Britain as a World Power by virtue of her vast overseas empire, but he insisted that she was bound to the continent by strong ethnological ties. In any conflict with Russia England would need the assistance of the European powers, and perhaps his fear of Russia led him to hope that Britain would join the European federation. For Frantz Russia was predominantly an Asiatic power and her mission was to colonise and administer Northern Asia, but he feared that when she had accomplished this mission she might well become a menace to Europe.

It may well be that during the next few years the name of Konstantin Frantz will become well known, not only because so many of his ideas seem relevant to the modern situation, but because it seems probable that if Frantz's views had prevailed and Bismarck instead had been condemned to eat out his heart with a sense of frustration, the two world wars of this century would not have come about. Frantz was a Christian convinced of the importance of the individual soul, and felt himself committed therefore to a policy of political toleration. If at times he seemed to oppose certain historical developments which to the political thinkers of the nineteenth century must have seemed inevitable, the development of the centralised national state, for example, it was because he did not make the mistake of equating historical development with human progress. Thus in the Germany of Bismarck he looked back to the time of those medieval thinkers who held that human society could only continue happily if peace and justice were assured. Neither was assured in Bismarck's day. They have not been assured since. But if in a new Europe they came to be assured, then Konstantin Frantz would come into his own.

W. R. C. CHAPMAN.

THE IDEALISM OF ROSTAND.

FIFTY years ago a first-night audience at the Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin in Paris cheered, shouted and cried in a frenzy of enthusiasm. At two in the morning the excitement and applause was unabated. Never since the performance of Hugo's *Hernani*, nearly seventy years before, had such scenes been witnessed. And the reason? The first performance of Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*. And theatregoers continued to stamp and cheer and cry until well after a thousand performances of the play. It is indeed strange to recall that fifteen minutes before the curtain first went up on that night of December 30th, 1897, Rostand rushed up to Coquelin, his most intimate friend and the famous actor of the title-rôle, tearfully begging for forgiveness for dragging him into this *désastreuse aventure*! If Rostand could arouse such enthusiasm at the turn of the century, is there no appeal he can make to France to-day at this crisis in her affairs? I believe there is, and I believe too that it is precisely the quality of imaginative idealism possessed by him

in such full measure that could well reinfect our neighbours. That the appeal is still there is shown by his ability to draw a full house—and an enthusiastic one, too. During my first post-war pilgrimage to Paris in 1946 the performance I witnessed of *L'Aiglon* at the Théâtre du Châtelet was well received by a very representative audience. I thought the actor of Napoleon's fledgling rather overdid his part, but the audience liked it. To my infinite regret I was never privileged to see Sarah Bernhardt in that rôle. Unfortunately—from one aspect—it is Rostand the dramatist who is greeted thus: it could well be Rostand the philosopher. Successful and poetically beautiful as were his plays, I always feel that there is much there beside the dramatic content.

Rostand spent his youth in a France of bitter disillusionment. In the aftermath of defeat in the Franco-Prussian War France was torn politically, very much as she is to-day, between two opposing factions. We know now that these were the protracted birth pangs of the Third Republic, but at the time political stability seemed remote. Many—particularly among the younger men—turned away in disgust from national affairs and sought compensation in other fields. Unfortunately, this escapism was merely blinking the facts and forced at least one commentator to say: "Outside of pacific activities I see no future for us." In literature the Naturalists, the Symbolists, the Parnassiens expressed what Taine and Renan were endeavouring to propound in philosophy. Realism, positivism, modernism, all the isms of the material and earth-bound, raised their heads as the century drew to its confused close. Then, cutting right across these tendencies, came Rostand, bringing with him a new alignment of values. A Romantic yes, but what a breath of health and freshness he brought as an antidote to the current manifestation of *mal du siècle*!

The origin of the basic idea in *Cyrano*—that of the wooing of the lady by proxy—is fascinating. Rostand was staying in the country at Luchon and came across a young peasant who poured out to him the tale of his unrequited passion. He shrewdly diagnosed that the young lady was in need of a more flowery and romantic approach than that offered in the simple words of the poor peasant. After that every day the peasant lad received a lesson in the art of verbal love-making and departed primed with subtle, appealing phrases. The siege was successful and the lady succumbed. Some little time after, as Rostand's wife records, the peasant girl met the poet and was enthusiastic in her praise of her lover; in spite of earlier doubts she had discovered that he was *prodigieux, un savant, un penseur, un poète . . .*!

The triumph of *Cyrano* extended far beyond the theatre. The shops were full of trinkets and knick-knacks depicting this hero whose nose preceded him by "a quarter of an hour" wherever he went. Just about this time *Le Journal* asked its feminine readers: "Who is your favourite hero of literature?" At the same time male readers were asked: "Which hero in literature would you most like to be?" Cyrano de Bergerac topped the poll in both cases—and in the female vote his victory was a resounding one. Nearly three thousand ladies cast their vote for Cyrano, Don Quixoté getting a mere 447. For the men, Sherlock Holmes and Robinson Crusoe came a very long way down the list.

After *Cyrano* Rostand's success was assured; *L'Aiglon* was tumultuously received, and although the symbolism behind *Chantecler* puzzled many it was acclaimed by an audience some of whom had paid as

much as a thousand francs for a seat. Again on that first night traffic around the theatre was completely held up for three hours. *Chantecler* was very long in gestation, and Coquelin, who was for ever spurring on Rostand to complete the piece, had to be content with individual scenes as they were composed by the author. Coquelin spent his time declaiming these scenes on every possible occasion, even to the extent of doing so on a transatlantic voyage to South America. Tragically, however, the great actor died during one of the rehearsals of the play and left Rostand heart-broken. He immediately withdrew to his beloved country home at Arnagan to try and recover from the blow. It was there that an incident occurred which has been amusingly recorded by Rosemonde Gérard. For several days it seemed as though a ghost were haunting the house; mysterious steps had been heard around the building and the garden. The "ghost," however, seemed to indulge in an occasional cigarette and was not averse to stripping a cherry tree of its fruit. A police detective was summoned and after a day of investigation he was seen to appear from the garden dragging by the collar a puny, red-haired youngster. The "ghost" confessed that he had come from South America expressly to steal a scene from *Chantecler*, at that time unpublished, in order to sell it to a local newspaper. He maintained he would get a good price and waxed rather lyrical in his praise of the piece. Rostand angrily replied that he could not know what it would fetch as it had not yet been published. To his amazement the little journalist replied that he knew the scene very well indeed as Coquelin himself had recited it to him during his visit to South America. At this Rostand's anger melted and an hour afterwards he, the detective and the journalist were dining together. Finally, Rostand was so touched by the Argentinian's disappointment that, to the great astonishment of the detective, he handed half the desired scene to the journalist.

Before his success with *Cyrano de Bergerac* he was already known for his two plays *La Princesse Loiraine* and *La Samaritaine*. The former is beautifully written, and both contain the essentials of the philosophy which was consolidated in his later plays. The Princess is, of course, symbolic and the struggle for her possession represents Rostand's view of humanity's strivings. He must have been deeply religious, and to me it has always been inspiring that Rostand combines the Christian with the personal and national ideal. That is why I feel he can offer so much to a storm-tossed France. Time and time again he emphasises that aspiration must be beyond self—and this applies to whatever is worth seeking, whether it is faith, truth, beauty or achievement:

... ce qu'il voulut, c'est arracher tous ceux
 Qui vivaient engourdis, orgueilleux, paresseux,
 A l'égoïsme obscur, aux mornes nonchalances,
 Pour les jeter, chantants et fiers, parmi les lances,
 Ivres de dévouement, épris de mourir loin,
 Dans cet oubli de soi dont tous avaient besoin.

He calls us to be *partisans des aventures hautes*; to him *l'inertie* is the supreme vice and *l'enthousiasme* the supreme virtue.

Yet Rostand is careful to make clear that the ideal is not an end in itself; it is the seeking which is important. Whether or not the goal is reached does not really matter. What is essential is that the

goal should be placed so high that even if we fall short we may be comforted by the knowledge that we have failed within sight of our ambition. In fact it seems possible that he felt that the ideal should never be realised, as it might lose in value thereby :

Ah ! mieux vaut repartir au moment qu'on arrive
 Que de te voir faner, nouveauté de la rive !
 Tu n'auras pas connu cette tristesse grise
 De l'Idéale avec qui l'on se familiarise.

La Samaritaine met with considerable criticism. Cunliffe and de Bacourt, for example, maintain that : " The attempt to mingle two diverse traditions—that of Primitive Christianity and that of Medieval Romance—was, and was bound to be, a failure on the modern stage. The appeal of the Gospel is its absolute simplicity ; it was impossible to combine this with the acknowledged artifice of the Romantic Revival." It is true that Rostand's Romantic treatment is ill-adapted to the portrayal of an incident in the life of Christ, and we have to look beyond the dramatic in this instance. Many have criticised the mingling of divine and human love in the play, but he appears to be emphasising that our human frame and its desires represents the concentration of the Evil against which we must fight. Potentialities for good and evil are latent within us during the testing time on earth ; we are given the opportunity of making our own choice, and it is on this choice that rests the fulfilment or otherwise of our life.

That great critic Émile Faguet emphasises the distinction between the Romanticism of 1630 and that of 1820, the former purely French, the latter suffering to some extent under foreign influence. Rostand he classes as a " pure," i.e. 1630 Romantic and sums him up thus : "*Il va, très exactement, de Corneille à Scarron en passant par Théophile.*" In other words, his character is compounded of the sublime imagination of Corneille, the " preciousness " of Scarron, and the burlesque of Théophile. Thus Rostand belongs to no " school " ; and too, he had no axe to grind, no *thèse* to deck out with dramatic trimmings. Positive idealism is the doctrine that animates him, and this leads to what he thought of as " progressive happiness." In this there would appear to be a link—although probably a purely chance link—between Rostand and Bergson. For the latter the *élan vital* is the essential constituent of existence. For Rostand this essential impulse was something more than time ; it was the sum-total produced by each succeeding event in life, leading to a kind of perpetual progression. For him no event in life can be ignored or without effect. His idealism is based on life and works out its purpose therein. Even if his works contained no literary merit they should be remembered for this. At a time when disillusionment was all, and when life here on earth was ridiculed by philosophers and authors alike, the hope held out by Rostand was of prime importance. The obstacles he saw too, and he recognised that disappointment is a necessary concomitant of life—disappointment, but not disillusionment. His final philosophy is compounded of those convictions which he gained, not without difficulty, at each successive stage in life.

PHILIP LEWIS.

UNREASON IN HIGH PLACES.

THE irrational is universal. Beneath the mask of civilised man behold the face of a child, beyond good and evil. His instinctual wants must be gratified even at the expense of civilisation. Everywhere we turn we detect unmistakable evidence of primitive man in action, and it is easy to see through his pathetic attempts to cover up his destructive instincts. He develops an elaborate ritual of verbal justification. War, racial riots, anti-Semitism, the Ku Klux Klan, Fascism: these are symptoms enough to indicate that in the mass men are filled with the will to hate and the lust to kill. This is the instinct-driven mechanism diagrammed for us by the Freudians, and it serves to support their thesis that wars break out, persist, and recur only because men are consumed by an overpowering death-instinct. Thanatos conquers Eros.

This metaphysical reconstruction of the war of instincts in man is not so alarming a feature of contemporary culture as the ardour with which many Intellectuals, now headed by that "perennial philosopher" and oracle of the occult, Aldous Huxley, are wooing the Delilah of the irrational. Each action that violates the "law" of reason is hailed as a triumph over the enemy: rationalism. The writers are of the opinion that they have much to gain by allying themselves with the forces of the unconscious, without their clearly understanding what these forces are or how they can magically facilitate the creative process. No one stops to point out that this reckless defiance of reason itself constitutes a subtle rationalisation. The irrational, it is alleged, creates a world that is chancy, full of risks and glorious surprises, a world of endless wonders and astounding miracles; it is exciting, adventurous, unpredictable; it is not a closed and finished system, geometrical, logical, functioning like a machine. On the contrary, it permits man to gamble with fate; the imagination can overcome the Nemesis of necessity.

A second *sub rosa* rationalisation of the night life of the mind proceeds somewhat as follows: the irrational is the voice of instinct, therefore it is pure, original, powerfully creative. He who resists its solicitations does so at his peril, cutting himself off from deep fountains of feeling. Here is a reservoir of titanic strength from which the mind must draw its nourishment or be stricken by the rigor mortis of intellectualism. This is Mother Earth from which stream all the beneficent rivers of inspiration. Intuitions, luminous and creative, rise from the earthy depths of being. Consciousness is transcended; the unitive self comes as if under a mighty spell into its own. Is not the creativity of the irrational revealed in the amazing fecundity of the unconscious? It was the Surrealists who issued the commandment: Let the darkness give birth to light! Introversion and automatism could be exalted to a plane of art and body forth a radiant super-reality.

Finally, there is the method of rationalisation by means of which one can escape with seeming impunity from the narrow prison-house of logic. The irrational is the open road to the seventh heaven of mysticism. The oracles of the blood and the sibyls of the spirit establish *rapprochement* with the dark unknown gods. Ecstatic visions are born of these extra-sensory perceptions. The communicant passes through the ultimate experience of union with the divine and glimpses truths beyond the ken of cognition.

This is the holy of holies which no naturalist must profane. This is the retort irrefutable: life is a mystery that the lancet of science cannot probe nor the microscope of the laboratory bring into visible focus. Life is a dream, life is a breath, life is a symbol ineffable and out of the reach of normal human comprehension. Life is anything our imagination makes it out to be. For it is the earmark of the mystery-monger that he alone, and no one else, can decipher the hieroglyphics written on the face of Nature and recorded in the heart of man; he alone can solve the riddle propounded by the Sphinx; he alone can catch intimations of divinity in the soil of the commonplace and perceive the footsteps of God on the littered pavements of the slums. The essence of the mystical experience is incommunicable in terms of language; words cannot utter it. William Blake, for example, realised that the spirits who visited him were not phenomena that could be scientifically tested; but since they took place in his own mind they were accounted real. He denounced the dogmas of materialism and science as the 'spawn of Satan. The mechanical world of Nature outlined by Bacon and Newton was not his world; he utterly rejected the kingdom of the corporeal, the realm of matter. Though he suffered from the spirit of abstraction, which inhibited the free exercise of his creative faculty, his faith in the supernatural remained unshaken. The visible world was for him filled with bright supernatural beings, symbols of divine significance, angels of all shapes and colours, and these were actual and monitory. That is why he prayed to be kept from "single vision, and Newton's sleep."

Many contemporary writers, ignoring the warning of Wordsworth, have followed in the footsteps of Blake. Now what is the value of art based on such experience? Is not art that springs from the irrational an eccentric, aberrant art? Are these Illuminati not arguing in a circle? For everything that happens beneath the sun there is a reason; hence there is a good and sufficient reason for the manifestations of the irrational—a specimen of chop-logic that is not at all unrepresentative. Whatever is "reasonable" is "right." The irrational thus stands completely justified, but not only the irrational. By the same perverse logic madness, too, is justified. But what is the dynamic motivation of the irrational in the psychic apparatus? It is designed to gratify importunate desires that cannot find satisfaction in external reality. By trafficking in the drugs of the irrational the imagination can smuggle in contraband pleasures. The will is galvanised, faith is restored and intensified, the mind is rooted in the Elysium of certitude. A reality more beatific than the reality of the senses is disclosed to the transcendental unconscious.

Not only the poets but the latter-day Fascists have been instrumental in promoting the "reasoned" abdication of reason. Whatever else may be characteristic of Fascism, its essence is to be found in its glorification of unreason. By the rationalisation of the irrational it emancipates itself from all civilised and moral restraints. Grant the validity of its vital intuition that "life" is superior to reason, and its devotees are free to take any action which implements their will to power. Speaking with the inspired voice of the unconscious, the mouthpiece of the indwelling life-force, they can justify their contempt for humanity, their denial that ethical sanctions are binding. The cult of violence, the mystical and impassioned idealisation of war, the religion of tribal amorality, these are the cardinal tenets of the Bible of Fascism. Everything else stems from these doctrines. In

short, it is the apotheosis of the irrational which bolsters the ethos of Fascism.

Analyse the work of every writer who belongs directly or by implication to the Fascist school of thought, and it will be found that this is fundamental to his philosophy: he breaks the intolerable bondage of reason by effecting a mystical transvaluation of values. He worships the poetry of the instincts and the call of the unconscious; he glorifies animal courage and brute strength; he derides the plodding work of the intelligence, making a fetish of intuition. Sorel raised violence to a sublime principle of life; Nietzsche was the creator of the myth of the superman; Bergson eagerly sought for the secret of the *élan vital*; Spengler rediscovered and reaffirmed the claims of life as stronger than reason or science.

The discovery of the unconscious with all that it implies has had important and unfortunate repercussions in a number of fields of inquiry. If the consciousness of man cannot be trusted, if thought is governed primarily by subjective, instinct-fed factors, then rationality is indeed a myth and a delusion. Acting on that assumption, a group of intellectuals have proceeded to demolish the abstract truths by which men profess to live. Like Pareto, Thurman Arnold has made the exciting discovery that people do not as a rule behave rationally. In fact, their actions frequently contradict the theories they construct to guide their conduct. There is, it would seem, a flagrant dualism between ideal and reality, theory and fact. Since people are driven by training and tradition to worship a symmetrical, ideally consistent universe, they must perforce develop an intricate system of moral and intellectual accountancy to reconcile their ideology and their day-to-day behaviour. Thurman Arnold's two books, *The Symbols of Government* and *The Folklore of Capitalism*, are both ingenious exercises in exposing the roots of irrationality at the base of the tree of social institutions and collective behaviour.

There is always plenty of ammunition lying ready to hand for those who wish to demonstrate the extraordinary extent to which social life is shot through with irrationality. The Freudians have voluminously and most convincingly documented this thesis, a book by Franz Alexander bearing the significant title, *Our Age of Unreason*. It would not be a difficult task to show not only that society suffers from a collective neurosis, but that it most closely resembles an asylum. But it is one thing to convict the mass of men of irrational behaviour and quite another to deny the possibility of rational control. It is not enough to indicate that many of us are the slaves of stereotypes and empty symbols. For if we rigorously follow the logical consequences of the theory we are forced to conclude, as Thurman Arnold does, that rational thinking is the enemy of progress, since it misleads us into seeking to build up completely rounded systems of thought which have little or no relation to reality. It betrays us into the vice of intellectualism: the folly of attempting to erect abstract systems and then forcing reality to conform to them. Such methods simply will not work, not because human institutions cannot possibly follow any consistent set of principles, but because the principles are wrong; they do not square with the facts. Does Thurman Arnold imagine that the principles he himself advances in opposition are neither consistent nor systematic? If so, they are not worth taking seriously. Certainly, inconsistency is not a hobgoblin principle on which we can safely base a system of social control.

Has empirical rationalism anything more substantial and satisfying to offer? Can the rich diversity of life possibly be reduced to a rationalistic equation? Can the totality of our existence—our struggles and aspirations, our spiritual ideals, our culture, religion, art—be comprehended within the compass of dynamic logic? There is an x in the equation which is left unknown, an element of miracle as well as mystery, in the empirical explanation of the phenomenal universe. That is why many thinkers, men like Pitirim A. Sorokin, violently reject the philosophical offerings of empirical rationalism. They are in search of a reality that science is powerless to furnish. The most confirmed idealist will concede that within its limited sphere science has no rival, that its truths there remain uncontested, but he vehemently denies that this sphere encompasses all of reality or that these truths correspond in any way to the Absolute Truth for which he yearns. There we have the irreconcilable split between reality and Reality, truths and Truth. Against science it is urged that the knowledge it gives is uncertain, fragmentary, relative, dealing with only a small part of the universe, just as consciousness is alleged to be but a fraction of the subliminal life that goes on all the time in sleep and waking. And the idealist wants *all* of reality; nothing less will content him, though he fails to tell us how he knows there are aspects of reality that can be apprehended by supra-sensible modes of being. All the idealist can give us is a negation: reliance on reason leads man to his downfall, traps him in a prison of his own devising, blinds him yet fills him with the belief that he now sees more clearly and more truly. Rationalism, logic, consciousness, science—these are applicable only to the finite, the material, the mundane. Beyond lies the realm of the infinite, the kingdom of the spirit, and to reach it one needs the wings of imagination, the *elan* of inspiration, the vitamins of faith.

Such efforts to exclude conceptual thought from the realm of experience are bound to fail. Of what value are the lightning flashes of intuition, the seismographic reports from the unconscious, unless they have first been given a pattern of meaning by cognitive labour? Opposition between mind and body, viscera and consciousness, intellect and spirit, springs from a romantic desire to get closer to the essence of life, whatever that may be. The vitalist proceeds on the assumption that the intelligence is powerless to grasp the essence of life, which must be felt, experienced, lived, in order to be known. Hence the conclusion that impulse is "knowledge-giving" in the higher sense, while analytical thought and empirical observation are destructive. Why has there been this persistent attack on the intelligence of man? Why we were endowed with this function we do not know, but one thing we do know: every assault on human intelligence has been supported by appeals to reason, and the wrong reasons at that. For intelligence is no more than the power of ordering our experience according to the principle of rationality. Otherwise our experiences would be a series of unrelated sensations and feelings, an unresolved chaos. If intuition proves bankrupt as a philosophy of life, it is because it can make no significant assertion about the life we actually lead on earth.

Empirical rationalism, unlike other philosophical doctrines, is not a religion; it will not "save" mankind. It offers us an ineluctable choice. Either we believe that at the heart of nature we shall not find arbitrary mystery, that life in harmony with nature can be lived

according to the dictates of reason, or else we fall into an irrationalism which is tempting because it seems to permit a greater margin of freedom while systematically depreciating reason on the ground that it limits the inexhaustible potentialities of "human nature," which can hold communion with the supernatural or with super-reality.

It is not to be assumed that the life of reason can be achieved at once and by all people, or that it will solve all problems. It is not a panacea. Too many imponderables, too many variables, enter into the picture and make the task of prediction unsafe. Reason grounded in experience, reason that is empirically tested, reason that is based on the highest degree of probability after all the available evidence has been checked, is not the only motor that runs human affairs. The emotions play their part and, if the Freudians are to be believed, they are more potent, more important, than the contributions of consciousness. But the issue has been clouded in thick confusion because we have refused to face the facts in a spirit of scientific objectivity.

Reason and emotion, instinct and consciousness, intuition and intellect cannot be separated and opposed. The mind (however we interpret it) can no more function without the circulation of the blood than the body can continue to live without the vital co-operation of the brain. Psychologists—at least one school of psychologists—are now agreed that the individual functions as an organism in indivisible psychomatic unity. Therefore, let us frankly acknowledge that our emotions pull us in one direction, that the play of instincts interferes with the dispassionate exercise of intelligence, that acts of intuition often solve problems that baffle the most prolonged and laborious ratiocination. Granted all that, what then? Shall we throw up the sponge and abandon ourselves to the incalculable and mysterious forces of darkness? There is no need for yielding to such a counsel of despair. If "the faculty of reason" is indeed compounded of instincts, intuitions, emotional impulses, unconscious compulsives, then it can no longer be urged that reason is abstract, artificial, a disease of the organism, a denial of Nature and Life. Whatever the subliminal depths of the psyche and the self may throw up can be accepted and coped with and integrated within the developing personality. The only condition for effecting harmonious integration is that these daemonic elements (it is hard to define or measure them) pass the rigorous test set by the reasoning part of man. Freud symbolised the process and drew a diagram for our edification. There is the primordial, instinctual, infantile, libido-charged id; above it is the ego, which is the seat of consciousness and which is entrusted with the responsibility of adapting the organism as painlessly as possible to reality; finally, there is the super-ego, the incarnation of conscience, which is nothing more than the collective introjection of the prohibitions and ideals enforced by parents, leaders, legal authorities, the community as a whole. At the threshold of consciousness stands the censor, stern but sometimes corruptible, easily bribed, easily fooled by deceptive disguises. Thus there slip into consciousness the tabooed contents of the unconscious, but in a form and manner that make them temporarily acceptable.

The old hit-or-miss methods have been tried and failed. The choice is before us: we can continue to drift or we can plan our future. We can lead the life we choose in deliberation or we can adjust ourselves to the life that circumstances and a series of geometrically perpetuated blunders have forced upon us. If we believe,

as Count Korzybski the general semanticist does, that man is a time-binder, then it is our task to begin where the previous generation left off and to enrich and advance the culture of mankind. We are following a foolish and suicidal policy if we fail to heed the clear testimony of our collective experience, if we refuse to profit by the wisdom and the past mistakes of the human race. For then, in our mulish-headed pride and perversity, we are recapitulating in each age the errors and excesses of past generations. Rationalism, like democracy, has never really failed us; it has never been tried consistently on a scale commensurate with its promise and potentialities.

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG.

New York.

THE INDIANS IN NATAL.

INDIANS were first recruited as labourers for the Natal sugar plantations in 1860. Most of the indentured labourers came out in two streams: one from Madras and the other from Upper India through the port of Calcutta. They consisted of Indians of the agricultural labouring class. They were brought out on five-year contracts, after completing which they were allowed to work as free labourers. At the end of ten years they could either remain in the Colony or could claim a free return passage to India. Few, however, returned. Many, at the conclusion of their indentures, continued to do work of an agricultural nature, either for the sugar, tea, or wattle planters or on their own land as market-gardeners. Others became labourers, both skilled and unskilled, on the coal mines, railways or municipalities, or went into domestic service. The sugar industry did so well as a result of its Indian labour that it multiplied its annual output by seven times during the first ten years. As labourers the Indians were very much better than the natives who had been doing the same kind of work on the sugar estates before they came.

It is therefore not surprising that the Natal Government, partially controlled by sugar planters, at first shut its eyes to the complications which were inevitably destined to arise from such a mass importation of Asiatics. In 1874 it went so far as to contribute an annual grant of £10,000 towards the expense of introducing the indentured labourers, and this grant was continued for ten years. Following close upon the heels of the indentured labourers came Indian merchants and traders, mainly Mohammedans from Bombay. Their ancestors had for centuries traded along the east coast of Africa and up to the Persian Gulf as well as in Burma and further East. They were (and still are) remarkably astute business men competent to do more than hold their own against European competition.

Toward the end of the ten-year period, during which the immigration of indentured labourers was subsidised, the Natal Legislative Council became uneasy about the large number of Indians entering the Colony. Many were coming over as deck passengers who paid only £2 for the voyage. In 1896 feeling came to a head when a mob of Europeans in Durban forcibly prevented the landing of several hundred free Indians from two steamers, the *Naderi* and the *Courtland*, until the Government undertook to introduce licencing and immigration restriction laws. Mahatma Gandhi was on board the *Courtland*. Up to this time the Indians had been allowed the parliamentary franchise, for, though

the Natal Legislative Council had attempted to pass legislation depriving them of it, the Imperial Government would not agree. In 1893, however, Natal was granted Responsible Government, and in 1896 the further enrolment of Indians on the voters' roll was stopped. In 1897 licencing and immigration laws limited free immigration, but indentured labourers were allowed to come in without monetary assistance from the Government. Restrictions were also placed on the issue of dealers' licences.

In 1907 the Asiatic Immigration Abolition Bill was introduced in the House of Assembly. The sugar-planter and farmer members were ranged against the urban members. The latter urged that the Indian storekeeper and artisan were creating serious competition with the whites, and pointed out that the continuation of unrestricted immigration would cause the small white population of Natal to become hopelessly outnumbered by natives and Indians. Socially and economically the Colony would become like Jamaica and Trinidad. They maintained that the natives should be educated to work so that the "crutch of coolie labour" could be cast aside. The sugar planters' representatives argued that to restrict Indian immigration would produce a serious crisis in the sugar industry. If the Government attempted to shut out the Indian trader, this would lead to agitation, and the Government of India would refuse to allow further recruiting of indentured labour. The Bill was not passed, but in 1908 Bills were carried withdrawing trading licences from Indians, and though the Secretary for the Colonies vetoed these Bills it became difficult to obtain licences. When, in 1908, the Government of India threatened to prohibit further emigration of indentured labourers, the Secretary of State for India, in response to earnest representations from Natal, allowed emigration of indentures to continue for a further period only on condition that a law was passed allowing the Indian traders the right to appeal to the Supreme Court against the refusal to renew a trader's licence. An Act providing for such an appeal was in consequence passed, and emigration of indentured labour was allowed to continue until July 1st, 1911, when it finally ceased.

The entry of Indians into the Union of South Africa virtually came to an end under the Immigrants Restriction Act, which was passed by the Union Legislative Assembly in 1913. This Act prevented the entry of the wives and children of Indians married polygamously, and regulated the entry of Indians from other parts of South Africa into Cape Colony. The Act caused great dissatisfaction among the Indian community and was the main cause of a strike by Indians on the Newcastle coal mines and Natal sugar estates. The results of this strike caused deep indignation in India. The Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, made a public speech supporting the Indian strikers, and the Indian Government demanded an inquiry by a Royal Commission. A Commission of Inquiry was ultimately appointed under the chairmanship of Sir William Solomon which made several recommendations, especially with reference to the entry of the wives of Indians resident in South Africa. All the recommendations were accepted by the Government and embodied in the Indian Relief Act of 1914. Gandhi left South Africa in 1914 fairly satisfied with the new legislation and with an agreement he had made with General Smuts regarding the status and rights of the Indians in the Transvaal.

During subsequent years, however, the Indians demanded an extension of their citizen rights and became increasingly discontented at

the limitations placed on ownership of land. Their claims were debated from time to time at Imperial Conferences. In 1921 a resolution was passed that it was desirable that the rights of British Indians to citizenship in all parts of the Empire should be recognised. The representatives of South Africa did not accept this resolution. A debate followed in which the Hon. Srinivasa Sastri, Mr. Churchill and General Smuts took part, but the status of Indians in South Africa remained unaltered. In 1922 the Natal Provincial Council passed three Ordinances curtailing the issue of trading licences to Indians, depriving them of the municipal franchise, and reducing the sale to them of immovable property. Thus, at the next Imperial Conference in 1923, the Indian delegates renewed their demands for the rights of citizenship in South Africa. They asked the Union delegates to agree to the Government of India sending an agent to South Africa to protect Indian nationals there. General Smuts refused on the ground that the white community felt that the whole problem of the continuance of Western civilisation was involved. It was a question of economic competition, and he could hold out no hope of any further extension of political rights to Indians in South Africa. This country was in a totally different position from any other Dominion with its one and a half million whites, five and a half million Bantu, and 166,000 Asiatics, the vast majority of whom were Indians. Just after General Smuts's return to South Africa, Mr. Patrick Duncan, Minister of the Interior, introduced the Class Areas Bill to prevent infiltration by Indians into predominantly European areas. Later in the same year (1924) there was a general election at which the Smuts Government was defeated, and the Bill did not reach the statute book; but the Nationalist Government under General Hertzog, with Dr. D. F. Malan as Minister of the Interior, introduced a similar Bill, the Areas Reservation Bill, which the Indians resolved to oppose to the utmost of their powers, declaring that if the Government did not drop it they would appeal for assistance outside. Their violent opposition aroused the Indian National Congress. The South African Indian Congress sent one deputation to India and another to interview Dr. Malan in Pretoria.

About this time, Mr. J. H. Thomas, Secretary of State for the Colonies, who was touring South Africa, suggested a conference between the British, Indian and South African Governments. A conference took place later after a change in the British Government, and the South African Government was able to persuade Mr. Amery, the new Secretary of State, that the conference should include representatives from India and South Africa only. In December 1926, the deputation from the Indian Government arrived in Cape Town. It had been settled that the main aim of the conference must be to enable South Africa to repatriate as many of its Indians as could be induced voluntarily to leave the country, in return for which attempts would be made educationally and materially to "uplift" those who remained. Agreement was eventually reached to introduce a scheme for assisted emigration. An upliftment clause was inserted emphasising the importance of enabling the Indians to adopt Western standards of living, and an Agent-General from India was to reside in South Africa to watch Indian interests. This "Cape Town Agreement" as it was called formed the basis of the Immigration and Indian Relief Bill of 1927. It empowered the Minister to provide financial assistance and a free passage to India or any other place outside South Africa for

any adult Indian and his family. On the whole, it proved disappointing to both sides. The number of Indians repatriated did not come up to expectations (less than 20,000 in fourteen years). The improvement in education for Indians has been slow, and the main effect of encouraging them to adopt Western standards has been to induce them to penetrate into European areas for purposes of trade and residence.

For the next twelve years predominantly European areas, especially in Durban, were systematically invaded by Indians. Mr. H. G. Lawrence, the Minister of the Interior, hoping that this penetration could be checked by non-statutory methods, formed the Lawrence Committee, with representatives from the Natal Indian Association and the Durban City Council, by which he hoped to obtain a greater measure of understanding between these opposing bodies. But the Committee turned out a complete failure, and no agreement was reached. Just after the Lawrence Committee was formed, the Broome Commission was appointed to find out the extent of Indian penetration and to ascertain its reasons. It revealed that the penetration of European areas by Indians in Durban was considerable, especially during the war years. The main reason was land speculation, and the Durban City Council later disclosed that the majority of the properties were heavily mortgaged, the necessary funds being supplied by building societies in the Transvaal. In 1943 the Government passed the Transvaal and Natal Restriction Act (The Pegging Act), which prevented the transfer of land from Europeans to Asiatics. The Indians complained bitterly, but the Bill was passed almost unanimously, only the three native representatives voting against it. After three years the Pegging Act lapsed and early in 1946 the Asiatic Land Tenure and Indians Representation Bill, commonly referred to by the Indians as "The Ghetto Act," was passed. It defined areas where the Indians could purchase land and provided them with a communal franchise. The franchise clauses gave the Indians in Natal and the Transvaal three representatives in the Assembly and two in the Senate—all Europeans. They also gave the Indians two representatives in the Natal Provincial Council.

The Indian Government, incensed at the segregatory provisions of the Act and in no way appeased by the franchise clauses, imposed trade sanctions against South Africa, withdrew the Indian High Commissioner, and appealed to U.N.O. Thus, in November of the same year, Smuts, as leader of the South African delegation at U.N.O., was confronted with what amounted to a resolution censuring South Africa. The Indian delegation moved that the Union Government's treatment of Asiatics constituted a denial of human rights and fundamental freedom such as was contrary to the Charter, and that the Union should revise its policy and report at the next session of the General Assembly what action it had taken. The resolution was slightly modified by the French-Mexican amendment. Smuts maintained that the Charter did not give U.N.O. authority to interfere with the internal affairs of member States, and that the South African Indian problem was a domestic matter, and he urged that it should be referred to the International Court of Justice. Mrs. Pandit, the Indian delegate, however, succeeded in swaying a considerable section of the General Assembly with her brilliant oratory, with the result that the French-Mexican amendment was passed by thirty-two votes to fifteen, thus constituting the necessary two-thirds majority. Twenty-three of the

thirty-two delegates who voted for the resolutions were representatives of coloured populations.

During the following year neither the Indian nor the South African Government was prepared to take the initiative by opening negotiations for a compromise. Smuts maintained that India should reinstate her High Commissioner. Pandit Nehru, Vice-President of the Indian Interim Government, demanded a round-table conference. Nothing was done until November 1947 when the matter came up for the second time before U.N.O. On this occasion, though Mrs. Pandit succeeded in getting a motion passed by the Political Committee requesting round-table discussions between India and South Africa on the basis of last year's General Assembly resolution, she failed to obtain a two-thirds majority in the General Assembly. The Indian-South African problem therefore remains unsolved, and it will doubtless attract considerable attention in the future, not only in India and South Africa but throughout the world.

MICHAEL VANE.

Transvaal.

ST. ALBANS: 948-1948

MATTHEW PARIS, perhaps the most famous and least inaccurate of Plantagenet historians and a pupil at St. Albans School, who entered the monastery of St. Albans in 1217, records an event in A.D. 303 which won its position in the Christian Calendar and led in due course to the acceptance of the name "St. Albans" rather than "Verulamium" for the mediæval and modern city now celebrating its millenary pageant. According to his chronicles, there once lived in the old Roman Verulamium Albanus, a Roman legionary and Christian convert, and Amphibalus, his priest and confessor. When the Emperor Diocletian began persecuting the Christians and issued his edict against the Pelagians, who refuted original sin, the life of Amphibalus was in peril. Albanus facilitated his escape from the city by surrendering to him his own uniform, was tried, condemned, and beheaded on Holmhurst Hill. Tradition has it that the martyrdom was accompanied by miraculous events. It was not until nearly five centuries later that Offa, King of Mercia and correspondent of Charlemagne, impelled by a vision and directed by a mysterious ray of light, sought the martyr's bones and in 798 erected for the Benedictines, upon the site of the execution, a monastery and a church, where our present magnificent Norman, Gothic and Perpendicular Cathedral and Abbey Church now stands, boasting the longest Gothic nave in the world, exceeding that of Winchester by twenty feet. The monastery flourished, and towards the end of the tenth century the Abbots Ealdred and Ealmer, developing the Abbey Church, began to quarry stone from the neighbouring ruins of Verulamium. Some of these may already have been nine centuries old, for the archaeological and antiquarian researches of Dr. Mortimer-Wheeler support the claim to date back beyond the Roman *municipium* (the only one in Roman Britain) endowed with exceptional rights of jurisdiction by the Emperor Claudius, sacked by Boadicea and rebuilt by Agricola, to the Belgic capital of the first century B.C.—a capital overlooking the River Ver, where Tasciovanus, the chief of the Catuvellauni and father of Cymbelene, established both a palace and a mint.

It is the sixth Abbot, Wulsin or Ulsinus, who is the hero of the millenary, as, indeed he was the hero of Matthew Paris. In 948 Ulsinus, according to Matthew, conceived the noble design of improving still further the advancing prosperity of the vill of St. Albans by establishing its famous market, financing intending residents, founding a school, and building three churches—St. Peter's in the north, St. Stephen's in the east, and St. Michael's, which contains a fine Saxon nave and chancel, constructed from the old Roman tiles, as well, of course, as the burial-place of Francis Bacon, in the west—in the middle of the Roman city.

Materials at our disposal on the history of the school down to the twelfth century are scanty, but for the subsequent period the forty-four columns by A. F. Leach on "St. Albans School" in the *Victoria History of the County of Hertfordshire* (Vol. II, 1908) are a veritable treasure-house for the historian. Leach's final sentence runs: "More endowment is wanted if the school is to earn again the reputation it enjoyed in 1190, when there was 'no school in England which gave a better education or one fuller of scholars'." Among its scholars in Plantagenet times, apart from Matthew Paris, were Richard the Lion-Hearted's foster-brother, Alexander Neckam, nicknamed *Nequam* ("knavish" or "rascally"), Abbot of Cirencester, and author of *De Naturis Rerum*, Sir John Mandeville, who started off on his first voyage in 1322, and, possibly (but not proven), Nicholas Breakspeare, the solitary English Pope (Adrian IV). The school's finest possessions include the Abbey Gatehouse, built in 1361, the top section of the ancient holy well, which later found its way to the grounds of Holywell House (where Marlborough lived, before Blenheim Palace was built, with the redoubtable Sarah, no mean electioneer in the tussle of 1722), several scarce fifteenth and sixteenth century books (including Caxton's edition of the *De Consolatione* of Boethius, now in the British Museum), and a wine charter presented by Queen Elizabeth at the instigation of a beneficent patron, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. The boys were boarded on the site of the present school hall. The terms of an ordinance for the dwelling of poor scholars in the Almonry of St. Albans, published on St. Ambrose Day, April 4th, 1399, are pleasantly typical of the times:

Here begins the manner of living of the poor scholars in the almonry. First, they are to be admitted for a stay (*mora*) of five years at most, as this time is enough for them to become proficient in grammar (*ad proficiendum in grammatilibus*). Item, none of them may absent himself from the almonry without leave of the sub-almoner, on pain of leaving until he is reconciled (*sub poena recedendi usque reconciliacionem*). Item, every one convicted of being or who is notoriously incontinent, a night-walker, noisy, idle (*discolus*), shall be expelled. Item, on admission, he shall shave an ample crown after the fashion of choristers, and shall be shaved as becomes clerks. Item, everyone shall say daily mattins of Our Lady for himself, and every feast day of the Psalms for the convent and our founders.

Meanwhile, the monastery founded by King Offa became rich and prosperous and acquired extensive lands. It was a favourite abode of monarchs, its Abbots frequently entertained members of the Royal Family and the nobility, its monks were often royal kinsmen. *Domesday Book* estimates the estates of the Abbot of St. Albans at 167 hides, worked in 1086 by 216 teams, and sending, according to Round's

Feudal England, six knights for the King's service in 1156. An illuminating instance of feudalism in action in St. Albans is given by Adolphus Ballard in his *The Domesday Inquest*, where he writes: "Sometimes the Church lost property which had been granted on a lease to a tenant who was also the tenant of a third party; and on the grant of the forfeitures of this third party the Church was, perhaps by inadvertence, deprived of its land. Thus Alfred Black held lands of the Abbeys of Westminster and St. Albans in Hertfordshire, but for other lands he had commended himself to Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury. After Stigand's death, all these lands passed to Lanfranc, Stigand's successor, and so were lost to the Abbeys."

Among the most interesting and most controversial documents of later mediæval constitutional history is the famous Petition of St. Albans of 1315. It was a notorious mediæval tendency that the high expense involved in attendance in Parliament induced many towns to shirk it as frequently as possible. Such delinquencies are emphasised by Riess in his calculation that, whereas under Edward I (1272-1307), the average number of towns summoned was eighty-three, and of towns represented seventy-five, under Edward II (1307-27), the average number of towns summoned had fallen to sixty-seven, and of towns represented to sixty. St. Albans, which had been confirmed as a borough by Henry II, was an exception which proves the rule. It protested at not having received a summons. At the Parliament of January, 1315, the town presented a petition and complained that the Sheriff of Hertfordshire, at the instigation of the Abbot of St. Albans, had declined to transmit the summons to it or to tell the Chancery the names of its elected burgesses. The burgesses presented four main propositions: first, that they held of the King in chief; secondly, that they discharged their service to the King by sending two burgesses to Parliament; thirdly, that they and their ancestors had rendered this service in the times of Edward I and his ancestors as under the reigning King until the Parliament recently assembled; fourthly, that the Sheriff, by his conduct, had precluded their performing their service, in contempt of the rights of the King, and to their own great prejudice. The Council thereupon ordered an examination of the Rolls. Although two burgesses had sat in the Parliament of 1306-7, St. Albans had, alas, failed to answer the writ of summons in 1301 and 1305. In his *History and Antiquities of the Exchequer* Madox contends that the townsfolk probably felt that they were likely to be more heavily tallaged by a vassal of the King than by the King himself. The text of the Petition has provoked a host of constitutional theories, but the simple fact would seem to be that, like other towns, e.g. Barnstaple, in 1344, St. Albans was making a bold attempt to escape from the control of the lord to the control of the overlord.

Throughout the fourteenth century the townspeople sustained a more or less continuous offensive against the Abbot's lordship. In 1327, letters patent from Edward III confirmed an agreement between the Abbot and the people of St. Albans, whereby the town was allowed two "deputies," but, four years later, on its own demand, the seal was broken, and it fell once more under abbatial control. The right of representation fell in abeyance from 1336 until 1553, and, indeed, the whole county of Hertfordshire sent no burgesses to Parliament but was represented only by knights of the shire from the reign of Richard II to that of Mary Tudor. In Richard II's reign the Abbey and the Abbot were taken under the protection of no less a person than John of Gaunt,

Duke of Lancaster, and the body of his wife, the Countess Blanche, rested there on its way to London, as later did his own. Feeling against the Abbot ran high again in 1381, at the time of Walt Tyler's insurrection and the Peasants' Revolt, when townspeople besieged the monastery Gatehouse, seized Abbey charters and rolls, and wrested a new charter for themselves. The ringleaders were executed. According to the *Gesta Abbatum*, William Gryndecobbe was promised his life if he would induce the townsfolk to restore the Abbey charters. "If I die," he replied, "I shall die for the cause of the freedom we have won, counting myself happy to end my life by such a martyrdom. Do then to-day as you would have done had I been killed yesterday"—a good quotation of which the Whig historians could have made greater use. Even so, it was not until the despoliation and destruction of the monasteries that St. Albans set itself finally free from what Dr. Trevelyan terms "the stranglehold of monastic lordship." Nor was it until late in the reign of Victoria (1877) that the town became a city, celebrating its elevation with a grand cricket match in top hats, and the Diocese of St. Albans was formed from the old Diocese of Rochester.

Meanwhile, in the fifteenth century, St. Albans had given its name to two battles during the Wars of the Roses, and many of the slain were buried in St. Peter's churchyard. In the earlier engagement, on May 21, 1455, two years after the outbreak of the struggle between York and Lancaster, a battle described in the *Páston Letters*, the Lancastrian forces were defeated, the Duke of Somerset slain (as Richard says in Shakespeare's *Henry VI*, "underneath an alehouse's paltry sign, The Castle in St. Albans"), and the saintly Henry VI taken prisoner. On the second occasion, on February 17, 1461, his imperious wife Queen Margaret defeated Warwick the Kingmaker and put him to flight; but she failed to press her advantage, and withdrew first to Dunstable and then to the North, instead of advancing on the capital, where, in the same year, the Duke of York was proclaimed King Edward IV. Except for a healthy and instinctive dislike of the Court, wherever it might be, there is little reason to believe that the majority of the citizens of St. Albans felt very strongly on these dynastic issues. In later civil wars—those between Charles I and Parliament—public feeling ran high. The town was garrisoned for Parliament, the garrison came into conflict with the High Sheriff, and three vicars of the Churches of St. Peter, St. Michael and St. Stephen, notably the first, suffered for expounding their royalism with greater vigour than their opponents could stomach. The programme for Episode 7 of the official programme for the Millenary Pageant (June 21st-26th) puts it thus: "Captain Oliver Cromwell makes a brief but impressive appearance, captures the Sheriff, and deposits him in the 'Red Lion' for safe custody."

Such is the record of the city whose millenary celebrations, on the undulating meadows beside Abbey, lake and Roman wall, were honoured by the presence of the Queen. Its contribution to our national history and to the life of our people throughout the ages is such that St. Albans may justly claim, with many sister-cities, to be nothing less than an England in miniature.

DERYCK ABEL.

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SAILORS' SUPERSTITIONS.

WE are all familiar with the refrain which declares "Sailors Don't Care." They certainly do not on some occasions, as when our men faced the *Graf Spee*, the *Bismarck*, the *Tirpitz* and the rest of the great battleships of the now defunct Nazi navy, but no body of men clings more closely to weird superstitions and omens of luck than those whose business takes them into the great waters. For instance a retired shipmaster recalls a strange thing which happened to him during the first World War. He was due to clear Cardiff and was walking, with his second officer, an Irishman, towards the docks, when two crows flapped from the roof of a house. With an exclamation of horror the officer dropped his dispatch bag and stood as if petrified. The captain asked him if he felt bad, but the only answer was, "Good God, Captain, did you not see the two crows?" He went on to explain that if a third crow was not forthcoming nothing but disaster would follow. It was not, though they hunted high and low, and when they reached the ship the skipper had great difficulty in dissuading the officer from packing up and leaving. Into the bargain there had been trouble on board. An Irish fireman had been consulting a fortune-teller, and she told him the ship would not return. To ensure his discharge he assaulted the chief engineer and got three weeks in gaol. At last the vessel set sail—no convoy and no guns! Sure enough, between the Mediterranean and the United States the Germans shelled and sank her. The crew got into the boats and had the bottom blown out of one. They were picked up after nine hours. The boats were kept close together, and during that time the skipper had to listen to an endless torrent of pithy remarks from his Irish officer. Anyway, they all got safe back and the errant fireman travelled all the way from Cardiff to greet them in London. He was full of contrition, embraced the engineer, and was fervent in his thanks to the Almighty for his mates' safe return.

His Majesty's motor torpedo boats, 50 to 60 m.p.h. craft armed with vicious guns and torpedo tubes, are the mosquitoes of the Royal Navy. The first thirteen of these deadly craft were numbered to fourteen. No No. 13! You would not have got a crew to stay on board her. Silly superstition! a landlubber probably loftily remarks. Jack has a perfect right to retort in defence, "Well, what if we are superstitious? How about you landsmen and your dread of walking under ladders—and silly sayings about touching wood? Not to mention you don't like 13 yourself." The men of the Royal Navy, Merchant Navy, and those who man our lifeboats, lightships and fishing vessels are none the less courageous for it. When the matter is weighed up it is not surprising they cling to age-old beliefs, for it is a well-attested fact that the imminence of danger always strengthens faith in superstition. One of the queerest superstitions of the sea is that which taboos the word "rabbit." In Cornwall no one must mention a hare before setting sail, and a fisherman meeting a hare or rabbit on the way to his boat will turn back. In certain parts of the West Country the same dislike of the word "rabbit" is apparent. Should a person accidentally say it in a fisherman's presence just as he is off to sea, he will not go. There the word "coney" is used instead. A Lowestoft boat was due to put to sea, much to the crew's disgust, for an exciting match was scheduled to be played that very day. Owner and skipper were not sympathetic, when one of the crew had a bright idea. He put a toy rabbit in the

latter's cabin. What the "old man" said on beholding this desecration is unprintable, but the ruse succeeded. For he refused to put to sea that day and the crew saw their match.

Part of the duty of a sea chaplain was visiting lightships. One day he accidentally ran down a couple of rabbits and spoke of the incident on board an East Coast lightship. Nobody seemed particularly interested, but the sequel was strange. A short time later he met one of the crew in Yarmouth hospital. He said, "Well, sir, here I am all smashed up, and it's your fault for talking about rabbits aboard the ship." He had fallen down the hold, and nothing could shake his belief in the superstition.

Avoiding certain people, or not saying certain words, are, in fact, among the strongest of sailors' taboos. These features are prominently in evidence in the lonely little island of Foula, off Scotland's northern shores, where a woman is thought to bring bad luck upon the fishing, and a man then off to sea will go a mile round to avoid meeting one. On the other hand, if he is coming in from sea with a good catch, and he meets a woman, he is bound to reward her with part of it. It is quite understandable that to have a woman on board at sea is to invite bad luck; nor is the word "woman" mentioned when fishing, for this is a man's job, and the word would call forth the anger of the spirits of the waters. Other words never used are "light," "minister," "cat," "moon," and "end." If necessary, a circumlocution is used, such as "that which rules by night" for the moon. Many similar strange taboos are in vogue all over the British Islands. Buckie (Scotland) fishermen declare that nobody on board a drifter may mention or refer to a pig, a rabbit, or a salmon. When the sea is calm and the herring remain at the bottom, they can be brought to the surface by sticking a knife in the back of the mast, which causes the sea to become ruffled.

To mention a further instance of ancient superstition, a strange scene reminiscent of pre-Christian days was witnessed a year or two back on the Moray Firth, where the fishermen followed the example of their pagan ancestors and enlisted the aid of the God of Fire to bring them luck. The ritual known as the "Burning of the Clavie," which is believed to be a survival of the fire worship of the ancient Picts, was carried out beside a stone altar on a hill overlooking the firth. The clavie consists of a tar-barrel filled with combustibles and mounted on a long pole. The honour of carrying out the ceremony has been in the hands of the Peterkin family for time out of mind. It is staged when the fishermen have been having poor catches, and as soon as the flames have died down the sons and daughters of the crews scramble for the charred fragments, which are greatly prized as emblems of good fortune for use in the fishing boats and houses. "Lucky" blazing faggots are also flung into the houses of the Provost and other prominent residents. Another season when such fires are lit is Midsummer. On Midsummer Eve in Denmark the countryside for miles around is lit up by the leaping flames, and the fishermen declare the fires keep the witches away. Cornish fishermen used to call them "blessing fires," and they danced and sang around them on the seashore, so assuring good luck on their coming voyages.

For some reason or other clergymen are not popular with sailors, and they have been known to turn back and refuse to go out to sea if a minister crosses their pathway on the way to their ship. It has been suggested that this belief about ill-luck has its origin in the story of Jonah and the whale. One saying is that the devil will visit any ship

to get a parson. A curious thing happened when a ship put into a Queensland port a few years back. The crew walked off, swearing that the presence of a clergyman on board had made it a "hoodoo" ship, for nothing but bad luck had been experienced.

Another superstition was the reason for a case heard in the West Ham Police Court, London, when the master of a Greek ship was summoned for bringing a sheep into the Port of London which had been to a prohibited port, Buenos Aires. The animal had been given to the captain by the officers of a sister ship, and the crew had grown very fond of it. Unluckily a cow had kicked it overboard, but the ship put about and after a two hours' search found and rescued it. It was so exhausted that for three days its life was despaired of. In the police court it was stated there was a strong feeling among the crew that it should not be destroyed. For superstition declared that what was taken alive from the sea should not be allowed to perish. Even if the captain had been fined—the case was dismissed under the First Offenders Act—the crew would have indemnified him. An old salt will whistle for the wind, but not too shrilly, lest he summon a hurricane. In the old sailing ship days during a period of prolonged calm the crew would throw one of the ship's cats overboard, for the saying runs that a cat carries a gale of wind in her tail. But a black cat would never be so treated, for black cats bring luck at sea. During the first World War, in particular, there was a tremendous demand for black cats as mascots.

If a sailor sneezes on the port side when going on board the voyage is likely to prove unlucky; if he sneezes to starboard, favourable winds are to be expected. In all ports it is considered courting disaster to change the name of a vessel. Sailors do not like a ship that has been wrecked, salvaged or refitted. A ship which started her career as a sea going yacht of an American millionaire had these drawbacks. As the *Mohawk* she was lying off Staten Island, New York, when a sudden squall capsized her with all hands. The yacht was salvaged, renamed the *Eagle*, and sold to the United States Government as a survey ship. No crew could be kept on board; they all swore she was haunted. The ghost was punctual and persistent. It was that of the old sailing master. Every night, when the fatal moment arrived, he would rush from below, race to the main sheet, and frantically try to cast it loose. Clothes have been much to the fore of late—at any rate in Britain. But if your clothes are still a bit tattered and torn as the result of the war, you will be lucky, say Chinese sailors. In accordance with this belief they "ventilate" the sails of their junks. Plenty of holes in everything, they say, allow any passing evil spirits to slip through. Even rudders are pierced for this purpose. To the Chinese, of course, the world is full of spirits.

As suggested, sailor superstitions are in many cases only those of landmen in a stronger degree. The latter's dislike of doing anything important on a Friday that falls upon the thirteenth of any month is echoed by the seamen. Even ocean-going liners have been known to postpone their sailing until five minutes after the close of the fateful date. The unlucky Friday sailing superstition is sometimes ascribed to a religious cause, but as well there was also a practical reason in olden days. Friday was a day of abstinence, on which even the mildest orgy was taboo. Thus a crew had no choice but to say good-bye to the land in a state of unrelieved sobriety, uncommon in those hard-drinking days. There was some excuse for a frolic before saying good-bye, for voyages were long, monotonous in fair weather, and dangerous in foul.

On the north-east coast of Britain, in particular, it is deemed to be unlucky to launch a ship on a Friday. Even during the period 1914-18, when a ceaseless stream of new ships was vital, there is no known instance of a Friday launching having been risked. Experienced shipyard workers frown on it to this very day, and tell many stories of disaster to ships whose owners defied the superstition. There is a story that the British Admiralty, to disprove the superstition about Friday, laid the keel of a ship on Friday, and launched her on Friday, that the captain who commissioned her was named Friday, and that she sailed on a Friday, and that the experiment was a complete failure. That is the yarn, anyway, but, unfortunately, it seems to be apocryphal, for since the early eighteenth century, at least, there has been no H.M.S. *Friday*. Moreover, even in this twentieth-century mechanistic age it would be impossible to get a crew to man such a ship.

As for launching, sailors have a strong prejudice against a man doing the job. A few years back Mr. Lund, a Norwegian shipowner, told guests at a launching ceremony that between 1914 and 1918 he sent a number of ships into the water christened by men or else unchristened. Ten years after the war not a single one of these ships was afloat, every one met with ill-luck until she finally came to grief. One British warship, H.M.S. *Devonshire*, met with an astonishing run of ill-luck while carrying a silver replica of a famous relic, Drake's drum. The crew declared it was the hoodoo which caused a seven years' trail of misfortune, ranging from a gun turret explosion to dragging anchors near Alexandria. Even officers freely admitted that the drum had become hoodoo in their minds, and so when the ship sailed from Devonport after these mishaps the drum was left behind.

A very interesting story is told about the famous New Zealand battle cruiser bearing the name of the Dominion, and which fought at Jutland. The warship became a unit of Admiral Beatty's celebrated "Cat Squadron," and in the Jutland battle, although under specific fire, she escaped without a serious hit and was the only one of Beatty's ships to suffer no casualties. When the action began, Captain John Green, in command of the ship, put on an apron which had been presented to him by a Maori chieftain, with the assurance that he would walk "unscathed in battle." Whether this "magic" garment did really protect the ship must be left to the reader, but the crew firmly believed that it did.

J. L. FORSTER.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

PRAGUE AND MOSCOW.

THE official date of Dr. Benesh's resignation from the office of President in the country he had helped President Masaryk to create was given as June 7th last. He had first intimated to Moscow his intention in that sense a month earlier (May 4th). That intimation, of course, in common with the final intimation, was addressed formally to Mr. Gottwald, the so-called Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, who holds the country in Moscow's behalf. There is little that is interesting, so far as the Moscow strategy is concerned, in the elimination from Czechoslovak public life of the free spirit of progress that for a generation has been symbolised by the twin names

of Masaryk and Benesh. But there is much that is interesting from another point of view.

The people of Czechoslovakia are not a stupid people. Indeed they are to be counted among the most accomplished in Europe. Nor are they a craven people, easily cowed. They have had long centuries of experience under the heel of tyrants. They bide their time with a grim, almost mulish, forbearance and patience, but they do not succumb nor dilute their underlying purpose and resolve. Neither Mr. Stalin nor Mr. Gottwald, his henchman, have probably weighed the full forces that are ranged against them. The Communists have been weakened and made flabby in their calculation by the sort of easy, spectacular and quick success that analogously undermined Hitler's judgment and fortunes not so long ago. We shall hear more of Czechoslovakia in the fight for freedom. There is no people in the world which knows the tricks, or can perform them so well, as the Czechs, or, in a different way, as the Slovaks.

The gaunt, rugged figure of Thomas Masaryk stands in the memory as the abiding symbol of the Czechoslovak spirit. Such men are in their nature unconquerable. The deeds he performed before and during the 1914-18 war were those of a hero of legendary repute who did not so much face the overwhelming odds and dangers, but was genuinely and simply unaware of them. He fixed his objective, and it never occurred to him that it could not be reached. During that first war, after being sentenced to death *in contumaciam* by the overlords he was out to throw down, he undertook a world tour, a journey of Ulysses, which made an incredible impression by the sheer weight of his assurance, resource and tenacity. He had no assets but himself and his lieutenant Edward Benesh, who accompanied him in the enterprise and threw himself with a like abandon into the impossible attempt.

There was this difference between the two men: Masaryk was incapable of compromise; he plunged ahead without ado, and did not know the meaning of the tactic, *reculer pour mieux sauter*, whereas Benesh, perhaps because he thereby judged that he could serve his master the better, became an adept in subterfuge and tactical détour. Masaryk helped Dr. Seton-Watson to found the weekly review *The New Europe* in 1916. At the same time Benesh helped Masaryk to found *La Nation Tchèque* in Paris. At one point in the early career of *The New Europe* the funds (which came exclusively from the pocket of Dr. Seton-Watson) began to run low, and the possibility was conveyed orally to Masaryk (then engaged in the house he took in Platt's Lane, Hampstead, in writing for the next number) that it might be impossible to bring out that next number. He paused for a moment (as was his accustomed mannerism), then announced "There will be no collapse," and went on with his writing. Nor did *The New Europe* collapse. Masaryk was always so concentrated on the end that he took the means for granted, with or without material justification. It was a manifestation of faith, which removes mountains in the path. By contrast Dr. Benesh went round the mountains.

In his second exile, during the Second World War, when he lived in a small house in Gwendolene Avenue, Putney, Benesh worked unremittingly in obscurity, attempting the unpromising enterprise of facing east and west at the same time. Let it be conceded that Thomas Masaryk had had a less formidable complication to obstruct him. The circumstances of the First World War were less complicated than

those of the second. The Germans had to be defeated, and the Magyars with them. But after victory the diplomatic problem was merely the attempted reconciliation and smoothing down of Czechoslovakia's "parents," Britain and France, a task into which Benesh as coadjutor threw himself with resource and typical energy. He founded the daily paper in Prague, the *Prager Presse*, partly with that intention, arranging that Philippe Millet, foreign editor of the *Petit Parisien*, should write regularly from the French, and George Glasgow from the British, point of view on current developments.

But the Second World War, in which Benesh was now holding the Czechoslovak pass with the second Masaryk, Jan, as his lieutenant, presented a harder problem. Czechoslovakia was still new in independent status. The German complex in the minds of Benesh and Jan Masaryk was understandable and was strongly operative. There was an element of inevitability in their calculation that after Munich, the reliability of Britain and France as guarantors of protection for Czechoslovakia against Germany, was compromised. How tragically wrong they were history was so soon to show. But one can understand the processes of their reasoning. When the Second World War ended Benesh had a baffling decision to take. At Yalta the western Powers had bought Russia's continuing military help at the price of handing over Czechoslovakia as a Russian "sphere of influence." Benesh, being no fool, knew in 1945 that Russia intended swallowing Czechoslovakia. Jan Masaryk knew it. What Benesh decided was to conform to the prevailing Russian pattern in order to transform it by subtle work later on into a Czechoslovak pattern.

His route back to Prague after the war was taken, at Stalin's behest, via Moscow. He there received his instructions. In his tactical compromising spirit he unhesitatingly took them, with mental reservations. Thomas Masaryk would have told Stalin to go to hell, and would have returned to Prague direct or not at all. When on his way from Moscow to Prague Benesh stayed for a time in Slovak Koshitse, he had to submit to the indignity of a Red Guard of Honour which kept him virtual prisoner in the house in which he stayed. When he did get back to Prague he found himself indeed a prisoner. He had to witness the addition of road names and signs in Russian characters, the imposition of Stalin photographs all over the country, in shops, offices, factories, streets. He had to submit to the offence of swaggering drunken Red troops all over the place. He "took" it. Jan Masaryk, loyal to Benesh, and inseparable from the people he loved, also "took" it.

The upshot was not long delayed. In this year of 1948 Moscow openly annexed the country under the usual cloak of "elections" and a puppet government; Jan Masaryk, sensitive to the tragedy, the son of his great father who could never have been in a comparable position—T. G. M. would have defied Moscow openly—committed suicide, and Benesh, a broken man, surveying the crash of a life's work, duly resigned from the office of President which had been a sham all the time. These men made an honest and understandable error of judgment—an error that Thomas Masaryk could not have made—and error leads to its wrong end. But the people of Czechoslovakia understand and forgive. They honour the two Masaryks and Benesh. They will fight without flagging for the freedom so lately won, so soon lost. They are unconquerable. When the puppet Gottwald in his bogus eulogy of Dr. Benesh on the occasion of the President's resignation talks

of "freedom," he deceives no one. He does not deceive any Communist east of Prague because they all know that he speaks to a brief, and that the hypocrisy is dictated from Moscow in a puerile attempt to beguile the Czechs and the Slovaks. He does not deceive the Czechs or the Slovaks, for they know the facts, and appreciate the situation too realistically. The die is cast. Stalin, like Hitler, has been unwise enough to attempt the annexation of Czechoslovakia. They might as well for their comfort have chosen to impound a hornet's nest.

A REVOLUTION IN THE MAKING

So imperceptibly does human nature in the material circumstance accommodate itself to its conditions that to-day, nearly half way through a century which has brought to us a crescendo of misfortune and tragedy, we find ourselves bedded down, and almost snug, amid the devastation. Just as throughout the world the dwellers in slums become attached in heart and mind to their hovels, and react indignantly when it is suggested to them that they should move into healthier and more attractive premises, so the world's intellectuals, among them the students of international affairs, have ceased to be surprised, and have been caught up in the atmosphere of the prevailing havoc. In a cold and detached point of view what we have done, and the sort of thing we continue to do, in the field of so-called diplomacy, is almost beyond belief. Yet we have taken it in our stride. We need prodding even to recognise it in its true colours. Equally imperceptibly, however, something else is happening which gives to thoughtful people—people who can soar above the sordid scene—a substantial source of comfort and of hope. The mercy of God is itself almost beyond belief, as are the ways by which it reaches down to us.

As for the immediate circumstance, there could be no more comprehensive a summary of it than that which is provided in the reports of the Department of Economic Affairs of the United Nations, submitted at intervals since 1945 by the Department's commissions of inquiry into economic conditions throughout the world. Those who are curious enough and have a sufficient store of patience and resilience to depression may read the adequate dossier supplied by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in its volume *World Economic Conditions* (April 1948. No. 440 of its series of publications). By the time even the greenest reader gets half way through it, he will probably have surrendered himself to its horrible fascination.

The sense of values and the play of paradox alike have been dulled by the events of our time. History has shot ahead with strides so big and of so incalculable a trend that the student is apt to lose his head. So many things have surprised us that we are no longer surprised. So much has befallen us unexpectedly that unexpectedness itself is now expected. All that we know with any certainty is that revolutionary changes are taking place in the world at large. What we suspect—and this is the really big and hopeful thing in our contemporary experience—is that the shocks and uprootings have gone too deep for the routine machinery of international diplomacy to cope with, and that therefore something may be afoot—must necessarily be afoot if the world is not to come to an end—that after all may restore our sense both of surprise and of satisfaction.

The recent turns in the international kaleidoscope have been true to their modern type. The formal end of the British mandate in

Palestine unloosed a state of open war between Jews and Arabs and a state of jockeying and intrigue inside the Security Council of the United Nations. Owing to the sort of electoral, financial and commercial network of interests involved, or what are shortsightedly regarded as interests by the parties concerned, an unpleasant quarrel developed between the United States and Britain over partisanship, alleged or real, to one side or the other in the fight ; and at one moment we witnessed, without a wrinkle of excitement, the unusual spectacle of the United States voting with Russia against Britain in the United Nations. The result of the South African elections caused some slight flutter of apprehension over the possibility at some future time, near or remote, of a South African secession from the Commonwealth, that organisation of States which till so lately appeared to be the one firm rock in the tempest. The London conference of the six States (Britain, France, America and the three Benelux countries) discussing western Germany came to its conclusions and thus completed the first experiment in western diplomacy to be carried out without reference to Russia ; but it created a crisis in Paris, where nerves are as sensitive as ever to the menace of a resurgent Germany. The western Powers patiently, or perhaps only doggedly, asked Russia to suggest a procedure for revising the Italian Treaty, their first communication to Moscow in that matter having been left unanswered. To ask Russia to suggest a procedure for blocking her own nefarious designs might at other times and under other manners wear an ironical look ; but present conditions are too ponderous to allow the operation of anything so delicate as irony. To the mind of any ordinarily intelligent person it seems odd that the western Powers could ever have agreed to give Russian communism a foothold in Trieste. Already in possession of Jugoslavia, Russia so openly coveted the port of Trieste and the outlet it gave to the Adriatic for the industrial products of Central Europe she also had impounded, that it is hard to explain away the folly which made the western Powers not so much sell, as freely give away, so important a pass. They are now trying to get it back. What is also odd is that it took more than a year for those western Powers to change their mind ; to grasp the argument that Trieste must return to Italian sovereignty if the wave of communist aggression from the east was to be halted. The shock administered by the fall of Czechoslovakia no doubt acted powerfully as a stimulant to western commonsense : but here again it is hard to understand why western opinion was taken so sharply unaware by a consummation so inevitably resulting from the selling of that pass, too, at Yalta. It was the western Powers that gave Czechoslovakia to Russia. It was the western Powers that nearly gave Italy to Russia. And the western Powers still gamely persist in being foolish about Spain.

All these things are of a commonplace quality in our contemporary experience. It follows that the general muddle in affairs shows little sign of an accommodation. Indeed it is intensified almost daily. There are intelligent students—and their number is beginning to increase—impatient of this drab and revolting persistence on the part of the nations at large in error and futility, are driven to consider it in a more general point of view. After all one must accept the evidence of one's own experience. It cannot be that this present riot of unprecedented disorder throughout the world is without meaning or purpose in the scheme of things. There is nothing in nature that is without pattern or purpose. The question therefore is in fact being

asked: has the really great revolution started which is to convert political man from his motive of shortsighted materialism into enlightenment and good sense? Such a question may appear to be a little ahead of the fair; but all the big things in human history must have sounded unlikely in advance of the event, if they could have been foreseen.

To the Jews, for instance, who then as now took a prominent part in the disturbances, the advent of Christ Himself, though their own prophets had foretold it, appeared to be so unlikely that they did duly disbelieve it, and, what is still more remarkable, to-day persist in disbelieving it. Hence in part the peculiar history of the Jews in a world that gives them no home, and the peculiar Jewish contributions to the sum of human misfortune.

It is not beyond the range of imaginative intelligence to concede at least the possibility that the world again to-day is in the throes of some big event. It is evidence at any rate of a widespread consciousness of such a possibility that many serious people recognise, or think they recognise, the signs, propounded in the Christian revelations, of the approaching end of the world. Such a line of thought, however, leads us into the deep waters of contemporary speculation, into which those of a humble, simple and restrained turn of mind do not plunge. But a miracle is so ordinary a factor in our human affairs that it is not difficult even for matter-of-fact people to contemplate in a matter-of-fact spirit the quite feasible possibility that these monstrous portents of a troubled world may herald, almost must herald, a revolution in the hearts of men: which is a healthier line of speculation perhaps than that which seeks to penetrate the impenetrable about God's plan for the allotted span in the world's existence.

At any rate, whether or no the experiment lead to conclusions of any worth, it is in itself interesting and perhaps useful to try and put two and two together and to deduce causes from symptoms. In medical practice that sort of technique is commonplace, because it is indispensable to the work in hand. In the study, by contrast, of what we call foreign affairs—not so “foreign” either in the modern circumstance of a contracted world—the factors tend to be so waywardly human and the methods of approach so unscientific that we are apt to concentrate exclusively on symptoms, and to ignore causes altogether. Endless volumes are written about diplomatic intercourse between the nations and about the so-called “causes” of war and international strife of all kinds, yet in truth the said causes are little else than the symptoms of an underlying cause to which little reference is made and little thought directed. At this present time the disorder in international relationships is so widespread, so chronic and so apparently uncontrollable that a kind of despair seems to settle upon the minds of many of those who formerly claimed, but no longer in their despair continue to claim, to be students of such things. Does it even matter, ask some of them, that the world in its political and diplomatic aspect seems to be beyond the hope of restoration, that the wars are proved by the event to have been futile or worse than futile, that wars and the rumour of wars continue and multiply; that, to cap the tale, the Holy Land itself has become the cockpit of struggle between Jews and Arabs, the while our Christian tradition is mocked in the bitter logic?

After all, reflect such observers, we have in our time passed through the whole gamut of international impulse towards leagues of nations,

non-aggression pacts, arbitration treaties, regional and global schemes of security and the like, and our last state is worse, apparently much worse, than the first. Life, they say, is short, and when we die we shall know the answer to the mystery which seems to ordain the continuance of public disorder in the world, one of the answers maybe being that only in so rough and difficult a school can the individual soul be nurtured, spurred and challenged into active health. The problem in the meantime tends to be increasingly dismissed as too difficult, and the shrug of the shoulders is becoming increasingly fashionable.

But no such fashion lasts. There is something in one's nature that brings one's nose back to the grindstone. This thing after all is a challenge, not a defeat. The facts demand attention. What is more, they repay attention, and give unexpected help in the investigation. There is no doubt, for instance, and no conflict of opinion on the subject between serious people, that in some of the more obvious aspects of life, there has been a sharp decline throughout the world in contemporary moral standards. The healthy reaction to that fact is precisely to abandon the traditional superficiality in the study of world affairs and to use the symptoms for the purpose of investigating the causes. Nor is the enterprise as hard as it at first appears. It suddenly resolves itself into an affair as simple as simplicity itself. If contemporary moral standards have sunk, the obvious redress is to seek again those standards of elementary moral truth which never change and which, by the due contemplation of the present alternative, we can fairly assess in their practical applicability. Events conspire to drive the study of symptoms below the surface.

At a time when international war and its consequences are one of the major symptoms, it happens that the apparently disconnected subject of capital punishment within the bounds of national law has also become a burning topic. Is that a mere coincidence? The two things are not disconnected; for the matter of greatest moment on this earth is human life, and the greatest challenge to human intelligence and to human faith is therefore that of the right attitude to be adopted towards the cardinal physical facts of birth, life and death and the spiritual fact of human personality and the human soul. By God's gift to us of free will we are competent to decide whether war and capital punishment, which alike affect the span of human life by deliberate intention, can be justified, and if so, in what circumstances and to what extent? The question raised both by the national and the international aspect of what we call the right of self-defence, that is of the attitude to be adopted against the contingency of murder on the one hand and of foreign aggression on the other, are in essence religious, because they affect the responsibility of human beings towards God, in the matter of the span of life allotted by God to His creatures. The time will come, we pray that it may come, when a better method than killing can without fear be applied as a sanction against aggression, whether public or private.

For let there be no mistake; the devil in the piece, the worm in the wood pile, is fear. We are afraid of being murdered, naturally and rightly so. We are afraid of being enslaved to Nazi or Bolshevik tyranny, naturally and rightly. It is not only permissible, but our bounden duty, to withstand and defeat evil, whether it take the murderer's or the conqueror's form. The fair question is, where lies the right method of defence? If we use the wrong method we defeat our object, because wrong methods never encompassed right ends.

Human life is a central mystery of God's abundant contriving. In our young and unruly world, we do many things that offend against His Divine Majesty, many things that therefore offend against our own true interests, and bring us grief and pain. It is one of the features of this present century that events themselves conspire to force upon our attention at least a doubt about our wisdom in the attitude traditionally taken by civilisation towards the mystery of human life.

It is not an accident that so many countries of the world at this time have decided to put an end to the practice of killing even murderers, and to substitute the method of segregating the murderer for life so that the community shall be protected from any further danger in that particular quarter. Nor is it an accident in the unfolding of God's eternal wisdom that, after two wars, fairly described as world wars, we reap a devastation correspondingly world-wide, and are able at our bitter leisure to count the gain, which is nil, and the loss, which is heavy. It is at any rate already made obvious by the experience of our time that we cannot by our traditional methods make progress towards that ideal of a family of nations to which we all impartially pay lip service. Other methods and other manners are therefore indicated. Once we know that an objective must be reached if the world is to be saved from total destruction, we are already on the way to it. *Ce n'est que le premier pas . . .* Though we cannot see the objective, we know that we shall reach it, if we "Go out into the darkness and put our hand into the hand of God," which shall be to us "better than light, and better than a known way."

GEORGE GLASGOW.

June 10th, 1948.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

LORD ACTON AND LIBERTY.

Twenty years ago a young German historian paid his first visit to England and explored the treasures of the Acton Library at Cambridge. His studies bore fruit in a trilogy, the first two items of which dealt with Acton's conception of history and his relation to the Church into which he was born. A third volume, on political liberty, could not appear in Nazi Germany, where liberty of any kind was anathema to the barbarians who trampled the best traditions of German culture underfoot. Now they are gone Professor Noack has revised his book* and completed his tribute to a man whose stature is ever more widely recognised. Together they produce the fullest available analysis of his teaching and achievement. The most fitting reward of his labours would be the translation of Acton's more important writings into the language of the country to which his mother and his wife belonged, and where he learned his academic trade at Munich and Berlin. If he cannot be described as a great historian, for he never published a book, he was beyond doubt an eminent publicist. The core of his gospel was the value of liberty, without which life seemed to him little better than the regulated performance of a machine. That the privilege would not be abused he never contended, for no one was more acutely aware of the temptations which surround the average man. Yet with Christian ethics as our heritage and conscience as our guide, he held that human nature was capable of struggling up to the mountain tops.

* *Politik als Sicherung der Freiheit: Nach den Schriften von John Dalberg-Acton.* By Ulrich Noack. Frankfurt, 1947.

This Christian individualist, starting life as the stepson of Lord Granville and growing to maturity in mid-Victorian England, could hardly fail to join the Liberal Party. Here he was favoured by fortune, for when he entered Parliament in 1859 Palmerston, with whom he had little in common, was nearing his end and Gladstone was marked out as his successor. Acton, the most sensitive of men, experienced two major disappointments in his life—the defeat of the party of State Rights in the American Civil War, and the triumph of Ultramontaniam in 1870. On the other hand he was granted two blessings of inestimable worth—the friendship and inspiration of Döllinger in the sphere of historical studies and of Gladstone in the political field. His relations to these two eminent men, who warmly admired each other, fill a large part of the story set forth in these pages.

Professor Noack is admirably qualified for his task, not only by his researches among the Acton papers, but by his ideological affinities. He, too, is a Christian Liberal, deeply convinced that politics should be envisaged as a branch of ethics. He, too, sets his target high, and believes that by the combination of dynamic leadership with free institutions it can be reached. Acton was less of a "nationalist" than Gladstone, and never shared his enthusiasm for the *Risorgimento*. On the other hand he was an ardent Home Ruler, and he approved the German desire for unity, though Bismarck's rough methods were never to his taste. It was to the cause of constitutional government and ordered liberty that he gave his whole heart. Professor Noack summarises and comments on his views on the milestones of the winding road to liberty—above all the Puritan Revolution, the Independence of America, and the emergence of nineteenth-century Liberalism under the banner of his beloved chief. For him religion was the mother of liberty, for it had been religion, and above all Christianity, which had taught men to challenge and limit the authority of the secular state.

The core of his teaching is that the only way to avoid or limit tyranny is to cut up power into little bits. That England had done more than any other country to create and preserve ordered liberty filled him with pride. Unlike Ranke, whom he rightly regarded as the greatest of professional historians, he never pretended to stand above the battle; the friends of ordered liberty are his friends, its foes his foes. Detesting revolutions, he castigated the selfish reactionaries who render them inevitable no less than the leaders who betray their lofty ideals. Gladstone was his only model, not merely because he recognised the supremacy of Christian ethics in the State, but because he stood midway between a sterile conservatism and a doctrinaire radicalism which turned its back on the past. In Acton's eyes Palmerston the Whig was as little of a Liberal as the Tory Peel. They were mere empiricists, whereas the hallmark of a true Liberal was the formulation and loyal observance of a definite creed based on moral principles. Disraeli, he wrote to Mary Gladstone, had neither principles, nor scruples, nor prejudices, nor superstition, nor fanaticism, and his party was as bad as its leader. He remonstrated against Gladstone's over-generous tribute to his deceased rival, whose Imperialist policy he had so recently and so passionately denounced. Imperialism outlived the Tory chief, and Acton's closing years were darkened by the South African War, to which he was firmly opposed though he declined appeals to join in public protests.

After explaining his hero's attitude to the British parties, Nationalism and Imperialism, the problems of Empire and foreign policy, Professor Noack provides a series of illuminating chapters on politics and ethics. The bridge was to be found in constitutionalism, the Rule of Law, the calculated limitation of executive control. Federalism he regarded as the best form of government, since it most adequately embodied Montesquieu's wise precept of the separation of powers and helped to secure the vital principle of the protection of minorities. Democracy could be as despotic as autocracy, and Rousseau's *Volonté Générale* seemed to him not an axiom but a nightmare. Socialism he distrusted as a further extension of the slogan of equality in which he saw one of the enemies of liberty. On the other hand he was less

of a believer in *laissez-faire* than Gladstone and most of the Liberals of his time. War he accepted when undertaken in defence of liberty. This suggestive and thoughtful volume closes with a collection of 220 aphorisms illustrating every aspect of Acton's ideology. Perhaps no English writer since Bacon has managed to pack so much material into a sentence, and few have given their readers so much stimulus to think again on the deepest problems of society and the State.

G. P. G.

DID HITLER WIN AFTER ALL ? *

Herr Büscher's question is pertinent though perhaps an answer now is premature. Yet the expectations aroused by the title of his book are likely to fade during the reading of it, since the greater part deals not with what has happened after Hitler's death but with Hitler's rise to power. Indeed, the book might well have been written in 1937 instead of 1947. With the general picture that thus emerges few students of the subject are likely to disagree ; few either are likely to find in it any fresh material. The author clearly did not set out to make a scholarly contribution to knowledge. His approach is literary rather than academic, and the book is primarily an essay in interpretation. But as such it has the virtues of intelligence, suggestiveness and some incisive phrasing, together with the interest which attaches to the views of a Swiss who has observed his northern neighbours at close hand for over thirty years.

Moreover, when the plan of the book is fully exposed, the discrepancy between title and text is to some extent diminished. The key to the question whether Hitlerism can happen again is, after all, to be found in the other question, "How did it happen the first time?" From that standpoint Hitler's rise to power will always be a more significant episode than the way in which he used it. Herr Büscher's views on this subject are interesting. He argues, not unconvincingly, that Nazism was a blend of the crude, urban, post-Bismarckian nationalism and the emotional mass-proletarian movement engendered by Marxism. On both sides of its pedigree, therefore, it was essentially a phenomenon of city civilisation. To ascribe it simply to capitalist "reaction" is to mistake its whole meaning. Financial aid from some of the German industrialists and political support from the German army only came when, and because, the Nazi mass movement was an accomplished fact. It is this theme which gives coherence to the book and an answer to the title. If Hitler's success was made possible by the general conditions existing in the great cities of Germany since the beginning of the century, then some form of Hitlerism is likely to reappear in time of crisis as long as those conditions persist. As the German Liberals found in 1914, and as the German Socialists found in 1933, the artificially inculcated principles of reason, humanity and justice can vanish overnight before the naïve, brutal and egotistic impulses of a rootless city population.

The diagnosis, which extends not merely to Germany, is pessimistic, and the only remedy suggested on the very last page is to reduce the great cities and disperse their people ; in fact, to complete, as far as Germany is concerned, the work of Bomber Command. If there is no other cure than this, the prospect is indeed unpromising. For it is clear that already the decisive developments in post-war Germany are taking place, not in the unspoiled countryside but among the shattered buildings of Munich, Hamburg and, above all, Berlin. But such a highly controversial thesis needs more space than this review allows for criticism and more perhaps than Herr Büscher has afforded for its exposition. Nevertheless, his book is an interesting contribution both to the secondary literature on Hitler and to the discussion of the major problem of our time—the survival of civilisation in Europe.

N. GASH.

* *Hat Hitler Doch Gesiegt?* By Gustav Büscher. Lindenhof Verlag, Zurich.)

CHARLES RODEN BUXTON.*

The memoir of Charles Roden Buxton by his sister, Victoria de Bunsen, will be read with pleasure by his friends and fellow-workers in many lands. Inheriting the tradition and instinct of public service which is associated with a distinguished family name, he dedicated himself body and soul, with complete unselfishness, to the uplifting of those less fortunately placed than himself and to the breaking down of class, party and national barriers. Co-operation on every plane was his creed and his goal. The change from Liberalism to Labour and from Anglicanism to Quakerism meant less in his case than in many such conversions, for there was no bitterness in his gentle nature. Throughout his life the "inner light" burned brightly, and he followed unhesitatingly wherever it led. With more ambition he might have played a larger part on the public stage, but this striking little book helps us to realise that his influence, both on movements and individuals, was wide and deep. He may be described as a Christian democrat. Never for a moment did he doubt that mankind is capable of the highest things if given the chance; the purpose of politics was to provide it. In a revealing chapter on his religious life we are told that "all through his meditations there sounds the note of thankfulness and joy." He had indeed many blessings—-independent means, a good brain, a happy marriage, a talent for languages, a gift for writing and public speaking, a rare capacity for getting on with peoples of all degrees, a love of the great literature of the world which proved a comfort and inspiration throughout life. How he repaid the debt we may read in the account of his work at Morley College, in Parliament, in his wide international contacts, in his efforts for African natives. He died in 1942 at the age of 67 after a long and trying illness. "The four friends who took the service—Anglican, Quaker, coloured West Indian, and German—stood for the causes he had served and the spiritual affinities he had recognised for his own." *Blessed are the peace-makers for they shall be called the children of God.*

* * * * *

Mixed Grill, by Sir George Leveson Gower (Frederick Muller, 12s. 6d.), is a welcome supplement to his two chatty volumes of autobiography. Having reached the age of ninety this hardy survivor of the Victorian era speaks with unique authority of a time—and above all a social pattern—which has completely passed away. The book will prove of particular interest to elderly readers who have known or heard or seen many of the actors who flit across the stage. It will also amuse a younger generation, for many of the tit-bits served up in these lively pages are extremely amusing. Light entertainment though it is, it contains useful material for the social historian. A nephew of the veteran Foreign Minister, and connected by birth and marriage with several of the old families of the country, the author grew up in a world of huge houses, ample incomes, low taxes, country house parties, enormous domestic staffs, gargantuan dinners, richly stocked cellars. Clearly he had a very good time and enjoyed his position to the full. Yet readers of a later generation will hardly be tempted to shed tears over the disappearance of aristocratic England, which, as pictured in these pages, contained a good deal of pampered artificiality. In a brief notice it is impossible to select from the author's well-stocked treasure-house. Readers must sample it for themselves, and few of those who open the book are likely to lay it aside. The excellent index is crowded with familiar names.

* *Charles Roden Buxton*. By Victoria de Bunsen. Allen & Unwin. 9s. 6d

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

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THE "COLD WAR" WITH RUSSIA AND ITS HISTORY.

The policy of Russia seems not to be based on settled principles or to be guided by any fixed landmarks. Expediency is the great test and what may be expedient to-day may be inexpedient to-morrow. . . . The Russian mind seems to be naturally distrustful . . . and this is especially so of Russian officials. . . . Access by all foreigners is now difficult. . . . It will require but little more to render it impracticable. . . . Secrecy and mystery characterise everything.—(*Extract from Report to Washington by the United States Ambassador to Russia in 1853.*)

IT is always dangerous to draw historical parallels, for conditions are never quite the same. In 1853 Russia was ruled by a single autocrat supported by a landed nobility. The ruling class was not ignorant of Western Europe, some indeed spoke French better than Russian and had lived abroad for years. The Russia of to-day, on the other hand, is ruled by an aristocracy of intellectuals with one-way minds. There is no gulf now between this ruling class of the Kremlin and the masses of the Russian people from whom they spring. In the days of Tsar Nicholas I, the ruling classes alone were educated and semi-European, the great masses were ignorant serfs and semi-Asiatics. The Government of Russia to-day is thus more representative of the people, despite its authoritarian nature, than the Government of the late Romanovs ever was. Moreover, while the latter had no very fixed ideology on which its foreign policy could be based, except a desire to maintain legitimate rulers on their thrones and oppose the ideas of the French Revolution, the present holders of power in Russia have very definite ideas on the organisation of society throughout the world, and they hold these ideas with the dogmatism of religious faith.

Nevertheless, while there are many differences between the Russia of 1853 and of 1948, there is this similarity. Official Russians to-day are as suspicious and "naturally distrustful" of foreigners as the *tschinovniks* of Nicholas I. Partly, no doubt, they have reason to be. They do not forget the wars of intervention waged against the October Revolution by Western Europe. They never miss an opportunity of throwing this in the teeth of any Western European who is not a Communist. That times have changed they do not believe. The Labour and Left Centre Coalition Governments on the Continent are merely "lackeys of the bourgeoisie," holding the fort till the armed forces of the West are ready to sally forth in a new war of intervention against Russia.

When I was in Moscow in the autumn of 1945 I formed the impression that even on the morrow of victory Russian officials were no less distrustful of their Western Allies than they had been of Hitler before the Second World War. They were not just putting it on or using this attitude as a tactical weapon to gain diplomatic ends. They seemed to believe in the fundamental hostility of the West, and they had not the remotest conception of what was going on in the world

outside Russia. They only believed reports of Communists and fellow-travellers in Great Britain and America; and when they gave undue prominence to their utterances in the Press, it was not a deliberate distortion of facts to serve a purpose, but genuine belief that they have powerful Allies in the West.

Some Soviet statesmen and diplomats of course know better than this. They are mainly the few survivors of the Bolshevik Old Guard who have lived in the West. But they are now pensioned off and a new generation has come along that "knew not Joseph." Stalin and one or two others belonging to the realist school may have a somewhat better understanding of Western Europe than the others, but even they are convinced that internal contradictions will create a crisis and force the West to attack Russia. Much of this suspicion and distrust arises from her constant sense of inferiority. This has deep historical roots, and this is where history can help us to understand some of these difficulties in our relations with Russia. The fact is that she is in a constant state of trying to catch up with the West. She has been like this for centuries, and not only she, but also the Greek Empire of Byzantium from which she drew her religious and cultural heritage, was in a similar position. For that Empire during the last five hundred years of its existence was faced with serious problems. Like its modern pupil, Russia, its constitution was totalitarian. Moreover, the Emperors were always trying to subject the Orthodox Church and its Patriarch to the will of the State, and to use the Church as a weapon in its Imperial policy. The Church, on the other hand, fought for its freedom and regarded as its main function the preaching of the Christian message throughout the then known world, without regard to political considerations. It held that its influence would suffer if it was subjected to the State. This was at the bottom of the struggle between St. Chrysostom and the Empress Eudoxia leading to the exile of the former. One sees in this conflict a forerunner of the struggle between Trotsky and Stalin. Trotsky fought for the idea of World Revolution and for the message of the new secular Church to be spread throughout the world. Stalin wanted to harness the new ideology to the State interests of Russia.

This internal conflict had serious consequences for the Byzantine Empire. It led it into long and exhausting wars with its neighbours. The Græco-Bulgar Wars of the tenth century were fought over the Greek Emperor's claim to political suzerainty over neighbouring Christian Orthodox States. The victory of the Greeks, however, in 1019 led to such a weakening of the Empire that the way was open for the Latin invasion of Western Europe in the thirteenth century. Byzantium never recovered from this and fell to the Ottoman Turks in due course.

Russia has inherited some of the weaknesses of the old Byzantine Empire. Both were technically behind the West, and both had this internal contradiction between propaganda for a world idea and the making of this policy at the same time square with the safety of the State. This contradiction finally brought down the Byzantine Empire, but the rulers of Russia may see the danger in time if they are not led astray into thinking that the whole of the Western World is hopelessly corrupt. Meanwhile, strenuous efforts are being made to bring Russia technically up to the level of the West. Lenin, like Peter the Great, saw Russia's material backwardness, and the October Revolution opened the way to a more rapid industrialisation than anything that

had taken place before. By the middle 1930's Russia, from being a primitive agrarian country, had become one in which one-third of the population was engaged in industry, while agriculture itself was on the way to extensive mechanisation. Economic dependence on the West was being greatly reduced. The large capital investments needed to carry out the Five Year Plans were financed by making the Russian people tighten their belts. Yet after the Second World War, with all the terrible sacrifices of men and materials that this meant for Russia, she still found that the West had jumped forward once more and left her technically behind. That was the significance of the Atomic discoveries made in the English-speaking countries as far as Russia was concerned. The Atomic secret, for the moment, is with the West, and Russia is left behind again. This is quite enough to explain some of the reasons for this new bout of hostility to the West which has come over Russia since the end of the war. Once more this age-long struggle to catch up with the Western technical knowledge must be undertaken. Once more the Russian Government must take upon its shoulders the task of disciplining its people in the new drive for large capital investments, which can only be realised by withholding consumer goods from the people.

One of the things that strikes the Westerner most when visiting Russia, or indeed any country in Eastern Europe or Southern Asia which has recently come out of a primitive economy, is the tendency for the people to become a mob. The absence of education and of self-control coming from self-respect makes any form of State impossible without powerful and even ruthless authority at the top. Russia is a good example of this sort of country, and so the new industrial drive that she must undertake to rebuild her economy destroyed by the war, and also to catch up with the West, is enough to account for the toughness of the régime in both home and foreign policy. This need to impose prolonged periods of severe discipline and sacrifice on the Russian people by their Government is, of course, nothing new. The classical examples are Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great. Both these monarchs imposed administrative reforms on their people, and the latter also started Public Works schemes for the modernisation of the country. But all this was put through at the expense of the lives and well-being, for the time at least, of the masses. Lenin carried on the work of these two Tsars in the conditions of the twentieth century, and Stalin is doing so to-day.

When Lenin and Trotsky seized power in October, 1917, the idea which both had in their minds was that the rest of the world outside Russia was ripe for revolution, which would come soon and so liberate Russia from isolation. Indeed, it was held that the Russian October Revolution could not survive unless World Revolution followed upon it. The atheistic leaders of Russia thought in fact like the early Christians, awaited for the Apocalyptic end of the capitalist world, and for the coming of a Messiah, in this case the proletariat. When, however, the masses outside Russia did not rise and overthrow the Kaiser, when in fact the Prussian generals imposed at Brest-Litovsk Spartan conditions of peace with the apparent approval of the German people, the Bolshevik theory had to be modified. It was then held that the World Revolution would come in due course, but had to be postponed for the time being, and meanwhile Russia must seek a "breathing space."

In consequence, Lenin had much difficulty with his own supporters,

and not least with Trotsky, who led a group of his own. These opposition groups could not face the idea that the World Revolution was put off. They felt that the Russian Revolution by its momentum would influence the proletariat of the world, and that by propaganda, incitement to strike and revolt, refusal to sign treaties, and even open summons to "revolutionary war," the crisis could be brought on. During the spring of 1918 Lenin fought his critics step by step, and his famous speech, which I was privileged to hear, in April of that year in Moscow, still printed and published as a classic, and called "The immediate problem before the Soviet Power," is a complete picture of what he had in his mind at that moment. He was prepared to compromise with the West, to gain for Russia a breathing space, and to use the time to build up the Russian State as a centre of Communism for the world. So there developed the new idea, which was really only the old one that had troubled the Byzantine Empire, namely, should the Orthodox Church preach salvation to the world or should it confine its energies to the spiritual support of the secular Church. Lenin followed the line of the Empress Eudoxia, Trotsky and Bukharin—that of St. Chrysostom.

I have always regarded the struggle between Stalin and Trotsky that followed the conclusion of the revolutionary war and the death of Lenin as having had a large element of personal rivalry in it. The ideological struggle was there too in the background, but rather overlaid by the other. One can say, however, that after Stalin became undisputed leader the State interests of Russia were made to dominate her foreign policy. This even led Stalin to sign the Russo-German Treaty on the eve of the Second World War. During the war a large non-Communist element was drawn into the Services and held vital key posts. Without this it is doubtful if Russia could have stood the war strain as she did. When the war ended the ablest Commanders of the Red Army were non-Communist. It was necessary to get them out without a fuss, and secure the key positions for reliable Communists once more. With considerable skill this re-shuffle was carried out, the purely nationalist elements were pensioned off, given fine villas and motor-cars, and reliable but unknown Communists in future took the Red Army parades. A General Election early in 1946 confirmed the Communist Party firmly in the saddle with no effective non-party competition. During that year the new Five Year Plan was produced and the whole energy of the nation directed towards its fulfilment. This involved a tremendous drive to induce a naturally lazy people with strong anarchical tendencies to buckle to their new task. The censorship was tightened up and the agencies of propaganda of the Communist Party strengthened. Russia was proclaimed the most advanced nation in the world, and other nations were derided, as tottering in capitalist decay. The whole apparatus of propaganda in Press, theatre, concert-hall and film, was directed to this end. Fantastic heresy hunts against all who did not appear to serve Communist ideals were launched. Even musicians were "purged" in the autumn of 1946, while editors lost their jobs; both had to recant and promise to do better when they wrote or composed again.

These extraordinary efforts spiritually to dragoon an intelligent people like the Russians can only have been undertaken because the authorities were convinced of the necessity to persuade the masses to work as never before. This makes nonsense of the theories of many Russian émigrés in America, former members of the Menshevik

Party, who have been writing books in recent years and incidentally have the ear of the State Department in Washington. For years these people have been boosting the theory that the Communists are building up a slave state in Russia, that millions of slaves are deported to work in factories and mines all over the Union, that as many millions die of hardship, but are always replaced and that the whole economy of the country is based upon this system. If Russia was a nation of slaves there would obviously be no need to adopt these fantastic methods of propaganda and censorship to induce people to do what the Government wanted. The Cossack knout would be all that was wanted. This whole Menshevik émigré propaganda proves too much and is doubly dangerous, because it creates the impression on the Americans that the Russian State is basically rotten and ready to collapse on the first threat of outside conflict. The truth is that we are only witnessing another period of most strenuous effort on the part of the authorities in Russia to induce their naturally indolent people to face up to new problems. There is every probability that this drive will succeed and is, in fact, succeeding, though the methods by which it is achieved are typically Russian.

In foreign policy also an aggressive attitude towards the West is calculated to convince the average Russian citizen that his country can defy the world. A counter-effect can, however, be produced if this is driven too far, for the average citizen may get depressed and lose heart at the prospects of another war. We can, of course, regard it as axiomatic that the fundamental basis of Russian foreign policy is the defence of the Union by the creation of a deep zone of friendly or controlled States on her Western frontier. To this end military alliances and economic agreements with the satellite States have been made. Yet it would be unwise to assume that the realist policy initiated by Lenin and carried on by Stalin, whereby the Communist idea of world revolution is subordinated to the State interests of Russia, is not capable of modification if circumstances permit it in the rest of the world. It is true that at the end of 1946 Russian foreign policy seemed more conciliatory. The Peace Conference at Paris produced the Italian and Balkan Treaties, and Stalin in an interview stated that Russia might become interested in an American loan. But then Russia had a bad harvest that year and was in danger of becoming a burden on her satellites. All this changed when the coal crisis broke out in Great Britain early in 1947 and dollar scarcity became acute during the summer of that year, leading to the launching of the Marshall plan. In that year, too, Russia had a good harvest, and the stage seemed to be set for a change in Russian foreign policy. Moreover, there seemed during the winter of 1947-8 distinct possibilities of increased Communist opportunities in France and Italy. Every chance was taken to exploit the internal weaknesses of the Latin countries, and the strike in France in November last was a test of the Communist hold on the economy of this country. But the defeat of the strike and the result of the Italian elections seemed to indicate that Russian pressure on the West was only having the effect of strengthening the influence of the Roman Catholic Church and of the parties allied to it.

Are the Russians serious in their offensive against Western Europe? I should say that the chances are that the ruling oligarchy in the Kremlin are themselves not quite sure of their next step. The basic principle of their foreign policy is the Stettin-Adriatic defence line

with a chain of satellite States behind it bound to them by military agreement. Offensives beyond this line into West Europe are probably of the nature of probes to find out weak spots from which they can withdraw if the ground finally proves unfavourable. Pressure on Greece, Turkey, Persia, and the prospects of fostering Communism in the Middle East by support of the Zionists in Palestine are alternatives to pressure in Europe. There is also South East Asia and the Far East. It seems then that, though the prime interest of Russia is to preserve the Soviet Union and its satellites, it is ready to carry on the ideological war wherever it can in the world. The second objective is subordinated to the first but has been by no means dropped. The orthodox Communist propagandist has his place beside the Soviet diplomat, just as centuries ago the Orthodox Patriarch stood at the side of the Byzantine Emperor.

The indications of strain recently inside the Communist Confederation of Eastern States has raised interesting speculations. But we should beware of expecting anything spectacular from the Yugoslav defiance of Moscow. The régime of Marshal Tito is just as hostile to the West as the régime of Stalin, though Yugoslavia certainly realises that she needs economic help which Russia cannot supply and which she must find sooner or later in the West. She is therefore a little hesitant in spite of her intransigence over Austria and Trieste.

There may be something more in this Cominform attack on Marshal Tito than meets the eye, for it is surprising that Moscow should have allowed this dispute to come out into the open in the way it has. The Yugoslav Government has been following a purely Balkan policy all along, but the displeasure of Moscow could have been confined to activities behind the scenes. What has happened suggests that something more serious is afoot. Russia may be seeking a pretext to move troops into the countries adjacent to Yugoslavia, namely Bulgaria and Albania, with a view, firstly, to encircling Tito, and, secondly, to getting a foothold for pressure on Turkey, Greece and the Middle East. Moreover, Russia has not been seeing eye to eye with Tito over the Macedonian question and regards his policy of bringing the whole of Macedonia into the Yugoslav Federation as conflicting with her strategy and high policy. If the heat should be turned off in Central Europe, we may see interesting developments in South-East Europe.

At the moment, of course, the cold war is at its height in Central Europe. The crisis that has been reached over the status of Berlin touches the interests of Russia inside her own defence zone. She naturally wants to make the Elbe her Western frontier and remove Western influences east of this line. Berlin is a thorn in the heart of her defence zone. She has, of course, been mainly instrumental in making it so by wrecking all the international conferences on Germany since the end of the war and so making the partition of Germany inevitable. Under this partition Western Germany comes in for Marshall aid and a Western economic block would become a fact. This development is greatly feared by Russia, whose reactions to any idea of a Western block were hostile as far back as 1945. With American economic and now probably military backing the Russians are now even more hostile and determined to stop it. Unfortunately for the Western States they have given a hostage to fortune in the form of their zones of Berlin. By their blockade of these zones the Russians can blackmail the West, who are faced with the alternatives of withdrawal from Berlin and the moral catastrophe that that would involve,

standing pat and facing the prospects of war or reopening the whole question of the status of Germany.

When the decision was taken to act alone and create the Western zone after the obstruction of Russia at the Moscow Conference in 1947, the Western Allies could have withdrawn from Berlin with less serious loss of face than they can do to-day. If they are not to suffer grave diplomatic and moral defeat they must do one of two things. Either they must force their way to Berlin to maintain its supplies in winter, and this cannot wholly be done by air, or they must reopen discussions with Russia on the whole German question as it was left at Moscow last year. The first alternative may mean war. Russia probably does not want this, but since Berlin is in her sacred zone she may go very near to it and be unable to withdraw at the last moment. This is far the gravest moment since the end of the Second World War, and much will depend on the determination of the West and the amount of military and air forces which can be moved into Germany and shown to be available in case of a breakdown in the near future. If the Western Allies are not prepared to go to this length, they will face a moral disaster as bad as Munich.

The other alternative is to be ready to reopen discussion on the future of Germany. But if the Russian attitude is the same as last year, namely that of a refusal to pool the economic resources of the Eastern and Western zones or to reveal the extent of the reparations exactions from Germany, while at the same time they demand a share of control of the Ruhr, then another conference will only be a waste of time. It is hard to think that there is any change in the Russian attitude, unless they have in the meantime become impressed by the determination of the Allies to hold their position in Berlin by force if necessary and to go on organising Western Germany without them.

There is a further complication. France not only does not want to see the cold war develop into a shooting war but she is anxious to maintain the partition of Germany. France is not so anxious to stay in Berlin and in this respect may be ready to meet the Russians half way, but she is bound to oppose any Russian proposal to reopen the whole question of the unification of Germany. The French still think in terms of Germany East and West of the Elbe being two separate Germanys. For them the Napoleonic *Confédération du Rhin* and an Eastern Germany isolated from the West has always been desirable. France is always haunted by the fear of a united Germany. They remember Bismarck's policy last century and they remember the Weimar Republic which developed into the Third Reich. And who dare say after what has happened that the French are wrong?

The question is how serious are the Russians in wanting discussion on the unification of Germany. If we assume that their policy is based on the partition of Europe and the defence of their Eastern zone, then the unification of Germany is not necessary to realise this idea. But they are, as we have seen, not averse to making forays into the West to test out weak spots. Their real objective is the destruction of the Marshall plan. The demand to end the partition of Germany not only attracts German support but its real aims are to wreck the American-sponsored recovery of Europe. For Russia, chaos in the West is the only real objective. For this policy will keep Europe outside her defence zone weak, and it also furthers Communist ideas outside her defence zone. The shades of former Byzantine Emperors and Patriarchs can look down benignly on this twentieth-century version of an older set-up.

The Western Allies would be wise to open up discussions with Russia on the future of Germany if only to draw Russia out and make her show her hand. The conditions must be, of course, the lifting of the blockade and an intimation that she is prepared to modify the attitude she took up at the Moscow Conference last year. Whether she will do this will depend solely on whether she will have been impressed by our determination and readiness to use armed force to maintain our position in Berlin and by our indifference to her threats.

The extract from the despatch of the American Ambassador in 1853 at the beginning of this article is still a good reflection of the state of the Russian mind to-day. It is an ominous thought that this report was written on the eve of the Crimean War. That war stopped the Russian colossus's aggression in the Near and Middle East and it also set going reforms inside Russia. To-day we must hope that that colossus can be stopped without war and be confined to a part of Europe greater than Nicholas I ever dreamed of. If it can be confined within that zone and plans for further aggression are scotched, we may see a change of heart coming over the Moscow régime without resort to the terrible ordeal of war.

M. PHILIPS PRICE.

FRANCE GETTING ALONG.

"WE live in a state of complete absurdity," said a French business man to me recently. "Nothing but chaos is visible," was the opinion of another. And a third, a highly intelligent woman, elected municipal councillor in a city that is a Prefecture, and accepting office from a sense of public duty: "We French are ungovernable, absolutely ungovernable." Each of these thunderous pronouncements might be thought true in itself. Yet the sum of the facts that seem to justify each presents quite a different total than the expected figure.

Despite everything to the contrary, France gets along, and in some ways has got along during the past year markedly better than our own country, that used to pride itself on its practical sense, which phrase, if it means anything, should mean adaptability to changing circumstances. But England lives at the moment, if not in a state of actual Socialism, at least in one of rapid socialisation; and Socialism, whatever else it may be considered, is not an adaptable state of society, but rather perfectly rigid and priding itself on this.

In France Socialism, in so far as it has the whip hand in this post-war world, is largely theoretical. It is of course true that certain industries, such as that of the production and distribution of electricity, have been compulsorily acquired from their previous owners by the State or, in our present-day jargon, have been nationalised. The real results of this have been limited to two. One is naturally the increase of price to the consumer that, it seems, inevitably follows on such a step; the other, an increase in the number of employees in the industry who, moreover, becoming functionaries, or, in plain English, civil servants, become also immune from penalties save for the grossest crimes conceivable to a civil service mind. Otherwise work in such industries goes on pretty much as before. French men, and women too, have an incurable taste for working that makes it hard for English people,

who love idling, to understand them. Their work may not be feverishly fast, but it is steady. It takes men of genius, like Coty, Michelin, Renault, Citroën, or M. Raoul Dantry, who before the war reorganised the French railways, and even made some of them pay, to jolt French industry out of the comfortable routine that provides the atmosphere it likes to breathe. This is probably due in large part to the fact that a vastly greater proportion of the total amount of French industry than is the case with industry in Great Britain belongs to and is run by small firms often owned by families, the workmen, too, coming from families that have worked for generations in the same concern, so that the rhythm set up and maintained in supplying markets equally hereditary is naturally slower than, for example, the motor car or dressmaking industries (the latter of great importance in France) that must work against fierce competition and in the glare and hustle of international conditions. The easier pace of traditional, domestic, French industry makes its example felt in a wide orbit, and may be regarded in some sort as a flywheel, regulating the pulse of the national engine and minimising the effects of sudden changes like the nationalisation of industries, whose full impact is immediately felt in England.

Socialism, bent on destroying the older economy and replacing it by a system that some Socialists sincerely think better, has had far less clear a run in France than in England; so that France in any case suffers less from violent disorganisation, that organisation may ensue, than do we. Socialists in France might do the same as here, if they had the chance; but they have not. In this way does the "absurdity," with which their country is reproached by so many Frenchmen, serve France. This absurdity consists in the fact that the country, claimed as a typical example of democracy, has been governed for over a year by a minority. Or if not always by a minority, at least by a majority so slender as to be hardly better, and one itself split into warring fractions whose mutual detestations would speedily burst the bonds holding them together, save for one simple consideration. In the winter before last M. Léon Blum started the experiment of governing by minority. His was a genuine minority, for his Cabinet was composed exclusively of Socialists, whereas his party was third in strength in the Chamber. In prestige it is even less. Riddled with internal jealousies, the Socialist Party in France has but a shadow of its former arrogant power. But M. Blum showed that the trick could be done, and by it France has been ruled since that clever bit of conjuring. An absurdity indeed, and one that has come off for a very practical reason. M.R.P., Socialists, Radicals, the small Right, the very Communists themselves, all hating one another like poison, have yet all taken care not to upset the Government. In the good old days, or the bad, it depends on the point of view, deputies could upset the Government, and did in the gayest fashion, knowing full well that the chief result would be to obtain an opening for another set of candidates for office: the *ministrables*, as they are called in French, on whose votes many a Cabinet has depended and, if he could not give substantial promises for the future, without whose votes many a *Président du Conseil* has fallen. But now all this has been changed. Parliamentary rule under the Fourth Republic is being badly compared by many Frenchmen to parliamentary rule even under the Third, when its reputation was none too savoury. While Government majorities a year ago were in the neighbourhood of thirty or more, now they have dropped to eight. And if there is any more dropping, what then? Then, to be sure, out goes the Govern-

ment, and, since it may be impossible to form another valid Government in the existing Chamber, France will have to resort to the fresh general election which General de Gaulle and his R.P.F. Party—*Rassemblement du Peuple Français*—demand. Meanwhile the Chamber supports, and the country must tolerate, a government kept in office for no better reason than that deputies do not want to risk losing seat and salary. An absurdity indeed. But who likes giving up a good job? And, as M. Poincaré remarked nearly half a century ago, a deputy's seat in modern times shows a marked tendency to cease being the public mandate that it should ideally be and to become instead a profitable personal job.

If this absurdity, which is the negation of government for the people, even if not of government by the people, is obvious and is deplored by almost every Frenchman you can talk to, except by the professionals of politics, still more obvious almost is the chaos that is the butt of equally tart criticism. The Government hangs together, but torn by internal dissension that paralyses its will. M. Robert Schuman's Finance Minister has been credited with a desire to abolish all controls and to let everything find its level under the beneficent spur of free competition. Judged by the success attendant on the abolition of most rationing in France, this has much to recommend it. The luxury purchase tax has been abolished. Clothing is decontrolled. Except for bread, butter, and other fats, there is now virtually no food rationing for the French, to whom food, though dear, is plentiful and of a quality unknown in this country. And when food is said to be dear, this is true according to French, not to British, standards. By an international monetary yardstick, food is notably cheaper, outside rationed articles, in France than in England. Other things, too, such as bicycle tyres and many articles of domestic use, have been decontrolled, to the great satisfaction of the French consumer. But the abolition of controls, unless absolutely forced on them, is gall to Socialists, who hold *le dirigisme* or planned economy an essential part of the new evangel. Therefore M. Schuman's Government, dependent on Socialist support, has dithered and slithered, and has succeeded in about as much forward movement as amounts to marking time. Now a Government without a recognisable policy exists in the void, and a void in politics spells chaos.

No definite course, it is quite likely, could have prevented the trouble at Clermont-Ferrand. The one Minister in M. Schuman's Government whose motions appear to consist not of mere floating but of intentional action is M. Jules Moch, the Minister of the Interior. M. Moch, popularly known as *le cousin Jules* when he entered politics in 1936 under the wing of M. Léon Blum, to whom he is related, is not a man to be intimidated by the revolutionary projects of Communism that the Communist decline throughout France, manifested at local elections as well as in other ways, brings more and more into the open as Communist hopes of getting legally back into the Government recede. It was M. Moch who installed, if he did not invent, the system of regional commissioners, each controlling several Prefectures, with the object of simplifying and reinforcing the national defence against internal disorder. It was M. Moch's virile handling of the situation at the end of November 1947 that prevented the spate of political strikes let loose by the Communists from bursting into a flood of revolution. One of their most dangerous intentions was the proclamation of a general electric strike in Paris. M. Moch had several hundred naval electricians sent up to Paris and put in charge of the power stations, under the guard of

the police and the fire brigade, who turned out the strikers and suspected sympathisers. The result was that the electric supply for Paris and its neighbourhood was assured; the whole revolutionary movement faltered, only sporadic outbreaks and some railway sabotage took place, and order was restored at the cost of but a few fatal casualties. If the strike at Clermont-Ferrand this last June was a bloodier business, this shows only the greater degree of desperation now inspiring the Communist drive. That revolution has not succeeded in openly rearing its ugly head is largely due to M. Jules Moch's firm character. He has reaped a rich reward in shrieks of "Assassin! Bloodstained ruffian!" hurled at him by the Communists. Anyone they so hail can feel sure he has done his duty by his country.

It may be not unprofitable to glance at our own recent dock strike in connection with Clermont-Ferrand. At the latter the disturbance was begun by two hundred disaffected men at the Bergougnan tyre factory stampeding several thousand. In London eleven men had been penalised for an offence under their own rules: over twenty thousand (including Liverpool) were induced, by their shop stewards it would seem, to strike, with the result that London's food was held up and troops had to be called out to lend a hand. The French strike was the more violent, as always in a Latin country. But the fundamental pattern was the same: a few dissatisfied men; "militant" (read revolutionary) shop stewards; the overpersuasion or intimidation of the mass of workmen; the complete, or almost complete, stoppage of supplies; a situation, in its essence, the blackmailing of the community by a political action group. In France, the group worked on the men's wage-requirements; in England, on their dissatisfaction at the regimentation imposed on their time and movements by the Socialist system for which, without comprehending all it implied, they had voted at the polls. Communism finds all grist that comes to its mill, and will work from either end of the stick without hesitation or compunction. Which, happily for France, M. Jules Moch seems to appreciate.

Now for the third count. Are Frenchmen really ungovernable? True, the French are strong individualists, "over-individualists," as some of their own writers have called them. But there have been in the history of France long periods when the nation has submitted to government. It might even be contended that, during the process of stagnation and decline under the Regent, Louis XV, and Louis XVI, it was the sluggish submission of Frenchmen to government that all but ruined the country and precipitated revolution. In any case they have often rallied to authority in time of crisis. Since the liberation, circumstances have been such as to reduce the respect for government to a low level. France emerged from the German occupation dazed, feverish, and totally ignorant of the world outside. Many in France made the mistake, shared outside the country by General de Gaulle, of believing that Communists had found a new soul during the struggle against the oppressor, and were honestly ready to co-operate in the work of national resurrection. That was a mistake that cost the nation much tribulation and General de Gaulle the confidence of not a few patriots. It led France from a bad constitution to one even worse, and by the inclusion of Communist Ministers in the Government threw open the doors to corruption and Communist infiltration in an orgy of which M. René Plevén this last June gave the National Assembly some startling examples. Until the serried ranks of Muscovite agents, or "separatists," as General de Gaulle has dubbed them, elected through

the naïve generosity of patriots and the blatant demagoguery of Communists, are seriously thinned by fresh elections, it will be impossible for France to achieve political stability. This is the justification for General de Gaulle's campaign, and it is not rendered less cogent by the fact that he was himself partly responsible for the initial miscalculation which has made it necessary. Many French eyes are not yet opened to this truth. They see no quality of leadership in their Government; they blink at the light offered them by one whose prescience, after the glorious and critical hours of struggle, seemed to falter. No one else capable of leading the nation has appeared. Frenchmen feel themselves without guidance, as without government.

None the less, General de Gaulle's following has grown largely in the last few months, and still grows. The main objects of *le Gaullisme* are a strong executive, an ever-wider patriotic revival, the rescue of France and of Europe from Communist menace, the steady continuance of French reconstruction work. This has already gone far. By the end of last winter the production of cement, coal, raw steel, rolled steel, cotton and rayon fabrics, was exceeding the figures for 1938, and goods traffic on the railways was almost up to the same mark. A British engineer who recently inspected the hydro-electric installations in the south-east of France was loud in his praise of the work done, and especially of French skill in the use of reinforced concrete. He compared the progress of the French railways favourably with our own. As this expert was before the war intimately acquainted with the Ruhr and was new to France, his opinion is of weight. Even the ordinary traveller cannot fail to be struck with the immense improvement in the French railways since 1945, and the almost complete repair of the vast damage done to the system in the course of turning out the Germans. This constant economic amelioration is bound to form a favourable basis of operations, especially if the high hopes entertained of this year's harvest are fulfilled, for a Gaullist Government, if General de Gaulle's new party should achieve success. It should be noted that its waxing strength is mainly not among the middle class or the political Right, but in populous factory districts, particularly in the North of France. General de Gaulle himself is a favourite with the people. During the progress on the Seine that was the topnotch of Princess Elizabeth's triumphant visit to Paris, the crowds lining the bank were heard to say: "But why don't they use both hands to greet people, like General de Gaulle?" A lover of England explained that the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were accustomed to wave with one hand only, "You know, the English are less demonstrative than we are." "Ah, yes, of course they're less demonstrative. But General de Gaulle knows how to use both his hands!"

If the French sometimes think themselves ungovernable, much of the progress seen in France comes from the fact that they know how to govern themselves. This is the famous *système D*. The capital letter does not mean what it might suggest in English, but stands for *débrouillard*. The verb *débrouiller* means to get out of a mess; a *débrouillard* is a fellow up to a dodge or two. If you can't get over a difficulty, get round it. Every man for himself. The saying that dog does not eat dog was not made for Frenchmen, who prey on one another with gusto; in so-called "luxury" resorts a Frenchman will be stung as readily as a foreigner. The bad side of this is obvious. But there is a good side, too. The D. system breeds self-reliance and competence in unpleasant circumstances. It is the D. system that brought France

out of the German occupation without fatal scathe ; and since then it has enabled the French to react against the privations and restrictions of the post-war period. Coupled with the French habit of personal industry, the expedients and evasions of the D. system amount almost to individual self-government. They form the national answer to excessive regulation and oppressive control, and a constant warning to governmental theorists not to be too grasping or too silly. Thus the black market, on which the *système D.* flourishes, has been virtually brought to an end in France by the *système D.* itself showing the folly and futility of excessive control. The B.O.F., of which mention was made in a former article, that is, the dairyman profiteers from whose initials the class became known, *Beurre, Oeufs, Fromages*, has ceased to exist as a social factor. The support the B.O.F. gave to Paris luxury trades has now been replaced by better-mannered Oriental princesses, perhaps anxious to spend their millions while the millions still last, and South American magnates of wheat, coffee and beef.

One serious problem remains unsolved in France by the D. system or anything else, namely, how to induce the peasant farmers to sell their produce at economic prices. This, too, has been the subject of remark in the pages of this REVIEW. It is a problem that has not grown less acute with time. In a broadcast this July M. Schuman, according to *The Times*, "castigated the food profiteers." He has done so before, and doubtless will again. So have, and will, others. The trouble is that nine-tenths of the food profiteers are the peasant farmers, who are over 40 per cent. of the nation. They have all the traditional thrift of French peasants and have learned during the occupation how to squeeze the utmost profit out of their labour. Country villagers fare no better at their crafty hands than townsmen and dwellers in great cities. All they think of is, by pushing up prices, to extract more and ever more cash from consumers. What makes this worse, and at the same time wholly ridiculous, is that these peasant extortioners do nothing with the price of the food they sell. If they purchased manufactured goods on a large scale and improved their way of living, something might be said for them. But they do not. They merely continue to pack wads of 1,000-franc notes into coppers where cleaner folk would boil dirty linen ; there they let the money lie idle. It appears impossible for French peasants to understand that banknotes are useless unless spent. Anyone who could persuade them not to put the rest of France thus vainly to ransom would deserve well of France and of the peasants themselves. But the secret word remains unspoken still.

The discrepancy between prices and wages is serious. The latter are comparatively static, the former rise owing partly to the peasants' insensate egoism, partly to the increase in taxes to pay for the wider, and generally unpopular, "social security services" introduced on Socialist initiative. Thus the cost of building, which two years ago was ten times that in 1939, is now seventeen times as high. In May and June this year wholesale prices rose by 14 per cent. ; the household price-index is up by nearly 50 per cent. since last December. Hence widespread discontent and a growing demand for wage-revision, to the accompaniment of strikes by middle-class civil servants as well as by factory hands and dockers, whipped up of course by Communist agitation. Inflationary pressure is formidable and may by itself cause a collapse of the Government, even of the régime. Nevertheless, public affairs do not affect the French nation's private life as they do our own. The threatening storm may yet disperse.

Of France's three main troubles—Communism, peasant obtuseness, and the eternal question of security—the last is the least pressing at the moment, but not the least present to French minds. In this writer's judgment far wider concessions should have been made to the French point of view by Great Britain and the U.S.A. than were made by the London agreement on Germany. If Americans had seen their own country thrice invaded and ravaged within seventy years by a millenary foe, they would perhaps see the light. As it is, they are as blind in European politics as the French peasantry in economics. This is a matter on which all Frenchmen are at one: they have learned unity on it by grim experience. Germany must now be rendered harmless, or that experience will be repeated for a fourth time. After the Treaty of Versailles Marshal Foch prophesied another war in twenty years' time; the present writer in 1920 said within fifteen. Foch, with his vastly greater knowledge, was right to the clock's very tick. But that a mere outside observer should have been wrong by only four years, shows that the writing was on the wall for all to read who would. Very few wanted or troubled to read; and the second World War, easily preventible, was the result. The French now see similar mistakes being made; they fear a similar outcome. When? In twenty-five or maybe thirty years, a likelihood quickened by the Soviet dragooning of eastern Germany into an anti-Western bloc. A federated Germany, with the Ruhr under strict international control, is the French prescription. Surely France, as chief sufferer in the past and closest to future peril, should be heard. Unhappily, as a French general once said: "A nation's foreign policy must be in proportion to the strength of its army." The regeneration of the French army, destroyed by German victory and its remains rotted by the Vichy cancer, is sadly slow, hampered as it has been by Communist intrigue and dull-witted Socialist suspicion. America pays the piper and calls the tune. This is a bitter pill for the French and the seed of great dangers to come. Yet better a thousand times so than that for want of immediate American aid, most appositely forthcoming under the Marshall plan, France should be deprived of the chance of an economic recovery that, with it, seems within certain reach.

France is the keypoint in Europe's defence against the world-wide Communist assault on civilisation, of which events in Burma, Indonesia, Czechoslovakia and at the docks of Marseilles and London are current evidence. To make her position firm, confidence is necessary to France. Economically the Marshall aid will give it; thence the French can go on to gain political stability, too. They are fearful of an armed attack on the West by the Soviets, and see nothing to stop one from reaching Paris and, indeed, the Atlantic coast. Here they most likely misjudge the course of a possible conflict. But the existence of such anxiety shows how deep is our interest in France's position and how urgent our reasons to support her. Now she is getting along by herself. Given the needed support, she will reach the desired goal.

JOHN POLLOCK.

P.S.—Since the above was written the Schuman Government has been overturned by a combination of Communists and of Socialists, who thereby once more showed their fatuous determination to play the part of the tail that thinks it wags the dog. It is improbable that this downfall, inevitable sooner or later, will have immediate or startling results. Doubtless the well-worn French political technique of dilatory cabinet permutations will be made to work up to the limit,

and a fresh patchwork quilt may be provisionally spread before the eyes of a disillusioned public. Nothing decisive may happen before October, when the country will get a chance to express itself in the local elections, although indeed even this qualified prediction may easily be upset by the event. But some conclusions may already be drawn with certainty. First, that the Socialists continue to set party above national considerations; otherwise they could not have turned the Government out for its refusal to reduce the army estimates by less than a paltry four million pounds. Second, that from the administrative point of view France loses little, save in the person of M. Jules Moch. A socialist, M. Moch has offended many of his brethren in the party by his defence of authority, and it is not inconceivable that a number of Socialist deputies, voting against the Government, were glad to "do the dirty" on M. Jules Moch. Thirdly, that whether M. Georges Bidault does or does not return to office in a new administration, the voice of France will be weakened in international council so long as the parliamentary crisis lasts. And lastly, that the rending of M. Schuman's cloak of many colours will hasten a showdown in the fundamental problems of French post-liberation politics (this was the ninth Government in the period) and increase the chances of *le Gaullisme* coming to power, with, it may be hoped, a beneficial effect on French relations with the world and on France herself.—J. P.

AUSTRIA HOLDS OUT UNDER SIEGE.

TOWARDS the end of June the searchlight of publicity which was turned on the Austrian capital caught for a moment in its beam a lurking figure, with the fear of which Austrian men, women and children walk daily and nightly. The figure of the kidnapper was revealed in all its chill horror to a world which cannot be expected to realise what it means to those among whom it moves with soft-footed stealth, invisible until it springs on yet another victim.

Inspector Anton Marek, head of the Security Section of the Ministry of the Interior, had a distinguished record. When the Nazis set out on July 25th, 1934 to murder Chancellor Dollfuss, they seized Marek, who had their suspicious movements under observation, and took him along with them on their murderous enterprise. But as their lorry-loads of thugs disguised in military uniforms drove into the courtyard of the Chancery past the unsuspecting guards, Marek quietly dropped off and managed to raise the alarm. Hitler remembered this when he invaded and annexed Austria four years later, and sent Marek for over two years to Dachau. As the American High Commissioner said at the meeting of the Allied Council for Austria of June 25th last, "Marek is now victim of police methods identical with those of the Gestapo." What happened to Marek followed the familiar pattern of what has happened to the many victims of Russian kidnapping. Trusting to the good faith of a Red Army officer with whom he had worked on other occasions, Marek accepted the latter's invitation by telephone to meet him in the headquarters of the Russian Procurator-General, in the International Zone of Vienna. Saying he would be back in an hour, he left the Ministry of the Interior at 5 p.m., on June 17th. He was never seen again. Obviously under Russian pressure, he telephoned twice to his anxious wife that night, saying that he was

about to return home. But it was not until two days later that the Russian Deputy High Commissioner, Colonel-General Sheltoy, decided to admit to the Austrian Chancellor, Leopold Figl, that Marek had been arrested and would be charged with espionage. Sheltoy added the ominous statement that other high officers of the Ministry would be implicated. The three High Commissioners of the Western Powers condemned at length at the ensuing meeting of the Allied Council for Austria this unilateral action by Russia and submitted resolutions calling for Marek's immediate release. The Russian High Commissioner briefly and contemptuously rejected all three protests.

In Austrian official circles it is stated that there have been over 500 cases of kidnapping and arbitrary arrest since the spring of 1946 ; prior to that no records could be kept. The victims include men and women, Government officials, working men, boy and girl students, skilled technicians, industrial leaders, socialists, Catholics and conservatives, among them elected representatives of the people who should enjoy immunity from arrest. Many have been lured by telephone calls or letters purporting to come from friends (sometimes the friends, already seized by the Russians, were forced to set the trap) from the Austrian or British Zones of Vienna into the Russian, or into the International Zone, Vienna's "Inner City," and there kidnapped. Others have been kept under observation and suddenly seized in busy streets in broad daylight, forced into a suddenly halted motor-car and whisked away. Some have even been carried off from their homes in other Zones at the dead of night by Russian raiding parties. From none have their distraught families had any further sign of life. At the utmost, a Russian intimation has been forthcoming to relatives in response to inquiries that a sentence has been passed for some alleged offence and that the prisoner "is no longer in Austria." In no single case has there been a public trial or permission for an Austrian lawyer to defend the accused. Amidst such perils the Austrian citizen goes about his daily life, never knowing when some Communist denunciation, some sudden suspicion aroused in those to whom suspicion is the first principle of life, some sudden recognition of some special qualification of his or hers making him appear a useful subject for deportation, may cause him to vanish from among his fellows. The system is, of course, an important part of the "war of nerves" designed to break the will of the population to resist the Communist hopes of seizing dictatorial power.

Marek's case received publicity abroad which is denied to the ordinary "routine kidnapping" of Austrians because of his personality and position. It was his task to watch over and check anti-democratic conspiracies among the Communists, to identify Communist informers of the Russians, to trace the victims of kidnappings, to keep a check on the secret arming of the so-called "Works Militias" such as were used to bolster up the Communist Putsch in Czechoslovakia last February. At the lowest level, his own kidnapping was calculated to paralyse such defence measures against Communist schemes, through the intimidation of his colleagues and the disorganisation of the Ministry. But the Western Powers treated it as seriously as they have done because something much graver may be involved. Oscar Helmer, the Socialist leader who is Minister of the Interior, is the first target of Communist hatred because of his personality and the office he holds. It is primarily the installation of a Communist in the Ministry of the Interior, with the power to turn the police, especially the political police,

into purely Communist bodies, which has put Russia in control of her various satellite countries, working through a Communist minority in each. Before the arrival of the Western Allies in Vienna in August 1945, Russia had started the same game here. But the crushing defeat of the infinitesimal Austrian Communist Party at the elections of November 1945 obliged them to surrender this key Ministry to the Socialists. Since then, Helmer has carried through a gradual purge of unreliable elements. He has installed an experienced Socialist police chief, Holaubek, as Police President of Vienna, and has removed an extreme Communist, Dürmayer, for gross indiscipline from the control of the political police to a post where he can do less harm. He has gradually got rid of the frequently corrupt, criminal or ex-Nazi elements who were among those whom the Communists had put in charge of most of the city and country police commissariats. In the area occupied by the Russians, of course, his work has been hampered by them, as when they insisted on a Communist with a criminal record being reinstated as police Commissar in one of their Vienna districts, and the appointment to another of a Communist just released from a prison sentence for illegal trafficking in British Army goods. A sick man, Helmer refuses to consider the risks he runs, and takes every opportunity of going to the heart of the Russian Zone to encourage Socialist morale there by his scathing denunciations of Communism. By virtue of his personality no less than of his office, Helmer has become defender of the most advanced outpost of the democratic socialist bastion of Austria. Let the N.K.V.D. extract, as they are so curiously successful in extracting, the usual type of "confession" from Marek implicating his seniors up to Helmer himself, and a first breach may well be effected in these defences. If the Chancellor can be forced to dismiss Helmer, the next step will be to get rid of other Ministers (a second Socialist, Dr. Migsch, Minister for Electrification, has already been threatened that his rank will not protect him from punishment if he speaks again of Russia as he has done at a Socialist provincial congress), and finally of the Government itself. It is because they saw this danger that the Western Allies dug their toes in about Marek. There is, of course, nothing they can do to secure his release, but they hope with his case to call a halt to what looks like an attempt to apply to Austria a variant of the tactics which have been so successful in overthrowing real democracy in the "Peoples' Democracies" to Austria.

During the three years that they have held Austria under siege Russia and the Communists have steadily lost ground. Certainly the garrison could not have held out without "Western," especially American, financial assistance and food supplies. But equally this aid would have failed its purpose but for the staunch courage of Austrian social democracy. If the West has elsewhere shamefacedly to rely on such shabby allies to stem Communist dictatorship as Greek reactionary terrorism, in Austria it can base itself on the great Austrian movement, the near counterpart of the British Labour Party. Though the slightly junior partner in the coalition government of Catholics and Socialists, most foreign observers would agree that Austria's future lies with it rather than with the Catholic Volkspartei, which is compromised by its links with the clerico-fascist dictators of 1934-8, and thus remotely with the Nazis to whom a proportion of the Heimwehr-fascists went over. That the Volkspartei should even consider, as surreptitiously it is doing, the restora-

tion of their estates to the fascists Prince Starhemberg, Fritz Mandl and Walter Pfriemer, whose hands are stained with the blood of the defenders of Austrian democracy which they conspired with Dollfuss to destroy, shows that not they but the Socialists will have to take the lead in the defence of democracy against its new enemies. No Communist is sharper in the denunciation of such reactionary tendencies, or of the ever-recurring signs of tenderness in the Austrian judiciary towards ex-Nazis, than are the Socialists. In their difficult two-front war against totalitarian aspirations they maintain admirable balance, and rightly recognise whence the immediate danger comes to-day.

Democracy in Austria will remain on the defensive so long as Russian troops are on her soil and so long as Russia keeps the stranglehold on her industry through the concerns she has seized as "German" property. But the defence becomes more hopeful and vigorous every year. The Communists are quite shameless in reversing tactics in the relentless pursuit of the one objective—the forcing of Austria into the Russian sphere. The success of the February Communist Putsch in neighbouring Czechoslovakia was the signal for one complete *volte face* overnight; Austria was no longer a "Nazi" and "reactionary" country, unworthy to have a Treaty, and where the Occupation must be continued indefinitely so that the Red Army might continue to eradicate Nazism. Now, with the Communist ring completed except in the West, "elementary justice" suddenly called for the immediate evacuation of Austria by the Allies (leaving her at the mercy of the fully armed, Russian-satellite neighbours), while a propaganda as strident as that which calls for the maximum arming of the latter insisted in the name of Austrian Communism that Austria must be kept as completely defenceless as she is to-day. The many fellow-travellers among foreign writers on Austria—who are often to be found working for the most unlikely publications—never weary of asserting that Austria is apathetic, despairing and incapable of doing anything towards her own salvation. Everyone who saw Vienna as it was when we arrived here in August 1945, and sees it to-day, knows this is simply Communist propaganda. Then, under the blight of an exclusively Russian occupation, with a "Government" imposed by the Occupier against whose arbitrary actions there was no defence or appeal, the people were indeed apathetic, crushed, starving. There was nothing to be bought save on the black markets amid the ruins, where Russians in uniform openly traded "requisitioned" foodstuffs for watches, jewellery and fountain pens. Notices reading "Closed, as completely plundered" were tacked to the boarded windows of hundreds of shops. Ruins sprawled across even many main streets, as they had fallen in the bombardment six months before. At night one lay in bed and listened to the intermittent popping of rounds loosed off, mostly at random, by hilarious homeward-bound soldiers. There were no street cars, almost no trains, no fuel or gas, only intermittent electricity, and no street-lighting. Hold-ups by armed soldiers and others, killings and cries for help by assaulted women, were just part of the nightly routine.

The picture to-day begins to resemble that of pre-war Vienna. To the extent that it still depends on external aid it is an unreal picture. But its existence has brought about an astounding revival of hope that free Austrian democracy has a chance of survival on the fringe of totalitarian dictatorships. The country has long had its democratically elected, stable government, from which the Com-

munists walked out on Moscow's orders a year ago, a democratic Press in which all Parties, including the Communists, have full freedom of expression, save for certain limitations regarding criticism of the occupying Powers. A "Control Agreement" with the Allies limits the arbitrary powers of these. Occupation costs, though still a much-resented burden, are fixed and have been successively reduced; for over a year America has paid her own costs. The reform of the currency caused much hardship, but it was an inevitable operation and to-day the Austrian Schilling is so hard that, as was said to me to-day, "you can hear a five schilling note ring as it drops." The shop windows display more goods—still at very high but slowly falling prices—every day. Sufficient supplies have enabled most textiles and many metal products such as kitchen utensils to be taken off rationing this summer. No streets remain encumbered by ruins. They are reasonably lit by night. Gas is continuously available. The many yawning gaps in the buildings are mostly filled by orderly piles of bricks instead of rubble, and rebuilding is going ahead on all sides. Street black-marketing has long stopped, and the black market trading which still flourishes tends to do so more in addition to than at the expense of the sheer necessities of life, as in Britain. Public transport services are almost normal, and foreign tourist traffic has restarted on modest lines. Despite the kidnapping horror and other crimes of violence, order has largely returned to capital and countryside.

No matter how loudly he may protest against the continuance of the Occupation, every honest Austrian knows that at present its cessation would leave his country's independence at the mercy of the first "border incident," provoked or invented by any or all of its satellite neighbours. The Russian challenge to the West in Berlin shook him for a moment, since it was clear that if the Allies yielded in Berlin, their days in Vienna as its protector would be numbered. But the Austrian sees his prospects rising as he sees those of Russia's satellites decline. The hopeless financial, economic and industrial confusion in Rumania since the Communists got full power, the arrest of the leading Rumanian Communist and Minister of Justice, Lucretiu Patrascanu, and the reported arrest of the Secretary-General of the Party, Gheorghiu Dej, the revolt of Tito's Yugoslavia against Moscow's tyranny, the recent public humiliation of Moscow's one-time model disciple, Georgi Dimitroff, all show him how insecure are the minority régimes in all these countries. Equally, these things suggest that Russia's own hold on them has never been and never can be consolidated. Everywhere those Socialists who agreed to "collaborate" with Communism have paid the price and been humiliatingly snuffed out as a Party, to the rage of the rank and file. Developments in the neighbour-country, with whom her links have always been closest, Czechoslovakia, have impressed the Austrian most of all. He knows that while his own scanty supplies of butter, milk, vegetables and fruit are steadily increasing, those of Communist Czechoslovakia have fallen with much greater speed. He sees that in what was two years ago a land flowing with milk and honey while he starved, the normal consumer has now been without milk, butter and honey for over a year; that as Austria is able to lift the rationing of textiles, Czechoslovakia can no longer even give her people their rationed entitlements. As Austria's machine output begins to rise, her blast furnaces to be blown in, Czechoslovakia's metal industry is being crippled by lack of imports from the West. And as the Austrian sees the "free market" value of the once worthless

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Schilling steadily rising while that of the Czech crown rapidly falls, he finds consolation for present currency restrictions in the decreased prices of imported foodstuffs and hope for survival, with comparative prosperity round a still distant corner.

G. E. R. GEDYE.

Vienna.

THE RUSSIANS IN BERLIN.

"**W**HY don't you like to live in the Russian zone?" I say to the unskilled labourer in the working-class district in Berlin. "Because of the civilisation," he replies. "You should see them after only three years: rude, vulgar, stupid." This conversation was typical. Berlin is probably at the moment the most anti-Soviet town of Europe. It was not like that from the start. Only the Berliners, of all Germans, experienced the whole contempt of their Nazi rulers, the destruction even of their tiniest bridge, the mining of their tube regardless of 12,000 shelterers who were killed whilst the overlords themselves were sitting safe in the burning town in the bomb-proof Reichskanzlei. The Berliners were ready to go over to the Russians with flying banners. The first troops who entered were tall, handsome men from Siberia under the command of General Bersalin, who put up posters that looting and rape were punishable by death. This General, of whom Berliners speak with emotion, was soon killed in a car accident.

Then came the fighting troops from the Oder. The general breakdown of all discipline which followed is well known. The clash, however, between these men and the European women was not as simple as the words—general rape—indicate. Not all were beasts. Very human, very revealing things happened. A General asks a refined elderly woman to cook them a meal, invites her to dine with them, takes a flower: "What name in German?" "Jasmin." "Jasmin for good woman." A Russian who was looked after by a secretary while a forced labourer in a factory carries a hundredweight of potatoes to her in the hungry winter, 1945-46: "You good to me, I good to you." A Russian takes a woman with a heavy rucksack into his car, tries to rape her, she struggles, he strikes her with a pistol, abstains the moment she says: "Be good, think of your mother, be a good human being," then he helps her to carry her things. A soldier pulls golden rings from women's hands, one, crying, gives him hers, the soldier stops, looks and gives her not only her ring back but all the others he has as well. Berliners tell the following joke: A Russian takes a bike from a woman; the next Russian, as he sees her crying, gives her his horse. Such stories could not have happened with English or Americans. With some strange German logic one woman said to me: "None of us will ever forget that these Americans stopped at the Elbe and left us deliberately to the Russians."

What made Berliners anti-Russian was definitely not those terrible weeks but other points. First the low standards of the Russians: they took Berlin working quarters for luxury flats of wicked capitalists. Their ignorance of everything technical: they washed themselves with the water in the lavatory basin, were crazy about watches, wore them in masses along their arms, but took them only when they "tick-tocked," de-mounted washbasins by thousands, brought them to

another place, waited for water to come, not realising that there was a system of pipes. Berliners tell hundreds of such stories. An officer takes photographs with a Leica, takes out the film, as nothing is on it he tramples the Leica under foot. A soldier sees a boy free-wheeling a bike, tries himself, does not succeed, gets into a temper, shoots the bike. The Russians say: "Light from the ceiling, water from the wall, Russia is home, Berlin is paradise." The Soviet cultural centre is a very charming Berlin house from the beginning of the nineteenth century. There is an exhibition of children's books. I am convinced these books are a great achievement by Russian standards, but to exhibit such things in Berlin is naïve. The paper is bad, the drawings are bad, the colours are bad, the binding is bad. It is the same with plays and films. Gone is the time when Potemkin was at the top of world film production.

The second point is the squandering of material. For two years now there have stood in Leipzig hundreds of boxes of German machine tools in snow and rain; not one tool can ever be used again. A Russian foreman gets the order to unload sixty-five boxes of glass on reparation account. The wagon must be unloaded between 7 and 12 o'clock by seven workmen. Only five workers turn up. The foreman looks at his watch, it is five minutes before 12 o'clock, only fifty boxes are unloaded. An order is an order. "Down with the boxes," he says. Down go fifteen boxes, *fifteen boxes breakage*. The foreman reports: "Order executed at exactly 12 o'clock." Breakage is not counted as reparations. The third point is the crude rewards for conformity. On the 1st of May all children in the Russian sector got cake, those who went to the Communist parade got sweets and biscuits as well. Every person in the parade got a number for which he later got a bottle of wine. The fourth point is the prisoners of war who come back from Russia. They are easily recognisable: in rags, broken in body and soul, only a percentage will survive. The fifth point is that people are worse fed than in the west and not allowed to say so. The sixth point is the general insecurity. A friend of mine goes to a station to fetch a parcel. A Russian demands help from all people in the queue for the unloading of wagons. They cannot give a message to their relatives, they have just to stay and unload for eight hours without payment. The women are afraid. One says: "There is a train under steam, they will bring us to the labour camp in Custrin." "They" do not, but nobody ever knows anything for certain. A party goes by a wrong footpath to a film studio and is immediately arrested. Anybody who legitimately collects material in the Russian zone or tries to give vent to grievances must expect arrest as a spy.

"We are now at exactly the same point as in 1933, concentration camp in Oranienburg as always," says my driver. Another called Communism the biggest bluff in history.

That is the voice of the working-class. In an overcrowded compartment on Bank Holiday I said, looking out of the window: "What ruins!" "Do you mind?" said a workman menacingly. "Not me," I said. "Without the bombing," he explains to me, "we could never have got rid of that Nazi gang." The "people's election for German unity" is a gigantic flop. You could sign the lists everywhere in the Russian sector, at each tube station, almost at every street corner. Nobody asked you for your identity card, you could sign as often as you liked. People tried to evade signing: "I shall not be

at home," said one woman. "But the housekeeper will leave the list with you," answered her friend. "It will be very awkward if you don't sign. They say who does not sign will be dismissed."

The pied pipers of Berlin are the Generals Dymczycz and Tulpanow, highly educated men, who speak ten languages, know intimately the art and literature of as many European nations, are delightful companions, full of charm and wit. Tulpanow said to a friend of mine: "And why not work for us?" "I don't like to see myself one day at the wrong side of the Urals." "Don't be funny," said Tulpanow, "because of these four or five cases of real mischief-makers." "But who promises me that I am not one of those cases?" That is the case against, but the case for Tulpanow is very strong. All Nazi past is forgotten the moment one works for him. The "Russian parcels" of forty pounds of delicious food compared with which the "care parcels" from America are those of Scrooge before he met the Spirits, arrive at the home of the intellectual and artist. A delightful club where he can meet others and get good cheap food is open to him. And on top of it an artist is the most honoured person in Communist society. Even in the worst days of the conquest a woman had only to say to the last of the Russian soldiers: "Me artist," and he reverently retreated. Nobody should minimise the gigantic achievement of instilling into the whole of the Russian population this respect for the intellect. Everybody who matters in Berlin cultural life knows Dymczycz and Tulpanow. Nobody knew if there is such a thing as an Englishman or an American responsible for cultural questions. "You can't have it both ways," said an intelligent American. "Protection does not go with freedom." But the French Professor L. is the well-known and well-liked head of the French cultural department. All sorts of people are working for the Russians, idealists of pure conviction like J. R. Becher, men who worked for the Liberals in the Weimar time and for the Nazis in their time, and Nazis like Bronnen, who is now chief editor of one of their papers.

A capital is not built in one day; it is the essence of the best brains of a country. One cannot swap Paris for Havre or London for Leeds as one cannot decree by Whitehall or White House regulations the hopelessly provincial Frankfurt instead of Berlin. The Russians know that and they have sent to Berlin their first-class men, their political commandos, so to say. In the White Hall of the old Schloss is an excellent exhibition about the revolution of 1848: "For freedom and unity." The palace is in the Russian sector, the exhibition is Liberal and democratic. Posters with quotations from Goethe, Harnack, Leibniz, Humboldt are on the walls. Nobody can take them for Communist propaganda. To be just, it seems improbable that an exhibition which is as Communistic as this is Liberal would be allowed in the western sectors of the town. The greatest anti-Nazi film so far was made in the Defa, former Ufa film studio, *Married Life under Shadow*, and goes to the roots of the matter. The Defa is in the Russian sector. Both films, *The Murderers are Among Us* and *Married Life under Shadow*, have nothing to do with Communist propaganda.

Berliners call the Americans "Amis." They think they are "boasters." The women who have gone through the ordeal with the Russians like it that the English do not take much notice of them. The man in the street in the British sector says: "I can't complain, it's very orderly here." But that is not the whole story.

Rudolf Olden wrote as a German Liberal about the 'twenties: "The diplomats and generals sent to us always dine with our enemies, hunt with our enemies, get their information from our enemies, and believe what our enemies say. Because our enemies, even if they were often murderers, were 'gentlemen.' . . . Moreover there was sometimes a gentleman to be found among us, an aristocrat. But that only made matters worse, because he was a traitor to his class. That rare bird, a German Liberal who is at the same time a managing director in the heavy industry, told me that the leading industrial figures put into power by the Western Powers are the same Nationalists as always. He feels himself treated as a traitor to his class as under Wilhelm, Ebert and Hitler. This was confirmed by a conversation with a delightful English lady in Berlin, who said: "I admire the Germans; they have only one wish, to get rid of us. I must only put myself into their situation, I would be furious if I had my country divided into four parts. I agree wholeheartedly with them."

GABRIELE TERGIT.

NAZI-SOVIET RELATIONS.*

IT will take several years before the complete series of German Foreign Office documents, now being edited by Professors Wheeler-Bennett, Sontag, Renouvin and Baumont, can serve the writing of contemporary history. Small wonder, therefore, that the United States Government decided to issue a preliminary selection from this vast collection (adding one single document from the German Army archives) to illuminate one aspect not only of German but also of Soviet foreign policy. Naturally the reader of these 262 documents will keep in mind that he is reading German Foreign Office papers and the archives of the German Embassy to Moscow, evacuated from the Russian capital just before Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union. He will also remain aware of the handicap provided by the fact that the British collection of documents on Anglo-Russian negotiations of 1939 (printed in 1939, but withheld from publication) is as yet unavailable. However, the German and the Russian side of the story is extraordinarily well covered since the Russians, while angered by the American publication, could not produce any additional documentary evidence at all. They limited themselves to a long and very violent attack on the United States and Britain—this, presumably, taking the place of documents as far as the Russian public is concerned—and to a selection from the German archives referring to other periods (the three little volumes on Hungary, Turkey and Spain, issued in French prior to the American collection have been followed by a bigger volume on 1938). Owing to German methods of recording we know which documents are in Russian hands, and it is thus doubly certain that all their material will anyway be included in the Anglo-American-French series. Thus the documents now available can safely be used—as indeed they have been used by Dr. Bonn (THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, April 1948)—to illuminate the legal aspect of Nuremberg and Nazi-Soviet relations.

What stands out from these records is the fact that the Soviet Union made definite approaches to the Germans as early as April 17th, 1939, i.e. immediately after Britain had guaranteed Poland, Rumania and

* The British editor of the German archives continues to act as adviser to the newly appointed British team, General Sir James Marshall-Cornwall and Mr. J. Joll.

Greece. By May 30th these had become "definite negotiations" in the eyes of Hitler despite Molotov's public statement that a concrete military alliance ought to be signed by Russia, Britain and France to give an effective guarantee of mutual help. Both Berlin and Moscow wondered whether the partner was aiming at a lever to exert pressure rather than bring friendship by betraying any offers made by one of them. While both Berlin and Moscow appeared willing to come to an understanding ever since April 1939, neither side wanted to be the first to commit itself. First the Germans took things *pomadic*—to use Prince Buelow's time-honoured technique applied to Anglo-German talks at the turn of the century—while Molotov refused to talk about trade without prior political guarantees. Next, the Germans were over-anxious to clinch matters: England could offer nothing but war, the Germans argued; Berlin could offer substantial gains through "a German-Russian understanding on mutual interests" (July 1939). Whatever the outcome of the Polish crisis, Berlin declared, Soviet interests in Poland could be guaranteed. And when the German Ambassador was instructed to offer an understanding about the Baltic States as well he found Molotov interested, asking him to find out "what States we meant by that term and whether Lithuania was one of them."

By August 10th the Russians had decided to enter detailed negotiations. We do not know what went on in Hitler's mind when he decided to accept and sign: a "historic turning point" had been reached, declared Ribbentrop on August 14th, when offering "a short visit to Moscow" for the purpose of finally agreeing on a pact. But we know from Ciano's records that the Italians (who spent August 11th-13th with Hitler) were told that he meant to veer round and sign up with the Soviet Union. Professor Namier's attempt to dismiss Ciano's evidence on this point, and his denial in *Diplomatic Prelude* about any serious Russo-German negotiations prior to a kind of breakdown of the talks with the West, thus falls to the ground. Molotov was delighted at the German decision: shall we sign a non-aggression pact? will Germany help to smooth out Soviet-Japanese relations? is it proposed jointly to "guarantee" the Baltic States? These were his immediate answers, well prepared since he knew since "the end of June" from Ciano that Germany intended such a direct approach. (Presumably the Russians knew Rosso's reports but spoke of Ciano when meaning the Italian Ambassador to Moscow, thus to cover up the true leakage.) Since Ribbentrop urged immediate signature—all three queries were answered with an emphatic Yes—Molotov increased his demands: there must be "simultaneous conclusion of a special protocol which would define the interests of the signatory parties in this or that question"; there must be a trade agreement as well.

Everything Russia asked for was accepted by return, Hitler authorising Ribbentrop to sign on the spot "with the proviso"—and this surely constitutes a condition unique in modern diplomatic procedure—"that this treaty (unwritten) and these agreements (also unwritten) shall enter into force as soon as they are signed" (August 22nd, 1939). Consequently a pact of non-aggression, together with a partition treaty—promising Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Eastern Poland and Bessarabia to the Soviet Union—were agreed to; moreover, Stalin expressed his interest in Greece and Turkey. The Germans must have been too preoccupied to notice these implied demands for the future, nor did they take any notice when Mussolini complained that "the war was

envisaged for after 1942 " and that Italy could not act now " if Germany attacks and Poland's allies open a counter-attack against Germany." Instead they gloried in the change that overcame the Russian Press—" anti-German literature has been removed from the book trade," the German Ambassador reported. They soon urged the Russians to move into " their " part of Poland, Stalin himself reading to the German Ambassador the declaration which was to justify action, altering the text at the Germans' suggestion " with the utmost readiness." By September 25th Stalin suggested a final settlement of the Polish question, namely to do away with rump-Poland, to incorporate the Province of Warsaw in the Reich, and to allot Lithuania to Russia in return. " If we consented, the Soviet Union would immediately take up the solution of the problems of the Baltic countries." The Germans did consent. The Baltic States were forced to admit Russian troops, and Poland disappeared. A German-Soviet Boundary and " Friendship (sic) Treaty " sealed the division of spoils. " England and France," it was added, " are responsible for the continuation of the war." Russia promised to exert herself so as to deliver the maximum supplies to Germany, particularly to send oil and to speed up all through traffic from Rumania, Iran, Afghanistan and the Far East. Stalin went out of his way to authorise Ribbentrop to quote him as saying: " The Soviet Union cannot give its approval to the Western Powers creating conditions which would weaken Germany and place her in a difficult position."

He lived up to these words. Russia placed at the disposal of Germany an increasing amount of goods, even on a long-term credit basis (in February 1940 trade arrangements were made for the next twenty-seven months), acted as buyer on behalf of Germany, opened the door wide to the Far East, supplied the German Navy with a base near Murmansk to prey on British shipping. Stalin and Molotov were invited to visit Berlin and accepted, so Ribbentrop reported, " in principle." " We wish you complete success in (your) defensive measures," Molotov declared when he heard of the German invasion of Norway, and set about to complete the annexation of the Baltic Republics by the Soviet Union and to absorb Bessarabia and Northern Bukovina. To round off Russian annexations he offered to Germany half the money received from the United States in 1867 for Alaska if the Soviet Union was allowed to take the Suvalki triangle of Lithuania as well (the Germans insisted on their pound of flesh and were eventually credited with 7½ million gold dollars). As a sign of friendship Stalin instructed Molotov to pass on to the Germans the record of his conversation with the British Ambassador, Sir Stafford Cripps: He, Stalin, " had not discovered any desire on the German part to engulf European countries;" Cripps was mistaken in this belief, but then Stalin " knew several leading German statesmen well " (July 13th, 1940).

In November 1940 Molotov went to Berlin. By then Russo-German friendship had reached another turning-point, whence either improvement or deterioration must follow. Russia was perturbed at German action in the Balkans. Ribbentrop suggested a general delimitation of spheres of influence: each Power ought to strike southward—Russia " in the direction of the Persian Gulf and the Arabian Sea " and Asia; Italy to concentrate on North and East Africa; Germany on Central Africa. If only " the two greatest peoples of Europe " could agree, Hitler told Molotov, a settlement could be clinched " which would lead to peaceful collaboration between the two countries beyond the life-span

of the present leaders." Yet details proved difficult. Fear of English air raids, too, interrupted Hitler's flow of language. Molotov insisted on precision—Bulgaria, Dardanelles, Skagerrak, Finland were points at issue which needed binding promises. It was here that he made a glaring mistake even on his own premises. In becoming factual and detailed, in discussing—after his return home—details of a world partition treaty to be subscribed to by Russia, Germany, Japan and Italy, he overreached himself. Finland, Bulgaria, Sakhalin, the Bosphorus . . . Hitler made up his mind that he did not want to see these things pass into Russian hands. Molotov's demand lists remained unanswered. The German Army was instructed to prepare "Operation Barbarossa" which was "to crush Soviet Russia in a quick campaign" (December 1940).

Molotov continued to press for a fulfilment of his demands, e.g. with regard to Bulgaria. It appears that only by March did Stalin realise that Russia had gone too far. He still allowed Molotov to sign the non-aggression pact with Yugoslavia (April 1941), but thenceforth he went out of his way to appease the Germans: "We must remain friends," he pointedly declared when hugging the German Ambassador on the station platform. He speeded supplies to Germany. He ordered all German frontier demands in the north to be accepted so that "the matter would now be brought to a speedy conclusion" (April 15th, 1941). The trade agreement was promptly renewed (April 18th). The German Ambassador, Schulenburg, visited Germany, called on Hitler, and declared he "could not believe that Russia would ever attack Germany." Molotov was removed from the Premiership—to improve relations, Schulenburg commented; Stalin himself took the chairmanship so as to avoid a repetition of the mistakes of recent months. While German deliveries to the Soviet Union lagged behind schedule, Soviet supplies to Germany came punctually—we could even make additional demands, the German trade expert thought (May 15th, 1941). Appeasement was of no avail: Hitler attacked.

While these facts speak for themselves some comment on them appears permissible. German-Russian relations were based on division of spoils. On that basis no true co-operation can flourish. What is needed are common principles of the kind enumerated in the Atlantic Charter and the Charter of the United Nations. Spheres of influence lead to war, and it is unreasonable to expect to-day the absence of tension which alone deserves the name of peace so long as the Soviet Union insists on keeping the spoils she originally gained by agreement with Hitler. Nor is it reasonable to expect a change of heart and method in statesmen who acted as and with Hitler and Ribbentrop. This does not rule out that they might not learn from the fearful events of the recent past. If they do, only false pride and so-called prestige could prevent them from showing it—their own people are anyway unaware of the facts set out in these documents. What hope there is that peace may eventually be established appears to lie in the success that must accompany the application of our own principles, of democratic action securing the Four Freedoms, and of economic co-operation of the free societies.

F. W. PICK.

BEATRICE AND SIDNEY WEBB.

THE second volume of Beatrice Webb's autobiography,* *Our Partnership*, covers in detail the twenty years following her marriage in 1892. The book has been widely and justly acclaimed as a personal and social chronicle of extraordinary interest. *My Apprenticeship*, published in 1926, was the record of a remarkable girlhood, together with a venture in direct investigation which proved to be the best possible preparation for the position which came to her when she joined forces with Sidney Webb. Charles Booth, creator of the great Survey of London Life and Labour, was her kinsman. She undertook some 'prentice work for him and, ignoring a drawback of extreme unhandiness, tried a short spell in an East London sweat-shop.

She was one of the nine daughters of Richard Potter, chairman of the Canadian Grand Trunk Railway and friend of Herbert Spencer. Her mother, a woman of exceptional gifts, had wished only for sons. Several of her sisters made notably acceptable marriages, one of them being the mother of Sir Stafford Cripps. Beatrice might have joined the sisterhood in this respect by accepting the hand of Joseph Chamberlain.

Her breakaway from Victorianism and the conventions of her family makes a fascinating story. When learning her lesson under Booth she became interested in Co-operation and went to live for some months among work-people in the North. It was while writing her history of the movement that she met Sidney Webb, who was then preparing to get free from the Colonial Office. She recognised in him a mind and disposition singularly complementary to her own, and was not long in making up her mind. Her opening chapter is a portrait of the Other One. It is a charming union of affection and candour, and it includes an oddly inaccurate description of his appearance, in particular of the familiar imperial, which was not a square-cut beard. One may reasonably infer that the absorbing romantic affection that crowned their marriage grew with the rapid perfecting of a complete intellectual union. They set up house on the Westminster Embankment, and here was their home and workshop for more than thirty years.

Their first joint enterprises were the *History of Trade Unionism* and its sequel, *Industrial Democracy*, after which they entered upon the immense and exhausting labour that went into the *History of English Local Government*. Their collaboration in these and all the later books was of the closest, and meanwhile Webb was devoting fully half his time to administrative service. The London County Council offered him a virgin field of experiment. He became the principal architect of a new metropolitan school system, and in a few years was directing the Technical Education Board. Vocational training and the scholarship ladder are among the enduring monuments of his vision and persistence.

When this partnership began the Fabian Society was no more than eight years old. *Fabian Essays in Socialism* had appeared in 1889. (Beatrice Potter, by the way, was reared in a central camp of Victorian individualism. Her conversion to Socialism was a first surrender to Webb, perhaps the only one of importance that she was called upon

**Our Partnership*. By Beatrice Webb. Edited by Barbara Drake and Margaret I. Cole. Longmans. 25s.

to make.) He was the driving and organising brain. No other member of the original group possessed powers in any way comparable with his. He alone could have given the society its basis and method, although we may agree that without the genius of Bernard Shaw the Fabian successes would not have been possible. Their alliance was no less effective than surprising. To Webb's knowledge, industry, and manipulative skill were added Shaw's audacity and his incomparable mastery of the platform. Their friendship and professional association endured for sixty years; and, so far as one can see, neither made any impression from first to last upon the mind, temperament, or habits of the other. They remained a pair of opposites, agreeing, it would appear, only in political doctrine.

No. 41 Grosvenor Road, the "hard little house" of H. G. Wells's malicious picture, became a centre of hospitality and deliberate influence for which no parallel could be found in the country. The Webbs organised their work and divided the day and year with a thoroughness that seemed effortless despite its rigour. They toiled together in the neatest small space, employing just so much assistance as their income allowed. Wells makes Mrs. Webb say it was a pity that their guests had to have napkins, for a saving at the table would be enough for an additional secretary. When their relations with the Labour Party expanded, a crush of people went to the afternoon and evening parties, but luncheons and dinners were a different matter. The invitations were carefully given. Roughly speaking, there was always a definite reason for your being there. It was assumed that you had something to contribute. Your latest journey might be worth reporting or, more likely, you could do something for whatever Cause was uppermost at the time. In memoirs and novels of the past generation may be found not a few rather scornful references to the Webbs' tactics and their household. Objections to the former are fair enough, but complaints against the latter certainly are not. The arrangements were of the simplest, and without flaw. The meal was perfectly served, and who should blame Mrs. Webb (for some years a vegetarian) if she took for granted that the politician and professional man had no need of a heaped plate at midday? The talk was an agreeable mixture of personalities and public business, and a guest was out of luck if he did not meet some man or woman of unusual talent or experience. The ends of the earth met under the spell of what Wells caricatured as "Altiora's top-note." She could see no reason for making any change in the routine for any guest, however high his status. No one went to No. 41 for anything other than the partners and the company. Bernard Shaw used to say that Beatrice Webb was the one and only member of their group who could direct a salon, and that was largely because she did not mind asking a Cabinet Minister whether he preferred whisky to lemonade. As to G.B.S. himself she was long hesitant. His character and ways were a puzzle to her. By comparison his Fabian colleagues appeared quite easy to read. Her liking or admiration goes always with an eye for their foibles.

Mrs. Webb's remarkable success as hostess is attested by the quality and range of the public men who accepted her invitations and, more than that, were frequent visitors throughout their residence in London. Numerous diary entries make it plain that among the statesmen of her circle Arthur Balfour was first favourite, by reason of his complex character and play of mind. She found continual stimulus in Lord Haldane (an invaluable ally in Webb's scheme of university reform),

although she came to think that he was damaged by the political game and by an excessive interest in his own career. She liked a good prelate and had a warm regard for Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London. So long as they had hopes of permeating the Liberals, while despising the Morley-Harcourt section, the Webbs tried to work with the imperialist wing of the party. Yet they had no faith in Rosebery and made a decidedly wrong estimate of Asquith's power of mind and leadership. They were hardly interested in Lloyd George, although he was a formidable invader of their own province. In the young Winston Churchill Beatrice saw "more of the American speculator" than of the English aristocrat. He showed, she thought, the lack of a coherent political philosophy, but she took note of his originality, resourcefulness, and personal magnetism.

In these instant judgments of public men, whether established or merely aspiring, there is nothing more revealing than Mrs. Webb's dislike and distrust of Labour leaders in the 1890s. She was distressed by the jealousy and mutual distrust they exhibited. It might have been expected that she would respond to the special virtue of Keir Hardie, but she did not. At that time she found it impossible to believe that the working class would be able to provide leaders from its own ranks: the burden of self-education and elementary training in the trade union or elsewhere was far too exacting. John Burns, in particular, was a disappointment. She found his vanity tiresome. Later, in the Cabinet as President of the Local Govt. Board, he was to be the Webbs' most obstinate opponent. It was, of course, entirely natural that her hopes for the social structure of a new England should centre in a trained intelligentsia; yet even so, the brightest of them were not to be taken on trust. Thus her note on Hugh Dalton, while still a Cambridge undergraduate, reads: "An accomplished ecclesiastical sort of person—a subtle wily man with a certain peculiar charm for those who are not put off by his mannerism."

With no more than a minimum of trial and error, the Webbs arrived at a method of collaboration that was suited to both. Her nervous strength was limited and she was a fitful worker. Yet she took her full share of the hard labour, notably in the prolonged research into the annals of local government. This involved solitary trips to the provinces, with discomfort in poor quarters and long days spent in town-hall caverns amid fusty records. Her diary contains many admissions of fatigue, and we hear at times a cry of girlish loneliness. In this kind of drudgery Webb had all the advantage, for his brain was untirable and his power of taking in a page of type or script at a glance made him almost independent of helpers. "How could we do it," she asks, "if working together were not in itself delightful?" And at times she touches upon the continuous inspiration of having a partner whose devotion to the public welfare was utterly free from self-interest or thoughts of reward.

The ideas and their first expression often came from her side, and some chapters were wholly from her pen. Yet Sidney, she would say, "does most of the actual writing." This meant, as a rule, that the final draft of a book was apparently Webb's work, even in the case of their two most famous publications, the *Minority Report on the Poor Law* and the massive treatise on *Soviet Communism* composed during their amazing eighth decade. Moreover, although for the constitution of London University the partnership was mainly Webb and Haldane, the foundation and development of the London School of Economics,

their most impressive single achievement, belongs to the joint romantic Webb record.

To her friendship with the Conservative Prime Minister Mrs. Webb owed her membership of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law, appointed in 1905 just before the Balfour Government went out of office. The task and its sequel—the national agitation for the Break-up of the Poor Law—filled the five years 1906-11. Mrs. Webb on the Commission was altogether too much for the Chairman, Lord George Hamilton, and she was a constant irritant to the majority of her colleagues, who were hostile to her social philosophy and baffled by her activities. She insisted upon taking her own line in defiance of the old rules, was formidable in cross-examination, and incalculable in *manœuvre*. The view of the Commissioners was (as the Webbs' old friend Sydney Olivier would have put it) that although she was a lady, she was certainly no gentleman! The subsequent crusade was an enterprise of startling vigour and resource. Webb wrote articles by the score. Committees were formed all over England; recruits were drawn from all sides, and both the Webbs became itinerant missionaries. For Beatrice this was an onerous duty; previously she had been no more than a very infrequent public speaker. The assault was magnificent; but was it war? The Webb proposals comprised an elaborate scheme of public assistance and a creative organisation of full employment on the basis of a National Minimum—which, by the by, they were finally convinced could never be attained within the capitalist system. Apart from all other considerations, however, plans such as these were plainly far outside the scope of a British Cabinet forty years ago. Successive Governments moved, by way of a gradualism that was emphatically not Webbian, towards abolition of the Poor Law, the last vestiges of which were buried this year—a great reform, as Mr. Bernard Shaw quaintly remarks, begun by Oliver Twist; while the wondrous edifice of National Insurance into which the British people are now entering may well be regarded as an almost incredible efflorescence from the small and stumbling efforts of a Lloyd George.

It would hardly be possible to part from this self-portrait of a great and fine Englishwoman without a word concerning her personality and the occasional revelation of her intimate feeling. "Certainly," she wrote, soon after her marriage, "persons with brains and independent means may have a rare good time." She knew that the life they made together was perfect for her husband. She felt that nothing could have had equal value in his eyes with their simple *ménage* and distinguished friends. Nevertheless, for herself the partnership with its rich content of service and affection was incomplete. She lamented that their days of absorption in the work they had chosen, the causes they fought for, had no room for other interests and values. The Webbs read enormously, but they lived without the solace and excitement of the arts. And in her later years, as she confessed time and again, there was the sense of a still greater and deeper loss. In early womanhood Beatrice Potter, without a struggle of any kind, found herself quite devoid of belief in the supernatural. The mystical rationalism to which her friends Wallas and Olivier leaned was her mental climate also; but this did not militate against the habit of contemplation or indulgence in a spiritual exercise which she invariably defined as prayer. She would walk to St. Paul's in the afternoon and give herself up to a pure enjoyment of Evensong. And occasionally

she would permit herself a regret that Sidney was unable to share any one of her yearnings. He was never troubled; he was totally unaware of the subconscious. The "schism in the soul" had no existence for him. If the question came up in discussion, he would say that he was what the psychologists were pleased to call an integral personality. In the lifelong diary that is the basis of the autobiography Mrs. Webb has countless references to her inner life. The more mystical of these will be appreciated by a large number of her readers. Others will be inclined to accept as a guide to her working faith the many passages of which this is an example (1899):

It is childish to yearn after some sanction to the worth-whileness of human effort. For us who "know not" this sanction is unattainable. We can but follow the still small voice of moral instinct, which insists that we shall seek truth and love one another. Is the sanction the calm happiness in work, the peaceful delight in living?

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

HUNGARY 1848-49.

A CHIEF characteristic of the Hungarian scene between the Napoleonic wars and the European Revolution, that is to say throughout the whole era of Metternich and the Holy Alliance, was Metternich's endeavour to carry out modernising reforms in the country with which he was connected by many personal links. Between the two Imperial traditions prevailing—that of Maria Theresa, which consisted in creating a national dynastic nobility in the various parts of the Empire by respecting and improving local institutions, and that of Joseph II, which saw everything in terms of greater government efficiency and larger state revenues to be secured by a centralised bureaucracy—Metternich was always more inclined towards the first, while his colleague and rival in the Imperial Cabinet, the Finance Minister Count Kolowrat, was a fervent partisan of the second. Ever since the peace treaties, Metternich had urged a *Volkshaus*, a consultative Parliament for the whole Monarchy, as well as separate chancelleries for Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia, German Austria, Illyria and Lombardy-Venetia, in addition to the already existing chancelleries of Hungary and Transylvania. He considered that Joseph II's policy of vehement administrative and reforming zeal had awakened a strong national conscience in Hungary, which it was no longer either possible or advisable to suppress. Hungary was a source of considerable income for the Monarchy if she was properly administered and economically organised, but to Metternich's mind the political problem always took precedence. Francis I himself remarked to Metternich that having sworn his Coronation oath to uphold the ancient constitution of Hungary, he had no right to abolish it or to introduce a new one.

It followed also from the very spirit of the Holy Alliance that, as a counterpart to Czar Alexander's Polish constitutional experiment, a revival on a modern basis of Hungary's system of National Diets should take place. Except under Joseph II Hungary had always had a legislative body and her counties had always been administered by local elected representatives, although the suffrage was restricted to the clergy and the secular county nobility, the burghers of the

privileged free towns and the class of *honoratiore*s, i.e., the class of professional men trained in Latin.

The year 1848 was for Eastern Europe, and even in a broader sense for the whole of Europe, mainly the year of Metternich's fall. This event was the origin of the Hungarian crisis, which led to an armed conflict in which Russia intervened militarily and Britain was deeply concerned, and which foreshadowed much of the later European evolution. Thus, we have first to establish a correct picture of the "Metternich era"—quite different from the conventional picture of mere "reaction" and "hostility to any progress" popularised by Treitschke and his Prussian school.

The legislation of the Hungarian Diet of 1848 was to some extent influenced by a revolutionary rising in Vienna and Budapest, provoked by students and young intellectuals who were joined by the lower classes of the city. Yet this legislation, which put an end to serfdom, proclaimed the liberty of the Press, abolished the privileges of the legislative nobility and broadened the suffrage, and gave a civilian instead of a military administration to the Southern border (an anachronistic survival from the Turkish wars, just like the freedom from taxation of the nobility, who in the nineteenth century—the age of regular, professional armies—were still, theoretically at least, supposed to pay their "taxes in blood alone"), was the fruit of a long era of reforms initiated by Metternich himself, approved by Francis I and actively promoted by the Emperor's brother Archduke Joseph, the most remarkable and popular Palatine of Hungary. It is significant that at the death of this latter, hardly a year before the Revolution, the leader of the extreme reform party and future leader of the War of Independence, Louis Kossuth, made the principal speech in the Diet in honour of his memory.

The era of reform which began with the Diet of 1825 strove for economic improvement and a cultural revival. The twenty-five years preceding the Revolution were an era of considerable literary and scientific achievement by an eminent generation of Hungarians. Learned literary societies were founded, roads and railways were constructed, industrial and banking companies engaged in tremendous activity to remedy the backward state of the country, which in the 170 years of Turkish rule, between 1526 and the liberation campaigns of Prince Eugene, had sunk from the splendid Hungarian *quattrocento* of Matthias Corvinus to an Oriental level, resisting subsequently improvements because they were throughout the eighteenth century proposed from Vienna, in disregard of the country's ancient laws and privileges.

The "reformers" ranged from the personal partisans of Metternich and "Tory" aristocrats such as Counts Desseffy and Apponyi; the national "whig" higher nobility led by Count Stephen Széchenyi; the minor liberal nobles—for the leadership of whom Francis Deák, the great lawyer, a wise and balanced parliamentarian, and Louis Kossuth, a fiery, impulsive and temperamental tribune, were rivals—to the "doctrinaire" group of young intellectuals led by the philosopher, historian and poet, Baron Joseph Eötvös. The parties, as the most influential and intimate personal adviser of Metternich in Hungarian affairs emphasised, were agreed as to aims but differed vehemently as to most of the means.

British opinion was very interested in the Hungarian reform movement. As a leading scholar and politician of Kossuth's party, Francis

Pulszky, tell us in his *Memoirs*, British visitors were frequent in the galleries of the Diet; the British publicist John Bridget told his countrymen in a popular book published in 1839 that the Hungarian Parliament was a bulwark in the East against Russia's despotism and her drive towards the West. Count Stephen Széchenyi, who as a young Austrian cavalry officer had had the opportunity of seeing Wellington in his camp in the days of Waterloo, became a fervent admirer of this great model of a soldier-statesman of England and of British ways, which he studied on his frequent trips to this country. When Kossuth's political agitation in 1837-39 brought him to Buda fortress for two years he spent his time in prison learning English and devouring by the dozen volumes English literature and constitutional history.

Since the defeat of the Polish rising of 1830-31, the constitutional reformers felt the shadow of Russian military power and the peril of Pan-Slavism spreading over their work. This feeling was often voiced in the Legislative Assembly; more powerfully still by the poets and authors, among whom was Vörösmarty, who in one of his drinking songs hoped that the arms of his countrymen would be ready against the "frightful shadows of the North." The informal alliance between Britain and Austria and the emergence of a constitutional and federal Germany offered a hope that the Hapsburg Monarchy, a German power, would emancipate itself from the tutelage of St. Petersburg, inherent in the Holy Alliance in which Russia was the strongest partner. On the eve of the Revolution, the Liberal leaders of the Diet, Kossuth and Count Louis Batthiány, concentrated their criticism on the foreign policy of Metternich, whom they wrongly—or at least with much exaggeration—considered to be the chief agent of Russian influence in Vienna. The Imperial government had no official representative in the Diet to refute this popular version of affairs, a short-coming of a parliamentary system which was merely consultative and had no full governing powers felt by Metternich himself.

The revolutionary events in France, Italy and Germany precipitated the advent to power of the Hungarian Reform party, but the programme codified in the spring of 1848 would have been realised, though more slowly, even without the general European crisis. The laws of the spring of 1848 did, however, cause violent opposition which the Hungarian reformers hardly expected. Their intention was to create an efficient central government and to suppress various local autonomies which they considered to be obstacles to economic progress and administrative improvement. Yet Croatia preferred to depend directly on the Crown rather than the Budapest constitutional government, and deplored the loss of those privileges which the military character of the Southern border had conferred on her. She acclaimed the appointment as Banus (Viceroy) of Baron Jellačić, colonel of a border regiment promoted general for his new function, an appointment which was made independently of the new constitutional government of Budapest and which violated tradition in so far as the Banus had hitherto always been chosen from among the Croat peers of the "Associated Kingdoms," not from the Army. The Croat upheaval was joined by the Serb colony of the Southern border, which saw its autonomy equally imperilled, and by the Rumanians in Transylvania, who opposed the union of their "associate" country with Hungary proper.

In their reforming zeal, the constitutional government of Count

Louis Batthiány—which comprised all the parties of the Diet ranging from the conservative Prince Esterházy to the democratic and almost Republican Szemere and included Széchenyi, Deák, Eötvös and Kossuth (whose personal influence over the active masses in the revolutionised cities was, owing to his attractive oratory, the most important)—forgot the legitimate concerns of the Imperial government for the common finances and the defence of the various countries composing the Empire and thus created deep resentment in Vienna. The Batthiány-Kossuth government had to rely on Imperial troops to re-establish order on the Southern confines. It followed that they had to offer, with Kossuth's approval and despite radical agitation against the measure, Hungarian participation in the defence of the Hapsburg dominions in Italy, although it was agreed that Hungarian arms should only be used "to repulse Piedmontese aggression," not to suppress "the idea of Italian liberty." Nevertheless, many of the Imperial commanders refused to take the additional oath on the Hungarian March constitution, and only grudgingly obeyed the orders of the separate new Hungarian War Office which had command of all the Imperial troops garrisoned in Hungary under the constitution. They also refused to fight Croat troops commanded by the Banus Jellačić, in their eyes an Imperial General whose only aim was Imperial unity.

The splendid victory of Radetzky gave Vienna new prestige. The Imperial power had a chance to mediate in Hungary in the autumn and was ready to take it. Unfortunately events took a fatal turn. Count Eugen Zichy, Lord Lieutenant of one of the Southern border counties, his status as Peer of the Realm notwithstanding, was, for helping Jellačić, court-martialled by the constitutional troops and summarily executed. General Count Lamberg, on his way to Budapest as a Royal High Commissioner to put an end to the civil war in the South, was murdered while crossing the Danube in his coach. An insurrection broke out in Vienna and General Count Latour, Minister of War, was put to a cruel death.

Thus in October, 1848, a revolutionary turn was given to a movement which had originally aimed at social and constitutional reform. The moderate Hungarian ministers, Széchenyi, Esterházy, Eötvös and Deák, resigned and retired from the scene, as did Batthiány himself though as an officer of the National Guard the former Premier joined the forces of the Committee of National Defence, presided over by Kossuth. Reprisals were henceforth the policy of Vienna and no one advocated them more vehemently than the Austrian Minister of the Interior, Bach (soon afterwards made a Baron), a Liberal democrat brought to power by the Liberal wave of March. Field-Marshal Prince Windischgraetz took Vienna with the help of Jellačić's Croat regiments from the insurgents at the end of October; and by January 1st, 1849, he had reached Budapest, which offered no resistance. The conservative old soldier thought that this success had closed the campaign and showed moderation and humanity in the repression that followed. His main concern was henceforth to organise a new régime for a unified Austria. The weak-minded but benevolent Emperor Ferdinand, who was bound by his oath to the March constitution, abdicated in favour of his eighteen-year-old nephew Francis Joseph, "an Emperor to be shown to the legions as in Rome,"* who had received his baptism of fire under Radetzky in Italy.

* Prime Minister Prince Felix Schwarzenberg in his correspondence with the Army chiefs in the Vienna Kriegsarchiv.

The destinies of the Empire which had been saved from the Revolution was in the hands of the three Army leaders Windischgraetz, Jellačić and Radetzky, and the statesman whom they chose to succeed Metternich as Prime Minister and Chancellor, Prince Felix Schwarzenberg. Windischgraetz overestimated his victory. While staying in Budapest and devoting all his attention to the organisation of a new régime and a new Imperial constitution to assimilate Hungary's position to that of the other kingdoms and provinces composing the Empire, in disregard of what the Hungarians considered to be their "historic rights," Kossuth and the young military leaders of the constitutional army, promoted by him from captains and majors to be generals, organised with great skill a Hungarian force of 150,000 men behind the river Tisza and in the spring of 1849 almost completely reconquered the country. Escaped insurgents from Vienna, liberated Italian prisoners of war, Polish refugee veterans of 1830-31, foreign volunteers (among whom was the reckless British cavalryman Captain Richard de Guyon, whom his Hungarian wife had turned into a patriot of his adopted country, which made him a major-general) fought with great bravery for Hungary under most able leaders.

Two courses were open to young Francis Joseph and Schwarzenberg. They could have moved some of Radetzky's troops to Hungary, thus jeopardising the fruits of victory in Italy, or they had to ask for Russian assistance. Nicholas I viewed events in Hungary with grave misgivings, especially the presence at the head of the Hungarian troops of Transylvania of Joseph Bem, one of the best Polish generals of 1830-31. That Bem's next move would be to Poland, where the success of the Hungarian movement could revive the never completely extinguished flames, was a plausible hypothesis. Protests made by Palmerston and the French Foreign Minister, Alexis de Tocqueville, did not prevent Nicholas from ignoring treaties with the Sublime Porte and pouring an army into the Danubian principalities ready to move into Transylvania. Thus events in Hungary reopened the always disquieting Eastern Question and foreshadowed the Crimean War.

The prospect of this complication moved Kossuth to take a fatal step. Even his followers agree that he was ill-inspired to decide on the dethronement of the Hapsburg dynasty on April 14th, 1849. The rump Parliament which took refuge in Debreczen only grudgingly consented. The military leaders who fought for the March constitution in fidelity to their oath felt that their whole case had been destroyed, and made no secret that only the fear of reprisals in the event of surrender was keeping them on the battlefield after April 14th. Confidential agents of Kossuth in London and Paris dropped hints that Hungary would welcome a Coburg or a Bonaparte candidate, and a hint was given to the Russian Generalissimo Prince Paskievicz, whose army of 200,000 men moved into Hungary in June, that a Leuchtenberg related to the Romanovs, or even a younger branch of the Hapsburgs which would ally itself to them, might take the Crown of St. Stephen. These were rather fantastic combinations, born out of despair.

After a campaign of two months against the joint forces of two Empires, General Görgey (a thirty-year-old subaltern officer who like most of his fellow generals had been promoted by the Revolution), the Hungarian Commander-in-Chief, invested also with political power by Kossuth's resignation and the flight of Kossuth's government to Turkey, accepted an offer of Russian mediation and surrendered to the Czar's generalissimo, thinking that Hungarian military honour was

saved and that no gain could reasonably have been expected from further bloodshed.

This surrender "flattered the Russian's Oriental conceit" to such a degree that dresses *à la Gorgey* became the fashion in St. Petersburg, but infuriated the Austrian Commander-in-Chief Haynau, 'a brutal soldier who had replaced Windischgraetz in the spring of 1849, and who expected a surrender to the legitimate sovereign of Hungary. Haynau's indignation increased when Görgey and his fellow generals were received at the Russian headquarters with full military honours after their surrender on August 13th and when, in their presence and in the presence of the Imperial Austrian High Commissioner, Count Francis Zichy, the Russian General Count Ruediger raised his glass to "the happy termination of an unfortunate quarrel" between the Emperor King and his gallant Hungarian people. It seems that Haynau, not knowing the country and its history very well, believed the euphemistic statement of the Debreczen declaration of April 14th that Hungary had been "in constant revolt for 300 years" against the Imperial power.

Reconciliation would have been a wise course. But Haynau, invested by Vienna with full powers, was determined on reprisals, even on vengeance, especially as he was suspicious of the Russian intentions behind the ostentatious friendliness shown to the Hungarians. In his correspondence he made no secret of this, and his apologetic biographer General Schönhals declares that the decision of the Hungarian insurgents to surrender to the Czar rather than to their own sovereign was to blame for the fact that no conditions could be granted to them, so that, with the exception of Görgey for whom the Czar intervened personally, the insurgent leaders had to be court-martialled. Haynau delayed the trials until the last Hungarian fortress Komárom had surrendered on October 2nd. The right of free departure was granted to General Klapka and the officers of Komárom, who would have held out even longer if they had thought they would be court-martialled.

Five hundred prisoners were sentenced to death, but with the exception of 114, all were reprieved and within a few years all were amnestied, under the influence of the Empress Elisabeth, who after her marriage in 1854 set herself the noble task of reconciling Hungary to her husband. The number was not excessive, but the hanging as common criminals of gallant military leaders, brutal excesses by the *soldateska* which were not always held in check by the iron discipline of Austria, and the handing over to incompetent court-martials of constitutional Ministers and Members of Parliament, aroused the indignation of Europe, and, be it said to his honour, of Austria's grand old man Metternich who, however, lost more personally by the Revolution than anybody else and whose mediation for Hungary, sincere English Liberal friends of her cause in London solicited, unfortunately too late. The keenest Monarchist and the best friends of Austria could not help admitting that two wrongs do not make a right and that the summary execution of Count Louis Batthányi in October, 1849, could hardly repair the mob violence and the murders of the previous year in Vienna and Budapest.

Russia exacted the debt of Austria's gratitude in a common diplomatic action against Prussia at the Olmütz conference in 1850, when the threat of Austro-Russian arms, for a short while, eliminated every tendency towards German unity under Prussian leadership from the

Berlin government. The debt was not paid in the Crimean War. Despite Austrian resentment over the triumphal reception accorded to Kossuth on his arrival in England in 1851 and over the insult to General Haynau on his visit to London in 1850 (which subsequently made the Imperial Army refuse to send a detachment of honour to the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, honorary Field-Marshal of the Austrian Army, "the Austrian uniform not being respected in London") Metternich's principle that Austria should never oppose her old Ally of Waterloo still prevailed in Vienna. Unfortunately this principle did not prevail in the years after Bismarck's victory and the Austro-German Alliance, more especially not in 1914-18, when the bitter memories of 1849 bore fruit in the forces which disintegrated Magyar, German and Slav, with the result that the soil was prepared for incomparably greater misfortunes—those of the 1940's, the years of Hitler and Stalin.

BÉLA MENCZER.

THE SHAPE OF RELIGION TO COME.

"WE must believe in God, my dear child, in spite of what the clergy tell us." Jowett's witty epigram, if cruel, holds a deep truth. Indeed, he might have gone further. If we cannot accept all orthodox theology says of God, we cannot accept as true all the clergy say of man. The churches are empty, they tell us, and from this argue that people are indifferent to religion.

This is a shallow misconception. If religion meant merely church-going; if it were a matter of words going up while thoughts remain below; if it were merely a namby-pamby, goody goody skin-deep pie-ness, so easily the seed bed of hypocrisy, it is almost unchallengeable that many, many, especially among the young, are nowadays not only indifferent to religion, but have no use for it at all. If, however, religion is a characteristic of human life fundamental as thought itself in Descartes' "I think, therefore I am"; if there is in man an unescapable hunger and thirst unsatisfiable by the "perishing phantasmagoria" of the material world; if we for ever seek for something outside, beyond and above ourselves, making for a purpose and harmony in the scheme of things, and a high, holy and beneficent consummation, then men and women, when sane and balanced and capable of thought at all, can never be indifferent to religion. It is a cruel libel on them to say so. If the churches are empty, it is because they are giving the hungry a stone.

There will probably be fairly wide agreement that, in the deep sense indicated, man as man is fundamentally and inescapably religious. If we take primitive man, it would be utterly beyond his capacity to be indifferent to religion. Surrounded by mysterious forces outside and beyond him which, without visible shape, dominate his life, he conceives of them as "Spirits," and lives in terror of them. His religion is on the low level of fear and propitiation, but it is intense. Equally in the age of authority in religion, a few only of the most daring minds, far in advance of their time, could be indifferent. The ordinary man is overawed not only by the supernatural sanctions, which he believes to be vested in the Church, but by the civil government ever present in overwhelming power to enforce the decrees of the Church. For him indifference is out of the question, and remains

out of the question so long as authority holds dominion over him. Admittedly it no longer does so, for in the West Science has steadily undermined the whole scheme of things on which the old orthodoxy was based. Copernican astronomy has gradually reached the man-in-the-street, and has emancipated him from the spatial conception of Heaven and Hell, and the eschatological sanctions which went with them. The doctrine of evolution has rendered the historical truth of Genesis untenable. Biblical criticism, without touching the sublimity of the spiritual truths in the Gospels, has broken them as reliable historical documents. Over the whole field of dogmatic orthodoxy science has waged a winning battle. The very conception of Deity itself was shaken by the hypnotising triumphs of science in the nineteenth and early twentieth century. It looked as if materialistic physics was equipped to explain the Cosmos and all phenomena in terms of matter. Matter was held to be the ultimate reality. It stood out there in space unchallengeable, as Dr. Johnson thought the stone to be when he kicked it. If religion with its impalpable conceptions of "soul," "spirit," "God" conflicted with science, so much the worse for religion. By science man was at last emancipated from ecclesiastical authority and supernatural fears. He was at last free to be indifferent to religion in complete safety, so science assured him, in this world and the next, if he so desired.

But did he so desire? Many scientists, no doubt, became atheists, still more became agnostic. But we must remember, as Eastern thought emphasizes, that much true religion may dwell in atheism and agnosticism. They are at best but the tentative answers on the intellectual plane to man's perennial search for the answer to the riddle of the universe. The scientist's soul remains as hungry as the soul of the man in the street for that ultimate truth which gives purpose and direction to his existence. It can be transported by great music into regions of ecstasy above the reaches of the intellect and ratiocination, sin, suffering, old age and death. He may be indifferent to creeds; he may reject ecclesiastical authority and the Bible as historical or scientific truth, but the mystery of life and death and the beyond, unsolved by science, haunts him still. He can no more escape the problem of religion than fly from his shadow. And here not only the soul within the scientist calls for something beyond the pointer-readings of his science to worship, but as a scientist he is being forced by twentieth-century advances in science to suspect a something, a mind, beyond his physics, in explanation of the life in the phenomena he observes. The very bottom of the attack on religion by materialistic physics has literally fallen out. Matter, the solid substance of nineteenth-century physics, which could be measured and weighed and, moving according to deterministic law, had explained so much and which when properly understood would, it was claimed, ultimately explain all phenomena, physical and spiritual, matter itself disappeared. The atom—that which classic physics had declared could never be split—dissolved in 1911 under Rutherford into thin air. Einstein and Minskowski had already revolutionised thought on time and space. These also had ceased to be absolutes. Everything was relative, and relative to the mind of the observer. Man was left guessing again. Again the old, deep mystery surrounded him. Once more mind came into the picture. The idealism of Berkeley tended to be strong again. The universe could not be explained as a mindless machine. Space, time and matter were seen as an insubstantial

pageant which might be the thought of an infinite mathematical mind. The electrons and protons of the atom were not out there in space in the old-fashioned sense at all. Science now thought they were but manifestations of an "energy" inferred by the mind of an observer in explanation of the phenomena he observed.

But what is "energy"? Is it much more than a conventional term, like the symbol x in mathematics, for a something unknown, invisible and unexplained that lives, moves and has its being, and that can cause other things to live, move, and have being too? Our dictionaries, if they cannot define this ultimate for us, are perhaps suggestive of more than they intend when they give "force," "spirit," "life" as synonyms. The protons, neutrons, and the rest, the ultimates of "matter," which twentieth-century science has revealed, are they the very stuff of life itself? Is matter not dead, but pulsing with "energy," "life," "spirit"?

It is significant in the highest degree that Science in its latest declarations appears to answer these profound questions in the positive. But the really breath-taking fact is that, in so answering, it links with the Vedic philosophy of 4,000 years ago. That philosophy taught that there is but one life in all things; that separateness is the cardinal illusion (*Maya*). There is no separateness; matter and spirit are one. All is one and all things are emanations of the One, the Absolute, the Ultimate,—God, who known by names as many as the notes in music, is sought by the soul of man and in whom that soul finds the answer to the religious quest.

Science and religion are not then mortally at loggerheads, as was so commonly believed at the beginning of the century! Indeed, they begin to be seen as members one of another, both pointing the same way. Religion need no longer fear science. Science has fallen from its high estate. Two world wars, as Romain Rolland says, have shattered the blasphemous illusion that man, because of the fabulous triumphs of science, might legitimately fall down and worship himself. Science has produced Hiroshima and Nagasaki. From their ashes not only the body but the soul of man is seeking a salvation which soulless science cannot give.

The claim to omniscience which was to explain the cosmos in terms of physics has been abandoned. Physics is now seen to be nothing more than a schedule of pointer-readings and its cyclic scheme is but a partial aspect of a wider reality. "The recognition," says Eddington, "that our knowledge of the objects treated in physics consists solely of readings of pointer and other indicators transforms our view of the status of physical knowledge in a fundamental way."* It is perceived there is something transcending physics and its pointer readings. There is a background outside and beyond the scope of its investigations. And by an insight, given, argues Eddington, by our own consciousness, we perceive that background to be a consciousness similar to and continuous with our own, though as far transcending our particular consciousness as the infinite cosmos transcends the tiny speck in space which is our earth.

Yet since it is in nature similar to and continuous with human consciousness, the cosmic consciousness like human consciousness demands design and purpose in its manifestations, an awareness of the eternal values, and a power of communion with all life. We may legitimately argue to a spiritual world over-arching and underpinning

* *Nature of Physical World*. By G. Eddington. Everyman. p 250.

our physical world. We may reach the "Divine Ground" of Aldous Huxley's Perennial Philosophy, and join him in pointing towards a Divine Spirit as the Alpha and Omega of the cosmos in which the restless soul of man may find peace ineffable.

Here the argument in favour of religion from science and philosophy is reinforced by Albert Schweitzer from metaphysics. Schweitzer (Mr. George Seaver tells us in his recent brilliant study) was plunged into deep intellectual scepticism by the hideous spectacle all around us of unspeakable suffering and cruelty; of life struggling for its own existence at the expense of other life; of meaningless destruction amid apparently meaningful creative forces. There seemed to him to be something more wrong with the world than could be accounted for by human sin; there was a radical evil that everywhere perversely baffled the loftiest human aspirations. The crushing result of knowledge, science, and intellectual inquiry, Schweitzer felt, was that we cannot know the meaning of the world and that, as we see it, ethics plays no part in it. If on the intellectual plane the world is inexplicable, unintelligible and unethical, there comes the dark question: Is life worth while? Pondering an answer, Schweitzer sought for the primary concept in human consciousness. Differing from Descartes' "I think therefore I am," he argued that the primary concept is not "I think," but "I am," and went on to inquire: "I am what?" He replied: "I am the will to live." In man this will to live has come to be conscious of the other wills to live around him. We feel that the infinite life outside us is in some way an extension of our own finite life. There springs within us a reverence for all life. We are seized with deep pity for its suffering and an urge to devote ourselves to its help and service. In this powerful urge man's will to live rises above the animal instinct to live for itself alone. In this uprising man's purification has begun. Through the catharsis of unselfishness he comes to seek in humility and self-naughting to transcend our finite being by union with Infinite Being. And what, we may add to Schweitzer's questions, is Infinite Being but another name for the "I am that I am" of Genesis when in a blinding flash of inspiration, God is made so to name himself? The same flash blazes forth in the "So hamasmi" of the Isa Upanished which Professor Radakrishnan translates by the same immortal words "I am that I am."*

We have high authority, therefore, from the East and from the West if we point to religion's answer as giving the ultimate solution to the problem of life. We have more than Jowett on our side if we say we must believe in God. But then comes the supreme question: What God and what is the sort or kind or shape of the religion to which modern thought points? It is clear that the conception of God can no longer be of a God limited to a tribe, or one whose saving grace is confined to a particular creed or church. Such a God was the natural conception of an age of oxen transport and geographical distances rendering one people ignorant of the existence of the other. But science, which has made the East next door to the West, and knows of no laws which are not universal, can only point towards a universal Cosmic God outside and beyond its limited sphere. In so doing, however, it leaves the seeking soul of man free, without violating the teaching of science, to accept the evidence of the great religious geniuses of every age and Faith, who have reached beyond science and whose intuition has enabled them to apprehend the Self revelation of

* *Eastern Thought and Western Religion*, p. 124.

the Cosmic God, and to clothe Him with the Divine attributes of Truth, Beauty, Goodness, Light, Life and Love. The cosmic religion to come will in no way fail in profound veneration for the great Faiths of the past. He would be blind indeed who could shut his eyes to the supreme spiritual values enshrined in the Christian and all the other great Faiths at their best. The lives of devoted service to their fellow men of thousands of unknown priests and ministers, the holy meditation in humility and self-naughting of numberless monks, nuns and hermits, as well as the lives of myriads of humble souls in all walks of life, who have drawn their inspiration from the varied creeds, dogmas, liturgies and ceremonials of the past, have consecrated those beliefs and practices to all right-thinking men and women. Few who have witnessed a high Easter Celebration at Chartres in its triumphant magnificence, or the holy calm of a Friends Service but would feel the world would be the poorer without them.

But when we have said all that it remains true that, as science expands in knowledge, a religion which is to retain no tenet contrary to science must develop with the development of knowledge, and ever widen with new truth. The great changes in science have rendered a vast amount of theology and its creeds as out of date as are rushlights in the dark. The cultured modern mind, though seeking the Light as humbly as a mediæval saint, cannot accept what science has demonstrated to be plain error of fact and retain its integrity. This in no way denies that there is a faculty of intuition in man which guides to spiritual truth beyond the reach of the intellect and of science. There is a region, to which religion, music, art and beauty belong, beyond and above mere ratiocination, but that region, because it is above reason, is not, therefore, contrary to reason. If the revelations of intuition are contrary to reason, we are wise to be sceptical in the extreme regarding them. But is it not most comfortingly true that of the great salvation giving intuitions above and beyond expression in words and ratiocination, none is contrary to reason?

The high religion of the future must embrace the whole race of man in every land, of every colour, of every stage of culture, and of every Faith. It must be Catholic in the highest and widest sense of that term. If all men are the offspring of God, then it is unworthy to attempt to limit His love to those professing a particular creed. We must admit that in the vast compass of His care, every seeking soul may within the limits of its spiritual capacity find a saving grace. Religion to be worthy of the all-embracing God must harmonise all the Faiths into a magnificent synthesis, which far from extinguishing or weakening or merging the aspirations of any one of them, will help each one to grow in spirit and in truth according to its own age, race, culture, language, and spiritual development. There is here no question of proselytising; of making the Hindu become a Christian or the Jew a Taoist. The high religion of the future will disturb no man's faith. It will seek to deepen the faith that is in him and raise him to purer visions of God. Its aim will be to inspire the Christian to be a better Christian; the Buddhist to be a better Buddhist; and in time to assimilate into his own life and Faith any higher vision of the Divine he may come to see is contained in another Faith. In that high charity which thinketh no evil he will see all the great Faiths, including his own, as but partial revelations of the Divine which can never be fully comprehended by finite man. He will come to see them as but bridges to the Divine—differing from one another as one

star differs from another in glory—but still as but bridges. He will be more concerned with the Light on the further shore, and bringing that Light to searching souls than with the particular bridge. William Law puts the point finely : “ There is but one salvation for all mankind and that is the Life of God in the soul. . . . That is God’s gift to all Christians, Jews, and heathen. There is not one for the Jew and another for the Christian, and a third for the heathen. NO. GOD is ONE. Human nature is one and salvation is one—and that is the desire of the soul turned to God.”

Religion is something infinitely greater than any particular expression of it in any creed, church, temple or mosque. It is the searching after God ; the groping for the Vision. That Vision will carry us to an understanding of the all-embracing compassion of God, who proclaims in the Bhagavad Gita :

“ Nay, and of hearts which follow other Gods
In simple faith, their prayers arise to me,
. . . though they pray wrongfully.
For I am the Receiver and the Lord of every sacrifice.”

The high religion of the future will give its highest benediction to those who find full rest for their soul in the creeds and symbols of the past and seek only to raise them to a richer understanding of their Faith. It will, however, be most of all for the growing number of those in all lands who cannot accept the traditional Faiths because they are based on premises they can no longer believe. Premises which appear to them so irrelevant to the hunger and thirst for the Divine—the desire of the soul turned to God—which is the essence of religion pure and undefiled. That religion must be something incomparably more than a mere ethical code, however exalted. It must have the colour, warmth, light, life and love which have made the traditional Faiths so precious to mankind. If the growing numbers outside the churches feel the want, machinery will be found to satisfy it. Already various spiritual movements, based on universal brotherhood, or world unity, or world fellowship through religion, are springing up. Great International Congresses attended by representatives of all the great Faiths, are being arranged. It may be that something permanent, some community, some ashram, some Temple of the Cosmic God will result, as result it will if it gives the hungry bread. Meanwhile, the adherents of the high religion to come need not wait for a new church or erect new temples to find the warmth, life, light and colour for which the religious soul seeks. They will find them in the churches, temples and holy buildings of to-day. To them God is everywhere and can be worshipped in spirit and in truth wherever men are gathered together in His Name.

Above all, the religion to come will not regard religion so much as a matter of the past, high and holy as the revelations of God in the past have been, as supremely a matter of ever-growing revelation and experience. Science tells us the history of mankind, and of his religion has just begun. The hope of humanity is that we are but the specks of a moment in a majestic process of cosmic evolution towards an unimaginable perfection in which in some way each one of us may find a place. The religion of the Superman to come will be as far in advance of the religion of our present distraught and divided earth as the religion of St. Francis of Assisi was to the taboo of the terror-ridden savage. In the words of Vivekananda, the great Indian advocate of the Universal Religion :

"I accept all religions that were in the past and worship with them all. I worship God with every one of them." Then he finely asks: "Is God's book finished or is it a continuous revelation still going on?" And replies: "The Bible, the Vedas, the Koran, and all other sacred books are but so many pages and an infinite number of pages remain to be unfolded."

One thread links the pearls of great price into the price-less necklace. Only through a high religion all-embracing and tolerant as the love of God can mankind be linked in the bond of peace for which the whole world so piteously travaileth—and for which without religion, the politicians travail in vain.

JOHN STEWART-WALLACE,
Hon. Secretary,
World Congress of Faiths.

EDWARD HOWARD'S LYRICS AND ESSAYS.

IN *The Times Literary Supplement*, September 28th, 1946, I gave an account of the manuscript that has come to light of the "lost" Restoration play, the Honourable Edward Howard's *The Change of Crowns*, acted on April 15th, 1667, which gave great offence to King Charles II. I am not here concerned with this or his other plays or with his two "heroic poems," *The British Princes* and *Caroliades*, an epic on the Civil War. Sir Charles Firth, though he otherwise, in my opinion, dismissed this epic too summarily, printed from it in *Notes and Queries*, April 13th, 1888, a passage (of which the following lines are part) in which a "character of science" contemplates the "effigies" of a number of British worthies, including the chief Elizabethan dramatists:

Near these in Statue witty Shakspeare stood
Whose early Plays were soonest next to Good.
And like a vast Dramatick Founder show'd
Bounties of Wit from his large Genius flow'd.
Whose worth was by this Learned duely weigh'd
As in Effigie there he stood display'd.
But more stupendious to his Soul appear'd
Proportions which great Johnsons Form declar'd.

This preferential eulogy on Jonson is expanded in ten further lines, followed by praises of Beaumont and Fletcher. The relevant parts of this passage were incorporated by Mr. John Munro in his revised edition of *The Shakspeare Allusion Book* (1909), and by Dr. J. F. Bradley and Dr. J. Quincy Adams in their Cornell University *Jonson Allusion Book* (1922). Bradley and Adams also gave in it some short excerpts from Edward Howard's little-known volume of *Poems and Essays* (1674).

Among their omissions was the most ardent and challenging of Howard's prose tributes to Jonson, and the scope of their anthology necessarily limited, apart from their context, the full significance of the passages quoted. Nor did Professor G. E. Bentley of Princeton University in his work comparing the seventeenth-century reputations of Shakespeare and Jonson (1945), though he gleaned fruitfully in

Howard's plays and prefaces, add further from the *Poems and Essays*. It is there, as will be seen, that Howard pays homage to the major Elizabethan dramatists most explicitly. Thus the line in *Caroloiades* concerning Shakespeare, "Whose early Plays were soonest next to Good," is ambiguous. It might mean that Howard ranked the comedies and histories of the dramatist's younger days above the later tragedies, which indeed he elsewhere did not mention among the best of their kind. But it is clear from one of the most rhythmically pleasing lyrics in the 1674 volume, *On Former Poets*, that the epithet "early" had a different and deeper significance:

Though Death's pale Scepter men obey,
 Their written Wit does last decay :
 Surviving that resistless fate
 Does Soul and Body separate ;
 And of all mortal Arts we see,
 Comes nearest Immortality.
 Thus Johnson's Wit we still admire,
 With Beaumont, Fletcher's lasting fire :
 And mighty Shakespear's nimble vein,
 Whose haste we only now complain.
 His Muse first post was fain to go,
 That first from him we Plays might know.

Thus, in Howard's view, Shakespeare was the solitary pioneer in English drama, and too impetuously eager to be in the van. Could anything indicate more plainly the breach in theatrical tradition caused by the Civil War than that Howard, widely read and keenly interested in the stage, should have caught no echo of the resounding playhouse triumphs of Kyd and Marlowe ? He proceeds characteristically to contrast the Elizabethan giants with their successors in his own day:

Though in each Muse of theirs we finde
 What's now above all humane kinde :
 Our greatest Wit is to allow
 We cannot write as they could do.

He ends on a higher note :

Though long our Story boasts great Kings,
 Not every Raign good Poet sings.
 Nature is pleas'd not to permit
 A propagation of their Wit.

Poets are prodigies of men,
 And such she gives but now and then :
 To Gyant-Wit 'tis only given
 T'aspire unto the Muses Heaven.

It is to a more specialised aspect of the plays of Shakespeare, Jonson and Fletcher that Howard turns in *The Interrogation* which takes its title from its opening lines:

Tell me, my Muse, why thou desir'st to be
 So much indulg'd to Love's soft Poesie :
 Or dost thou think thy Flames can kindle wit
 Equal to what is on that Subject writ ?

He instances some of those who have excelled in their treatment of that subject :

If we ascend from ours to Homer's time
And take along our own best sense and Rhime,
The witty Fletcher, and Elaborate Ben,
And Shakespeare, had the first Dramatique Pen :
In most of their admired Scenes we prove
Their Busines or their Passion turns to love.

Here again Howard hails Shakespeare as the dramatic pioneer, and claims that Love plays the chief part on the stage of the three dramatists. This is broadly true of Fletcher, but only in part of Shakespeare, and even less of Jonson. But "elaborate" is an unusual and happy epithet applied to the workmanship of Ben.

In another poem *The Farewell* three of the four great playwrights receive a further tribute in company with the mightiest of the epic poets of antiquity. Howard has bidden his Muse a hundred times farewell because the critics of his day are so rigid. But she declines to go and reminds him that the loftiest bards have to endure the censure of their contemporaries :

She farther told how Homer was despis'd,
And mock'd and envy'd in his time.
Nor mighty Maro Deify'd,
Till Rome had understood her crime :
Then what is't if my Fate I blame,
Since those great Poets live by future fame ?

Next these she reckons our eternal Ben,
Beaumont and Fletcher's noble vein,
Who liv'd in our yet Age of men,
And did as much their faults complain :
Happy, she said, in being gone,
Whil'st now mean Wit's receiv'd above their own.

With these tributes in verse to the "big four" of the Elizabethan theatre there has to be associated a notable passage in his essay on *Criticism and Censure*. After a violent attack on the "Scurrility, Bawdery and Prophaneness" of the wits and poets of his day he continues :

Yet with this stuff, they are ready to vye with all former commendable Writers : Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher and Johnson, must be nothing with them, though such majestic strength of Wit and Judgement is due to their Dramatique Pieces. Of Johnson, I dare affirm that he is yet unparallel'd by the world, and may be some succeeding Ages : He gave our English Tongue firmness, greatness, enlarged and improved it, without patching of French words to our speech, according to some of our modern Pens : insomuch that I question whether any of the Wit of the Latine Poets be more Terse and Eloquent in their Tongue, than this great and Learned Poet appears in ours.

This passage deserves to become classical as the high-water mark of Restoration worship of Jonson's dramatic art, scarcely "on this side idolatry," and it gives weighty support to Professor Bentley's contention that "throughout the (seventeenth) century Jonson was more popular in England than Shakespeare."

Less notable but characteristic of Edward Howard's egotistic vein is the turn that he gives to an essay *Of My Self* to Jonson's critical

outburst in his *Timber or Discoveries* against what he thought to be Shakespeare's carelessness:

Ben Johnson said of Shakespear's Works, that where he made one blot, he wish'd he had made a thousand: If my brethren of Pernassus be content with me to take as many amongst us, I will with good satisfaction share with them, though I do not finde more of my Lines that deserve a Purge for being Aguish or Gouty, than I do, of theirs.

The self-satisfied tone of these last words is heard more resonantly in the concluding section of this essay:

I have this more to say for myself, that (were it not for ostentation) it lyes sufficiently in my power to compare myself advantageously with the greatest part of men of as generous a birth as I am. . . . I study no form of words, or modes, of deceit. I am neither so prodigal or covetous; no associate of such Cabals of impertinence and debauchery, as not a few of my equals are addicted to.

None the less this essay contains some notable reflections including something like an anticipation of Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*:

If a man considers how far he can recollect past thoughts, and how early Children are for the most part capable and expressive of such knowledge, as could not reasonably be supposed learn'd or taught them, it will make a good judgement inclineable to permit the Soul a Divine pre-existence or being.

Even more remarkable in the essay on *Mathematicks* is a forecast of some of the recent metaphysical speculations associated especially with A. N. Whitehead:

It has so much to do with Heaven, that if any Knowledge was most immediately given to man from God, it was most probably this. It does immaterially, as I may say, express and abstract its operations from things, and yet delivers them no less fully to our conceptions; which must be granted a kinde of supernatural manner of thought in no small measure applicable to the Divine and Spiritual being of God.

From other essays we learn more about Howard. It does him credit to have found in "my Lord Bacon," whose aphoristic style was so different from his own, "the best example of an Essayist throughout the world." In his youth he had been a "trifler with the Lute and Fiddle." Even when past his middle age he found his wit and judgement as firm as ever, but some defect in his memory and hearing, "the first of which was never good young." Life in retirement had no attraction for him. "I cannot believe but a due commerce with Mankind is a very considerable duty of life. . . . I do not doubt but there are as sublime instructions to be drawn from Courts, as from the strictest Cells; nay, possibly better."

In a poem *The Wish*, he holds the balance so even between town and country that we are scarcely prepared for the display of warm feeling for the latter in the verses *Being in the Country*:

Observe how Nature does with fruitful chance
Scatter her good, and here and there advance
Tall trees and plants without man's art or toil,
Yet does submit them to his use and spoil:
Though furrows in her Face the Plough does tear
She feels no blemish, or Black-patch does wear.

And there follows a panegyric on the varied joys of rural living for the "mean-man." Howard's love lyrics are in the main too sensuous or too conventional to show him to advantage, though some of them contain ingenious fancies. More notable are the meditative poems on such weighty themes as *The World, Time, Of Change and Death*. In the last of these the dominant note is the transitoriness of earthly glories:

The greatest Monarchs spreading thoughts and might,
Pursu'd by Death and Time, confess their flight.

The Macedon with Caesar now might weep,
Not for more worlds, but this no power can keep.
Their meanest Slave as well himself might bring
To Rome, or Babylon, and be their King.
Man's glories here are like a Stages Scene,
Beheld, but till the next does intervene.

Yet there is an air of dignified acceptance in Howard's own attitude towards Life's inevitable close:

This certain honour does by Death accrew,
If when it comes 'tis bravely welcom'd too.
Death's must is only man's fit time to end;
'Tis vain to wish it when it can't attend.

Heaven grant my end may so my soul comply,
That least it fear itself when I must dye.

Similarly he ends his essay *Of Living and Dying*:

As for death, as it is of necessity and without us, and claims nothing from us that we can call absolutely ours; so we are obliged and ought to be prepared to bid it welcom: there being no greater imbecility of minde, than in being unwilling to leave Life, which we neither can, or ought, to keep.

It was probably in one of the closing years of the seventeenth century—the date is unknown—that Howard had to put these brave words to their acid test.

F. S. BOAS.

PEASANT MOVEMENTS IN EASTERN EUROPE.

THE trials of M. Petkov and Dr. Maniu as well as the conditions which caused M. Nagy and M. Mikolajczyk to run away from their countries have had a deep repercussion in this country. They have outraged the feelings of the British people and have been strongly condemned by the most representative voices of the country. It seems, however, that the political implications of such martyrdom have not been fully realised. All four had to suffer as leaders of the peasant political movements in the countries behind the iron curtain. They are, however, only a few among the scores of similar cases where representatives of peasant movements are prosecuted or accused as "enemies of the people," "spies," "agents of foreign reactionaries,"

etc. In my country, Croatia, hardly any political trial takes place where the Croat peasant leader, M. Matchek, is not denounced by the people's prosecutor as "arch-enemy" and "arch-traitor" of the people, although he was interned until the end of the war.

The countries of Eastern and Danubian Europe to-day have two essential characteristics in common. (1) The overwhelming majority of their population lives on the land, and they are, in consequence, predominantly peasant countries. (2) They have a political, social and economic order thrust upon them which is hostile to the conception of life of the majority of their population. When after the end of the war new revolutionary régimes were introduced into the countries of Eastern and Danubian Europe, a somewhat superficial view of their position was formed. These countries were immediately described as definitely won over to a political and social system alien to the immense majority of the population even before the new régimes had shown any visible signs of stabilisation. Simultaneously these countries were written off from the community of nations and pushed behind an iron curtain. This occurred before their peoples were able to show any feelings about the new régimes. In the same hasty way the peasant peoples of Eastern and Danubian Europe were dealt with by the Allied Powers before the end of the war at conferences where the basic principles of the future organisation of peasant Europe were laid down. It was often stressed during the war that the post-war organisation of Europe was to be based on the freely expressed popular will. This principle was ignored in the predominantly peasant countries of Europe, and the imposed new régimes were accepted in the West without much hesitation as a lasting new order. Such an attitude towards the peasant peoples, manifested so clearly, was not accidental. It is based on a view about peasants formed through centuries and, curiously enough, shared both by Marxists and Western believers in the principles of liberalism, according to which peasants are ignorant and reactionary, incapable of thinking freely, always easy victims of propaganda, and ready to become instruments in the hands of others. Western liberals have been in favour of the right of self-determination and self-government of the Asiatic peoples. But when protests were raised against one-party elections for constituent assemblies in European peasant countries, prominent Western papers tried to explain this travesty of elections by saying that the peoples of Eastern and Danubian Europe have never had free elections. These opinions were published almost side by side with the results of the elections for constituent assemblies in Asia, where in former colonies various political groups were able to compete at elections with one another. Communists, on the other hand, while claiming equality and self-determination for African black peoples, imposed upon European peasant nations a political and social system where a man's life and livelihood depend on the good will of his self-imposed ruler.

What are the real facts with regard to peasants? In Eastern and Danubian Europe they are not farmers in the British sense, not just a set of human beings engaged in agriculture. Peasants form the foundations of the nation itself, and give specific and distinct features to the whole national life. They have been oppressed and exploited for years. They had to endure immense sufferings. Nevertheless, they not only survived but became a more and more important factor. It is a great mistake to speak of the ignorance of the peasant at the present time. An average peasant has a greater general knowledge

than an average worker. To be able to survive he must know much more than an industrial worker, who passes his whole life by a machine in the workshop. Moreover, he lives in permanent and intimate contact with nature, and his reactions are more natural than those of a town dweller. He is eager to learn, and his great concern is to have a school where he can send his children. It is not surprising that he has been able to build up, through daily experience centuries old, his own outlook on life, and that he has a carefully considered opinion on the problems of to-day. His laborious life has taught him not to expect miracles overnight. That is why he is by nature patient, persevering, and invincible when engaged in political struggle.

The rise and growth of peasant movements are by themselves the best evidence of peasant political consciousness. The first peasant movements came into being at the beginning of this century, and between the wars became a political factor to be reckoned with in Danubian and Eastern Europe. In Bulgaria under the leadership of Stambolisky, in Poland under Vitos, in Croatia under Raditch, peasants became the chief political force. Even in largely industrialised Czechoslovakia, headed by Svehla and Hodza, the Agrarian Party was the leading political group. The reaction to such developments was bound to come from the forces which considered themselves endangered in their privileged positions. In consequence, Stambolisky and Raditch were murdered, Vitos had to flee from his country, Hodza died in exile. Yet the result of the unequal struggle was contrary to the expectations of its promoters. The peasants did not give way. On the contrary, they stuck firmly together. To quote an example, the Croat peasant party between the wars was outlawed three times, its founder and leader assassinated, yet it won all general elections in Croat countries between the wars with increasing majorities. Mr. H. H. Tiltman, in his book *Peasant Europe*, writes that these electoral victories are "a record in solidarity for any democratically elected political party in Europe." The last war, in which the countries of Eastern and Danubian Europe were one of the main battlefields, only strengthened peasant consciousness.

The peasant as he emerged out of the second world war was a much greater problem to new régimes than the old ruling classes. Former rulers were simply done away with. The middle class was deprived of its property and reduced to poverty and impotence. The working-class socialist representatives follow an opportunist policy and are gradually losing their independence and individuality. The peasant was not to be so easily eliminated. The post-war history of the East European and Danubian countries is to a large extent filled with an uninterrupted struggle of the ruling group against peasants. Various tactics are used to crush them as the basis and backbone of the nation, and thus to stabilise the new régimes. To illustrate the means and ways used to this end, I propose to quote a few examples. (1) The endeavours to divide peasants into richer and poorer or leftists and rightists, while preaching working-class unity, were based on ignorance of peasant psychology and were doomed to fail from the beginning. A village was always a stronger moral unit than a factory. The difference in the general outlook, standard of living and social position between skilled workmen and unskilled labour is far greater than between a richer and a poorer peasant in a village. There is scarcely any social difference even between a peasant and his labourer, if he has any. (2) The suppression of peasant movements and the attempts

to supersede them by so-called left-wing peasant groups have also been a disappointment to their authors. These groups were unable to attract masses of the people. (3) Partition of lands, as the last general election in Hungary testifies, has not caused the peasant to change his attitude. He accepted the land, but refused to join the followers of the régime. This failure is another proof of the ignorance of peasant psychology on the part of the present rulers of Eastern Europe. They are not in favour of private property in land, but they partitioned land to win over to their cause poorer peasants and labourers. The failure of plans connected with agrarian reform resulted in increased propaganda in support of fusing peasant smallholdings into so-called "working co-operatives" (Soviet kolkhozes). This propaganda met with even less success. (4) Requisitioning of peasant produce is not practised in Yugoslavia according to the harvest, but according to a governmental plan drawn up early in the year. So far this plan always had to be enforced. An additional cause of the widening of the gap between the new régimes and the peasants is the persistently unfavourable proportion between the existing prices of agricultural produce and industrial products. Only against this background can the implications of the trials of Petkov, Dr. Maniu, etc., be fully understood.

Since this article was written, Marshal Tito's closest collaborator and Vice-Premier, M. Kardelj, dealing in the Belgrade periodical *Komunist* with the peasant problem, admits the failure of violent measures.

"Only by a long process of education," he declares, "can the mass of small and middle peasants be drawn into collective and systematic effort. . . . The process of modernisation cannot be carried out simply by the apparatus of coercive bureaucracy, but needs the sympathy and hard work of the peasants themselves. . . . To attempt to impose new forms of economic organisation upon peasants would in any case fail. There are people in villages who will oppose change in every way they can."

DR. JURAJ KRNJAVIĆ.

THE ALBATROSS.

THERE must be few sagas of the sea that do not refer somewhere to albatrosses, and few mariners who are not familiar with these great and wonderful birds. For they are truly the kings of all sea birds, and are the largest and among the most numerous of all the truly oceanic species. Albatrosses are the birds of the southern oceans, although they are frequently encountered elsewhere about the world, and are always distinguished from all other birds by their huge size, the enormous span of their extremely narrow wings, and of course their habit of gliding and sailing tirelessly over the waves. It is interesting to note that these birds, unknown to the landlubber, are among the few species which can be studied only by those who sail the seas, for they are almost completely oceanic in habit, touching land only to breed and then usually on the most inaccessible and outlandish islands of the far north.

Scientifically the albatrosses belong to the same family as the smaller petrels, and are members of that unique class of birds known technically as the tubinares, from the strange arrangement of external tubular

nostrils that surmount the bill. Actually the tubinarine birds constitute one of the largest groups of marine birds in the world, but there are only thirteen known species of albatross, and these fall easily into two quite distinct classes, those with white or mostly white plumage, which appear mainly in the cold southern oceans, and those with more range of darker coloration, which group corresponds roughly with the species found in more northerly and rather warmer waters.

The name albatross, incidentally, is derived somewhat surprisingly from the Portuguese word *alcatraz*, meaning 'a pelican, such was the confusion among the early observers of sea birds. Albatrosses are essentially birds of the southern hemisphere, although ships do meet with them almost anywhere in the world's oceans. They prefer the open sea wherever they wander, and very rarely approach land unless driven by prevailing winds. Consequently we never see any of the species in or around the coasts of Great Britain, and the only albatross that is included in the complete list of known wild birds that have ever occurred in these islands is a single specimen of a black-browed albatross, the commonest species, which was picked up exhausted in Cambridgeshire, of all places, on July 9th, 1897. Such a freak is more than rare, for the bird must have wandered over half the globe before it sank helpless on to the English countryside. One or two others are reported to have been seen off the northern coasts from time to time, but positive proof is missing.

You have to get a long way from land to see albatrosses in their element. They are rare among birds in being able to remain out in mid-ocean for four-fifths of their lives, coming to land only to raise their single young. Every sailor knows that albatrosses follow ships; they are indeed the gulls of the ocean, and they become exceedingly intelligent and often comparatively tame towards ships at sea. What is not perhaps so generally known is that they sometimes hang on to vessels for very long periods. Dr. William Beebe, the well-known American marine biologist, tells of one bird which followed a ship for 3,000 miles, while another bird tailed a ship for six consecutive days without any observed break. It was in sight almost constantly throughout the daylight hours, and as far as is known never once left the air during that time.

Just what is it, then, that enables this class of sea birds to perform so amazingly feats of endurance and aerial skill unknown among other birds? The answer lies partly in the construction of the wing of an albatross. This is by far the longest of any bird we know is alive to-day, but like most interesting superlatives in nature, is often rather exaggerated. The largest of all the albatrosses, the wandering albatross, which shares with the great condor the distinction of being the largest flying bird in existence, has a wing-span of about eleven or twelve feet, only very rarely more. This enormous wing length, coupled with the small and relatively short tail, the legs set far back in the streamlined body, enables the albatross to adopt a mode of life unique in nature. Like any large flying machine, it depends upon a certain minimum of wind to enable it to become airborne and to fly for hours and even days at a stretch. Unlike most birds of the air which soar and sail with effortless ease, the albatross rarely rises very high into the air, preferring to glide quite low over the water. This is because it makes full use of the air currents which rise off the waves, a slight rearrangement of its wing position enabling the air to hold it up without the need for wing-beats. Such mastery of the art of gliding appears quite effortless, the

great white birds skimming, turning, diving and banking just above the sea as if suspended by some invisible thread.

Such a specialised form of flight depends for its success upon this wind-power, and for this reason albatrosses are not normally found in areas where the wind is slight or liable to drop. Far out in the ocean they are always sure of the necessary wind and can progress on days of high winds at ground speeds of anything up to 100 miles an hour. But without wind they are literally helpless, and cannot rise from the water unless there is a decent headwind. A becalmed albatross is rare, for the reason just mentioned, but it is quite out of its element. Similarly an albatross on land is a rather ungainly thing and the nest colonies are seldom far from the water of the cold oceans wherein the favourite rocky or sandy islands lie. Another interesting point about the almost completely aerial life of the albatross is shown when specimens are caught, as they still are sometimes, on the decks of ships. A large hook on a stout line, baited with a lump of meat, has caught many an unsuspecting albatross, but once hooked and landed the great bird flaps about helplessly on the flat deck, and so unaccustomed is it to the rolling motion of a ship at sea that it quickly becomes quite literally seasick and vomits up its oily crop contents.

With such flying equipment the albatross can not only stay in the air for long periods in a fixed area, but it can travel immense distances with apparently little difficulty. It is known quite definitely that one bird covered 3,000 miles in just twelve days, while many a specimen has flown right round the globe with a little effort. Such powers have their disadvantages as well as their advantages, for it seems strange to be able to traverse thousands of miles of ocean and then at the end of the journey have great difficulty in getting up off the water in calm weather. Or again to be able to hang in mid-air, sailing into the wind indefinitely, yet on land to trip up over the smallest obstructions and fall helplessly on the breast, the great wings being quite useless in such a circumstance. Yet all of these are common happenings in the life of an albatross.

The wandering albatross reaches a body length of about 53 inches and a weight of around twenty pounds, which is a great weight for a bird, a seagull rarely tipping the scales at more than a pound or two. It is mainly white with faint black tips to its wings and tail, and is found all over the circumpolar seas from 30 deg. to 60 deg. S., breeding, as do most of the white birds, on subantarctic islands where they may be very dangerous if visited by humans. The powerful bills can slash through boots and clothing into the flesh with great ease if the roughly constructed nests with their single big eggs or grotesque downy young are approached too closely. Incidentally these eggs have to be incubated for anything up to three months, both parent birds taking a share in this and in feeding the perpetually hungry young upon regurgitated and partly digested food. Albatrosses feed mostly upon cuttle-fish and squids, settling down gently upon the surface with wings upstretched and sometimes taking food from just below the surface. They also pick up floating refuse from ships and have been known to take other and smaller sea-birds. As might be expected from a creature that expends so much energy in flight, the albatross family all have capacious and continual appetites, but this is partly due to the speed of their digestions. Food taken is assimilated so speedily that the birds are always hungry, and after severe storms, when food was impossible to secure, the birds sometimes get into very poor condition. Captive

albatrosses taken with hook and line are very rapacious and will take the bait again and again even after being released. If they swallow the hook little harm will result, for the acid in the bird's stomach is so strong that the metal of the hook is soon dissolved. In olden days mariners captured albatrosses for food in dire necessity, but more often to make pouches, bags and other articles from the leathery webs of their feet. Rather earlier in nautical history, of course, the albatross was held to be almost sacred, and no man would ever kill one if he could help it. It was the killing of the albatross that started the long and unhappy train of events in Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, his fellow shipmates upbraiding the unlucky man, "Ah, wretch!" said they, "the bird to slay, That made the breeze to blow!"

Only slightly smaller in size is the great royal albatross of Tierra del Fuego and islands lying south of New Zealand, while in the cold southern seas a variety of rather smaller albatrosses can be found. They are distinguished by such descriptive names as white-capped, grey-headed, black-browed and yellow-nosed. The latter species, together with the grey Buller's albatross, extend a little further north into the South Indian and South Atlantic oceans, and because of their conspicuous yellow-striped bills are known to seamen as yellow-nosed mollymawks, or mollymokes. Coming further northward into warmer waters we find another group of species, mostly smaller and darker in colour, notable amongst which is the Laysan albatross of the island of that name in the lonely Sandwich groups and on Midway of wartime fame where the U.S. Forces found the gony birds, as they are known, and soon re-named them gooney birds. This species is famous for its most elaborate courtship dance, in which both birds jig up and down, facing each other with the rhythm of the jive fan, squawking their devotion loudly the while. Most of the albatrosses have elaborate and interesting courtship displays, but our knowledge of the subject is still very limited, so seldom does man visit their breeding haunts where sociable nesting is usually the rule. Indeed, we still have a lot to find out about what are at once the most exciting and least-known of all the birds of the world's oceans. And there is always the chance that some nature enthusiast among seagoers will provide the gaps in our knowledge.

DAVID GUNSTON.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE FIGHT FOR BERLIN.

THE sense of urgency that marked the Russian bid for the capture of Berlin at the end of June was no doubt due partly to the Communist setbacks in Jugoslavia and in Finland; for it must have been known in the Kremlin that the Communists in Finland had lost ground, even before the election confirmed the fact. If the Western authorities could be forced out of Berlin, and if Eastern Germany with Berlin as its capital could be declared a new state in the Moscow orbit, it would constitute Russia's greatest triumph so far, and would outweigh, and almost distract Western attention from, the setbacks aforesaid. From the Russian point of view the need was indeed urgent; for once a tyranny begins to lose its grip and fails to maintain its hold over one of the victims, there is no telling how far or how quickly the rot will spread. It was not surprising, therefore, that the Kremlin decided—was forced to decide—to do something drastic in Berlin.

The stratagem adopted, namely the closing of rail, road and water transport from the west to the western sectors of Berlin, with its prompt threat of starvation for the two and a half million German inhabitants of those sectors, seemed no doubt to the Moscow strategists to be unanswerable; for whether the Western officials were simply forced to throw in the sponge and admit their failure, or whether the process of actual starvation did begin under the persisting presence of those officials, the result in either case would be the same. The Red troops would step in to save the German population from death by starvation, and the deed would be done. There is no doubt that the full Communist plan for the declaration of an Eastern German Soviet State, including Berlin, was complete in every detail. It probably did not occur to the strategists of Moscow that the city could be supplied by air; but once the British and American supply planes took to the air through the narrow corridor it became obvious that the situation was one of "touch and go." On the ground, whether by railway, road or water, the Russians could effectively close the supply routes because they controlled the intervening territory; and it was the easiest thing in the world to announce that all the canals, railways and roads needed simultaneous repair and that all traffic, therefore, must be suspended for an indefinite time. But even the Russians could not pretend that the air needed repair; and if they decided to block the air channel as they had blocked the others, the only method available to them was to send up fighters to shoot down the oncoming fleet. That would be war. Did Russia want war? War, that is, in the sense of open physical hostilities, as distinct from the sort of war already in progress by other means?

To such a pass, within three years of the end of the World War, had the "allies" been reduced. The situation baffles comment. There is in it a mixture of every weapon in the devil's armoury. How could the Western politicians have been so naïve as to have conceded to Russia a zone of Germany that included Berlin, and yet to have claimed the administration of part of the city itself? The answer is that when people are blinded, they do not see. But how was it possible for Western politicians to have been blinded about Russia? Was it not all obvious, did it not all stick out a mile? Such is the tragedy of politics that our Western politicians, consumed as they were by fear of Hitler, had no thought to spare for Stalin, who gleefully rode over them roughshod. Dazed, as it were, by the later discovery of what they had done and allowed to be done, those same Western politicians showed themselves to be as completely at a loss after as before the discovery. They went on for three years—they still go on—talking about wanting an accommodation with Russia, about wanting to co-operate with Russia, and that sort of thing. The tangle in Berlin, where the Western allies are almost wholly at the mercy of Russia, is merely typical of the general relationship: a relationship in which Russia's resources (swollen by supplies sent ignorantly and shortsightedly from the West) are concentrated upon the destruction of Western civilisation and the substitution of a materialist atheist tyranny in its place. And the Western politicians send notes of protest to Moscow. They say that the "door is still open," etc.

The argument is that we must be careful not to make things worse, or precipitate a catastrophe. But there is another and a better argument, for the patient long-suffering of the Western Powers has enabled the Russians under cover to prosecute their particular kind of aggression

and intrigue. Would it not have been wiser, when Russia first exercised the veto at Lake Success, if she had been promptly expelled from the United Nations, her ambassadors given their passports and told to leave every Western capital, instead of being allowed (with all the doors open) to use the veto on twenty-odd further occasions, to prevent the United Nations from becoming anything but a laughing-stock, and to carry on her corrosive underground work in every country of the world? If past blunders be excluded from present comment because they cannot now be helped, what shall we say if those same blunders are still being repeated with a grim persistence in a sort of foolishness so often, so decisively proved and exemplified? A Russian ambassador, for instance, is still given hospitality and immunity in London, inspiring "unofficial" strikes at the docks and elsewhere. What are our politicians afraid of? Of war? But is there any less danger in these negotiations, or requests for negotiations, with Sokolovsky in Berlin, or these notes of protest to Moscow, the while Moscow carries on the "war by other means" and extends her conquests thereby?

It is clearly right to stay in Berlin and to undertake heroic action to supply Berlin from the air and to defend the German population from the Russian tactic of starving them as a means of driving out the Western officials. It is wrong to pretend that there can be any further profitable diplomatic contact with the Russians. Our measures should be decided upon without reference and without intimation to Moscow; every Russian "ambassador" ("Trojan horse" would be the truer description) should be sent packing; we should do our duty and leave the rest to God.

THE SOURCE OF POWER.

An event took place on June 28th last which was promptly recognised by experienced onlookers in the West as a portent of interest. The most experienced of them, normally cautious as they are when assailed with a sudden temptation to be optimistic, did none the less give way to the feeling that here at last was good news; that the first serious rift had been made, without the possibility of concealment, in Moscow's lute. What happened on June 28th was that the Communist newspaper *Rude Pravo* of Prague made the announcement on official authority that Yugoslavia had been expelled from the Cominform. It was generally known that the Cominform had been meeting somewhere in mysterious circumstances for a purpose not disclosed, but guessed to be that of preparing for one of the familiar *coups* of Communist strategy, namely the setting up of Eastern Germany as a new satellite State in Moscow's orbit; and it was known that Marshal Tito's Government was not represented at the conference. It was now openly disclosed that Tito and Stalin were at loggerheads.

That in itself was not surprising; for Tito had consistently displayed that grandiose taste for personal pomp and power that hardly harmonises with the Kremlin's prescription of one central power, namely itself, and a world of nincompoops whose only duty is to do or die, or both. It was always obvious to people of an ordinary imagination that sooner or later cracks would begin to show in the elaborate structure of Communist totalitarianism; for it is not in human nature that megalomaniac tyrants shall "get away with it." Even if Hitler had not provided a classic case of what happens to tyrants, not by any means the first in history, it stands to reason that human beings cannot be

flattened out in a servile pattern dictated by one man ; and the more widespread the pattern, the more vulnerable it becomes. Within four years of Hitler's spreading out over the continent of Europe an attempt was made to assassinate him, not by his foreign victims, but by his immediate associates. In an enterprise so sordid as the attempted dictatorship of one man over millions of his fellows every other sordid impulse in the human make-up is excited, among them that of jealousy. Stalin has not yet been shot at or found himself near an exploding bomb, so far as we know ; but he no doubt lies awake o' nights.

Now the history of Tito is well known. Though he was trained in Moscow and earmarked for the specific mission of overthrowing the Yugoslav monarchy and installing the power of the Kremlin in Belgrade, he was not a Kremlin man. In the first instance it was no doubt agreeable enough to him that he should throw his weight about in Jugoslavia even as a puppet dictator ; but the taste of blood has a notorious effect upon the savage breast. His head as well as his greed for power began to swell ; and the snoopers from Moscow whose business it was to watch and report on his behaviour and performance became in the due time obnoxious to his eyes. They even found themselves snubbed ; and that sort of thing did not at all fit the pattern of the Russian ideology. There is nothing so explosive, so uncontrollable, as the wounded pride of dictators. Such men, lacking true pride, are as vulnerable to offence as balloons are to pinpricks. The storm in the breast of the one and the collapse in the outline of the other are exaggerated, spectacular and swift.

One need not take too seriously the long-winded complaint against Tito that accompanied the announcement of his expulsion from the Cominform. (It may be noticed in passing that there is no longer even a pretence that the Cominform is anything but the revised Comintern.) It almost goes without saying that what Tito was accused of was defection from the true and sacred principles of Marxian Communism, and even of some sneaking propensity towards Western sympathies. It is easy to understand, and to accept at their face value, Tito's prompt and indignant rebuttal of such a charge. Of course Tito is a true Communist, as tyrannous as Stalin himself. Indeed, it may be said with reason that the cause of the rift was the competition in tyranny. Tito wanted to be a tyrant off his own bat, so to speak, not in the bogus and second-hand spirit of a Moscow puppet. It may even be surmised that so essentially unsound a graft as the extension of dominance over a wide field, necessitating as it does the delegation of power into the hands of puppets, is bound to lead to a crop of Titos in the performance.

Once before Moscow had to intervene when a sort of competition developed between Tito of Jugoslavia and Dimitrov of Bulgaria for the position of leading puppet in the Balkans. At that time (see *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, March 1948, pp. 187-8) Moscow had no difficulty in redressing the balance ; but as it turned out, the balance was redressed in the wrong way. It was done simply by the expedient of a *Pravda* article criticising Dimitrov and thus by implication boosting Tito. Not only was the controversy thereby quashed, but the more uppish of the two puppets—more uppish at that particular time—was downed. Such a man as Tito, however, is not the sort of man who ought to have been encouraged from Moscow's point of view. Having beaten Dimitrov on points, he went on to challenge Stalin himself. How serious was such a challenge in the eyes of the Kremlin is shown

in the fact that the only way to deal with it was to expel Tito from the organisation : a solution that spelt serious failure because it accentuated internal dissension and lopped off a branch from the main stem. The interesting thing is that in this case Moscow could not quietly twist Tito's tail and make him conform without fuss. Above ground, in public, and with the iron curtain drawn aside, the petty squabble had to be given its head. Moreover, the issue had to be decided, and Moscow could not decide it, whether the Yugoslav Communists were more loyal to Tito than to Stalin. In the immediate sequel the photographs of Tito displaced those of Stalin along the shores of the Adriatic ; and the cry of the demented crowds upon whose folly the Kremlin depends ceased to be " We want Stalin ! " and became " We want Tito ! " Trouble at once brewed between Yugoslavia and Albania. Once started, this sort of dissension is bound to spread.

WHAT IS DEMOCRACY ?

Thus in a sense the old conundrum of democracy is given a new sort of currency. Moscow may be as anti-democratic as anti-Christian ; may try to suppress both democracy and Christianity ; but human nature cannot be suppressed. When it is subjected to unnatural strain it has a way of finding unexpected outlets. There is something ironical in the spectacle of Russian totalitarianism meeting its first open snag in what after all is an outburst of a sort of " democracy " in Yugoslavia ; for Tito, to stand up to the Kremlin, can do so only if supported by the Yugoslav Communists. Whether or not the graft be ideologically tyrannical and anti-democratic, yet it cannot be indefinitely maintained without the consent, or the deluded support, of the victims. The Kremlin has yet to learn what it means to attempt the subjugation of such peoples as the Southern Slavs, the Poles, the Czechs, the Slovaks, the Lithuanians and even the Eastern Germans.

But the normal healthy person is a little tired of these constant repetitions of the same folly. The Kaiser, Hitler and Stalin, even singly, would be too much. In succession, they are beyond endurance. Yet it is not intelligent to sit back and moan. There is something wrong, and wrong on a scale that extends beyond the domain of a Hitler or a Stalin. There is something radically wrong with the general conception of what is involved in the exercise of political power ; and the so-called democrats, if they were wise, would shed their complacency and start some honest thinking. For in some measure what we call democracy is also, demonstrably, wrong in its practice as distinct from its principle. Else its fruits would be different. History points her mocking finger at President Wilson's battle-cry " Make the world safe for democracy ! " as enunciated in the first World War. The so-called forces of democracy have won all the wars, yet the democratic flowers do not bloom. So democracy must go into the melting-pot.

It is a feature of our age that principle of all kinds is blunted, judgment confused and error the prevailing habit. Our politicians talk a good deal about democracy. They talk about it as if it was in itself a necessarily good and even holy thing. They are so starved of true worship that they worship false gods. What in the name of common sense does " democracy," according to the prevailing conception of it, amount to ? The prevailing conception amounts to this, that the very power of the State derives from the people, and that the wishes expressed by a majority of the people are decisive, final and sacrosanct. There could be no cruder application of the theory that

might is right. The fact that a majority of people want a certain thing is no proof that what they want is right. Suppose three men, one of them possessing something that the other two covet, were to argue the point and take it to a vote. The two "have-nots" vote for taking the prize from the single "have," and duly take it. That proceeding would be highly democratic—and highly immoral.

The current conception of democracy is wrong at the source. President Lincoln's famous definition of "government of the people by the people for the people" has had a long innings; but it misses the point. The point in issue is power; whence derives the power of governments to do what they do? From the people? Not at all. If that were the argument there would be no great or essential difference between democracy, fascism and bolshevism; for the ultimate sanction would be force. An electoral majority, if it thereby gave power, would be a manifestation of force. The power would merely result from the force of superior numbers, just as battles in war can be won by superior numbers. If an overwhelming majority in the mere counting of numbers were to imply moral right, then all sorts of absurdities would result. Lynching in the United States of America would be right, merely because the victim is in a minority of one. It would be right for any number of men, more than one, to beat up one man, merely because they outnumbered him. If democracy, thus logically interpreted as the moral right of majorities over minorities is so nonsensically wrong; if the martyrdom of saints and the Crucifixion of Christ Himself could logically be featured as a vindication of the democratic principle; then what is wrong with the democratic principle as currently understood and applied?

This is an elementary question in political philosophy, which in the disordered havoc of our time is not even considered in its due importance. The answer to it explains why it is that our leading democrats are so often at sea; why, for instance, a Labour Government in Great Britain, depending as it does (wrongly) for its power upon the organised trade unions, finds that the trade unions themselves are being hoist with the democratic petard in the form of "unofficial" strikes. The plain fact is that a decision by a majority of men to do a certain thing does not necessarily justify them in doing it. In short, the Christian answer is this: States are a necessary thing in the natural order of things and they therefore are given the power to do what is thus necessary. But by whom are they given the power? By God, Who sustains what is right and necessary and enables it, by the gift of power, to be carried out. By the true conception of democracy (which distinguishes it from tyranny) the people merely decide who is to exercise the power. The responsibility of democratic governments is, or should be, not to the people, but to God.

The distinction is all-important. If it were understood and practised it would prevent many of the blunders committed in the name of democracy. It would deter Socialists from such stratagems as robbing the rich to cadge the votes of the poor at the next election; just as it would deter imperialists from ensuring foreign raw materials in order to keep the votes of the privileged materialists who benefit thereby and who forget their responsibility (to God) for their use of privilege. It would prevent the present Government from committing such a gaffe as antagonising the present Spanish Government (merely because it is "fascist") and thus playing into the hands of the atheist Russian Government. Christianity gives all the answers. The only reason why

democracy is a better form of government than tyranny is that the votes of the people in theory should see to it that the right, the God-fearing Government, should exercise the God-given power. It is the denial of the true theory in our practice that transforms a so-called democratic government into a bureaucratic tyranny. If democratic Prime Ministers were conscious that they have to answer to God for what they enact, instead of calculating their effect in the next election, they would serve the interests of the people, instead of spreading frustration, disillusion and downright hardship among the people.

After all Hitler in the first instance was a democrat. He ranted from platforms, and organised from beer-cellars, until he was elected—he was duly and democratically elected, let it be remembered, by a majority vote to the office of Chancellor—and then, having obtained power from the people, proceeded to turn it against the people. He became a tyrant, combated the people's allegiance to the Church, mistook the true and fair origin of political power and in the end, after spreading horror and chaos throughout the world, committed suicide in his own cellar. Let Hitler be a warning to all "democrats." It is not enough to obtain the votes of the people by fair or foul means. It is necessary, if democracy is not to become the danger it has in some degree now become to peace, stability, prosperity and health, for governments to remember whence comes their true power and authority and whither is due their true responsibility.

The true issue in Europe is that of democracy, and before it can be settled the meaning of democracy itself has to be clarified. Government must be of the people; it may be for the people; it cannot ever be by the people. Marx and Engels postulated a dictatorship of the proletariat as a means to an end: namely the abolition of all classes except the proletariat; whence it follows logically that the Leninist postulate of a permanent dictatorship of the proletariat was not only a departure from the Marxist theory, but a departure in itself nonsensical; for how can a proletariat establish a dictatorship over non-existent classes? Russia is valuable as a spur to thought in many ways. Having established their domination by revolutionary force in the first instance, the bolsheviks none the less find it expedient to stage a pantomime about "democracy" by the holding of bogus elections, in which no choice of candidates is allowed. Just as Hitler had to appeal hypocritically to good motives in the character of the German people to obtain their support for his nefarious schemes, so Stalin has to pretend—and he underestimates, as Hitler underestimated, the intelligence of the simple masses—that he gives his victims a voice in the conduct of their affairs. Outside Russia the pantomime is elaborated. It becomes an intrigue whereby the democratic opposition is first eliminated, or the voting simply falsified, so that the façade of a democratic "election" is presented to the world.

But the bolsheviks are at least logical. Their practice is wrong from A to Z, because no human possession, whether it be power or riches, whether the riches consist of wealth in money or property or in intellectual gifts, can be wisely or profitably administered unless the possessor consciously holds it as a trust from God, to Whom account must be rendered; and the bolsheviks logically deny God. They are atheist. In effect Hitler was atheist, despite his frequent words about the Almighty, because in effect he set himself up in competition with the Almighty, bidding for the allegiance of the German people. He did in fact roundly and in so many words inform the German people that

they must choose between Christ and himself. He was in a true sense mad, as is Stalin, possessed of the devil of bleak unintelligence.

The interesting thing to note is that in a world made by God the imposed dominance of such unintelligent tyrants—unintelligent because cut off from the source of intelligence—cannot indefinitely last against the inborn intelligence of the human race. Their realm is brittle, and it splits. The relevant thing about Tito is not that he is more intelligent than Stalin—they are actuated by the like misguided motive—but that he represents a split in Stalin's domain. The splits are inevitable. Eastern Europe in the due time will be pitted by such splits. Tito's conception of a Balkan *bloc* with himself at its head is essentially as brittle as Stalin's wider conception.

A current impulse that assails some Western minds should be sternly resisted. Should we not, ask some people, embrace Tito as a new-found friend and ally against the designs of the Kremlin? Such an impulse, if followed, would merely repeat the blunder (for which we are now paying) of our war-time policy towards Russia. Good ends cannot be achieved by bad means. During the war we could have accepted as an accident of good fortune whatever help the Red Army gave to our cause against Nazi Germany. But to have boosted Russia, sent her supplies (now being used against us) and generally to have stood with our hats off to Stalin: that was the blunder. Blunders have to be paid for. We can at least avoid a repetition of the blunder in Tito's case. The fact that the nature of the blunder itself is not widely appreciated is illustrated by the still persisting delusion that we can get anywhere by the tactic of attempted "co-operation" with Moscow. By being afraid of Russia we bolster up the very thing we are afraid of. A firm uncompromising stand, far from precipitating war, would more likely be the best safeguard against it. It would encourage every decent person—and they are in the overwhelming majority—throughout the countries of eastern Europe that have been overrun and subjugated. It would accelerate the splits. There cannot be "co-operation" between fire and water, between countries whose principles and purposes are diametrically opposed, and mutually destructive. When the underground resisters in, say, Poland learn that the Western politicians are still talking about the possibility of an accommodation with Moscow and that the Lambeth Conference is sending an emissary to the Patriarch of Moscow, they are bewildered and discouraged. Only the Communists are pleased, because it gives them renewed opportunities for corrosive work in the foundations of Western civilisation.

The only tactic that avails a good cause is rigid loyalty to it and rigid resistance to the enemy that would destroy it. By such means the cause itself would be strengthened, purified of its own incidental weaknesses. The emphasis all the time should be trained on the Godlessness of the Soviet principle and practice: for such emphasis would drive to the root of the prevailing disorder in the world. It might well thereby be discovered that our own principles and practice are not as innocent of the taint of Godlessness as we are apt to suppose. We talk glibly of our democratic practice as the complete antithesis to Soviet tyranny. So it is, if our own conception of democracy be developed to its full implication: the implication namely that the alternative to the tyranny of men is obedience to Almighty God; that the power of governments, though it be democratically canalised, and though those who wield it be sanctioned by democratic choice, yet is responsible only to God, from Whom all human power and every human gift

derives. A purification of our own democratic practice would, incidentally, by opening wider the channels of God's assisting grace, be our best weapon of defence against the encroachment of atheist materialism.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

July 10th, 1948.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

EUROPE IN 1939.*

In his latest book Grigore Gafencu, appointed Foreign Minister of Roumania in December, 1938, describes his journey on the eve of the Second World War. His previous work, *Prelude to the Russian Campaign*, made him known as a thoughtful observer of the political scene. The present volume is shorter, more personal, and more exciting; the snapshots of celebrities at a critical moment are a contribution to history. Everyone was speculating about Hitler's plans, some clutching at the hope of peace, others discussing how to prepare for the inevitable war. It is a tragic story of shortsightedness and disunion in the face of meditated aggression by the megalomaniac in Berlin.

The first and one of the most convincing portraits in the gallery is that of Colonel Beck, the Polish statesman who had made a treaty with Hitler in 1934 and who continued to believe that it would be kept, long after most of the chancelleries had lost all faith in that perjured adventurer. After seven years in the Foreign Office in Warsaw he thought he understood all the intricacies of the European situation and flattered himself that he was able to shape it to his will. Till the destruction of Czechoslovakia in March, 1939, he felt sure of himself, but a month later the author found him a changed man: "His furtive glance, in which there shone a glint of fever, the nervous gestures of his long hands, the unusual pallor of his face: everything betrayed an emotion which his voice, calm as usual, did not succeed in dissimulating." The essence of his policy up to the last moment was to keep the Russians at arm's length, not merely because, like all Poles, he detested them, but because he feared that any collaboration with Moscow would set Hitler's armies in motion. The whole volume is dominated by this stubborn refusal to join in a security scheme which, with Russia as a member, was the only chance of averting a second World War. In the author's pregnant phrase he played Hitler's game.

The picture of the Führer in his Chancellery is equally vivid. "He was smaller and more paltry than I had thought; at first sight he seemed astonishingly negative. I had been told often enough of his piercing eyes, the irresistible charm of his voice. I felt nothing of the sort. There was nothing out of the ordinary about him. The colour of his eyes and the timbre of his voice were equally dull and caused neither discomfort nor confusion. His manners were of an agreeable simplicity; there was no bombast and he could be extremely polite." When, however, the conversation, or rather the monologue, began, he was a different man. "He became a demagogue in the ancient sense of the word. His personality took on a mysterious amplitude. He was the crowd-man. Even the most reserved could not escape the grip of his power. He had the gift of instilling a sense of isolation into those who resisted him. It was not with a man that one spoke but with a million men. When he spoke of England's opposition to his plans, his voice became heavy and threatening while a strange light shone in his eyes. Rage unleashed his soul, which threw off constraint and showed itself

* *The Last Days of Europe*. By Grigore Gafencu, Frederick Muller. 21s.

what it really was, violent and ungovernable." Compromise with such a maniac was obviously impossible.

Of the three men who counted in England, Neville Chamberlain, Lord Halifax and Mr. Churchill, the two former had at last come to realise what the latter had sensed for several years. Mr. Churchill, however, was far more deeply convinced of the necessity of Russian co-operation than the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, who dreaded the charge of trying to encircle Germany. Quite as convinced as the Prime Minister that it was no longer possible to believe in Hitler's good faith, Lord Halifax tried no less scrupulously to avoid anything that might be interpreted as provocation. Though war might be inevitable, it was still necessary to behave as though it could be avoided. Even less reassuring were the author's impressions in Paris. France was divided, weary, and racked by internal strife. Daladier and Bonnet, the men of Munich, like the English Ministers, realised that the Munich period was over and that appeasement had stimulated Hitler's appetite; but the atmosphere struck the Roumanian visitor as uncertain, irresolute, apprehensive that another war would be fatal to France. In Rome he noted a distinct difference between the Duce and Ciano. The latter had little belief in anything and therefore little faith in the Axis policy, yet Mussolini himself seemed not altogether happy about the exacting patronage of Berlin. King Victor Emmanuel was chafing under the Dictatorship and the Pope definitely expected war. Italy in 1939 was certainly not a happy place. The confusion of London, Paris and Rome stood out in sharp contrast to the confidence of Hitler and Ribbentrop. The Nazi chief, like Bismarck before him, was fortunate in his enemies. Had he resisted his neurotic urge to destroy Russia he would have won the war.

G. P. G.

IS EVOLUTION PROVED? *

Is Evolution Proved?—a debate between Douglas Dewar and H. S. Shelton—is claimed by Arnold Lunn, who writes an Introduction, as "the first point-by-point discussion of the case for and against evolution." Unfortunately the protagonists use different languages, long passages in italics emphasising the very great difficulty they have in coming to an understanding. The result, as Shelton freely admits, cannot therefore be a scientific discussion. Instead we are shown two very different ways of looking at the same thing, the opposing viewpoints touching as it were only at one point, namely when it is agreed that the phenomena presented by the animal kingdom can be reasonably explained only in one of two ways, that is to say by evolution or by special creation. That provides a starting-point, though little more, for already in the second chapter there is disagreement even as to what constitutes the fossil record. Shelton regards it as the record of the fossils that have been found, while Dewar insists on including those that have not yet been discovered, but which, as a special creationist, he argues, ought to have been found if evolution has in fact taken place.

Confusion becomes worse confounded when specific cases are discussed. Asked why the earliest known fossil birds should have been specially created with teeth and other reptilian characteristics, Dewar evades the issue by remarking that it is inevitable that in every class of animals there should be one that is "least unlike" the members of another class. And the magnificent horse series of fossils is actually dismissed as "outside the scope of our debate," because this is what a believer in special creation calls differentiation within a family. In the chapter on "Morphology and Classification," Shelton is asked to explain how a reptile, slowly evolving through the ages into a mammal, contrived to eat and hear "while its jaw and ear bones were being thus reorganised." That is typical of the level of a discussion in which the two minds grapple with the same problem from such diametrically opposite angles that the wonder is that discussion is possible at all. One or two

* Hollis & Carter. 18s. net.

more examples will make it clear to what lengths a special creationist is driven in his attempts—as it seems to the reviewer—to avoid believing in evolution. He must, for instance, regard the teeth in the embryos of some whales, not as evidence that whales once had teeth, but rather as evidence that these particular embryos need embryonic teeth. He cannot believe that any organ may now perhaps be vestigial, because he cannot find one that is nascent, and, as Dewar says, “such nascent new organs are quite easy to imagine, e.g. partly developed eyes in the buttocks of herbivorous animals.” Finally, if the evolution theory were true, the Eskimos should either have acquired a thick layer of subcutaneous blubber or have been as hairy as a musk-ox. Pondering these and many other equally fascinating zoological problems, the reader is not likely to be left long in doubt as to which interpretation of the facts seems to him the most reasonable.

BERNARD GOOCH.

DIPLOMATIC DOCUMENTS

The two latest additions to the bulky series of British documents for the inter-war period are of limited interest.* The first volume of the first series, edited by Mr. Rohan Butler, constitutes a reprint of volume VII and part of volume VIII of *The Paris Peace Conference, 1919* (Washington, 1946). The British version may be by-passed by the serious student since the American edition prints the full text where Mr. Butler provides extracts only; the few quotations actually taken from previous volumes of the American edition remain without an indication of their source. The period covered, the six months after July 1st, 1919, saw no major decisions taken in the Paris conference room; the only breeze that stirred the still waters was the sudden arrival of Lloyd George himself, who burst in to ask whether the conference did not wish to break up. Bulgarian aims in Western Thrace, at first backed by the United States; the Bolshevik régime in Hungary and the Rumanian advance on Budapest; the Baltic States; the Greek and Italian advance into Asia Minor; Paderewski's suggestion to march on Moscow—a host of such and similar questions were touched upon but hardly solved. While little time was given to the actual making of the peace treaties with Austria and Hungary, much energy was wasted on the strife between the allies of yesterday.

The second volume of the second series, covering the year 1931, is of greater value since much of it is new, even if—once again—there is no single document about Anglo-Russian relations, nor on Britain in the Far East. As before, the editor prints much that is of little value (e.g. on the French wish to renew over-age men-of-war, and expert reports on the reparation problem made available to the public in 1931 itself). Interest quickens when we are given documents on the German-Austrian Customs Union, proclaimed in March but cancelled that self-same summer, which brought financial stress to the whole world and forced Britain off the gold standard. “This is the first time since the war that Germany has asserted herself in an important matter,” Sir Horace Rumbold reported. When she was forced to withdraw the plan, Hitler had a new weapon. While Sir R. Vansittart did not believe that either country intended to raise the question of a political union in the near future, Henderson decided to advise the German Foreign Minister Curtius to get the customs union, “an especially disturbing factor,” out of the way. Curtius fell.

The financial negotiations—the Hoover moratorium, the beginning of the end of the Young Plan, the failure of the German banks—can be clearly followed in these documents. Mr. Stimson, the American Secretary of State, then on a visit to Europe, appears as a helpful friend; but even he was heard to declare: “Any Government guarantee [of loans] would be foreign to American practice and tradition of non-intervention in European affairs.”

* *Documents on British Foreign Policy, 1919-39*. Edited by E. L. Woodward and R. Butler. First Series, Vol. I, 1919. With two maps. 30s. Second Series, Vol. II, 1931-218. Both H.M. Stationery Office. 1947.

Clearly, the world has grown together since 1931. When Laval asked Hoover to "join in a consultative pact" and thus to put teeth into the Kellogg Pact, he was told that American public opinion was not ready, and this in spite of the growing shadow cast by Hitler. The latter wanted to come to London, privately; but the British Ambassador advised against any contact—"he had himself never met him." Thus the volume under review provides snippets of information, but fails, as did the previous two, to provide the means to judge British foreign policy in the making. Not all the main decisions have been recorded, nor have the reasons been given which caused British statesmen to act as they did. Perhaps the next two thousand pages of this collection will touch upon these vital problems.

F. W. PICK.

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In *The Other Side of the Hill* (Cassell, 10s. 6d.) Captain Liddell Hart summarises his numerous conversations with German generals on the events, problems and personalities of the second World War. It makes a fascinating story, for the author's reputation as a military expert encouraged them to talk freely. Different testimonies and verdicts were inevitable among such a number of witnesses, but certain things stand out clearly. The senior German commanders were men of long experience and high professional attainments, making occasional mistakes, of course, but handicapped throughout by Hitler's interference. The common notion that the High Command was the villain of the piece is a legend. They stuck to their job, took little interest in policy, and, when consulted, usually advised caution. The great decisions—the remilitarisation of the Rhineland, the rape of Austria and Czechoslovakia, the attack on Poland and finally on Russia—were Hitler's own. That he had a certain flair for military matters the author is convinced, and he realised the importance of bold strokes and surprise. But his pride was his undoing, for the refusal to cut his losses before Stalingrad and in France produced catastrophic results. The most interesting revelation is that apparently he never really wanted to crush England, hoping to buy us off with moderate terms: for him the chief enemy and the chief danger was Russia. Broadly speaking the generals despised him, disliked his risky policy, and in some cases toyed with the idea of overthrowing the régime. But for our policy of unconditional surrender, we are told, they might possibly have taken action to end the war. The generals emerge, not as bloodthirsty aggressors, but as technicians devoted to their calling and disclaiming responsibility for anything else. The picture of Rundstedt, the leading figure of the team, is attractive. The title of the book is derived from Wellington's familiar dictum that he always wanted to know about the other side of the hill. Here we learn about it retrospectively through the mouths of men who were there. No historian of the great struggle can afford to neglect this symposium.

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Marshal Badoglio's apologia, *Italy in the Second World War* (Oxford University Press, translated by Muriel Currey), is an important contribution to history. That he advised the King to resist Mussolini's demand for power in 1922 we already knew. Now we learn that he was strongly opposed to intervention in 1940. Without his help it would have been difficult for Victor Emmanuel and disillusioned Fascists like Ciano and Grandi to overthrow the deflated dictator in 1943. The Duce appears throughout as a blundering mountebank, bequeathing a legacy of defeat, confusion and bankruptcy to his unfortunate people. The larger part of the volume is devoted to the nine months of the author's premiership, the chief event of which was the transformation of Italy from an enemy to an ally of the Western nations. That the people had no stomach for the fight, that "one man and one alone," to use Mr. Churchill's words, was responsible for the whole disaster, is abundantly clear. The moral is that a country which entrusts its fortunes to a megalomaniac must look out for squalls. Now he is gone and his system discredited it is the interest of the free nations to help Italy to her feet.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER 1948.

THE HORIZON.

RARELY within living memory has the outlook—in a period of peace or non-war—been hazier than it now is, or the temptation stronger to scan with joyless gaze one misty prospect after another. The temptation should be withstood. Pessimism is futile, and may be unwarranted. Unreasoning optimism, or meliorism, is little better. Calmness in taking account of what we can see, and readiness to face whatever the future may hold, are worth more than hasty judgments on things dimly descried, or seeming to stand abnormally clear-cut in patches of humid light.

Home-staying Britons who survey this horizon are prone to take our country as their main, if not their sole, point of co-ordination. Others, with wider experience or in whose eyes the British Commonwealth and Empire are realities as tangible as the United Kingdom, command a longer range. Yet all see the plight of the nation at home, and its chances of recovery from the effects of two world wars, in the foreground of their field of vision. If this foreground were sunlit they would view with greater composure the more distant scene. Since it is blurred or obscure they are troubled; nor are they sure that those who essay to describe the outlook to them see better than they.

The mood of the British people is a matter of importance not only to this country and to the Commonwealth and Empire, but to Western Europe, the United States, and every nation that aspires to live in freedom. If Britain wilts or fails, all else may fail. As in the war, so in the prevailing non-war which is not peace, the temper of Britain may be the pivot on which the fate of Western civilisation will turn. Characteristic of that temper in the war years was its refusal to admit even the possibility of defeat. It was marked by determination to bear suffering and loss, and by an equal readiness to make whatever effort and sacrifice might be needed for victory. Is this sturdy temper a thing of the past? May not the apparent unwillingness of our people to respond with alacrity to the admonitions and exhortations that are showered upon them connote instinctive reliance on reserves of strength which would spontaneously come into play if dangers, now loudly proclaimed, were felt and seen to be real?

To dismiss such a hypothesis as wholly unsound might be no less mistaken than to ignore the difference between the moral effects of physical and of economic peril. A sense of physical risk is more impellent than the risk of penury or starvation by economic processes. Besides, the British wage-earning classes have long been encouraged to believe that greater well-being, with higher pay for less work, would flow from the "collectivisation of all the means of production and distribution," and from the consequent removal of private profit and "capitalist greed." Hitherto the nationalisation of the coal mines and the railways has not quite fulfilled these expectations, nor is it certain that the establishment of State control over the iron and steel industry would arouse enthusiasm among the wage-earners employed in them. Doubts seem also to be felt lest nationalisation mean, in practice, only an exchange of private ownership for subservience to multitudinous

official bosses. As steps towards the higher output and greater efficiency which several Labour leaders rightly think indispensable if the country is to weather the economic storms that lie ahead, the measures taken by the Labour Government have not proved entirely convincing.

The outcry that greeted Sir Stafford Cripps's announcement of the formation of an Anglo-American consultative council for industry showed also that reluctance to face unwelcome truths about our economic position is by no means confined to wage-earners and trade union organisations. The behaviour of the House of Commons itself prompted the caustic strictures printed in *The Economist* on August 7th:

Apart from Sir Stafford Cripps himself [it wrote], there was hardly a member who was ready to admit that there was anything wrong with British industry—or, if there was, that could not be put right by native methods. If this were merely an exhibition of national pride, it would be a matter for a tolerant smile. But it is more than that. It provides a sudden flash of illumination upon the basic assumptions of the British mind. This nation has never really accepted that anything truly drastic or permanent has happened to it. "We have, it is true (runs the subconscious national credo) been blown off our course by the gales of war, and if we are slower than others in getting back to it, that is because we fought first, because we fought longest, and because we fought hardest. Give us time and we shall pull through. The present very difficult conditions must pass sometime, and then we shall be able to get back to pre-war—or, if it is not exactly pre-war, certainly no very drastic changes in our national way of life are called for. There is no real reason why we should not be able to live a little better and a little easier. And if in the meantime those who are so generously helping us desire to see some progress towards the objects of their idealism, such as greater economic efficiency or the integration of Western Europe, there is no harm in making the necessary gestures. But our real recipe is the time-honoured one of muddling through." Can anyone say in his heart that this is a caricature?

It is not a caricature. Rather does it remind me of an astringent portrait, like those which John S. Sargent sometimes painted of sitters whose vices he saw more plainly than their virtues. In them the resemblance was striking; yet they left an impression of insight devoid of the charity that covers a multitude of sins. It is quite true that in matters economic the world of 1938 no longer exists, and that our only way of escape from the pressure of post-war conditions is a rapid increase in productivity, both in volume and at lower real cost in man-hours and material, that is to say, a higher degree of efficiency. In these respects we might learn much from the United States, provided always that the tone of instruction be not such as to put our backs up. If the Anglo-American consultative council is to work well, it should give John Bull a chance to see how he can adopt or improve on American methods without being bidden to copy them unintelligently. Otherwise he may jib.

In a way the present mood of our people reflects the crisis in which the Western world is involved. We cannot be sure that the crisis will pass or that "all will come right in the end" if we hold on grimly enough. We need grounds for hope, a reasonable expectation that if we "do our bit" others will do theirs, and that joint endeavour will pull us through. The attempt of the Washington House of Representatives to curtail the Marshall plan dulled the nimbus of that generous and far-sighted project for European recovery. It deepened the impression, in more

than one Western country, that regrettable though it must be to "live on tick" for any length of time, it may be still more irksome to live and work under strict supervision from the providers of help spontaneously offered. The attempt was defeated in great part; yet the fact that it was made, and the arguments used in support of it, disposed prospective beneficiaries to wonder how long and how fully they could count on aid from the United States, even if they did their best to co-ordinate and to develop Western European resources.

It is obviously in their own interest that they should do their best, and it is by no means certain that they are doing it as zealously as they might. Mr. Hoffman's call for a "master plan," something more and better than a summary of the national plans of sixteen nations, is a reminder of what the United States expects as a condition of continuing to "prime the pump" of their economic recovery. The August number of *The Banker* spoke severely of "inhibitions and difficulties" that are causing the sixteen nations to go slow, and said emphatically that "unless these inhibitions can be at least partially overcome, unless the seemingly insuperable difficulties are in some measure solved, Europe will find itself in April 1949 without another Marshall dollar." This unpleasant possibility is not rendered less conceivable by the likelihood of a sweeping Republican victory in the Presidential election next November, or by the inflationary tendencies in the American economy which President Truman insistently denounces. So the question arises whether and to what extent the sixteen nations or, at least, the members of the Western European Union should press on with the pooling of their own resources either as a means of qualifying for further Marshall aid or for the sake of helping each other to keep their heads above water should that aid be suspended or entirely withheld.

Ever since Mr. Marshall first outlined his scheme at Harvard in June, 1947, Americans have maintained that the political and economic disunity of Europe is the chief cause of her weakness. They draw from the unity of their own forty-eight States the conclusion that Europe has only to follow their example to attain a like prosperity. Though, in reality, this conclusion is less sound than Americans think it, the peoples of Western Europe have every reason not to be deterred from taking it earnestly into consideration. Western European countries—and especially Great Britain, who would have to make the biggest contribution—may feel that in the short run the cost of going all out for economic unity would be higher than the profit, and that this disadvantage is a big risk to accept, even in order to ensure a steady flow of dollars until 1952. In the long run the advantage might be considerable, since it should enable Western Europe to stand on her own feet and to fend for herself as a political and economic entity able to look both the Soviet Union and the United States in the face. The present difficulty is to act upon the longer rather than the shorter view; and American censoriousness is not always helpful in persuading European governments to take the wiser course.

In point of fact the question can neither be considered nor answered on economic grounds alone. It has to be weighed and decided under conditions created by Russian hostility to the original Marshall plan. When Mr. Marshall made his Harvard speech he had in mind the whole of Europe, including Soviet Russia. Only when Russia rejected it, and compelled her satellites to reject it likewise, sorely against their will in some cases, was it restricted to the sixteen countries which welcomed it. The Russian pretence that it was intended to fasten upon Europe the

yoke of American economic imperialism rang the more hollow because the greater the area to benefit by Marshall aid, the smaller would be the risk of subjection to any hypothetical American "imperialism." The true reason for the behaviour of the Soviet Union lay in the desire to prevent European recovery save under a system framed and controlled in accordance with Russo-Communist ideology. This was why Poland, Yugoslavia, and finally Czechoslovakia, were curtly bidden to toe the Russian line; and it is an ironical circumstance that opposition to the Marshall plan should have been checked, if not subdued, in the United States by the Communist rape of Czechoslovakia and by the death of Jan Masaryk. In effect the European Recovery Programme became, in American if not in all European eyes, a scheme to save Western Europe from succumbing to Communist intrigue and infiltration. The stamp thus set upon it cannot be effaced. Its political and economic factors jostle each other, and are hard to separate. Thus the Marshall plan has taken on the character of a major operation in the "cold war" between the democratic West and the totalitarian, Russo-Communist East.

To this "cold war" the outcome of the Moscow talks upon the Russian blockade of Berlin and the organisation of Germany may give a definite turn. The remarkable achievement of the Western Powers in running the blockade by a combined "air lift" undoubtedly came as a disconcerting surprise to Moscow. At the same time it raised for the Russians and for the Western Powers alike an issue of prestige which neither of them could ignore. For Russia this issue was the more important because it coincided with a trial of strength between Moscow and Yugoslavia. If the future of Germany, and Russia's chance of shaping it to her liking, were involved in the contest at Berlin, the whole problem of maintaining and increasing the hegemony of Russia over her satellites lurked behind the quarrel of the "Cominform" with Marshal Tito and the excommunication of the Yugoslav Communist Party. It is not easy to see how Moscow could give way at either point without suffering a serious loss of "face."

Writing in mid-August, before the result of the Moscow talks with the representatives of the United States, Great Britain and France can be known, I refrain from predicting it, and also from seeking to appraise the German situation, upon which it may have a decisive bearing. No such inhibition prevents me from saying what I think of the "Cominform"-Yugoslav, or, to give it its right name, the Stalin-Tito quarrel. I look upon the so-called ideological differences, no matter how hotly they may be debated with jets of reciprocal abuse, as secondary to the primary question of Tito's unwillingness to figure as a docile puppet of the Kremlin. My acquaintance with the Yugoslav character, both in Serbia and in the former dominions of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, extends over nearly half a century; and, in my view, that character must have undergone a fundamental change if it is now more disposed to accept external control than it was, for example, between 1905 and 1914. I imagine that Tito—withstanding his training in Moscow, and his years of service as a trusted and trustworthy agent of the "Comintern" in several European countries before he returned to Yugoslavia in 1937 with a mission to purge Yugoslav Communism of Trotskyite heresy—will have acquired in his acquisition of national leadership some degree of wholesome respect for Yugoslav love of freedom and independence. He may even have been moved to doubt whether his ascendancy as "national hero" would remain indefinitely

compatible with cringing obedience to the dictates of Moscow. To this possibility must be added the certainty that in recent years he has been "feeling his oats" as a leader who, during the war, was far less beholden to Soviet Russia than the other heads of satellite governments. He has come to look upon his own exploits as entitling him to special consideration, if not, indeed, as placing him little lower, in point of personal merit, than Stalin himself.

According to my information, his trouble with Stalin began when, like Czechoslovakia, he was inclined to welcome the Marshall plan and to secure its benefits for Yugoslavia. The story goes that he wrote to Stalin in this sense, explaining that no departure from Communist orthodoxy would be entailed—and was sharply ordered to come to heel. Against his better judgment he obeyed, albeit without being forgiven for having ventured to put the economic interests of Yugoslavia before fidelity to the views of Moscow. He had further trouble with Stalin about Trieste and Yugoslav territorial claims upon Austria, and also about Macedonia. Nevertheless, I fancy that his disposition to coquet with the Marshall plan was a major count in his offending.

Some strong motive must have impelled him to risk the displeasure of Stalin by showing willingness to accept aid for Yugoslavia from the West. As an old agent of the "Comintern" in the suppression of Trotskyism he knows that Stalin can be ruthless. With the story of Trotsky himself, driven into exile, and slain at last in Mexico City by an emissary of Moscow, Tito is assuredly familiar. If his own knowledge of Communist methods may help to guard him against a like fate, as his *since sans rire* isolation of Russian officers and "experts" in Yugoslavia suggests, can he count upon the ability of Yugoslavia to withstand an economic boycott organised by Russia and her obedient puppets? It is here that an analogy, which may or may not be a parallel case, recurs to my mind. In 1905 the Serbian Government committed, in the eyes of Austria-Hungary, the unpardonable sin of agreeing to a Customs Union with Bulgaria. So impudent an act of insubordination on the part of King Peter of Serbia, whom Vienna had treated with tolerant condescension, could not be allowed to go unpunished. Forthwith all the pigs supplied by Serbia to the Austro-Hungarian market became infected with swine fever, and her other agricultural produce unfit for human consumption. The frontier between Serbia and Croatia-Slavonia was promptly closed in the expectation King Peter and his government would quickly surrender. Instead they sought new markets in Egypt, France and England, determined to face penury rather than yield to economic bullying. Worse still, they cut adrift from Krupp, and bought from Creusot the French 75 mm. field guns with which, to the consternation of Austria-Hungary, they vanquished the Turks at Kumanovo in November 1912. Whether the spirit of Yugoslavia to-day is comparable to the spirit of Serbia then I cannot guess. I should not be surprised if it were unchanged, and if Tito takes account of it.

In any event the course of the Stalin-Tito quarrel will be well worth watching, both by itself and as an incident in the general Russo-Communist offensive against the West. The offensive is being conducted on a wide front—from Eastern Germany along the Danube and through the Balkans to Palestine, Burma, Siam and Malaya. Its aim may not be to bring on war. Rather may it be "all mischief short of war." Mischief has been and is being played in France, Italy, and elsewhere with the help of Communist parties and "fellow-travellers."

Setbacks in the Italian general election and in the French strikes have not deterred Moscow from pursuing a policy designed to foment unrest, create disorder, and prevent economic recovery, so as to "soften up" the European democracies in preparation for a victorious assault of Communism with its Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist "dialectical materialism." "Short of war" this policy seems unlikely to succeed; nor is it a foregone conclusion that war would improve matters from the Communist standpoint. Yet, even apart from catastrophic developments, there remains the anxious question whether a stricken world can recover its political and economic health while armaments and other precautions against the contingency of armed strife continue to absorb resources which might otherwise be used to promote its well-being. This question is not lightly to be answered at a time when an increasing world shortage of food calls for a sustained and concerted offensive against under-nourishment, hunger and famine.

To me, an inveterate dreamer with incorrigible faith in human destiny, it seems incredible that the most civilised peoples of the earth should remain on the defensive because Russo-Communism has sought to take the initiative from them. High-hearted leadership is needed in a sustained moral initiative against the evil spirit of materialism, "dialectical" and other. If the Western Union of Britain, France and the "Benelux" countries is not conceived solely as a means of protection from the inroads of subversive Communism, if it is inspired by creative and constructive faith in freedom as the highest mundane good, it ought to be a starting-point for a much wider integration of European effort. The best way to ensure the help of the United States is not to clamour for dollars or to let European self-help wait upon American generosity or enlightened self-interest. It is to be up and doing, holding nothing back that can serve a cause loftier than immediate national advantage. American idealism is at least as potent as any material factor in the policy of the United States. It would respond to clear signs that British policy in particular is animated by determination to work together with the other free nations of Europe, that it is offering them the leadership which it alone can give, leadership such as to evoke the spirit of constructive freedom too long obscured by the class and party hatred that Russo-Communism fosters with diabolical ingenuity. It is because I believe that the spirit of freedom is awakening in Western Europe, and also in quarters behind the Iron Curtain, that I scan the hazy horizon with eyes unafraid.

WICKHAM STEED.

GLADSTONE: 1898-1948.*

THE National Liberal Club has done me a great honour in asking me to make the chief speech to-night about the first founder of the Club, Mr. Gladstone. I can think of many people far better qualified for the task. However, there are not many of us left who have had any personal connection with the great man, or any opportunity of watching and hearing him. I confess that, to me, nineteenth-century Liberalism constitutes a very great movement in world history, and of that movement Mr. Gladstone is undoubtedly the hero. Is he completely out of date in this illiberal age, or are there signs that the world is really seeking to return to him and his message? One very

* An address at the Gladstone Jubilee Dinner.

high-principled Tory, John Buchan, an old friend and pupil of mine, said in almost the last letter I received from him, "The fact is, I am now a Gladstonian Liberal"; and Lord Cecil has used to me exactly the same phrase. There is some significance in that fact. I think many of the best men in both the other parties at times hanker after a lost Liberalism. When I was a young and hot Radical, I did not respect Mr. Gladstone as I should. I was inclined to smile at his almost ceremonial dignity, his traces of Conservatism, and his churchmanship. I made the same sort of mistake as Macaulay, and only later came to see that those qualities were really part of his greatness.

The first impression that I received of his popular influence was just before going up to Oxford, when I was reading with a tutor in Cumberland. I found one of the working men in the village, I think it was the cobbler, who had the practice of standing on the bridge every Saturday evening to challenge all comers who dared to criticise or condemn anything in Mr. Gladstone. I only heard him once in the House, in his last days, defending the second Home Rule Bill, and was vividly reminded of the Harry Furniss caricatures—the eyes flashing, the arm outstretched, his collar sticking out in front, and his coat tails flying behind. That was the caricature. The reality, as I saw it, was like this: an old man, well over eighty, rather shrunken and bent in his seat, occasionally murmuring "Hear, hear" in an extraordinarily deep voice. Then he rose to speak. He became erect, tall, intensely alive, even to his hands and his fingers. There was no theatrical gesture, but his arms and his whole body seemed to be instruments of expression, and every gesture had meaning and added to the fire of his voice. I remember particularly that Mr. Balfour had explained that some part of the Home Rule Bill left an opportunity for dishonest conduct. He did not attribute this dishonesty to the Government personally, nor to the Irish members. To whom then did he attribute it? asked Mr. Gladstone, and answered almost in a tone of horror, "To the mass of the Irish people." It left one feeling that an aspersion on the honesty of the mass of the Irish people was the last extreme of cynicism.

What was the secret of his great influence? First of all, it was simply great intellectual power and hard work. "It will be generally agreed," writes John Morley, "that more magnificent power of mind was never placed at the service of the British Senate." He himself writes in a letter, "My habit, particularly with work that I dislike, is to labour at the very top of my strength." How few of us could say that, particularly of work that we dislike! I once, for some reason or other, read one of his early Budget speeches, and was impressed by what seemed his extraordinary knowledge of every part of his subject. He had all the facts, and his arguments were direct and unanswerable. There was no particular relief, no wit or verbal eloquence; it was merely complete, unanswerable reasoning. Dizzy's budget in 1852 was full of wit and brilliance, but Mr. G., answering *extempore*, is described by one of those present as "coming down on him like a Nasmyth hammer." To this intellectual power and hard work one must add the fire and intensity of his temperament, and, of course, his great reserve of physical strength.

He had also, I think, a real reverence for Parliament and for public duty. He regarded life as "a great and serious task," and public life as a solemn responsibility. This explains, I think, the habitual dignity and scrupulousness of his language. His long sentences with their

qualifying clauses were once explained to me by John Morley as being due to a great wish to say exactly what he meant to say and not to over-state. Most of us in political controversy rather like over-statement; we hope to correct it afterwards. Critics accused him of being over-ingenious, complex and tortuous in mind. When his opponents thought he was cornered, he had a way of escaping them which they had not thought of. As Labouchere, disrespectfully put it: "I don't mind Mr. Gladstone concealing an ace up his sleeve, but I do object to his saying that God Almighty put it there." But this ingenuity generally came from more complete knowledge of his subject. He wished to abolish the purchase of commissions in the Army; the Queen agreed, the House of Commons agreed, public opinion agreed, but the Bill was thrown out by the Lords. Was he defeated? No. Having studied the subject, he knew that the system of purchase was based, not upon the ordinary law, but upon Royal warrant; and by his advice the Queen issued a Royal warrant abolishing it. In the turmoil of the Bradlaugh controversy, when Bradlaugh first wished to make an affirmation instead of an oath and was forbidden, and then offered to take the oath and was not allowed to do that either, a resolution was proposed by the Tories stating in general terms that atheists should not be allowed to take the oath. It seemed as if Mr. Gladstone would be compelled either to offend the Radicals by accepting the resolution or do violence to his own religious principles by resisting it; but he was quite untroubled. He pointed out that it was illogical to make atheism a test. The oath invoked Divine vengeance for perjury; the question was not whether the oath-taker believed in a God, but whether he believed in a God who intervened in human affairs. He might, like certain philosophers, believe in a God who had started the universe and then let it go its way, or in the Gods of Epicurus, whose blessedness was entirely untroubled by human affairs; and so, having shown that the resolution was too illogical to be supported, he ended with a quotation from Lucretius.

I believe that this emphasis on the complexity and subtlety of the "old Parliamentary hand" is almost the opposite of the truth, that one of the keys to Mr. Gladstone's greatness is an extraordinary and, I would almost say, unworldly simplicity. One of his secretaries made the criticism upon him that he could never feel clearly on any political question till he had thought it out as an issue between right and wrong. That, of course, is a very dangerous habit, if you plunge at once into the issue of right and wrong without first exploring all sides of the question; but he could thoroughly be trusted to explore. But take his speeches about the return to Greece of the Ionian islands, about the misgovernment in Naples, about the Bulgarian atrocities; you will find in every appeal he makes the issue is treated as one of right and wrong, and that neither his hearers' own political advantage, nor that of his party, nor the immediate advantage of his country as against that of other countries, comes into consideration. There is a nice anecdote which he tells somewhere of how, when he was a young man living in the Albany with a page, he had ventured to ask the old and celebrated poet Wordsworth to breakfast. Wordsworth by mistake came too early, and Mr. Gladstone had not yet read prayers to the page. He had a struggle between good manners and conscience, and of course conscience won. He explained the situation to his distinguished guest, and the page had the distinction of having prayers read to him half by Wordsworth and half by Mr. Gladstone. No

doubt afterwards he was a page of exceptional virtue ! There is a story told by Sir George Leveson Gower which I think has not been published. He was commissioned by the Party to tell Mr. G. that they did not quite like his communicating with Parnell by means of Mrs. O'Shea. "What is the objection ?" he asked. "Well, the relations between them," said Leveson Gower. "I did not know they were related." On this, Leveson Gower had to explain that she was believed to be Parnell's mistress. Mr. G.'s eyes flashed. "Am I expected to believe," he said, "that a man in Parnell's position, with the whole future of Ireland and much of the future of this country dependent upon him, would stoop to an adulterous intrigue ?" Is there not something far removed from the common world in that answer ? And is not the same extraordinary unworldly simplicity shown in that custom of his, which involved him in such a mass of slander in his later life, his custom of talking earnestly and religiously to prostitutes who accosted him in the street ? He had what the Quakers call "a concern" on the subject. It was a matter of conscience, and apparently he did not see the almost incredible imprudence of what he was doing, especially in a man of great public position, exposed constantly to hostile criticism.

What will he chiefly be remembered by in the future ? Of course there are his many great reforms—the legalising of the trade unions, the first National Education Bill, the abolition of purchase, and the like. There are a great many things which, in the present state of things, it almost makes our mouths water to think of. He swept away 140 taxes and reduced 150 more, mostly in his great Budget of 1853 ; he abolished the paper duty and gave us abundance of cheap newspaper ; he gave us halfpenny postcards and railway fares at a penny a mile. But if we ask for what he will be chiefly remembered, the clue is in a sentence of J. L. Hammond's : "In the last twenty years of Gladstone's life, politics took more and more the character of a struggle between the spirit of empire and the spirit of justice" ;—or in his own words on the Alabama arbitration, "Although I think the sentence was harsh in its extent and unjust in its basis, I regard the fine imposed on this country as dust in the balance compared with the example set." It began in his great speech in the case of Don Pacifico, when he opposed Palmerston's proud claim that a British subject should be able in all parts of the world to say *Civis Romanus sum*. It needed some courage to oppose that claim and insist that a British subject should have no special privilege, but only the same claim to justice as the subject of any other Power. The same spirit inspired his settlement after Majuba, for which he was fiercely attacked. We had demanded certain terms of the Boers, and the Boers had accepted them. In the meantime, by a mistake, during the truce one of our commanders had attacked them and been defeated, and Jingo opinion demanded that we should avenge that defeat. To Gladstone the issue was quite clear. We had demanded certain terms and had obtained them. To continue war after that would be murder. One sees the same spirit in his almost life-long struggle on behalf of Ireland, the cause for which he was ultimately defeated and on which perhaps the best comment of posterity is that of his great opponent Carson, that "after all, we had better have accepted the first Home Rule Bill."

Thucydides remarks that simplicity is a large element in greatness of character. I think that was so with him. A certain greatness and dignity runs through all his life. It is in his habitual language, in his

reading, not merely of Blue Books and political treatises, but constantly of Homer, Dante, the Bible, Augustine and the like ; in his stately courtesy, and even in his strain of conservatism, of which Radicals sometimes complained. Like Lord Grey of the Reform Bill, he was eager for reform because there was something so great which he wished to preserve. He speaks of British civilisation and British influence in the world and of the trust and the function which a British statesman must fulfil ; "When I speak of that trust and that function I feel that words fail me. I cannot tell you what I think of the nobleness of the inheritance that has descended upon us, of the sacredness of the duty of maintaining it. I cannot regard this as a part of political controversy ; it is part of my being, my flesh and blood." Let me add to this another statement of aim : "The greatest triumph of our time will be the enthronement of public right as the governing idea of European politics." Enlightened men of all parties agree with that aim now, and most will agree with Gladstone as to one of the steps towards attaining it : "Let me entreat you to let the dead past bury its dead, to cast behind you every recollection of bygone evils ; to cherish, to love, to sustain one another through all the vicissitudes of the times that are to come." Those three sentences represent, I venture to say, not outworn principles that we have left behind us, but ideals which, if we can, we must live up to.

GILBERT MURRAY.

THE PARLIAMENTARY SESSION.

IT was only a year ago, in the first week of August, 1947, that the Labour Party's "honeymoon" period was ended, though even then only recognised as ended tacitly and by implication. But for the Opposition or rather Oppositions, for once Mr. Eden and Mr. Clement Davies working together, the session might have ended without any discussion as to what was to happen when the last few millions of the American loan were exhausted. The new session in the autumn opened, therefore, in a haze of economic uncertainty. Mr. Marshall had, indeed, already outlined his plan and the Western European countries had had preliminary discussions, but it was not till a year later in the summer of this year that it actually began to operate. The public, allergic to crises, has never recognised the possibility of economic collapse which the end of the loan, with no further help to replace it, would have meant.

The second Budget in the autumn in itself did nothing to disturb what the Minister of Health would call "bovine" phlegm. But the British public did get up and take notice of the human interest of Mr. Dalton's downfall. Mr. Dalton had not been an unpopular Chancellor during his term of office. It is only since his downfall that people have begun to say really unkind things about him. Be that as it may, his indiscretion was one of those fortunate accidents, fortunate for the British people, which can seldom have happened at a better time. And that for two reasons. Sir Stafford Cripps was already in charge of our economic affairs, but the proper place from which to direct them, according to modern concepts, is the Treasury. The change, therefore, brought some orderliness into the structure of the Government, although placing an almost intolerable burden of responsibility upon the new Chancellor. The second reason is simply that there is no other person

in the House of any party better fitted for this work than Sir Stafford Cripps himself. He has an almost superhuman capacity for work, combined with very great clarity in reasoning. Respected by the Left of his party for his radical past, he was always, even in pre-war days, listened to by the Conservatives with respect. A failure it is true, during the war, as Leader of the House ; nevertheless, Mr. Churchill's view that he enjoys austerity for its own sake has not detracted from his authority, perhaps because the stark facts of our economic position are so alarming as to make it impossible to sustain the thesis that austerity springs from a personal whim of the Chancellor.

Apart from the more obvious problems of increasing production, especially for export, two other complex issues of far-reaching importance have concerned the director of our planned economy. The first is wages, or to use the less provocative term of the White Paper, personal incomes. Can a Labour Government, deriving its power from, organised labour, evoke enough self-discipline to call a halt ? Under a freer system than the Labour Government inherited from the war-time mobilisation of our resources, the danger signs would show themselves gradually in rising prices, unemployment and other ways. But to-day all these self-regulated automatic symptoms which operate in a freer system are anæsthetised by price fixing, rationing, bulk purchase, subsidies and a myriad forms of cleverly devised controls. The public is like a man who has not the warning sensation of pain and must rely solely upon reason. The Chancellor's task was not an easy one, but in the first six months, apart from the London dock strike, unofficial like so many others and accordingly more difficult, his policy has not been unsuccessful.

It might have been expected that the Minister of Labour, Mr. Isaacs, would have taken a leading part in all this ; but as far as Parliament has been concerned that has not been so, although it is possible that his influence with the T.U.C. may have been valuable. In November he introduced the " Control of Engagement " order and the " Registration of Employment " order ; the latter, challenged in a Liberal motion moved by Mr. Byers, was only saved for the Government by a majority of 43. Whatever its intentions may have been, direction of labour has made a negligible contribution to the production drive. But the Liberal alternative, namely a rational wages policy to attract labour into essential industries, appears to be too much opposed to trade union traditions for the Government to adopt it.

The other long-term economic issue which has emerged during the session is Western European Union. Handled in the first place by the Foreign Office, this is no doubt partly a political question, but the economic implications are vital. The divisions of opinion involved are not at present along party lines and perhaps never will be, though Mr. Dalton has given encouragement to those in his party who want only a united Socialist Europe ; and in spite of Mr. Churchill's leadership, many Conservatives remain dubious of closer economic ties with Europe, which they fear may weaken our links with the Dominions and Colonial Empire. Meantime a considerable body of Members of all parties are not satisfied that the Brussels Treaty or the programme of the sixteen Marshall Aid countries are adequate to develop Europe's economic potentialities.

The Parliament Bill of this session will not entitle Mr. Herbert Morrison to an important position in the history of the British Constitution. In spite of the all-party discussions, in which Lord Samuel

played an outstanding part, agreement was not reached, but the issue was narrowed down to a question of only three months in the delaying power of the House of Lords. The Labour Party has shirked the much larger issue of reforming the composition of the Upper House because such a reform would involve an increased authority for that House, and accordingly it has been merely on the basis of his party's immediate tactical requirements. We have not been told yet what form the nationalisation of the iron and steel industry is to take, but that and the Parliament Bill, the special sessions and the coming General Election, are tactics and not Constitution-making.

Mr. Herbert Morrison has continued to serve his party well as Leader in the House. The acid and unedifying exchanges between him and Mr. Churchill (called unkindly by the Lobby the "Children's half-hour") which featured largely in the Press in previous sessions have been dropped, probably by mutual though tacit consent. However, he should accept the responsibility for the horrid tangle which arose over the death penalty clause of the Criminal Justice Act, although Mr. Chuter Ede bore the brunt of it. Mr. Morrison grudgingly conceded a free vote to the rank and file of his party, but retained at least half a whip for Ministers who might either vote against abolition or abstain. One may guess that this totally illogical arrangement was devised in the belief that it would ensure the defeat of the abolitionists. After this manoeuvre proved unsuccessful, the subsequent proceedings must have been humiliating to the Government. Mr. Ede's error in announcing a general amnesty further exacerbated the situation, and the Attorney-General's proposed compromise did nothing to placate the Lords. Indeed, their Lordships, unaccustomed to finding themselves reflecting public opinion, indulged in an orgy of reactionary obscurantism such as they have not permitted themselves for many a long day. In the end, Mr. Morrison has got what he wanted, the law in regard to hanging remains unchanged, and the Home Secretary, his reputation which stood so high a little tarnished, will no doubt use the Royal Prerogative more freely. In this confusion Liberals may at least find satisfaction in the fact that Members in the House of Commons voted consistently for abolition, believing this to be a moral issue, in the true traditions of their party.

During this session the Conservatives have certainly shown more life and vigour than previously. Encouraged in the autumn by the results of municipal elections, and later by various straws in the wind such as the trend of the Gallup Poll and somewhat meticulous calculations from the by-election results, they have tried out various forms of opposition, the results of which have mainly been late sittings, without any noticeable increase in their popularity with the public. Lord Samuel's comment, "too much money chasing too few ideas," exactly expresses the situation, in which they have greatly increased the efficiency of their organisation in the country but have not been able to escape the charge that they have little alternative to offer. Mr. Brendan Bracken's "filibuster" during the closing stages of the Gas Industry Act made a good evening paper story for a few days. Perhaps he was just unlucky in being allowed to choose the gas industry to try out this particular form of tactics. It is difficult to feel really passionate about gas.

Mr. Churchill has begun to specialise in accusations of broken pledges. The abolition of the university seats, however, is again not a subject about which the public feel strongly. There may be a good case for

retaining this survival of the past—an undemocratic and corrupt past—but it seemed a pity that he should make such very heavy weather of it. The middle classes are certainly feeling the pinch in many ways, and university representation has in the past been their preserve; but to recover the support of the Left intellectuals the Conservatives will have to broaden and deepen their programme.

The Liberals made attempts at various stages of the Representation of the People Bill to persuade the Government to adopt Proportional Representation, if not universally, at least experimentally. Perhaps the strongest case for an alteration in the present system is in the London County Council elections. But the Government was unresponsive even to the persuasive charm of Lady Megan Lloyd George, and the Conservatives, in spite of some rumours that they might consider the reform of our electoral system in exchange for an understanding with Liberals, gave no indication that their views had in any way changed. The idea that Proportional Representation gives unstable government dies hard, in spite of the fact that Eire, our nearest neighbour, and a country which has a straightforward system without complications which exist in some other countries, has enjoyed far more stable government and fewer changes in government than we in Great Britain.

It almost seems as if a tradition existed within the Labour Party that some Minister must be prepared to make outrageous and provocative speeches. In the previous session it was Mr. Shinwell, this year it has been Mr. Aneurin Bevan. But there has been a difference. Mr. Shinwell's offensive sorties were made from a weak base. His administrative record, the fuel crisis in particular, raised the suspicions that his offensive was a form of defence. Now the Minister of Health, on the other hand, has got his Health Service working and gives a very good account of himself on housing. The public may be far from satisfied with housing progress, but again at the end of the session he completely worsted the Opposition in a debate on housing. Some think that he is developing the technique of deliberate provocation, the classical example of which was when Lloyd George deliberately provoked the Tories so that the Lords should throw out the Budget of 1909. This may be his policy, but if so one may say that Lloyd George's insults were both wittier and more devastating, and it yet remains to be seen whether Mr. Bevan's are a part of any deliberate plan or merely ill-considered spleen. In spite of Mr. Bevan's great popularity in his party, the "vermin" speech was considered deplorable within his own party in the House.

As the session ended, Members who were in the House before the war could not help comparing the atmosphere with that of 1938 and 1939. Would we be called back? But in the last few days an undercurrent of optimism began to be felt, and one can only hope it will prove to have been justified. Before the crisis in Berlin became so acute, Mr. Eden contributed an admirable speech upon the theme that, without departing from a firm attitude, we must yet make every possible effort to come to terms with Russia. Mr. Bevin's stock seems to have fallen a little during the year. Wherever the responsibility may lie, few can feel confident that our handling of the Palestine situation has been all that we should have desired, and many feel that the Foreign Secretary could give a greater lead in the movement for European unity.

During the last year the Government's popularity seems to have declined. In a speech in the last week or two of the session, Mr. Clement Davies drew attention to what still remains a very dangerous world

food situation. Perhaps the weather this summer at harvest time in Britain and Western Europe will be an important factor in the fortunes of more than one Government. In France much will depend upon whether food is more plentiful and prices lower. And while in our country we are less dependent upon our own production, a good harvest, potentially as great as the peak production of the war, would help to ease living conditions in many direct and indirect ways.

WILFRID ROBERTS.

THE RUSSIAN ZONE IN GERMANY.

THE writer of this article spent four months in Germany during which he visited Berlin, the Bizone and the Russian Zone. Before attempting to write an objective report it is necessary to define, first of all, the two versions of the word "Democracy." Those who conceive it as the development of individual political freedom will find a greater realisation of this in Western Germany. Those to whom democracy means in the first place the elimination of those forces which have led the German nation, under social and economic pretexts, from war to war, will get a more pleasant and positive picture in the Russian Zone. Many Western journalists visiting the Russian Zone were accompanied by political officers and not permitted to move about freely. I enjoyed complete freedom of movement and was able to tour Saxony and Thuringia, partly by rail and partly by car, without being "shadowed." Old personal contacts enabled me to stay with various private families and to hear the most diverse opinions. It was not difficult, moreover, to start conversations with people in the train, shops, restaurants and in the street. S.E.D. Premiers received me with no less authority and frankness than leading personalities of the two bourgeois parties. Judging from my observations and experiences, there can be no question of a "deathly silence" in the Eastern Zone—to quote the Western-inspired Berlin Press.

The United Socialist Party of Germany (S.E.D.) has provided the Prime Ministers of all but one of the *Laender*, and it controls without exception the interior, the police and education. In the provincial, urban and municipal administrations these domains are equally an S.E.D. monopoly. The Prime Minister, or Mayor respectively, is drawn from the ranks of the largest party, which in practice means almost invariably the S.E.D. (with a few exceptions, as in Weimar). The Russians encourage block governments consisting of the three parties, who may possibly be joined, after new elections, by the National Democrats—rehabilitated small-scale Nazis. In practice, block means compromise, and it is not the S.E.D. which is likely to make concessions. At the beginning the bourgeois parties were hoping to be able to reverse the wheel of nationalisation; now they have come to realise that it can no longer be stopped.

The Russians allow the bourgeois parties a certain amount of freedom in their propaganda. The Leipzig telephone directory, for example, contains a full-page advertisement of the Liberal-Democratic Party, whose headquarters display the slogan: "We want to be socially minded but not Socialists." Professor Hickmann, member of the Economic Commission and the most prominent C.D.U. leader in Saxonia, did not conceal from me the fact of the strong Russian interference in party politics. (Hickmann is regarded as a Russophil.)

Meetings of party executives are frequently attended by Russian officers and resolutions are transmitted forthwith to the Commanding General, who often asks that they be withdrawn. Following one such request, the L.D.P. of Thuringia was obliged to revoke its decision to renounce its seat on the Sequestration Committee. S.E.D. papers are given obvious preference in the paper allocation. Berlin party organs and the *Taegliche Rundschau* issued by the Red Army are dispatched to the zone in large numbers. The four-page local S.E.D. organ in Leipzig appears six times weekly, while the L.D.P. and C.D.U. papers have to be content with two pages each and are issued only on three days of the week.

Only tentative moves have so far been made towards the formation of a United Party, and it would take a Russian hint to strengthen this tendency. According to many predictions the S.E.D. would collapse like a pack of cards without Russian support. For the time being it is stronger in many places than formerly the Socialdemocratic Party (S.P.D.) and Communist Party (K.P.D.) together. In Leipzig alone, the combined membership of the S.P.D. and K.P.D. used to be 30,000, that of the S.E.D. is 88,000. In the factories I visited I found that, apart from the Association of Free German Trade Union (F.D.G.B.) to which every worker and employee belongs, practically the only party represented was the S.E.D. and its allied groups, like the Democratic Women's League, Free German Youth, etc. I will quote two instances from medium-sized and small concerns since these are in the majority, and these figures are probably typical for the political activity amongst the workers throughout the zone. *Sack*, a nationalised concern in Leipzig (agricultural machines), employs 1,000 workers, of whom 550 are members of S.E.D. *Harwig & Vogel*, the famous chocolate factory in Dresden which is also under public ownership, has a staff of 300, of whom 85 belong to the S.E.D., 70 to the Democratic Women's League.

One of the questions which interested me most was whether the worker in Eastern Germany regarded the S.E.D. as an emergency solution or whether he really supported the idea of a United Workers' Party. The overwhelming majority of the Communists declared their agreement with the solution, whereas I found a totally different reaction amongst the former Socialdemocrats. My investigations, which naturally cannot claim to be complete, show that at least 50 per cent. would rejoin the S.P.D. the moment it would be allowed again. Those among the Socialdemocratic workers—and they include old and sincere trade unionists—who declare themselves for the United Workers' Party are not necessarily in agreement with the party line and its leadership. Most of them had expected a certain parity in the distribution of positions and influence and feel, not without reason, that they are being overridden by the Communists. Though former Socialdemocrats may occasionally hold responsible positions, like Saxony's brilliant Premier, Seydewitz, this is a rare exception. Nevertheless, the above-mentioned type of trade unionist considers the unity of the working-class as far more important than even grave disappointments with the party as such.

As in the Western Zones, the Occupying Power in the Russian Zone is blamed for everything. The average German is corrupt and, as a Weimar cynic assured me, a greater fat allocation would increase friendly feelings towards the Russians. The fundamental causes of the dislike for the Russians, however, lie deeper. They are rooted in history and the result of many generations of teaching. Even confirmed Marxist

workers can only in very few cases be regarded as pro-Russian. They had imagined the Russians more progressive and believed in an ideal Bolshevism. Though generally Russian troops live on quite a modest scale, they are naturally far better off than the Germans who have to depend on their meagre rations. A complete levelling was expected in wide circles.

The occupation forces are being maintained by the Eastern Zone. This does not represent a heavy economic burden, yet the figures are enormously exaggerated in the whispering propaganda. Prime Minister Seydewitz and his Thuringian colleague Eggerath said that no food was being exported to the Soviet Union, but the people take a different view. Even such a pro-Russian as the Prime Minister of Thuringia admits that the chances of mutual understanding are reduced by great differences in mentality. Acts of which the German authorities would take no notice are sometimes regarded as espionage and provocation. This produces a widespread feeling of insecurity. Nor has the transport of skilled workers to Russia—the numbers are grossly exaggerated in Western statistics—helped to gain new sympathies. Russian control of the German administration is very strict. Little discretion has been shown in dismantling Germany's industrial equipment, to the extent of removing the second railway lines. The inhabitants of the Eastern Zone are not so far wrong in assuming that they alone have to bear the burden of reparations. The Western Press publishes continuously reports about the disappearance of individual Germans. After speaking to a number of lawyers of all political shades in Erfurt, I reached a total figure of 15. Erfurt's population to-day is 300,000.

With very few exceptions, which occur equally in the West, the behaviour of the occupation forces is to-day perfectly correct. Social contact is practically non-existent. In contrast to the Western Zones, one sees no German girls walking arm-in-arm with Russian officers or soldiers, who only go in groups to cinemas, theatres, concerts or sport events. The only members of the Red Army to have private contact with the civilian population are intelligence officers, who also arrange well-attended discussion evenings. On such occasions everyone may say what he likes with impunity. During one of those discussions in Erfurt I heard people ask even questions like: "Why do our prisoners-of-war return half-dead?" and "What is the point of making so much fuss about the Russian wheat deliveries to the Eastern Zone if they went the other way first?" The ideologically trained officer answers in a quiet and matter-of-fact way.

A striking feature is the encouragement the Russians give to art, particularly the theatre, which in Eastern Germany is seeking new forms of expression. The occupation authorities assist the reconstruction of theatres by finding the necessary material, whenever possible. The National Theatre in Weimar, for example, which promises to become the most beautiful and modern in Germany, received 50,000 metres of flax from the Russians. In the Soviet Zone breakdowns of actors and conductors owing to exhaustion are unknown. Apart from cash bonuses, to which the local governments also make a contribution, stars receive extra food coupons, the so-called bajoks, for which they may buy in Russian shops. One bajok means 10 lb. of flour, 25 lb. of potatoes, 6 lb. of meat, 3 lb. of butter, 200 cigarettes and vitamins. In addition, they are provided with one hot meal a day in the staff canteen, which caters for all the employees. The programmes are by no means one-sided. The new theatre in Dresden, for instance, will open with a

Priestley play. The classics and Western literature are represented as much as Russian authors.

In the Police Prefecture at Leipzig the walls are decorated with pictures of Lenin and Stalin. I observed no demonstration of this kind in any of the schools in Eastern Germany. The so-called elementary school consists of eight forms, followed by another four higher grades. After finishing the latter the students enter for their matriculation. All suspected Nazis have been eliminated from the staff. History teachers have to pass new tests. Meanwhile, history lessons are replaced by a subject called "Current Events." The new textbooks breathe a fresh spirit. Although membership of the S.E.D.-controlled Free German Youth is not compulsory, a certain pressure is exercised. All *questionnaires* contain a column: "What position do you occupy in the F.D.J.?" I have seen letters received by students taking their matriculation, advising them indirectly to attend the S.E.D. courses on ideological subjects before making their application to enter a university. During the war priority for admission was given to officers' sons and others with an "unobjectionable social status." To-day there is a distinct trend towards preference of workers' sons. The proportion of women students is increasing considerably. In Leipzig it has reached 45 per cent. Of the 3,800 men and women students, 1,300 belong to the S.E.D. and are said to be particularly active members.

Potsdam intended to remove the German danger, to kill German militarism (together with Fascism) and extirpate its roots. This process has made excellent headway in the Eastern Zone, where all the war factories of I.G. Farben have been dismantled and the rest either used for reparations or turned over to public ownership. Coal, gas and power are completely nationalised, as are practically all those key industries which financed Hitler and made the German wars possible—basic substances, metallurgy, machines, vehicles, glass, cellulose and paper. Altogether, 3,000 concerns have become national property, not including, of course, the Soviet joint-stock companies. Officially it is said that 40 per cent. of the industrial production was owned by the nation (*volkseigen*) or by the respective *Land* (*landeseigen*). The actual figure, however, is already 50 per cent. *Landeseigene* concerns receive their raw materials direct from their respective local governments, while *volkseigene* firms are supplied by the central Economic Commission for the Soviet Zone whose headquarters are in Berlin. This Commission is also in charge of industrial planning for the entire zone, which embraces private firms as well, and it was also this body which drafted the two-year plan. Remarkable social changes have taken place. Four out of five of the nationalised enterprises are managed by former employees. Workers' councils elected by the staff have full rights of control. Ten per cent. of the profit of nationalised concerns go to communal funds for holiday homes and similar purposes.

Marshal Sokolovsky's much-discussed Order 234 has resulted in further advantages. For example, one million workers are now given a hot meal at work, with extra meat for heavy workers. Piecework is particularly encouraged, and special achievements are rewarded by bonuses in food, textiles and shoes. The feeling of working, as it were, for their own enterprise inspired the workers to rebuild factories which were almost totally dismantled. Thus the Leipzig firm of Sack is again producing 8 million agricultural machines, representing a third of its pre-war production, in spite of the fact that most of its equipment is out of date. Perhaps even more striking are the achievements of the

Zeiss Works at Jena, whose best scientists and technicians were abducted first by the Americans and later by the Russians. The factories themselves were dismantled down to the gas and electricity plant, and even the typewriters were not spared. This happened on October 22nd, 1946, when the staff was reduced from 12,000 to 2,000. To-day the Zeiss Works are again employing 7,500 employees and produce miracles in cameras, microscopes, lenses and precision instruments. Eighty per cent. of the production is used for reparation purposes. Industrial production in the Eastern Zone shows a marked upward trend, with 42 per cent. of its 1938 capacity, while the corresponding figure in the Bizone is at best 35 per cent. The textile industry is particularly successful. Fear of being compelled to work in Aue and neighbouring uranium works is probably the only shadow on the achievements of the workers in the East.

Fascism, neo-Fascism and anti-Semitism dare not rear their ugly heads in the Eastern Zone. There are no D.P. camps, and the Jewish survivors enjoy a feeling of real protection. No obstacles are being put in the way of those wishing to emigrate to Palestine. De-Nazification actions have now been completed. As I was repeatedly able to convince myself, they have been carried out with exemplary thoroughness. Though many of those with Nazi records had managed to escape to the West, about 520,000 active Nazis were removed from leading positions. Length of internment in concentration camps or records of illegal activities became the criterion for most of the prominent posts, sometimes at the cost of technical qualifications. By and large, however, the new men and women spared no efforts to fill the gaps in their technical skill and knowledge. The unilateral political orientation of these people obviously tends to override any dissident opinions. On the other hand, however, the unbiassed observer gets an impression of a cleaner sweep than in the Western Zones, where he constantly meets in leading positions the Fascists, semi-Fascists and reactionary elements who embody the ruling classes from 1870-1945.

It is only consistent with the character of the present leaders in industry and public affairs that a new constructive Socialism is gaining ground. Signs of this are to be found everywhere. New farming colonies distribute their surplus milk to ailing children in neighbouring towns. They in turn benefit from the voluntary assistance given them in the construction of their farm buildings by civil servants and members of the F.D.J., who are taken to the countryside in lorries on many a Sunday, sometimes up to 1,400 strong. It is the aim of this creative Socialism to forge similar bridges between town and country as are part of the programme of the people's republic in Eastern Europe.

Twelve thousand three hundred and fifty-five estates formerly belonging to Junkers, war criminals, Nazi leaders, etc., have been distributed in Eastern Germany, totalling 7½ million acres. Half a million families could thus be settled, and many poor peasants received 5-12 acres of additional land. The experiment has already borne fruit. The livestock in the Russian Zone, for instance, has increased to a greater extent than that of Western Germany. The happier the new farmers feel in their changed occupation, the better will be the results. I visited the former Junkers' estate of Beirreut, now distributed among eighteen families: eleven used to be jobbing gardeners, seven are refugees. All of them look content. In contrast to many other new colonies where the housing question still remains to be solved, building activities are far advanced in Beirreut. Each family gets a credit of 15,000 Marks from the bank,

and an additional sum of 5,000 Marks is being distributed as a premium to any farmers taking an active part in the building work. Bright, well-furnished rooms—not even the radio set is absent—give to former labourers and refugees a sense of property. The farmers fulfil their obligations promptly. The surplus, which at the moment represents about 50 per cent. of the harvest, may be sold at five times the normal price, usually through co-operatives. The fact that the so-called “free surplus” may be exchanged for shoes, textiles and equipment, effectively counteracts the danger of a black market. The new farmers form a strong pillar of the present system. Having seen their greed for profits, however, I am convinced that their positive attitude will last only as long as there are no collectivisation tendencies. The whole situation may be summarised as follows: The Russian Zone, like the whole of Germany, is not a paradise, but the prevailing conditions have nothing in common with the tendentious descriptions which are trying to distort them into a hell.

ALFRED JOACHIM FISCHER.

MARSHAL TITO.

JUST as I was rising from a characteristic meal of caviare, goose, and strudel in the fashionable Majestic Hotel, one of Yugoslavia's most important personages, General Milovan Djilas, entered Belgrade's glass floor and domed roof restaurant, and sat down at the next table. I recalled to him the phrase he had used to me in 1945 about the British, and laughingly explained that it had been included in my *Second Diary of a Diplomatic Correspondent*. He smiled in return, criticised bitterly the West's decision not to award Trieste to Yugoslavia, not to return for trial alleged war criminals from Italy, not to hand over notorious Quislings. Finally, I asked him to arrange an appointment with the inaccessible Marshal. Djilas snapped back, in accentless French, “I am not the Marshal's secretary.” I retorted, “But I know what I did not realise in 1945, when you gave me delightful hospitality on election day, that you are the power behind the throne.”

Djilas' secretary later rang to tell me the time and place of the visit. A few days later I arrived outside the lesser residence near Belgrade which Marshal Josip Broz-Tito uses as an office. I had driven past the well-filled shops, studied men in astrakhan hats, women in Bosnian shawls, soldiers in splendidly cut long new uniforms, girls in Montenegrin skirts, stalwarts from Croatia's hills, Albanians with Haj caps, Turkish shoeblacks by the tens. I was in the heart of the country, yet not far from the city that has known centuries of strife with invaders. It was twilight as my jeep, with Serb official driver lent by a Government department, stopped slowly before an imposing wooden gate. Officers and armed soldiers spoke to the driver, someone telephoned, the gates opened, and we drove towards the residence. I was shown into the Marshal's study fifteen minutes early. There were books on the many shelves, the big carved desk was covered with files and envelopes. Thick, luxurious, Croat carpets were in keeping with the rough pink leather on the fifteen comfortable arm-chairs round the polished conference table. The Polish President's new gift, a loving cup, decorated the top of a bookshelf. The walls were quietly relieved by oils of country scenes. On a table stood a

black and white sketch of Stalin. A long-barrelled gun filled a glass case hanging from a wall, and, elsewhere I saw models of war weapons in cases, with names of donors on tiny plates.

Tito is smaller and slimmer than his photographs suggest. A year had passed since I had seen him, on three occasions, all in Belgrade, but this time we were alone, without an interpreter. I sensed more assurance about him, more poise as he slowly marched up and down the room. He was at ease, relaxed at some of my questions, laughed hilariously. He rather startled me as I sank into the cosy armchair by saying he was sorry he could not give me much time, as there was an important conference which he had to attend out of the city, and it was concerned with elections. I told him I had a message for him from an American statesman, that I wished to ask him questions in a formal interview, and, finally, that I desired material about himself, to offset the stories that had made some foreign newspapers look more childish than usual. Two hours and a half had gone; we had been interrupted only once by a waiter, perfectly dressed in white, who had left the whitest of linen on a splendidly polished silver salver, tempting us with a glass of port, of slivovici, and of cognac. Tito enjoyed relating stories of events during the last war, when artisans, ill-equipped, ill-fed, ill-dressed, immobilised hundreds of thousands of Germans, to say nothing of Italians. He remembered the precise *terrain*, the forces employed, the dates of the opening of attacks of major and minor offensives, the names of villages razed by the enemy. Once he spoke harshly, when he recalled the murder of 300 wounded men in hospital by Germans and said, "After that we took few prisoners." He seemed sorry that efforts during the war to link up with Michailovic and fight together against the Germans and Italians had failed. But there was no harshness in his voice, and little interest when I inquired whether he had received before the execution any final plea for mercy from the convicted leader of the royal government's forces. At times he put on glasses, and I noticed the two rings on his left hand, one dazzling. The high boots were well polished. He wore a grey-blue tie with his favourite grey-blue uniform. The eyes seemed often far away and slightly sad, but not when he spoke of the days of battle or of plans for Yugoslavia's reconstruction. He seemed intrigued that his words should be noted exactly as he spoke, without any halt in speech being requested. He came over to my chair and asked how English was being written in shorthand, as he spoke Russian and occasionally German. I explained that translation into English took place automatically in the mind. First of all he asked how I had been treated in the country. I replied that I had travelled where I chose, to rich Voivodina, among the pastures and factories; to strategic Macedonia, in the British Ambassador's aircraft, with the Yugoslav Government's special permission.

Tito's answers retain a strong interest now, and some of them may not be out of place. I had asked what in his view had caused the indifferent relations between the two countries. He said, "It is the British Government, not the British people, nor our side. We have seen this in the attitude of your official classes since the end of the war and before. They proved it in the Julian March, when we had an ultimatum, before the end of the war, that we should go from Trieste which we had reached first." During the conversation I was conscious, as at our first meetings in 1945, of an astonishing grasp of world affairs as well as of the delicate stages in the development of

European inter-relations before and since the liberation of his country.

Little is known of Tito either among his own countrymen or people outside. Is he not the ruler of a state with an army reputed to consist of about 500,000 to 800,000 sturdy fighters? I use the word in preference to soldiers, which applies to any army among Yugoslavia's neighbours. Josip Broz was born in the village of Kumrovec, in the province of Klanjec, some distance from the Croat capital, on May 1st, 1892, the son of Franjo, a peasant. He attended the local school. Men and women who hid him during the Alexander dictatorship spoke to me of his staying with them. I saw the school register with the details of his "absences without leave," of his "very good" behaviour, of his "good" attendance, and of "very fair" catechism. The Catholic farmer's son was good at mathematics; his writing varied from "good" to "fair." When I entered the classroom where he had once been a pupil, the children rose and politely said, "Good day," while the teacher and headmistress showed the seat once occupied by the Marshal. During a recent visit to the school with members of his staff Tito pointed to the front bench. He had sat there, he explained, but following an "incident" in class had been relegated to the fourth bench! The school has not been rebuilt, looks tidy and well kept. He has presented £500 to the authorities to rebuild, for pressure on space now prevents children from receiving all-day tuition. They come in half-day shifts. The Tito original home has been reconstructed and is the shrine for visits by famous and unknown from the Balkans. In 1908 he went to Sisak to learn engineering as an apprentice. In 1910 he travelled, he told me, to Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia "to get practical experience." Subsequently he secured work in Vienna and Mannheim. He returned to Zagreb in 1913, was called up, and, within a few weeks became a staff sergeant. In 1915 he was captured by the Russians in Galicia with his battery. He suffered an injury near the heart and from typhus in the Russian prisoner of war camp in Kuibishev, where he became leader. He kept fairly fit, he said, because of early training as a Sokol enthusiast in Slovenia and as a fencer, at which he secured a second prize while attending a military course in Budapest in 1914. He joined the Bolsheviks during the 1917 Revolution, took part in a Leningrad demonstration against the (defeated) government, and escaped when the situation deteriorated to Finland. How did he travel? He laughed as he related the ruse. "I went with a white ticket." Which meant that he was so unfit as to be incapable of further military service.

He returned to the prisoner of war camp, became weak owing to incessant loss of blood, and during the Kolchak revolutions worked in Kirghiz mills as a mechanic for two and a half years. It was "time to return to the conspiratorial work," and in November 1920 he was back in Yugoslavia. It was dangerous to remain there because he was "wanted." He worked in various factories in Montenegro till 1925. The police followed him and his young Russian wife; he was sentenced once or twice; employers dismissed him saying he must either work or devote himself to agitation. A member of the Yugoslav Communist Party since 1920, he was elected secretary of the Zagreb and Croat Metal Workers' Union in 1927. The police arrested him at 4.30 a.m., but released him later when he had been on hunger strike. In 1928 he was arrested four times and was finally sentenced to six years. His friends have told me that he defied the court, arguing that

he could not recognise its jurisdiction. He himself recalled that he was transferred from another prison to Maribor "because they found that while I was sewing flour bags, I carried on propaganda." In 1934 he was free. Now, armed with sundry passports, he travelled to Austria and stayed in Vienna. He spent two years in Moscow, "teaching myself a pro-Yugoslav programme." In 1936 he returned to Austria, Czechoslovakia and Paris. He wanted to fight in Spain, but it was decided that he should remain at work in the centre in France. He entered Yugoslavia illegally, through various frontiers, and "cleansed" the Communist Party. He remained permanently in his homeland in 1940, and formed a Military Committee of which he became president. The task of organising against Hitler had been begun in 1936 and 1937, he told me. And now, as the Germans were entering Zagreb, two of his delegates begged the Yugoslav commander for arms with which to help oppose the enemy's advance. The General wished the delegates to be arrested, said Tito with an angry laugh.

I sat spellbound as he recalled the fantastic methods of the Partisans during the war, printing news sheets under the nose of the Nazis and Quislings, distributing arms, organising the manufacture in only one secret plant of 80,000 bullets daily. The story is magnificent, will surely live in the annals of warfare against a superior, well-armed, well-fed, army. He spoke naturally, without boasting or affected pride. He seemed more determined and self-assured than when we met in 1945. The conversation revealed tremendous drive, absolute command, coolness of the highest quality, relentlessness in pursuit of an objective, affection for correctness in small matters, and inordinate tenderness towards Tiger, his big Alsatian at my feet. And it is perhaps not without interest to give his concluding phrase when I asked for a message to the British nation. "Our peoples are bound together by the sacrifices in two recent wars and want earnestly, earnestly, to live in the warmest friendship with yours." I felt the echo of his words when I travelled around some of the Yugoslav oases, saw the destroyed towns and villages, saw what the loss of 1,600,000 men, women and children, loss of 600,000 homes, meant to a nation of 16,000,000.

GEORGE BILANKIN.

BELGRADE, July 17th.—When my train was about to leave the Hungarian frontier one of the officials whispered, "Is it true that Marshal Tito has reached London on the way to Washington?" That rumour has not been current in Yugoslavia, where even folk who disagreed with the Marshal's policy now acclaim him the more as a real Yugoslav Communist who stands up and fights. The respect generally felt for the Marshal is apparently precisely the same as before the Cominform charges were broadcast. Everywhere in the offices and shops a large new picture of the Marshal is displayed, and it offers a contrast to the soldierly Tito photographs I saw in 1945 and 1946. It now shows more of a mature statesman, the lines suggesting the cares of office in perilous times. Magnificent new buildings, up since 1946, prove the confidence of the Administration in laying long-term plans. The vivacity of the young people of new Yugoslavia at work, at play, in the streets, has to be seen to be credited. There is among them no trace of Spenglerism or even Toynbeeism, and their leader remains Tito.—G. B.

MACKENZIE KING.

A HEAD as of the eighteen-nineties, with an old-time bearing even to the clothing, *pince-nez* and watch-chain, and yet with an abundance of twentieth-century ideas, modern socially, often ahead of his social opponents: thus Mackenzie King appears to us as the last great "Liberal," as a follower of Gladstone, whose picture adorns his room. If one considers the narrow and gradually dwindling Liberal camp in the range of modern politics, this man can only be thought of as remnant of an epoch that, unfortunately, is fading out or, perhaps, as messenger of its renewal. This man who has governed Canada for twenty-eight years with one quite short interruption has been in power longer than any potentate of our epoch; for to-day even Stalin cannot be reckoned at more than nineteen years, Mussolini had reached twenty-two years, Hitler thirteen, Roosevelt twelve. "Length bears weight," as the saying goes; for even such strong rulers as Augustus or Charles V got the width and depth of impact out of their forty-odd years' length of government. Now in a form of democracy in which the great Churchill did not even survive five years, the constant re-election of a man must be founded on his character, for where does a statesman have greater enemies than in his own party?

If one knows the ancestry of this most interesting man, whom I studied at close quarters in Canada, one understands him; he even seems to explain himself from these factors. As he is the grandson of a revolutionary who was famous about a hundred years ago—a poor immigrant Scotsman Mackenzie who had the same will towards independence in Canada as the Englishman Washington in the other Anglo-American Crown Colony—he has inherited a piece of that idealistic European's spirit through his mother, who had been a girl when fleeing with her family. She plays a very great part in King's life; I should even like to attribute the bachelor life of the septuagenarian to his vision of her. In the picture of this enchanting woman, who reminds one of certain ageless heads of Leonardo da Vinci, the wild and rocky traits of her father seem moderated into gracefulness, without having lost the dynamic quality. King—for that was his father's name, the grandson having attached his "Mackenzie" out of passion for the grandfather—is also the son of his father, quite a different person, middle-class and moderate, through whom the family tendencies got thoroughly softened. King is an evolutionist and therefore became a perfect mediator of parties; exactly what one would call liberal in the best sense of the word, what in a novel Goethe called the "Middler," a person softening whatever passions he encounters. This, added to a genuine distaste for publicity, results in achievements which only became known at a later stage. When I asked if I might publish certain information about his wartime activity, he begged me not to: "What I have prevented is often more than what I did. One day it will get known." He was not speaking of secret State documents, but of such things as an American politician generally makes full use of at times of election.

That is why spiritually socialism forms but half his background. His most significant book, *Humanity and Industry*, plainly shows the two-sided approach. He wrote it at about thirty years of age, the epoch when as a rule one thinks most independently, trying to smooth the antitheses, something like fifteen years before Roosevelt, and finding the method to do it through propositions similar in spirit to

what was to be the "New Deal"; for Roosevelt, too, was one of the last "Liberals." It contains some very interesting definitions; for instance: "Industry is to serve humanity and not *vice versa*." In 1918 that was just the opposite of what any American liked to hear. He suggested the addition to Capital and Labour of two equally important factors, Management and Community, "so that the four of them should control industry and lay down the conditions fourfold."

As King had been designated for a Harvard professorship he could have kept to theoretical knowledge, and a dozen books would have ensued instead of two dozen years of government. These studies were not a decoration like the letters which some British statesmen attach to their names before entering public life; they were a basis for a nature with an equal ability for thought and action. King, however, who had studied the misery of the poor in East End London and Chicago with his own eyes, and who had also worked with Jane Addams, felt that he must carry his ideas into practice. After a short period of Civil Service he discovered the magic appeal of the platform, and at thirty-three became one of the youngest Representatives in Ottawa. That he, halfway through his forties, accepted the highest Government post as a result of becoming the head of his majority party, suggests a deep sentimental reason. King, who called himself Mackenzie, had determined to rehabilitate in a grand manner his grandfather, the insurgent Mackenzie who had been condemned to death, and prove to himself and to the world that his family produced constructive citizens also. Perhaps this wish accounts for the whole of his career, for he lacks the ambition usually found in the leader of a party.

In 1939 the King visited him in that elegant Ottawa house bequeathed by the former leader of the party. The Prime Minister showed him a printed document in the hall under glass, promising a thousand pounds to whoever shall deliver up the traitor Mackenzie, in the name of Queen Victoria, 1837. Only a few weeks later the master of the house hung a second document underneath in which the great-grandson of that Queen, George VI, signed Canada's declaration of war against Germany; next to the Prime Minister.

It was as little a matter of decision for the "King of Canada" as for King George of Great Britain whether Canada should go to war; it was only possible through a parliamentary decision, but this essentially depended on the Prime Minister's tendencies and character. Again it became evident, first in the September days of 1939, then at several crises, that these 100 years have made the Canadians a people of half English and half American trend. The leader could only get them to participate in war if he, too, felt both ways. After the vote of all against one this looked quite self-evident; before, however, Canada's entry into war had been quite as doubtful as South Africa's, and in reality it was only to be solved by a trick. On stage and platform it feels good to say: go and face death for Freedom. But eleven millions who live up to 6,000 miles away from Germany, separated by seas and protected through the neighbourhood of the most powerful nation in existence, do not feel like losing their sons merely because a distant foreign nation suffers from megalomania. Therefore the Canadians could only be won through voluntary joining up, man by man. Compulsory mobilisation would only have widened the gap between English and French Canadians. A Premier of English descent who spoke English only would have been disliked by the French in

any case. That the Canadians turned out to be most heroic fighters became known to the world long before the deliverance of Holland. The fact, however, that not all able-bodied men went overseas but only those who felt like going facilitated the erection on a grand scale of factories and flying schools safe from bombs in the country itself. King has the merit of having foreseen this, and even if that had been his only achievement it would suffice to make him one of the half-dozen statesmen who won the war.

He achieved a second thing, however, as a person. For many years he had been Roosevelt's intimate friend. I came to realise this in the White House, where King's photograph was placed among those of Roosevelt's family and not among the statesmen. King was by far the more cultivated of the two, coming from academic surroundings. He had a much more serious and lonely youth than Roosevelt, who needed people throughout life while King avoids them as much as he can. They had, however, three characteristics in common: contempt of money, sympathy for the oppressed, and political skill. In the first point these two American leaders were quite un-American; in the second they were decidedly English; in the third they were masters of an art common to all peoples. Furthermore they were connected by a decisive sympathy for the English nation in peril of its life, and also by a pronounced dislike of the Germans, long before these called themselves Nazis. Lastly both men were personally connected with Churchill, who possibly has no older friends to-day than King and Smuts.

In the two first years of the war the friendship of King and Roosevelt became important: a war-waging Canada lay next to the neutral United States, and there were 3,000 miles of unprotected frontier between them. Roosevelt had inwardly decided to enter into war long before its actual outbreak, but knew all along, from 1936-41, that half his nation was anti-war. He had a neighbour with whom he could take counsel as a friend about future possibilities, for he could not count on the stroke of good luck of Pearl Harbour which united his nation overnight.

Most methods of King and Roosevelt to incite the business instincts of the Americans towards supplies are still unknown. "One morning in the summer of 1941," King told me, "Roosevelt phoned me if I had time and inclination to meet him next day somewhere near the borderline. We met at the same Ogdensburg where a hundred years before they supposed my grandfather to be in a windmill and besieged him. We took counsel for a common defence plan of our two countries." For two nations, one of which is waging war and the other still neutral, such a thing is only possible if the leaders are in full confidence; later, of course, there may be quarrels in the Parliaments. Democracy is never strong enough to surmount everything in times of crisis; then it often acts as a control or confirmation of decisions that two men have risked on their own responsibility.

King believes in the Christian faith. "Without that," he told me, "my life would lose its warmth, its sense, its colour. That is why I take our war against the Nazi ideology as a crusade." Yet he goes to church as rarely as Churchill, and as rarely as Roosevelt did. In order, however, to show that he is not just "tolerant"—a word that Mirabeau struck out of the constitution as being an offence—but to show his respect for any faith, I may mention how on September 10th, 1939, an hour before he was to make a motion for Canada's declaration of

war in Parliament—and this in free oration, without manuscript—he represented the state at the funeral for a leading Jew in Ottawa.

Generally speaking, his manners are more English than American; Roosevelt's manners were definitely an exception in his circle and his nation. I have never seen a man of his position and age accompanying a guest through the garden and to the car; on one occasion, when my wife was there, he even came to the station and waited for the train's departure. He examines the wine at his table as if he were a Frenchman, but—genuinely English—he is used to great simplicity in the country. His landed property near the capital represents the only diversion of this solitary man. He has slowly acquired it, built a little wooden house first, then a stone one, still small, made out terraces and sheep-pens, but everything as inconspicuously as possible. A favourite dog has a little memorial stone where it died, and the porcelain Gallic cock, given him during the war by a de Gaulle officer, merrily peeps at you from his perch.

Here is a statesman who has neither become spoiled nor misanthropic; he assured me on the contrary that he is rather more humanely inclined than in his youth. Of course a man who, to judge by his culture and position, could assemble the intelligentsia of his country at his home and who nevertheless lives in a very retired manner, appears strange to a "genuine" American who, like Roosevelt, cannot be alone for as much as an hour. A statesman who avoids the press instead of seeking it and who keeps himself from publicity has remained a pure Anglo-Saxon in his way of life. What that means in this crisis of the British Commonwealth can only be recognised after his retirement—as indeed will be his outstanding importance in world affairs. Of course younger men are waiting for the post. When Bismarck was dismissed after ruling for twenty-eight years, someone wrote that from under such a rolled-away rock there would come into evidence a lot of creeping things. In Canada, where political maturity is so much greater than in Prussia, this does not apply: there are certainly men capable of taking over responsibility. When I compare the small states and, at least in our days, the mediocrity of most potentates, I think that a people deserves much praise which in spite of all the divisions of parties held fast for so long to the best man in the country.

EMIL LUDWIG.

QUEEN WILHELMINA.

SOON after the eighteen-years-old Wilhelmina had been sworn in as Queen of the Netherlands in September, 1898, she wrote to the nearly eighty-years-old Queen Victoria: "If God spares me to reign as long as you, dear Aunt, I hope I shall be able to look back upon my government with as much satisfaction as you can." She has not reigned quite so long as the great English Queen, but every Dutchman and many people abroad think she has many reasons to look back upon her government with great satisfaction. When she visited the United States during the second world war as an "ambassador of goodwill," one of the American papers applied to her a phrase written about William the Silent by the historian Motley, calling her "a guiding star for her people." The journalist probably did not fully realise how right he was in comparing the Queen of the Netherlands with the "Father of the Fatherland."

There is external conformity. The young William of Orange was the wealthiest and most ostentatious prince at the wealthy and ostentatious court of Burgundy. He lived absolutely within his own circle, that of the highest nobility. He was still entirely the type of a Renaissance monarch. At his death in 1584 he had become a very sober man, living without any show in a house smaller than that of many of his countrymen. The young prince paid thousands only for the livery of his servants; the old prince wore the black robe donned by all men of his days. The young Queen Wilhelmina followed the traditions of the European courts, which all lived within their own circle and which all displayed much splendour towards the end of the nineteenth century. The House of Orange is one of the wealthiest; the court ceremonial is severe and not the smallest deviation is tolerated. When the Queen returned from her English exile, she chose a house with six rooms, smaller than many of her countrymen occupy. Then there is literally no space for court ceremonies or splendour. The young Queen wore at every official ceremony a new dress, specially designed for her by a Paris *couturière*. When Queen Wilhelmina made her "joyeuse rentrée" at Amsterdam in 1945 she wore the same coat she had seven years earlier, for all Dutch women had to wear pre-war coats.

Far more significant than the external similarity is the internal, for it is this which makes William the Silent and Queen Wilhelmina "guiding stars of their people." In 1898 she ended her first speech as Queen: "Let us work together for the happiness and welfare of the Dutch people. May this be the aim of everybody's life." These words were a modern version of William the Silent's Apology of 1581, wherein he defended himself against the indictments of Philip of Spain. The historical knowledge of Queen Wilhelmina is far too great to consider this a mere coincidence; doubtless she chose these words very consciously, ready to serve her people in the way the founder of the Dutch dynasty served. Both of them heard and understood the voice of their time. The House of Orange have always been pioneers. Never was this proved so clearly as by William the Silent and Queen Wilhelmina, who lived in times of great events and knew the bitterness of the exile.

In 1564 the struggle for personal liberty and liberty of conscience had hardly begun; the man in the street had not consciously rejected the omnipotence of kings and princes. But in that year William the Silent, himself an omnipotent prince, made the President of the State Council collapse by finishing a sharp speech with the words that he could not allow princes to dominate the conscience of their subjects and deprive them of the liberty of faith and religion. Seventeen years later in his Apology he goes further and writes that subjects are not created on behalf of the princes but princes on behalf of their subjects. In those days such words were considered as heresy by all conservatives. In the same way we see changes in the opinion of Queen Wilhelmina. Though as a strictly constitutional Queen she weighs her words and in public never opposes her ministers, many indications may be found of this change. She was educated on conservative lines, breathing the nineteenth-century air. But when shortly after the first world war anti-royalist socialist demonstrations were suppressed, she disappointed conservatives by publicly stating: "I express my wish that the planned reforms are accomplished with the quick rhythm of our time. All reaction must be excluded, and we must go ahead."

Of course the second world war meant a big break in the life of Queen Wilhelmina. The Dutch woman who after hearing her broadcast of December 7th, 1942 (wherein she promised liberty and a new status to Indonesia) said: "It will be a new Queen who comes back to Holland," was probably right. She, perhaps better than many of her London advisers, understood that there could be no standstill, still less a return to the old world. She knew that there was only one possibility: "Not to ignore reality, but to see it as it is and to accept whatever that reality brings, fearlessly and courageously, and to meet the coming times with a strong confidence and with lifted heads." By thus willingly accepting the course of events, she has become the guiding star of the young people of the Netherlands and the Mother of the Fatherland for all. Indeed she has become a world figure. The Dutch do not like to use big words and are somewhat reluctant when praising people. Their cool-headedness has taught them that much so-called greatness is quickly forgotten and that many a hero of to-day is forgotten to-morrow, but they agree on the world stature of their Queen.

Neither the Boers nor the Dutch have forgotten how the then youngest Queen in Europe defied the British Empire by sending her cruiser *Gelderland* to South Africa to fetch Paul Kruger and by receiving him officially when everyone else turned his back on the Boer leader. It was then that for the first time she was called "the one man on a European throne." These words should be repeated forty years later by Winston Churchill, who experienced her courage and steadfastness during the worst days of the second world war. Never for one moment did her faith in the victory of the allied cause waver and for five long years she advocated the righteous cause of her people. Before the war she abhorred flying and even forbade her daughter to make a small trip by plane. But during the war she did not hesitate one moment to cross the Atlantic by bomber under very bad flying conditions, deeming it necessary to address the American people and to talk things over with President Roosevelt. During her American tour in the summer of 1942 she never once spoke without testifying to "the greatness of our people in all its ordeals, the many great and good things which were accomplished and are growing amidst these ordeals and which promise so much for the future." This she did in order that "it may become clear what it means to be a Dutchman at this moment and in future." Addressing Congress—the first reigning monarch to do so—she delivered a fervent plea for democracy, stating how her country was well on its way to realising the four freedoms of the Atlantic Charter.

In essentials she has never changed. The young woman who in 1912 unveiled the monument of Coligny in Paris and said: "Admiral de Coligny has known the secret of the courage rooted in faith in God and he left us an example of a life dedicated to God and His service," is the same as the much-afflicted woman who after her arrival in London in 1940 spent many hours in prayer. When the first world war began she called on her people to put their faith in God; during the second she time and again broadcast to the oppressed people in occupied Holland in words coming straight from the heart.

The post-war years have put a heavy strain on the Queen and now she has made her greatest sacrifice by resigning, though she would have loved from the very depth of her heart to continue to do her part as a "pioneer of the new epoch which lies ahead."

This she could do in the firm confidence that her daughter, assisted by Prince Bernhard, will handle the difficult problems that lie ahead in a true pioneer spirit. Princess Juliana ascends the throne under circumstances widely different from those under which her mother began her task. The Dutch royal family is more popular than ever. Everyone who has met her is attracted by her somewhat shy charm, and her husband, who is deeply loved by Queen Wilhelmina, has won general esteem by the way he served his new fatherland during the war. Both are highly respected for the way in which they work and in which they make contact with people of all ranks. While travelling through the Western hemisphere during the war she constantly emphasised the great responsibilities of "our generation," which after the war "should be summoned to handle the reconstruction of the whole world." She stressed the fact that the world faced one of the biggest revolutions ever seen, and that the inevitability of this revolution "gives our generation one of the biggest chances to reach a universal status of freedom, justice, and social and military security." The new Dutch Queen would like nothing better than being "a good mother for my children," but she is quite willing to put aside her personal desires and to do her utmost to build a world where people may live free from fear and want, free to worship and free to speak.

LENIE SCHENK.

Amsterdam.

SOUTH AFRICAN PROBLEMS.

FIRST reactions to the transference of Government power from the United Party held by General Smuts to the Nationalists in South Africa were of uneasiness as to the future. Not only settlers of long standing but also more recently arrived immigrants from Great Britain, the quarter of a million Indians mainly living in Natal and the eight million natives spread over the Union, all felt great anxiety. Speculation was general as to what was behind the announcement by the Minister of Defence, Mr. F. C. Erasmus, that he intended to create a "Platteland" Army "in case of internal disorders." *Die Volkstem*, a United Party Afrikaans newspaper published in Pretoria, in adversely criticising these plans, described the intention to raise a "Platteland" Army in the O.F.S. as alarming and asked "from which quarter did the Minister expect the internal threat to come?" Why must the "Platteland," which boasts its rifle associations and its De la Rey, Botha, Steyn and other regiments, suddenly be singled out for special training? But the passing first days suggested that some of the worst misgivings were hardly likely to be justified. Dr. Malan, the new Prime Minister, and his followers were quickly reminded that they had been returned to power by a minority vote, and evidence was soon forthcoming of a strong objection on the part of the section loyal to Great Britain to being ridden rough-shod. Nothing was more calculated to raise a storm over the heads of the Government than the release of five men who had been sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment for high treason during the war. This feeling was crystallised in a mass meeting at Johannesburg, attended by ten thousand people; others were held at Pretoria, Cape Town and Durban, all of which attracted large numbers of angry South Africans. It was made evident that there was a general detestation of any favouritism being shown to those of pro-German inclinations.

What of the immigrants already in the country and the 100,000 reported to be on the waiting lists for transport to South Africa? Upon the shoulders of Dr. Dönges, as Minister of the Interior, rests the responsibility for encouraging or restricting the flow of newcomers. So far he has handled that part of his task in such a manner as to suggest a desire to keep the door at least partially open. He announced that the Government policy would be to assist the entry of people whose qualifications and ability were outstanding and necessary for the development of the country. So far so good; but he went on to explain that the programme did not include large State-aided immigration and that the ordinary laws dealing with immigrants would have to be satisfied if settlers were to be admitted. He did not mention that, under the Smuts régime, there had been no State-aided immigration in the ordinary sense of the phrase; that there had been no payment of passages, no presents of land, money or equipment and that, indeed, the aid was confined to the setting up of organisations overseas, where those anxious to go to South Africa have been selected according to the occupational needs of the country. Transport had merely been arranged for those who measured up to those requirements.

Helped by the activities of the 1820 Settlers' Memorial Association, immigrants arriving in South Africa have hitherto found their way to a new life much simpler than they could have found it unaided. The great majority have been artisans who were selected in Great Britain and for whom jobs have been waiting. In their case, therefore, no problem of unemployment has arisen. Nevertheless, the task of finding homes for thousands of families in a country where the housing shortage is as acute as elsewhere in the world has devolved upon the Association wherever employers have been unable to make arrangements. Not so simple has been the problem of housing those artisans who have come out without any employment in prospect. Men and women of this speculative frame of mind, who have served their apprenticeship to a trade in Great Britain, have not usually had to wait long before they have found work, especially in the building, motor or engineering fields. It is the half-trained individual or the man with no training at all who has encountered the "snags" and who will probably find the greatest difficulty in the future to persuade Dr. Dönges to admit him. This hurdle also applies to clerks, who are plentiful in the country, but not to shorthand typists of real ability, who can depend upon employment at salaries starting at £35 a month. Chartered accountants, works managers and good salesmen are also greatly in demand.

Wages, on the surface, are high enough in South Africa to tempt artisans from other countries: the types most needed can look forward to being paid from £12 to £15 a week. But against these attractive figures has, of course, to be placed the cost of living. Carefully compiled statistics show that eight years ago the average South African family could live in comparative comfort on £56 a month; the same standard of living to-day would cost £95 a month. The greatest increase in living expenses has been in clothes, especially for children. These have risen from £1 12s. 1d. to £3 11s. 6d. a month, an increase of 123 per cent., while women's clothing has practically doubled itself in price, having increased from £3 3s. 8d. to £6 6s. 4d. Men are relatively a little more fortunate with £4 1s. 4d. against average monthly bills of £2 3s. 1d. in 1939. Then there has been an 82 per cent. increase in house rent—£23 13s. 4d. as compared with £12 18s. 9d. nine years ago—if indeed a house can be rented at all. Food is dearer by 65 per cent., for

whereas the average cost in 1939 was £14 11s. 9d. the same necessities last year ran away with £24. And this does not provide white flour, which is unobtainable; neither does it guarantee a constant supply, let alone a variety, of meat. Fruit, as it should be in a land of sunshine, is cheaper than in England, although, compared with the pre-war position, it is 150 per cent. dearer.

It costs considerably less in South Africa to keep the wine cellar stocked than it does in England, while pipe tobacco and cigarettes (including well-known English brands) are much cheaper. For instance, a quarter of a pound of a South African made tobacco can be bought for 1s. 9d. and 20 cigarettes for 1s. An average monthly motoring budget has, however, grown from £13 13s. 7d. to £20 16s. 9d. A car which could be bought for £325 in 1939 now costs £250 more. At the same time the position so far as obtaining new cars is concerned grows increasingly easier. Yet petrol has recently risen to 2s. 6d. a gallon if bought, say, in Johannesburg, where the price is 4d. a gallon more than anywhere on the seaboard. To avoid this marked difference in price the suggestion has been made to install a 500-mile pipeline from Johannesburg to Durban—a proposal hardly likely to meet with enthusiastic approval from the all-powerful South African Railway Company, which makes a good profit out of the freightage.

It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that nine out of ten of the cars seen on South African roads are American made. U.S. manufacturers have catered for the market and have reaped their reward. This, perhaps, is hardly to be wondered at when one knows that one popular type of car, even with an admitted record of 150,000 miles, can find a ready second-hand market. There are, however, indications that English manufacturers are awakening to the possibilities that South Africa offers, and while, as at present, money is tight and the price of petrol over a long run is a consideration, there are undoubted opportunities for the type of car that will cost less than the American and will give a considerably greater mileage per gallon. Even so, while several American car manufacturers operate assembly plants here, no British maker has yet done so. The immigrant who brings his family with him will find that education at the numerous Government schools is not only compulsory but free. There are also four universities, night technical colleges and plenty of private schools. Theatres are scarce but cinemas plentiful and, for prices of admission, seating comfort and the types of picture presented compare favourably with those in England. The stores in the big centres are spacious and wonderfully well stocked.

These are some of the factors which face the man or woman who is thinking of emigrating to South Africa. Scant heed may be paid to the stories of those who have returned to Great Britain after but a brief stay in this country. They represent considerably less than one per cent. of those who have remained. Some of the selected immigrants may not have appreciated that employment had not been guaranteed in any particular area; they may have imagined that South Africa meant Cape Town, Durban, Port Elizabeth or one of the other coastal cities. They were possibly disappointed when they found their destination was Johannesburg, with its 6,000-feet altitude above that of the Cape, its much more commercial atmosphere, its absence of some of the amenities to which they may have been used at home, and the fact that they were faced with a 500-mile journey if they wished to reach such holiday resorts as Durban or 1,000 miles if their choice was Cape

Town. Some may even have been influenced in their decision to return because they were unable to find anything approaching the friendly cosiness of the public-house in any English country village, and they may have felt aggrieved, too, at the discovery that football pools are banned.

A more understandable reason for a reluctance to settle in the large centres is the presence of a vicious type of native who lives by crime, robs boldly by day, burgles by night, and carries a knife or a revolver which he does not hesitate to use. But the increase in the police forces and the experience gained by the recent visit to England of selected police officers, anxious to study modern methods for the suppression of crime, are expected to limit the activities of this unwanted section of the community. South Africa, of course, is not the only country that is suffering from a post-war wave of crime. The majority of those who are criminals, in more or less degree, are non-Europeans and to the annoyance caused by their presence and misdeeds has been attributed one of the minor causes for the defeat of the Smuts Government. Since then the Penal Reform Commission has issued its report. The findings provide a vast field for reform and in none more likely to lead to good results than the one dealing with the need to give the non-European youth an equal chance with the European of coming under reformatory influence. It is shown that, whereas there is accommodation for 10,000 European children in institutions, there is only room for 3,350 non-Europeans, and that in a country where non-Europeans outnumber Europeans by four to one. The Commission believes that the surest guarantee against crime is a wholesome family life and it has found that the tendency for a juvenile to take to crime cannot always be attributed to poverty at home or the ignorance in the way of bringing up their children on the part of the parents. The father who is totally immersed in his business and the mother who is "totally engrossed in her social activities, with a consequent relegation of the care of the children to incompetent or ignorant persons, must also share the blame."

It remains to be seen how far the new Government will implement these findings. Dr. Malan certainly has been provided with an unexpected opportunity to act in such a way that eventually the streets of the larger cities will be made safer to walk along at night than they are now. Most of the crime is caused by economic necessity. Natives lack houses, food and schools. When these have been provided crime should become less evident. The Nationalist candidates in their election addresses and speeches, however, warned the non-European inhabitants of the country that they would be the target for restrictive measures, and when Dr. B. J. Schoeman took up his post as Minister of Labour he told the quarter of a million Indians that the Unemployment Insurance Act would be so amended as to ensure that "the right benefits would go to the right workers." The interpretation that this meant the exclusion of Indians and natives has not been corrected. The cudgels on behalf of the Indians who come under the Act were quickly taken up by the South African Trades and Labour Council, whose chairman, Mr. J. Bolton, declared that while it might be possible to exclude natives he could not see how it could be extended to Indians and coloured people, who, in his view, were an integral part of the industrial life of the country. He assured the Indians that they would receive the fullest protection of the trade union movement should there be any attempt to interfere with their democratic rights.

The former Minister of Native Affairs, Major Piet van der Byl, criticising Dr. Schoeman's determination not to allow the natives to be trained to rise above the status of unskilled labourers in their own reserves, asked if the Government proposed to stop the training of natives to become doctors, teachers, clerks, or agricultural demonstrators, and did they suggest that the Europeans should provide the professional classes, as well as the skilled workers, not only to meet European requirements but to build for and to doctor, nurse and teach eight million natives as well? If that was the practical application of apartheid (the segregation of the non-European population), he said, "the Government by engendering bitterness and despair will screw down the safety valve and sooner or later an explosion will occur that will be disastrous to South Africa."

In Government employment discrimination is already being exercised against officials with English names. The Deputy Chief of the General Staff, who had a fine war record as a divisional commander, is to be passed over. A senior official in the Department of Information has had his contract terminated. Britishers in minor diplomatic appointments are being dropped. In any event the immigrant will find that, to join the Government service in even the humblest capacity, it is necessary to speak both Afrikaans and English fluently and to have resided in the country for three years. So, with the temper of things and the regulations as they are to-day it will not be in the ranks of Government service that the newcomer will find employment. The recent decision of the Malan Cabinet to discontinue liaison between the U.D.F. and the British forces, coupled with the dissolution of the U.P.-dominated Senate, are felt by many to be pointers to the eventual breaking of South Africa's connection with the British Commonwealth. Whatever the ultimate outcome of such moves, the immigrant will find politics play a considerably larger part in the daily life of South Africa than they do at home. He will also find that he will not have a vote until he has been two years in the country. Much may, and probably will, happen in that time and he may well find himself called upon to cast that vote, if he is allowed to have it, on issues of great moment to the future of the country.

W. R. GORDON.

Johannesburg.

THE STEEL INDUSTRY.

THIS is not a political article. It speaks neither for the nationalisation of the steel industry nor against it. Starting from the proposition that the future of the industry should be determined by its needs and problems and not on doctrinal grounds (whether that doctrine be private ownership or whether it be nationalisation), it seeks to summarise those problems for the reader who wishes to be able to make up his own mind. The twin facts that the British steel industry is producing more steel per month than ever before and that it has had no serious labour dispute within living memory might well give the impression that it has no problems. In reality it faces, and is at last tackling, serious long-term difficulties which arise from the fact that Britain was the first country in the world to establish a large-scale steel industry. Just as in the case of coal-mining or rail transport, Britain suffers the disadvantages of the pioneer; decisions

taken more than a century ago create problems in the changed circumstances of to-day. Just as her railways are confined to relatively narrow gauge and clearances, just as many of her coal-mines are inconveniently laid out for mechanical transport, so also much of the steel industry is unsuitably located with respect to supplies, markets and its own internal co-ordination.

More than a century ago, when the first steel mills were established, they were placed at points where coal was to be found in conjunction with coal-measure ironstone; that is to say, in Scotland, South Wales, Staffordshire, Shropshire, Derbyshire and Yorkshire. Later, hæmatite ores were worked in Lancashire and Cumberland and phosphoric ores in the Cleveland Hills. From these rich ores acid steel was produced. But in course of time these rich fields began to give out, the Thomas process which made it feasible to work leaner ores was invented, and world demand changed, favouring basic rather than acid steels. Hence the first of to-day's major problems is that of *siting*. Should an attempt be made to transfer the bulk of the industry to coastal areas near the ports at which imported ores arrive? Or should a bigger attempt be made to develop the considerable fields of lean ores in the Midlands? Though more coal is needed to refine lean ores, the saving on freights is such that, with modern plants, operating costs can be kept below those of coastal plants using imported ores—or could before the war. And Britain has supplies of lean ores sufficient for three hundred years at current rates of consumption. But the capital costs of modern plant are high and to-day would be two or three times the pre-war figure. In any case there is a third factor to be considered. To transfer an industry from one area to another imposes a penalty on its employees; having established their lives and built up homes in one area they cannot transfer themselves to another except at great personal cost. Nor would it be easy at the present time to provide housing and services for enlarged populations in these already crowded areas. When the human factors are considered there is much to be said for "bringing the work to the men" instead of calling the men to the work, even if some lowering in mechanical efficiency may result.

The £200 million plan for redevelopment prepared by the British Iron and Steel Federation, and approved in principle by the Iron and Steel Board (which has also sanctioned about two-thirds of the detailed schemes submitted under the plan), provides a compromise solution biased towards the development of the lean ores in Northamptonshire and Lincolnshire. In raising the total capacity of the industry from 14 million to 16 million tons of ingot capacity, it places about 9 million tons of capacity in the coastal areas (an increase of 640,000 tons), about 4 million tons in the Midlands (an increase of 100,000 tons), while the remaining 3 million tons will be directly on the home ore-fields (an increase of 1.1 million tons). However, a considerable amount of blast-furnace capacity and a great deal of tinplate-making capacity has been allocated to South Wales for political reasons; that is to say, because South Wales was for many years a region of persistent unemployment. In general, this distribution of capacity is regarded by those who think the correct policy is to develop the use of home ores as making too many concessions to established firms; they feel that coastal and Midland capacity should actually have been reduced rather than slightly increased. Also the plan is based on an underlying assumption that the price of fuel will continue to be the same in

any part of the country. This prevents the natural process of locating plant where real costs are smallest from operating and reduces efficiency when the country as a whole is the basis of calculation.

The second great problem is that of *integration*. Marked economies of fuel, transport and labour can be effected by concentrating the various stages of steel production in one spot. For instance, the liquid metal from the blast-furnaces can be run into the mixers without further heating if they are adjacent, whereas if they are separated it must be allowed to cool and then must be transported and reheated. Similarly the hot steel ingots from the Bessemer converters can be taken direct to the rolling mills. These processes can be integrated with coke-ovens which supply both gas for heating at various stages and coke for the blast-furnaces. These possibilities were not foreseen in the early days of the industry, and a large number of small units sprang up in different parts of the country devoted to different stages of manufacture. During the 'thirties some integrated plant was built, notably the great Corby plant of Stewarts and Lloyds and the Ebbw Vale tinplate works of Richard Thomas; but Britain still lags far behind later starters, such as the United States. In addition, much of present equipment is small and old-fashioned.

The Federation's plan naturally envisages a considerable amount of rationalisation and concentration. For instance, it involves scrapping 53 blast-furnaces with a capacity of 3 million tons and replacing them by 24 blast-furnaces with a capacity of 4.75 million tons. The saving on coal is estimated at 10 cwt. per ton of pig-iron produced, as compared with the older furnaces. Special importance attaches to the production of tinplates, owing to the part they play in the export programme. The Federation's proposals provide for the manufacture of 75 per cent. of total requirements by modern continuous methods, as against one-third before the war. High priority has been given to the building of a large-capacity hot-strip mill at Ebbw Vale together with the necessary cold reduction plant. There can be no doubt (says the Report Cmd. 6811, in which industry presented its plan) that on technical grounds the lowest capital expenditure and operating costs would be achieved by integrating these two processes in composite plants. But because this would bring about big population movements and drain many villages and towns of man-power the two new mills will be placed in the Llanelli and Swansea areas. It may be added that this will leave Britain better equipped for tinplate production than any country except the United States.

For both these reasons, siting and integration, the steel industry requires a considerable degree of planning and administration. It must be possible to expand undertakings or close them down in accordance with overall needs, largely irrespective of the rights and merits of individual firms. The British Iron and Steel Federation was formed in 1934 with this object. It is able to exert detailed control by its regulation of prices and allocation of supplies. In addition, the steel industry is very closely woven together by interlocking directorships. Thus it is true that it is an unusually well-integrated body, capable of adapting flexibly and smoothly to changed conditions. But by the same token it is also a virtual monopoly, lacking the advantages of competition and apt to retain for itself the advantages of increased integration. Thus, before the war it concentrated production in the most efficient plants, but continued to sell at the old prices; profits were thereby enlarged and distributed among all the firms concerned

proportionately, including those which were no longer producing steel. When a firm can earn a larger profit by not producing steel than by producing it the plain man can be excused for thinking something has gone wrong. Also held against the Federation is the resistance it opposed to the plans of Sir Thomas Firth for building a continuous strip mill, which, it was thought, would render much existing plant uneconomic. The mill was built, but before it was completed it had come under the control of the Bank of England and members of the Federation. The Federation also defeated the plan to build a new integrated works at Jarrow, a site chosen partly for the fact that this town had, at one time, 80 per cent. unemployment. To-day the Federation must obtain approval for its plans from the Iron and Steel Board. This is a statutory body appointed by the Government in 1946 to consider plans for the development of the industry and to advise on price policy. It consists of seven members, two from the unions, two from the employers, one from the Treasury, one representing consumers, and an independent chairman. It is not, however, concerned with the subject of nationalisation.

The steel industry's excellent labour record calls for some reference to the machinery of joint consultation, which has been described as "the best method of negotiation and conciliation of any industry in the country." The principal union is the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation, which also organises the clerical and supervisory grades. The largest union outside the Confederation is the National Union of Blastfurnacemen, Ore Miners, Coke Workers and Kindred Trades, but the industry also has members in the general labouring unions and the craft unions such as the Amalgamated Engineering Union. The machinery of negotiation differs slightly in various sections of the industry but consists in principle of a negotiating body made up of representatives of employers and employees. If a dispute cannot be settled between the works manager and the representatives of the local branch of the union the latter may refer it to the divisional officer of the union or even the central office. If no agreement is reached, the established joint machinery comes into operation. Thus in the heavy steel trade (which covers steel melting and heavy rolling processes) the dispute is referred to a local committee consisting of two workers and two employers' representatives *from works not involved in the dispute*. If this committee cannot agree it may appoint arbitrators to settle the dispute for it, but this is rarely necessary.

Since the nature of steel manufacture means that work must be continuous the majority of workers are employed on a shift system. Wages in all sections of the industry are on a piecework basis, either so much per piece (or per ton) or a fixed rate plus a production bonus. In either case these rates are subject to a further cost-of-living bonus and to a percentage addition. Before the war this percentage addition was determined by the selling price of representative products of the industry, but owing to the artificiality of prices in war-time this addition was stabilised (at 67½ per cent. in the case of melters, for instance) and the cost-of-living bonus was introduced.

The subject of wages brings us to what may be the most important single fact about the steel industry to-day, in view of the importance of the export market: the labour costs per ton of steel in Britain and America are approximately the same—because the British industry employs twice as many workers at half the American wage to produce a given tonnage. The implications are obvious. Though average weekly

earnings have risen about 70 per cent., it is not wages which make British steel about 10 per cent. dearer than American. An exact comparison is difficult ; on some grades British steel is actually cheaper than American. It is partly transport—ocean freights have risen 400 per cent.—but it is chiefly coal. Before the war the coal cost per ton of heavy steel products was about £2 ; to-day it is about £4, or more than double the cost in the U.S. If the days of cheap coal are over, as Mr. Shinwell has foretold, the outlook for British steel—and British exports—is a poor one.

It must not be forgotten that the steel industry is not at present self-supporting. State subsidies, such as its contribution to the freights on imported ore, total £12 million annually. The industry cannot finance all the Federation's fine new plan, and is to receive some £80 million of public money. That gives the taxpayer a right to some say in the control of the industry. On the other hand, the demand for steel is difficult to predict ; the industry must be prepared to take risks, and even run at a loss in bad years. Public corporations have never been noted for their imagination and power to take risks. What matters far more than who owns the industry is that its technical problems should be tackled and solved, for on the technical efficiency of the steel industry the prosperity of the country very largely depends.

GORDON RATTRAY TAYLOR.

THOMAS GRAY.

THERE is an interesting passage in the *Life of Johnson* where Boswell recalls how, dining one day at Mr. Thrale's, Johnson in conversation attacked the poet Gray, calling him a "dull fellow." "I understand," said Boswell, "he was reserved and might appear dull in company ; but surely he was not dull in poetry." Johnson replied, "Sir, he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him *great*. He was a mechanical poet." This little incident throws, obliquely, a certain light on Johnson's views about literature which it is useful to keep in mind when reading his more considered account of Gray in the *Lives of the Poets*. It argues, for one thing, that, in spite of his well-known preconceptions in regard to poetry and drama, Johnson had made, informally, his own discrimination between compositions which for him really had life and those which had not ; and that he apparently failed to find the requisite degree of vitality in many of Gray's poems. On the whole, however, he is more just to Gray than Matthew Arnold, in the second volume of his *Essays in Criticism*, allows him to have been. "Johnson," says Arnold, "was not by nature fitted to do justice to Gray and to his poetry." But if Johnson's remarks on the *Elegy* are not, in their way, "just," what is ? Matthew Arnold would have been in his turn fairer to Johnson and to Gray if he had noted that, for various reasons, Johnson was unable to refer Gray's achievement sufficiently to the taste in poetry prevailing during the decline of the Augustan age of English literary culture : he was too much a part of that culture to see it in perspective. Yet only in relation to its decadence do the dullness and the other limitations of Gray the poet explain themselves.

"In the early and middle years of the eighteenth century," writes Professor Willey in his *Eighteenth-Century Background*, "the wealthy

and educated of Europe must have enjoyed almost the nearest approach to earthly felicity ever known to man. . . . Most of the English writers of the time felt that they were living in an age of enlightenment. The universe had been explained, and by an Englishman. . . ." The greatest poet and versifier of the age, Pope, accepted the "optimistic" philosophy—with certain reservations—and in his *Essay on Man* :

(All partial evil universal good,
All discord harmony not understood. . . .)

we find that his verse rhythms have a corresponding confidence and certainty of movement. Soame Jenyns' *Free Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil* (1757) sets forth a prose statement of "cosmic torism." This work has "acquired an adventitious fame," Professor Willey tells us, from the unfavourable review written upon it by Dr. Johnson, who probably rejected Jenyns' arguments because he was in any case a more profound thinker. Yet when we turn to Johnson's poetry (such as the two Satires) we find that a feeling of resignation tending towards pessimism has produced a verse texture which is graver and at the same time less self-assured than Pope's :

Press'd by the load of life the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of human kind,
With cool submission joins the labouring train
And social sorrow loses half its pain.

This is from the Prologue which Johnson wrote for Goldsmith's play, *The Good-Natured Man*. Commenting on a certain passage from Jenyns, Johnson wrote: "This author and Pope perhaps never saw the miseries which they imagine thus easily to be borne." We have in the lines just quoted an example of the customary practice of generalisation from the poet-philosopher's own private experience ; but, as in *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, the connection with existence in a particular "social context" is given a much greater importance. And though Johnson's poetry appears to show that his interests are beginning to move away from the conventions he shares with his social group, it is still "social" poetry in a way Gray's is not. The use of the word "social" itself, indeed, in the following lines from Gray's poem *The Alliance of Education and Government* suggests the difference :

The soft Returns of Gratitude they know
By Fraud elude, by Force repel the Foe ;
While mutual Wishes, mutual Woes endear,
The Social Smile and Sympathetic Tear.

Here "social" seems to be given more of a philosophical import than it had even in the Johnson passage ; and it is not accepted primarily as having reference to actual human intercourse. In his admirable Introduction to the Haslewood Books edition of Johnson's Satires, Mr. T. S. Eliot wrote : "We are accustomed to make a rough tripartite division between the poetry of the age of Pope, the poetry of sentimental philosophising—Thomson, Young, Cowper—and the early Romantic movement." The poets whose names fall into the second of these divisions made a virtue of a kind of reclusiveness which Johnson would probably not have sanctioned. The "sentimental melancholy" present in much of the verse of that period might on occasion (especially in his later years) have appealed to him ; but it could never have been cultivated (and we know that it was cultivated) by men for whom, as for Johnson, the positive quality of Augustan taste and poetic practice was a living reality.

With Gray, as with several other poets, Byron, for instance, there is a curious difference between the mind exhibited in the Letters and that behind the Poetical Works. In his letters he appears as an amiable, urbane individual, though of somewhat restricted interests. In those of his poems which are not exclusively narrative or humorous (Horace Walpole's remark that Gray was never spontaneous except in his humorous verses is of some critical interest) he is prompted not so much by a realisation of the vanity of human endeavours ("vanity," we must remember, has an important "social" connotation) as by a sense of their insignificance and futility in the face of natural phenomena or the past achievements of mankind. Thus in the early *Ode on the Spring*:

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply
"Poor moralist and what art thou?
A solitary fly."

And, more insistently in the better-known lines from the *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*:

Alas, regardless of their doom
The little victims play. . . .

The attitude is not always presented so explicitly as that, surely here with an emphasis the subject does not really warrant; in passages which are merely descriptive or expository the diction is so manipulated that there is no escaping the conclusion which Gray is intending to enforce:

Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign
And unknown regions dare descry. . . .

This kind of enterprise meets with little approval: the "dare" precludes that:

Still as they run they look behind
They hear a voice in every wind
And snatch a fearful joy.

The slight suggestion of furtiveness and of a merely transitory success which that "snatch" introduces almost argues that the poet thinks the attempt improper and not worth making. And in nearly every case where we find him offering a positive account of anything, it is generally qualified immediately afterwards by a negative:

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed
Less pleasing when possessed.

or, in the *Ode on Vicissitude*:

Still where rosy Pleasure leads
See the kindred grief pursue. . . .

In passages, moreover, actually dealing with joy or gratification the movement of the verse fails to give life to the sentiments expressed:

See the Wretch that long has tossed
On the thorny bed of Pain,
At length repair his vigour lost. . . .

We may question the "propriety" of "repair" and "thorny" in this place. But taken together the lines surely demand a mounting rhythm and an increase in tempo: Gray, however, carries on with the same

unenthusiastic monotone which shows no very great interest in the subject being handled. The act of self-depreciation is always possible for him :

Fond, impious man. . . .

he writes in *The Bard* ; in *The Progress of Poesy* it is man's " feeble race " which confronts him : the Muse " deigns " to hear the " savage " youth repeat his " loose " numbers : she pursues Glory, Shame and the " unconquerable Mind " without any hint that the latter may be anywhere discoverable.

Gray never spoke out because in his poetry he never attempted to give personal expression to feelings beyond the range of those arising from a subtle but not particularly oppressive form of frustration. Of this he may never have been very much aware ; but his immense learning and book-worm interest in human life and culture were detrimental to his career as a poet. His friend Temple records that he tended to despise those whose knowledge or intelligence was inferior to his own. And it is possible that he represents the kind of emotional sterility which sometimes accompanies this type of mind when it has satisfied itself that all worthwhile fields of interest have been covered, and has lost the sense of wonder impelling what D. H. Lawrence used to call the " demon " of creative activity. But whatever value we may be inclined to place on his poetry as a whole, we have to recognise that his way of feeling, however limited, is distinctive ; and it makes him a more interesting figure than many of his contemporaries, who were merely constructing long, tedious, correct and moribund fabrications. Gray could, of course, be as commonplace as his friend William Mason, author of *The Pleasures of Melancholy* ; and he also was in the habit of working over anew phrases and stanzas from earlier poets. His line " Thoughts that breathe and words that burn," for instance, from *The Progress of Poesy* is an imitation of Cowley's " Words that weep, and tears that speak." Most of his borrowings consist of no more than one or two words here and there, and they are nearly always acknowledged. This kind of deliberate plagiarism seems odd nowadays, but a degree of poetic talent was required to deal adequately with an inferior source. The " imitation " of Cowley, however, is hardly an improvement, because Gray has not seen the point of Cowley's " wit "—crude though that is. But his " plagiarisms " are seldom altogether in bad taste. They are mentioned here because of certain remarks in Dr. Johnson's note on the *Elegy*. He says : " The four stanzas beginning " Yet even these bones " are to me original. I have never seen the notions in any other place." Does this mean that Johnson came to every poem expecting to meet with thoughts and images entirely familiar ? and does it suggest that the remainder of the *Elegy* is likely to have been taken from elsewhere ? However that may be (and the consideration takes us to the foundations of Augustan standards of literary criticism), the *Elegy* is by almost any criterion of judgment a great poem, and exhibits most of Gray's strength with few of his weaknesses. It presents themes which at first appear to be boldly platitudinous ; but the language maintains a successful and almost constant poise between the personal and the conventional. Take, for instance, the opening stanza. Miss Edith Sitwell would perhaps point to the fitness of the similarity in sound between " toll " and " knell " in the first line, and the appropriateness of the way in which these two words coincide exactly with the second and third strong beats : the slight ritenuto in " lowing," with

its long vowel sounds (similar in effect to W. H. Davies' "Cows no longer hurry home"): the right placing of the consonantal "plod," and the sense of liberation from strain which goes with "Leaves the world to darkness and to me." More interesting, perhaps, in view of the manner in which the poem develops is the fact that Gray does not, like Mason in:

Beneath yon ruined abbey's moss-grown piles
Oft let me sit at twilight hour of eve. . . .
While sudden sacred silence reigns around,
Save the lone screech owl's note. . . .

intend to luxuriate in an antique-melancholy atmosphere: it is the human situation outside himself which is of most importance now. Gray introduces his consideration of this by a "just inevitable sequence" of natural description which is perhaps the best thing of this kind he ever attempted. From this and from other passages like it later in the poem one can demonstrate its comparative freedom from otiosity:

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Some critics tend to despise certain minor eighteenth-century poets who, they say, must give every noun its epithet. Here in Gray's lines the adjectives are not just stuck in: "fantastic," for instance, contributes the suggestion that (besides much else) even in these commonplace surroundings there is something to excite wonder and provoke inquiry. Elsewhere Gray shows an almost Wordsworthian feeling towards natural objects, but that is only part of a much more complicated total response to a special situation than (from his other poems) one would have thought him capable of. But although "human" interests are pre-eminent there is no mere moralising in the *Elegy* nor, on the other hand, is there any objectionable trace of that melancholy which we find him indulging in elsewhere. Somewhere between these two Gray has managed to evoke a personal "vision" of something immediately and adequately experienced. The poem begins rather to decline in quality after he has introduced the persona of the young man whose epitaph forms the concluding lines. The epitaph itself is perhaps the weakest part, but it is interesting because of its affinity with the verse of several eighteenth-century hymn writers. A passage in the *Hymn to Adversity* seems to indicate a connection of this kind:

The generous spark extinct revive
Teach me to love and to forgive
Exact my own defects to scan
What others are to feel and know myself a Man.

The presence of this manner in Gray shows a possible line of development which his poetic talent might have taken, but whether it would have produced work of any greater value than what we have is, of course, doubtful.

The taste for the "mechanical" in eighteenth-century poetry (and incidentally for the appropriate epithet, and for much of the lamentable "poetic diction" in the composition of which Gray was by no means the worst offender) is partly accounted for in a letter which Dr. John Gregory wrote to the poet Beattie in 1766. "It is a sentiment that very

universally prevails that poetry is a light kind of reading which one takes up only for a little amusement, and that therefore it should be so perspicuous as not to require a second reading." A writer like Mason or Edward Young was better fitted to minister to this kind of "taste" than Gray, most of whose works, by reason of their allusiveness and erudition, were meant to appeal to an educated audience. This, indeed, was recognised by some of his readers before his poetry had become widely known. "It is with peculiar pleasure," wrote a critic of the *Monthly Review* in 1764, "that we do this justice (i.e. of announcing that poetry so "entirely abstracted" can only be entertaining to the few) to a poet who was too great to be popular, and whose genius was neglected because it was above the common taste." In 1811 Coleridge spoke of him as a man of taste, poetic feeling and fancy, without imagination. Gray was, at perhaps the most respectable level, an idler; in his sheltered, uneventful life he had no incentive to develop those mental qualities generally covered by the term "imagination." And yet Matthew Arnold found in him a "high seriousness" he could not discover in his contemporaries. For that reason Johnson's disparagement of those qualities in Gray which Arnold admired appeared "petulant." But even Arnold has to go from the poems to the letters to find "abundant proof" of his "high qualities of soul." And he notes (as if to be even with Johnson) that Beattie admired him: that Cowper called him "sublime" and placed him next to Shakespeare: that Adam Smith saw him as joining the sublimity of Milton to the eloquence and harmony of Pope: and that Sir James Mackintosh spoke of him as "a most finished artist."

Another of Arnold's opinions may be dealt with in conclusion. The reason, he says, for the smallness of his output was that "Gray fell upon an age of prose. He fell upon an age whose task was such as to call forth in general man's power of understanding, wit and cleverness, rather than the deepest powers of mind and soul." This passage, surely, contains a slightly misplaced emphasis; for other ages have been "ages of prose": and the writers distinguished enough to make the eighteenth century such an age were not, as Arnold's words would suggest, "prosaic." It would be safer, perhaps, merely to say that Gray fell on an age in which critical standards were coming to be, as it were, sufficiently relaxed to afford to the greater part of his poetry an importance which the "generation" of Johnson or Pope could not allow. The names of those critics cited by Arnold (Beattie, Mackintosh and the rest) as approving his genius give some hint of this. And in saying that he never spoke out we are only really admitting that at a time when a vigorous poetic tradition was in decline Gray, interesting minor talent though he is, did not possess creative power sustained enough to evolve the truly vital kind of poetry which alone could succeed it.

E. D. MACKERNES.

"THE END OF THE WORLD."

A LETTER in a recent issue of the *Atomic Scientists' News*, the organ of the most astonishingly successful body of research leaders which has ever existed, and which has achieved the miracle of creating on the surface of the earth a heat equal to the heat at the centre of the sun, announces that within the past few

months investigations at Chicago have been rewarded by the discovery of methods of harnessing atomic energy so as to "perfect" a bomb one hundred thousand times more powerful than the bombs which destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945. It is also pointed out that a slight miscalculation in the use of so potent an engine of destruction might wipe out life wholesale from the surface of our planet. None the less, in spite of the fearful issues thus involved, we are obviously drifting nearer and nearer to the edge of the abyss—the atomic war. All efforts to stop that drift appear to be unavailing. Large-scale rearmament is taking place, and history proves by many examples that the result of such rearmament is war. Meanwhile the psychological forces which are at the back of the rearmament policy grow stronger and stronger—fear, hatred, and the pursuit of power and wealth.

Perhaps the most discouraging aspect of the whole position is the astonishing lethargy which has passed over the minds of men. The atomic scientists issue warning after warning regarding what is likely to happen if we get war as the result of the steadily worsening international friction. They are the one group of men really qualified to judge; but none the less their plain speaking is greeted with apathy, or is derided as alarmism. Under such circumstances it is hard not to become cynical, and to repeat the old catchword, "Whom the gods have determined to destroy they first drive mad." A distinguished modern educationalist recently declared that, as he considered the international situation, he could only conclude that the Almighty had given up the whole Experiment in disgust, and had resolved to try again elsewhere!

In face of such a situation it is important for us to realise that this is not the first time that mankind has found itself in such extremities. About the year A.D. 200 Tertullian, in an eloquent passage, declared of the Roman Empire, "This alone stands between us and the end of the world." In these words he expressed the feelings of all thoughtful men of his time regarding the Empire.

At the beginning of the fifth century the "end of the world" came. The Roman Empire was destroyed. All the values of a good life, peace, justice, culture, religion, art, liberty, seemed to go up in smoke; as the barbarians passed resistlessly onward from province to province, stamping out the relics of the ancient civilisation. The process of destruction was not so rapid as it will be in the Third War, if that comes; but it was merciless, and complete. The population of what had been the Empire fell catastrophically, and the survivors turned their faces towards an endless vista of squalor and anarchy.

But there was one man who refused to be dismayed. Augustine wrote his book, the *City of God*, the burden of which is, "We can take it." Later, he had the good fortune to die just before the Vandals, the vanguard of the Barbarians, captured the African city in which he lived. The *City of God* is a document of the most urgent and up-to-date importance for ourselves, as we approach the same terrifying catastrophe through which Augustine passed. It states that the "end of the world," which was happening all around as it was being written, had been brought about by psychological causes, and was the result of what a great modern scholar has called, perhaps too gently; "failure of nerve." Men had become obsessed with greed of money, and with the craving for the comfort and luxury which money buys. In a grim passage Augustine declares that "they have been taught

by the pain which they have felt at the loss of their possessions how grievously they had gone wrong in valuing them too highly." The true cause of the downfall of civilisation was a false "love," egotism, expressing itself in a grasping at money and power, in what we now call—and Jesus called—Mammonism. In so far as men's motives are governed by Mammonism, Augustine believes that not only the Roman civilisation but every other civilisation is destined irrevocably to destruction. He looks backward along the vistas of history, and sees this principle borne out again and again. He looks forward, and asserts that it is an eternal principle. He believes, that is, that psychological factors are permanent and fundamental, and underlie like a steel framework all the fantastic varieties of cultural history.

But profoundly realistic as Augustine's viewpoint is, it is not pessimistic. The name of his great book is not the *Earthly City*, though he has a great deal to say about false and destructive psychological drives, and the kind of community they produce—and about what inevitably happens to that kind of community. As he looks out on the smouldering, bloodstained ruins of what in his young manhood—when he wrote that other most lovely book, the *Confessions*—had been a bright, rich, cultured, successful world, he is strong enough to cry, "It is well that it has passed away, even amid these horrors: for its passing will enable us to build something better, more after God's will, on the ruins." He calls his book the *City of God*, because there is another realm of psychological motivation, the love not of self but of God. He ransacks history once more to prove that men and communities have existed, and may exist again, which have got beyond Mammonism, beyond the desire for wealth and power, for comfort and luxury, and have devoted themselves to putting into operation the Will of God, of the Christlike God who longs for the highest good of all His creatures. Augustine robustly believes that, now that the old Mammon-built world has crashed, it will be possible to build a totally different, and far more Christian world, by the patient proliferation of little groups of men and women of goodwill, who have been psychologically prepared, by the right kind of Christian education, for the service of God and of needy man, instead of the service of self and Mammon (the two are really one). He has himself lived all the latter part of his life in that kind of a training community; and he believes that here under his hand is a sovereign tool for the recovery of the values of a good life, in a new kind of non-Mammonistic civilisation. Mammonism is the desire for power as well as wealth. In Russia, whose destinies are controlled by a few men in the Kremlin, power has been concentrated by a new worship of the omnipotent State until it continually threatens the rest of humanity with total ruin, in an insane lust for self-perpetuation.

In the United States, whose policies we in Britain have perforce to follow, a Big Business Congress has recently voted nearly four thousand million pounds for rearmament. Put bluntly, this means the voting by Big Business of vast fortunes into its own pockets. The thing has been rendered possible by a long-continued and scientifically organised press-campaign against Russia, designed to arouse feelings of suspicion, hatred and fear in the average American, so that he may become conditioned to sanctioning this vast programme of self-help to Big Business. And all this has been done, and the propaganda of a "preventive war" widely spread, under the spur of those same false psychological motives which Augustine pillories.

Thus in both East and West, Mammonism, the greed for wealth, is eagerly at work turning the national State and the power-block of States into a vast engine of suicide. The American military authorities, as well as the atomic scientists, have been bluntly outspoken regarding the casualties to be anticipated in their cities if the Third War comes. An estimate now nearly two years old—since when incalculable "improvements" have been made in the bomb, and the Russians have announced that they have got it—put those casualties at forty per cent. Besides, there is always bacteriological warfare to be taken into account—for instance, the fact that one light aeroplane, flying at a fantastic height, can scatter enough easily prepared disease-dust to poison a whole city and by infection a great many more cities. The Earthly City, however triumphantly successful it may appear to have become at the task of harnessing the powers of Nature to the service of human hatreds, fears and greeds, was clearly never less securely founded than to-day. The "end of the world" may spring upon us at any moment, like a thief in the night.

How many are there among us prepared in spirit to look upon these things as Augustine looked upon the situation which confronted himself, and mankind, at the beginning of the fifth century? Has the "failure of nerve"—which Augustine sums up in very plain terms as in-seeping Mammonism, corrupting even the Christian consciousness itself with love of luxury and greed for material wealth and power—has this affected ourselves so deeply that there are now no little cells of the new world already springing up, as training-centres, even before doom has fallen upon the old world? Since what is wrong with our world is again "failure of nerve," over-devotion to luxury and wealth, greed of possessions and power, fear of whatever threatens to take them from us (Communism, for instance, in the West, Capitalism in the East), we shall have to look for the training-centres of the City of God amongst people (and it will probably be young people) who have climbed beyond Mammonism, and have learnt to live a community life without greed, fear or hatred, for the attainment of the original Christian values summed up in *Agapé-love*, "the sustained endeavour of the will for the good of *others*."

In many countries there are such groups, engaged in projects of reconstruction, amidst the ruins, living a communal life, holding all things in common as the early Christians did and the men and women in the movements of Christian revival initiated by Augustine, Benedict, Columba, and many another pioneer of what we are pleased to call the Dark Ages. To-day the pioneers call their groups Work Camps. They practise the activities enjoined by Columba and the men of Iona, who brought Christianity back to a paganised world by digging, building, healing and singing, in small groups trained thus to work for Christ amongst the disinherited survivors of the submerged civilisation. In a typical instance a Work Camp group, in one of the Russian satellite countries, lives in an old barracks, and works in various shops and offices in a steel foundry. The members of the group pool their income. They share twenty minutes of Christian worship each day; and they are constantly visited and consulted by fellow-workers in the factory, who are nearly all Communists. Such an instance is obviously a very minor one; but at least the spirit is abroad which makes this kind of experimentation possible. As the number of such practical, working, sharing groups is increased all over the world, there is hope, that we may recover Augustine's spirit of "We can

take it: for nothing can hurt those whose life is hid with Christ in God."

But there is more in Augustine's message than a refined Christian stoicism. The *City of God* shows not only the method of rebuilding a shattered world, but the way of preventing the recurrence of the same disaster which had taken place in A.D. 410. Mankind must unreservedly acknowledge one Sovereignty only, that of God. We must be gathered into one City, one world-wide community, controlled by the will of one Sovereign only and that Sovereign must be God.

Recent events, from many different angles, are showing us the pressing relevance of this great saving idea. Divisive national governments, and the governments of great sectional power-blocks, are essentially Mammonistic. By their very nature, communist and capitalist alike, they have to struggle for power and to build it up against each other. They also have to grasp economic resources with both hands, and above all food-supplies, the basic form of wealth in a starving world rapidly becoming over-populated, on behalf of their own nationals and satellite-nationals. Therefore, such a world organisation is driving straight for mutual suicide. There is in Augustine's magnificently up-to-date analysis only one recourse: that we shall build a World Government which shall supersede all such divisive and Mammonistic power by a broadly based universal control, commissioned to put into effect God's Will for life, freedom and brotherhood on behalf of all humanity.

A World Charter has lately been published by a group of constitutional experts led by the Chancellor of Chicago University. It is designed as a blueprint for the erection of such a democratically organised World Government. It shows how the (by now) notoriously ineffective San Francisco Charter may be re-stated in terms which, even yet, may save us from another "end of the world" very much more devastating than that of A.D. 410. But draft-Charters will not be enough. We must have widespread public enlightenment, and above all action, on behalf of World Government conceived in Augustine's fashion, as the essential working machinery for implementing the Will of God, the one Sovereign of all mankind.

JOHN S. HOYLAND.

THE GOLDEN-CRESTED WREN.

FEEDING often in the tallest firs the golden-crested wren, despite its small size, is a conspicuous bird, in some districts competing for our attention on equal terms with even so large a bird as the buzzard. Birds intermediate in size may escape recognition, perhaps on this occasion because we failed to see the chestnut mantle and the forked tail of a linnet, or, on that, the white shoulder patches of a chaffinch. But the two extremes—the bird that is almost two feet long and the bird that measures three and a half inches—are almost always recognised by their size and shape alone. This, I know, comes perilously near to "identification by elimination," rightly frowned upon by ornithologists. The ordinary bird-lover need not worry about that, however, when ninety-nine times out of a hundred the smallest bird in Europe is a golden-crested wren, and on the hundredth occasion it is something even more brilliantly crested and beautiful.

But the chances of seeing a firecrest are small, not because it is rare but because, except at close range, it can so easily be mistaken for its commoner cousin, which, incidentally, lacks the rarer bird's white eye-stripe.

Unless one objects on principle to looking for a needle in a haystack it is therefore perhaps just as well to look critically at any goldcrest that presents itself for inspection. Personally I find it very hard indeed not to drop everything I am doing when one appears. If I am writing and see one through the window, my one desire is to take up my binoculars and to see it closer still. If I think I hear one when I am walking, I try to stop until I meet it face to face, not in the hope that it may be a fire-crested wren, but simply to look at it, for I doubt whether there are many birds capable of giving such refreshment to the eyes of man. Perhaps I am prejudiced, for it was this bird more than any other that raised the mind of one small boy at least above the level of catching beetles for the school collection. Seen for the first time, this tiny greenish bird, with the patch of colour on its crown, looks far smaller than a common wren, small enough in fact to be a humming-bird on the wrong side of the Atlantic. The orange-yellow crest glows in the pale wintry sunshine with an almost tropical brilliance, or so at least it seemed to my eyes the first time I saw it, and I could hardly believe that so exquisite a little bird could live in England. For it was unlike any bird that I had ever seen. Naturally, as a boy, I jumped to the conclusion that it must be rare. Soon after that I had another meeting with this enchanting bird, in some ways even better than the first. For my second bird sat on a single prickle of gorse—still leaving room for another wren on either side—just one arm's length from where I stood. I noticed the black border to the crest of flame, a point I had missed before, and I am still surprised that I noticed it at all for I was beside myself with excitement. I do not know, however, which excited me most, the sudden knowledge that the goldcrest is common or the realisation that it is a bird which does not object to being watched at the closest imaginable range.

Since then the years have been delightfully punctuated by goldcrests turning up in unexpected places. Recently, for example, I heard one singing on a bright, cold New Year's day. The shrill little song, almost drowned by the roar of passing traffic, came from a solitary fir in the very centre of a south-coast town. Again, on three occasions young goldcrests have flown through my open window. The last time this happened our small visitor was discovered quietly sitting amongst a great bunch of flowers that my wife had only just brought in from the garden. She had, in fact, barely finished arranging them in a bowl when the goldcrest appeared, so that to this day she more than half believes that she picked the little bird and carried it into the house in mistake for a flower.

Except when, perhaps, it turns up in strange places, it usually gives warning of its approach, a thin, shrill, penetrating call-note nearly always telling us that a golden-crested wren is near. The song, too, may be heard in any month. To my ears it sounds like a tiny bow scraping on an elfin fiddle. A little burst of music, lasting only three or four seconds, it may be repeated half a dozen times a minute. Exceedingly thin and high-pitched, it is little more than the repetition of a single note. Both sexes sing. One first of March I watched a bird with a golden crown singing in a fir. Presently another appeared,

also singing, to chase the first round and round some silver birches. As though fanned by a more ardent nature, the crest of the new-comer glowed in places not only yellow but orange, confirming what I had already guessed, that here was a cock wooing a hen. No doubt her song had attracted his attention as it had mine.

However that may be, in due course those two birds set up a home, building a nest of fresh green moss which they bound together with spiders' webs and lined with feathers. Seeing this nest for the first time, complete with eggs or young, it is difficult to imagine how the birds ever make a start, for, unlike the nests of most other birds, it hangs suspended beneath a branch, usually well out towards the tip of a fir bough. But the nest is really a hammock, the first strand of which may be a single horse-hair tucked into the tree at either end and hanging down in the middle. Or you may discover a nest sketched out in cobwebs, shining with iridescence as the sun catches it against a background of dark fir shadows. The birds fix small pieces of lichen and moss to this swinging cobweb cradle until at last they have a structure firm enough to hold first a dozen brown-spotted, whitish eggs and then a crowd of hungry youngsters. Neither the nest itself nor the dainty string bag that precedes it is easy to find. It is so often slung high up in a tree, concealed from prying eyes by an over-arching tent of spruce.

When, however, the young hatch, the situation is reversed; it is then not easy to overlook at least the approximate position of a nest. For the hubbub that arises from the nursery seems out of all proportion to the almost microscopic size of the inmates, though sometimes, it is true, they do lie still. On one such occasion my wife walked by accident right up to a nest on eye-level, just when the fledgelings were on the very point of flying. Of course the entire nursery of little birds immediately "exploded" in her face, leaving her to stare at an empty nest while the trees around rained down a shower of golden-crested wrens. One came to rest on her shoulder, another perched on her arm, while the remainder speckled the trees and the green grass between with their tiny grey-green bodies. Into this scene of dire confusion the old birds came to lead their little ones to safety. Though five grown-up birds weigh but an ounce, these two looked large indeed beside their minute babies. The latter, however, still had short stumpy tails, which probably made them look smaller than they actually were.

A few days later five of these tiny birds sat tightly pressed together upon a twig. At first we thought that there were four, until the one in the middle raised its head and five small mouths opened simultaneously at the approach of a parent with a caterpillar. This time, to our surprise, it was the old bird that looked the smaller. The infant tails were growing rapidly and, besides, each little bird in the row fluffed out its feathers to the utmost as though trying to look bigger than its neighbour and so claim the lion's share of a caterpillar that after all divided up into only three small pieces. In marked contrast, keeping a wary eye on us, the mother held her feathers close to her body, as though trying to look as small as possible and avoid detection. Evidently we were standing just a little too near for her liking. When the meal was over and she had flown away, I measured the distance from my wife's eyes to the fascinating row of excited, happy youngsters. It was precisely twenty-one and a half inches.

No doubt to so small a bird two feet may seem a considerable distance. If that is the case, then how infinitely great must appear

the Channel crossing. Yet this is flown in some years by golden-crested wrens that leave our shores in the autumn, flying south. The sea is crossed again, too, when in the spring multitudes travel up the east coast, sometimes crowding the bushes nearest the water like a swarm of giant bumble-bees. Nevertheless the dangers of migration are as nothing compared to the perils of prolonged hard weather, which may turn a bird that was common into one that for a time is rare. Fortunately that does not appear to have happened, anyhow in my district, after the disastrous winter of 1946-47, three goldcrests singing at the same time soon afterwards within a mile of my house. So now, as always, the fairy fiddle and the single note beckon to those bird-lovers who have not yet discovered for themselves certainly the smallest and perhaps the most enchanting little bird in England.

BERNARD GOOCH.

MALTHUS AFTER 150 YEARS.

IN 1798 the Rev. T. R. Malthus, thirty-two years old, a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, where ten years earlier he had graduated as ninth Wrangler, published his *Essay on the Principle of Population*. It soon became one of the few books which, like *Le Contrat Social* and *Das Kapital*, have had a profound influence not only on human thought but human practice. Though from the first attacked by able writers, it still commands adherents; and at the present time, when large masses of the human race are suffering from malnutrition and threatened with starvation, its teaching seems to have gained renewed influence.

Thomas Robert Malthus was the second son of Daniel Malthus, a country gentleman in easy circumstance, who was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, but left without taking a degree. Though in a letter to his son, then a Cambridge undergraduate, he wrote with regret of his own "broken purposes and imperfect pursuits," he must have been a man of unusual qualities; for he had among his friends two of the most famous men of his time—David Hume and Jean Jacques Rousseau, who visited him together on March 9th, 1766, when the future author of the *Essay on the Principle of Population* was three weeks old. The *Essay* was the outcome of the author's discussions with his father on the Utopian visions of Condorcet and Godwin, both of whom had recently brought out books telling that man was approaching, and would ultimately attain, a state of perfection in which "there will be neither disease, anguish, melancholy, nor resentment," and every man "will seek with ineffable ardour the good of all." To Daniel Malthus, the Oxonian, the friend and disciple of Rousseau, these visions made an overwhelming appeal; but his son, who had emerged with distinction from the Cambridge mathematical schools, had not, as he tells us, "acquired that command over his understanding which would enable him to believe what he wished without evidence." He held that man's power to produce children is greater than his power to produce subsistence, and that effectively bars the way to the Utopias of Condorcet and Godwin. At his father's request, he put his views into writing "for maturer consideration." Whether the study of his son's MS. converted Daniel Malthus to his son's views we do not know, but the work impressed him; he urged Robert to publish it and in 1798 it appeared.

The book at once became the subject of controversies that still continue. Its success moved the author to continue his population studies, and after five years' hard work he brought out a second edition of his *Essay*, which according to Alfred Marshall is "one of the most crushing answers that patient and hard-working science has ever given to the reckless assertions of its adversaries." Later editions introduced no essential modification of the Malthusian doctrine as set out in the second edition. In substance it is explained in the first two chapters of the *Essay*. From these, supplemented by the appendices to the third and fifth editions, which are important as containing Malthus's answers to the chief objections brought against his theory in his lifetime, a reader with no previous knowledge of the subject need have no difficulty in eliciting the gist of what he said about population growth. The essence of his teaching is that man's power to produce children is much greater than his power to produce the things necessary for rearing his children. Producing such things requires hard and sustained work, and man does not take kindly to hard and sustained work. His natural state, said Malthus, is "a state of sloth," and it is only under "the strong goad of necessity" that he is roused to activity. The production of children is, however, governed by entirely different conditions; the human race has but to obey the imperious dictates of what Malthus called "the passion between the sexes."

The knowledge and industry, which would enable the natives of New Holland to make the best use of the natural resources of their country, must, without an absolute miracle, come to them gradually and slowly . . . but the passions which prompt to the increase of population are always in full vigour, and are ready to produce their full effect even in a state of the most helpless ignorance and barbarism.*

Population, if unchecked, would double itself within a period that might safely be put at twenty-five years. It would increase therefore in a geometrical ratio, namely, as 1, 2, 4, 8. . . . The means of subsistence, on the other hand, could be made to increase only in an arithmetical ratio, as 1, 2, 3, 4. . . . But since man cannot live without food his power of reproduction is constantly being repressed; and the growth of population is kept within the limits of subsistence by a variety of checks, all of which may be resolved into "vice, misery, and moral restraint."

Such is the essence of Malthus's Principle of Population. It is not, as is popularly supposed, a forecast of disasters awaiting us in the future: it is a statement of what is happening here and now and has always happened. The vice and misery springing from the disparity between man's power to produce children and his power to produce subsistence have, Malthus taught, dogged him since his appearance on this planet. The Malthusian argument, he thought, is valid even if no limit is planned on the produce of the earth:

It may increase for ever and be greater than any assignable quantity; yet still the power of population being in every period so much superior, the increase of the human species can only be kept down to the level of the means of subsistence by the constant operation of the strong law of necessity, acting as a check on the greater power.†

Malthus held, however, that it is within the power of man to rid himself of the vice and misery so caused; he can check excessive popula-

* *Essay*. Appendix to the 1807 edition.

† *Essay*, Bk. I, ch. 1.

tion growth by exercising "moral restraint," which Malthus defined as "a restraint from marriage from prudential motives, with a conduct strictly moral during the period of this restraint." He held that moral restraint is the only check on excessive population growth which cannot be classed as vice or misery. He was therefore led to the conclusion that "the virtue of chastity is not, as some have supposed, a forced produce of artificial society; . . . it has the most real and solid foundation in nature and reason; being apparently the only virtuous means of avoiding the vice and misery which result so often from the principle of population."*

The objection most generally brought against the Malthusian doctrine when it first appeared was that it was inconsistent with the benevolence of the Creator. In the later editions of his *Essay* Malthus dealt with this objection at some length, his main argument being indicated in the following extracts:

We cannot but conceive that it is an object of the Creator that the earth should be replenished; and it appears to me clear that this could not be effected without a tendency in population to increase faster than food. . . . If these two tendencies were exactly balanced, I do not see what motive there would be sufficiently strong to overcome the acknowledged indolence of man and make him proceed in the cultivation of the soil. . . .†

I have always considered the principle of population as a law peculiarly suited to a state of discipline and trial. . . . And as each individual has the power of avoiding the evil consequences to himself and society resulting from the principle of population by the practice of a virtue clearly dictated to him by the light of nature, and sanctioned by revealed religion, it must be allowed that the ways of God to man with regard to this great law of nature are completely vindicated.‡

Another objection was that the only check to excessive population increase that he ever advocated, namely, "moral restraint," was very difficult to apply. He admitted the difficulty but added:

To him who does not acknowledge the authority of the Christian religion, I have only to say that . . . the path of virtue, though it be the only path which leads to permanent happiness, has always been represented by the heathen moralists as of difficult ascent. . . . The Christian cannot consider the difficulty of moral restraint as any argument against its being his duty; since, in almost every page of the sacred writings, man is described as encompassed on all sides by temptations which it is extremely difficult to resist; and though no duties are enjoined which do not contribute to his happiness on earth as well as in a future state, yet an undeviating obedience is never represented as an easy task."§

During the 150 years since Malthus brought out his *Essay*, many things have thrown light on population questions, and modern students have facilities for their studies of which Malthus knew nothing. How does his theory emerge from the test of 150 years' experience? It is a question to which varying answers would be given. His reprobation of contraceptive practices does not now command the general acceptance it did in his time. Then contraception was regarded as something "foul, strange, and unnatural"; now it finds advocates in most respectable quarters—even in the Episcopate. If it be agreed that contraception cannot be classified under the Malthusian heading—"vice," Malthus's contention that all population checks can be resolved

* *Essay*, Bk. IV, ch. 1.

† *Essay*, Appendix to the 1816 edition.

‡ *Essay*, Bk. IV, ch. 1.

§ *Essay*, Bk. IV, ch. 2.

into "vice, misery, and moral restraint" becomes untenable; to these must be added contraception.

His attempt to give precision to his argument by his use of arithmetical and geometrical ratios is now regarded as of no scientific value. His statement that an unchecked population would double itself every twenty-five years was based on the statistics of the North American colonies, which showed an even higher rate of increase; but since he never suggested that the people were worse off after their successive doublings, their means of subsistence must have increased at as high a rate. In certain conditions an increase in population brings about a more than proportionate increase in the productiveness of labour. The modern application of machinery to agriculture to meet the increasing demand of an increasing population has greatly reduced the number of workers required for the production of a given quantity of produce. "The budding student," wrote Professor Cannan, "is no longer taught that from some very early stage in history of man every increase of population has always tended to diminish the productiveness of labour in agriculture. He is told that without the bigger population the agriculturist would have had neither the machinery nor the knowledge which are now at his command."*

It seems, however, that despite all the attacks on the Malthusian doctrine, its hard core, namely, that man's power to produce offspring is, generally, greater than his power to produce subsistence, still stands. To increase his numbers he has but to obey an imperious instinct; to increase his subsistence he has to make himself work hard. Hard work is not everywhere popular in the modern world, in which incitements to the joys of leisure constantly increase; absenteeism has become an important industrial problem. Malthus regarded the tendency of population to increase faster than subsistence as an incentive to work, but in the Western world its force has been much weakened by contraception, by which parental responsibilities may be reduced or completely avoided. Malthus was against contraception, not only because he thought it immoral but because it removed an incentive to work:

If it were possible for each married couple to limit by a wish the number of their children, there is certainly reason to fear that the indolence of the human race would be very greatly increased; and that neither the population of individual countries, nor the whole earth, would ever reach its natural and proper extent.†

G. F. McCLEARY.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE WEAPON OF PROPAGANDA

THERE is published in London in English a certain periodical which deserves a passing remark. In the interests of the game, let it be nameless, for to name it would be perhaps to advertise it. It appears once a fortnight. It is priced at 6d., but whether anyone buys it or not, it is sent out to such people as Moscow and its henchmen mark down as impressionable or influential; or both. It

* *A Review of Economic Theory*. By E. Cannan.

† *Essay*, Appendix to the 1816 edition.

provides a remarkable spectacle. There is after all such a thing as freedom. Here in London the enemy is allowed full liberty to spread the propaganda he directs against us. In Moscow nothing is allowed to be published except the works, direct or indirect, of the thirteen men who operate from the Kremlin. Those thirteen know, and exploit the knowledge, that by contrast they can themselves, as it were, take up their stand in London itself and under cover of what appears to be an English magazine can prosecute their strategy. For propaganda is a modern weapon of war as deadly as the atomic bomb itself; more so, because it is used constantly, whether the situation be one of formal war or not. It is the clear calculation of the bolshevik speculator that the more he penetrates into the mind and feelings, into what we call the *moral*, of the enemy people, the less likely it becomes that formal war will even be necessary; for, according to the calculation, the British Government, to take a case, will not be able to rely upon the loyalty of its own nationals. Will such nationals obey their own Government or will they, in an emergency, take their orders from Moscow?

That is not a fanciful question. It is proved in our experience that the British working man can be driven by Moscow (though he does not recognise the source of the pressure) into what are called "unofficial" strikes, declared in the teeth of his own trade union leaders and of the government which in theory he supports. The average working docker or miner would indignantly reject the suggestion that when he strikes against his own union's advice he is obeying orders from Moscow; and Moscow intends that his right hand shall not know what his left hand does.

But Moscow, whose thirteen despots are masters of the art of propaganda and painstaking and thorough in the execution, do not confine their attention to the working-man. They assail the intellectual with the like subtle and indirect approach. Through the medium of an ostensibly English organ of opinion they put across an argument which none but a halfwit would tolerate, but they count upon the abundance of intellectual halfwits in a mad world. In the democratic practice a halfwit is as important as anyone else in an electoral show-down. These schemers of the Kremlin, it would be no exaggeration to say, regard propaganda as the most powerful single weapon in their armoury. The original bolsheviks first usurped power in Russia by its means: for the revolution could not have been successfully carried through had the ground not been so thoroughly prepared. The resultant tyranny has been maintained, and expanded into the heart of Europe, by the same means. They are clever, these bolsheviks, in the sense that they first decide their objective and then pursue it without scruple of any moral kind.

Their very atheism and materialism is an asset for their particular purpose, because they are not deterred by moral considerations. Downright lies are part of the day's work. Their object is to reach a minimum number of ears, to mislead a maximum number of innocent and unsuspecting people. When in the review above referred to an English reader is told certain things, some of the poison may take effect; such is the calculation. He is told for instance that the declaration published on June 24th at the conclusion of the Warsaw Conference represented the views of eight countries (Russia, Albania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Poland, Roumania and Hungary) embracing some 300,000,000 human beings; that the three Western

Powers by deciding the fate of Western Germany without consulting Russia broke the Potsdam Agreement (which provided a Four-Power administration of Germany as a unit) and split Germany and Europe into two camps; that by the same token the Council of Foreign Ministers had been "unilaterally liquidated"; that by such violence done to international agreements the Western Powers had forfeited the confidence of all decent peoples; that by contrast the Warsaw Conference pointed the way, the only way, to settlement, peace, decency, etc.

This sort of thing raises a practical issue. By the civilised practice of freedom even the enemy of such a practice is allowed to distort the truth and mislead men's minds in our very midst. At a time when every crime alleged against the west had in fact been perpetrated by Russia herself, when Germany and Europe had been split of set design in Moscow's strategy, when the German population of the western sectors of Berlin was being deliberately blockaded and threatened with starvation as a lever for driving the Western Powers out of Berlin as the preliminary to the Russian full annexation of Eastern Germany, Berlin included, the unscrupulous propaganda which was part and parcel of the aggression was not only permitted, but actively encouraged and given its opportunity, by a remarkable complex in the western mentality; the complex namely that no good end can be achieved in Europe except in "co-operation" with Russia. It is known and proved up to the hilt that Russia's purpose is to wind up that European civilisation which has been the fount and origin of all that is good in the halting progress of mankind, to suppress Christianity, to impose upon the ruins a foul and degrading tyranny, wielded by thirteen atheists in the Kremlin. Yet we, the intended victims, through our leaders, declare that we can do nothing off our own bat in our own defence; that we must depend upon the goodwill (which is non-existent) of that same Kremlin, that we must go on patiently seeking conference with its spokesmen, urging them to talk, giving them gratuitous openings for the spread of their propaganda on an unlimited scale.

It would of course be an excellent thing if Russia's leaders were other than they are; if we could agree with them on any ideal of civilised intercourse. But we know that it is not so. Until the Russian leaders change their purpose there can obviously be no profitable contact with them on the part of the western leaders. To pursue the deluded tactic of such contact is to betray the trust of decent people. Let it be conceded that throughout the troubled and unhappy history of international relationships, especially during the past half century, it has been the glib and foolish fashion to brand the enemy of the moment as the embodiment of all that is unholy, repellent and destructive of what is good in civilisation. Let it be conceded that the interests of human beings at large would have been better served if we had sought peace with the Kaiser's Germany in 1916 (when Lord Lansdowne actually proposed it) and if we had sought peace with Hitler's Germany in 1941 (when Rudolf Hess, by his spectacular flight, unprecedented in history, came to propose it, and before Russia was involved). Let it be conceded that appeasement in general is a better motive than holy indignation (which swamps charity) and that blessed are the peacemakers. But they are not blessed who fail to face the implication of peace, and who sell the pass to wickedness from folly or muddleheadedness.

This is not a case of ordinary vulgar war. It is something that drives deep into the foundations of our life on earth, of the faith by which we live. It is necessary to distinguish between an enemy who merely threatens our material amenities or challenges us to the mundane spoils, and an enemy who throws down a challenge to what we know to be more important than life itself, to the faith of our fathers and to the very essence of our spiritual being. Is this an exaggeration of what is at issue? God alone can judge. The enemy denies God. If it be admitted, as all intelligent people admit, that human wisdom consists exclusively in submitting oneself to God, Who made us and Who alone understands our need, then we have a *prima facie* case for our comfort. If we do what we know incontrovertibly to be right, we can leave results to God.

How does the argument apply to the hold-up which Russia presents to us? The answer is clear. There can be no parley with Russia. Having made the blunders we made at Yalta and Potsdam, having agreed to such an absurdity as the delimiting of the Russian zone so that it surrounds Berlin, we must accept the circumstance. At all costs our position in Berlin must be held and the German population saved. If it cannot be done in the long run by air, then a way must be forced through by land and water. The result would be Russia's, not our, responsibility, for the whole situation is of Russia's making. Not another inch of concessions should be yielded to Russia. Not another word should be wasted on Russia. Her ambassadors should be sent home. She should be allowed to conclude that the talk is over, that a stand has been made; and that the consequences will be what they will be. The choice therefore would be Russia's exclusively. She would not be allowed to advance further under cover, under the absurd figment of "friendly diplomatic relations." Any further advance on her part would be an act of formal war; of her choosing. The subject peoples of Eastern Europe, already enslaved, would for the first time pluck up their courage. The tide would have turned against Russia, and the ebb would be strong and fast; for nothing is so essentially unsound as Godlessness. By dilly-dallying so long we have merely encouraged Russia and enabled her to do what she has done. We need only stop being foolish, and the rest would automatically follow. Far from such wisdom being a cause for fear, it would be the cause, the only cause, of the opposite.

No policy, however, is ever easy. In the present case the United States Government is firm enough in calling a halt to Russian exuberance and aggression. The French Government is embarrassed by a strong Communist opposition in the country, in other words is "stymied" by the enemy itself. The British Government, though outspoken enough on the main issue, is yet conditioned by the existence of a substantial body of Socialist and other intellectuals who play with the idea of Britain's holding the balance between the United States and Russia, and who, regarding the present conflict as an ordinary episode in power-politics, think to derive advantage from Britain's mediatory position aforesaid.

There is such a thing in England as a hard core of intellectuals, long-suffering and patient, who specialise in the study of international affairs. They approach every question with an impartial phlegmatic broadmindedness and objective thirst for facts. It is a remarkable sort of influence in British policy, and has often had beneficial effects. The main arena of its operation is Chatham House. If it were thought

that there was any chance of the invitation being accepted, Stalin himself would no doubt be invited to address Chatham House on, say, the moral content of *Marxian* atheism, and would be given a smooth and cheerful welcome when he drove up to the door of No. 10 St. James's Square. What is more, he would probably have lunched at No. 10 Downing Street beforehand. There is something typically English in this kind of tolerance, forbearance and (this is not an exaggeration) charity. It is one of the best qualities in the English character. Up to the very outbreak of the war in 1939 German leaders (short of Hitler himself, who could not have been thus inveigled) were fêted in such a manner. Some of them escaped by the skin of their teeth when Scotland Yard and the War Office had accumulated evidence enough to shoot them at dawn. In common with all good things, this sort of thing can be abused. The scientific, objective attitude to foreign affairs may become disastrous when, as at present, the enemy is not only at the gates, but inside, and when his main weapon is the infiltration of subtle poison into the very body politic of civilisation.

When the Kaiser and Hitler dreamed of world conquest they thought in terms of shining armour—shining above ground in the glint of the sun. When Stalin dreams of world conquest he thinks in terms of hidden treason within the gates—of a new sort of Trojan horse filled, not with men, but with ideas. It is of the very fibre of his strategy that the shaft of his ideology reach its mark, and to that end it is essential to him and to his duodecinvirate that open war shall be avoided or postponed for as long as possible and that contact, "co-operation," broadmindedness and shilly-shallying on the part of the enemy shall indefinitely prolong the sweep of his propaganda. The countries of Eastern Europe, extending as far as Czechoslovakia in the very heart of Europe, have been virtually annexed under our eyes by this process of peace-time infiltration and intrigue. Hitler shot his panzers all over the place and set up his honest overlords—at any rate there was no deception about the nature of the thing—in the countries overrun. In Prague there was set up von Neurath (former German ambassador in London). By the Moscow method it is a Gottwald that is set up. The thing oozes up from inside, the pumping being underground, instead of being imported with a blaze of trumpets in the full light of day. This then is the essential difference in the military method; for, let there be no mistake, this war-by-other-means is at this very moment in full blast.

The question presented to the defenders of civilisation is this: is it wise to hold the gates wide open, to keep going the talk and other forms of propaganda that stream through them, to seek accommodation and "co-operation," to be broadminded and impersonally objective in argument, when all these things are the very weapons the enemy turns against us; or ought we not rather to resist the cackle as we resisted the panzers? There is no risk (except by accident, which might happen in any case) of the physical horror of open war, for the war already on is conducted by other weapons.

JOCKEYING FOR POSITION

In the practice of diplomacy there is no need to explain what is meant by the phrase jockeying for position. It is taken for granted that the strategem described by that phrase is the commonplace routine. When for instance one of the commentators observed in

reference to the Russian blockade of Western Berlin that the longer the blockade was maintained the tighter it became, and the nearer the two and a half million Germans were brought to starvation, the stronger would be the Russian bargaining lever if and when the Four-Power discussions were renewed, his observation was itself so commonplace and obvious that it made no impression. Those who as principals or as observers have been engaged in the business of high diplomacy over a long period of time tend to become acclimatised to the tricks of the trade. But to the simple intelligent person who looks upon the scene from afar it is a source of something near bewilderment that so much thought should be given to tactics, and so little to ultimate purposes, by the vast majority of those who conduct international affairs.

For instance, they ask, what do the Russians *want*? What did the Kaiser want in 1914, or Hitler in 1939? Is it possible, they surmise, that the men who are in the forefront of big affairs, the so-called leaders of human beings by the million, find themselves entirely at a loss, and that far from leading, they are being pushed inexorably by the weight of disordered, chaotic impulses from behind? In general it may be said that the "leading" politicians of the world belong to the class of what we call intellectuals, either born into that class or driven into it later in life by accident, circumstance or the working of native talent. It may also be said as a general logical principle that intelligence or understanding is the product of the intellect; that it is the function of the intellect to produce intelligence. Obviously, then, something has gone wrong in the chain of cause and result. It is only necessary to glance at the general political situation in the world to know that intelligence has contributed nothing to its making; yet equally obviously it is the work of intellectuals. The leaders of the Jews and of the Arabs are intellectuals. The "thirteen" of the Kremlin are intellectuals. Their dupes or henchmen who mobilise the East against the West, in Malaya and elsewhere, who foment unofficial strikes, who plot and plan for this, that or the other disturbance in every part of the world; they are all intellectuals. The masses of people everywhere suffer the results of what is contrived by superior intellects throughout the world.

Without putting too fine a point on it, one may conclude generally that the human intellect has produced the hell of a mess in world affairs. If then God gave the intellect to man as the means to his intelligence, are we to conclude that this particular gift of God was a snare and a delusion? So far in the history, the political history, of man, the answer must be yes. The explanation is that, as in so much of God's mystery (which in the nature of mystery cannot be understood by man) we get things mixed up. We overtax the intellect in trying by its use to understand mystery. The theologians talk a deal of nonsense, despite the grace of God, because they too are apt to use their intellect beyond its province. All thinkers are exposed to the same snare: to the snare of using the wrong tool in their job. In the material physical field, where the more humble people find their work, the difficulty does not arise. A carpenter (hallowed trade!) does not try to cut through a beam, measuring, say, four inches by four inches; by the use of a penknife. He uses a saw, and the right kind of saw at that, and properly sharpened. The intellectual, who works in less palpable material, and who indeed necessarily penetrates into the borderlands between the understandable and the mysterious, is apt to

take his intellect (which is the penknife of the analogy aforesaid) as his tool; and he scores a first-class failure.

It is necessary if we are to understand the reason for the remarkable and recurrent fiasco of international affairs to drive our enquiry into these depths of the motive at work. The Communists differ from other intellectuals only in degree, though the difference in degree may make all the difference in the resultant calamity. Their fault is that they use their penknife, as it were, for every job. Mankind, upon whom their work is directed, is not an exclusively material thing, as they assume. (They themselves duly call themselves materialists.) There are other ingredients in man besides flesh and blood, and even flesh and blood are mysterious, as well as material. Intelligence is only in part, and only on conditions, the product of the intellect; for the intellect, to be used properly, must first be subjected to the grace and the will of God. The intellect is a direct gift of God; intelligence an indirect gift. That is why, as we survey the vast disorder of international affairs, we are enabled to explain it.

It results from the fact that politics and high diplomacy are the work specifically and exclusively of the intellect, used without that grace of God which would fructify it into intelligence. The simple unlettered soul who believes wholly—and even blindly—in God, who loves God as a child of God, is intelligent without being intellectual. It is hard to be both intellectual and intelligent; and the abiding proof of that circumstance is the chaos of international affairs. The intellectual is given a harder thing to do than the untutored being who depends instinctively upon the love of God, still more than the animal or the bird who depend without the admixture of intellectual free will upon that support. In the long view it is perhaps not surprising that mankind has not yet conquered the challenge given to its free will, the challenge namely which demands that the intellect be freely surrendered back to God before it can be fertilised into intelligence.

But the meantime is a hard school. The cheerful aspect of our experience invites paradox. By the unfertilised use of our intellect we have produced an extremity of chaos and impasse in world affairs. No imaginative person can believe that high diplomacy, as we have so far known it, is anything else but bankrupt of any possibility of profitable work. If we are not plunged in cruel, senseless war with the Kaiser's Germany, we are plunged in the like horror with Hitler's Germany, and after that we are distracted almost beyond endurance by a senseless vendetta with Stalin's Russia, jockeying for position in the incidental controversy. What is it all for? Where does it lead? Where, as the Americans say, do we go from here? The answer to these questions in its turn depends upon a right use of the intellect. By its unredeemed use, the intellect would tell us in virtue of logic and arithmetic calculation that it leads straight to hell or to the end of the world. But intelligent people know that that is not the right answer. God's contrivances are not so fragile. When the carpenter is unsuccessful by the use of wrong tools he comes sooner or later to see the reason, and he has recourse to the right tools. When our intellectuals are unsuccessful in the management of world affairs by the use of the wrong tool, namely by their exclusive reliance upon the human brain (which is the essence of bolshevism) then they will sooner or later see the reason for it, and will have recourse to the right tool, namely the use of their God-given intellect conditioned and sharpened

by the assisting grace of God. What is religion but the dictate of commonsense, whereby we see what is obvious, namely that we are dependent upon the God Who gave us life?

We may now—for the general situation is as black as could be—have reached that blackest part of the night which precedes the dawn. The world's diplomacy needs the inspiration of simple religion. Revelation itself is a form of revolution, a spiritual revolution which may be uncomfortable in the process but healthy in the outcome. In the spiritual as in the physical sphere of life, causes produce results. The essential Godlessness of a Tory world produced in reaction a Communist world, and a Communist world (for there is nothing worse to produce) meets a dead end, from which the only possible rebound drives us into enlightenment and spiritual rebirth. The prospect may be near or far; but the outcome is certain in the heart of the faithful.

There is one obvious argument that should suggest at any rate the possibility that the world is ripe for a strong reaction towards a better standard of thought in world affairs. The present situation is so revoltingly sordid that most people do in fact cry out for that change of heart which alone can rescue us from it. We have reached the pass where the tune is called, and we all dance to it, by the atheist materialists. For many weeks world affairs have been dominated by this sort of thing: Russia, wanting to annex the whole of Berlin, tried to prevent food from reaching the Western sectors; then after an interval offered to feed the two and half million Germans herself (while still blocking the other avenues). Western diplomacy was dragged down to the level of merely "protesting" and taking counter measures against so low a form of crime in high affairs. We cannot sink lower. The spirit of man, from the very outrage to his dignity, will burst his bonds.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

August 10th, 1948.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

GREECE IN TRAVAIL.

This book * stands in a class by itself as the first serious study of Greek affairs during the past ten years: previous books on this subject have been little more than ambitious essays in journalism. Col. Woodhouse's qualifications for the task are literally unique. I doubt if there is any other Englishman living with a comparable knowledge of the Greek language and character added to a continuous experience of the operational and diplomatic scene from 1940 onwards and a ubiquitous observation of events in the Greek mountains, Egypt, London and Athens.

Greece, in the early days of the war the apple of their eye among the great allies, has become their apple of discord. This is the book's central theme, the process by which Greece's local quarrels have come to reflect the rift between East and West. This reflection, in the author's phrase, has been cast back and forth and multiplied, as in two confronting mirrors. Thus, purely local squabbles have been magnified into world-shaking events, the initiative has tended to pass to the extremists, and conversely the Great Powers are constantly in danger of being drawn down to the level of the contending factions.

* *Apple of Discord*. By C. M. Woodhouse. Hutchinson. 21s.

Col. Woodhouse's opening chapter on the contemporary background contains the shrewdest general observations made on Greek political life since Finlay's *History of the Greek Revolution*; indeed, they show a good deal more sympathetic understanding than did that rather disillusioned philhellene. The importance of this introduction is to show, what too few Greeks will admit, that Greece's real problems are organic rather than political. The fundamental issues, such as starvation or lawlessness, are left untouched by the age-old disputes around the personalities of Constantine and Venizelos, but to admit this would be a confession of national backwardness. To have grasped this fact, however imperfectly, is still one of the main sources of strength for the Left, and one of the fatal weaknesses of the old political world.

The future historian will probably value most the chapters dealing with the occupation. The principal actors, the exiles, the resistance, the agents of the British, the *attentistes* and the collaborators, are all carefully distinguished. The analysis of their respective rôles and responsibilities is brilliant, and shows a complete independence of judgment and rejection of current cant on this subject. The continuity of the author's experience also gives an exceptional value to this account. Other writers have enjoyed their specialist knowledge of Greece for strictly limited periods and have therefore missed the parallels and repetitions in the train of events. The scarlet thread running through this narrative is the plan of the Greek Communist Party to seize power whenever a political vacuum occurs. The Italian armistice, the German retreat and the British financial withdrawal (March, 1947) presented three such apparent chances. Each time the attack was mounted, but the *coup* failed. This diagnosis should not surprise the student of modern Greek history. In reality, ever since the great war the crux of Greek political life has been the control of the armed forces of the State—Republicans and Royalists each maintained their party within the army, which led to successive revolutions in 1922, 1923, 1926, 1933 and 1935. The Communists, in organising ELAS, were in a sense following the traditional rules. They were breaking them in making the struggle an "all-in" one, and also in introducing a territorial significance; as their local strength declined they became more than ever the agents of an outside Power.

The picture is not so simple, however, since Col. Woodhouse considers that the Left, though unable to shake itself free of the Communist grip, has contained at various times the most promising figures of the younger generation. One of Greece's tragedies has been the exclusion from public responsibility, through the Metaxas dictatorship and the occupation, of so many men in their prime, so that "the unrelenting dotards," in the author's phrase, have for too long monopolised the stage. Similarly, the December, 1944, revolution greatly obstructed any effective purge of public life. The occupied countries of the West all experienced at their liberation a political hurly-burly, a kind of shooting of the rapids, after which the vessel of state emerged on the calmer waters below; but Greece was denied this experience.

In considering British policy the author is admirably objective and independent of any party doctrine. He rebuts the charge that British support so strengthened ELAS as to bring on the civil war, and shows convincingly that without the British Mission's control far less choice for their future would have been left to the Greek people. Britain's weakness has been that she had not, and could not have had, a Balkan policy during the war. It was impossible to decide, even wishfully, what type of régime for the Balkans as a whole it was desired to support at the moment of liberation, and impossible with Anglo-American forces committed in the West to back up such decisions on the spot. We have a sentimental weakness for infant nationalist movements, he concludes; we accept separatism in the Balkans and Arab nationalism in our own sphere of influence. In a final survey of the future of South-East Europe, which shows a rare understanding of American policy, Greece's future is summed up as either absorp-

tion into a sovietised *bloc* or development as a bridgehead for American economic penetration; the reader is left to estimate the probabilities for himself. The author's gifts throughout in marshalling his arguments and in force of expression are outstanding. The only weakness in the plan is that economic factors are seldom mentioned and might have been made to support the political generalisations more convincingly. The book will certainly take a lasting place among Greek historical studies, for although the author's philhellenism is unquestionable it is never allowed to confuse the issue. I should doubt whether Greece has possessed a more candid friend since Byron's day.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE FREE SOCIETY.*

Mr. Middleton Murry, like many thinking people to-day, is appalled at the prospect of another world war and deeply perturbed by the state of moral disintegration in which the world finds itself at present. In his opinion the only alternative to war is an effective world authority, capable of controlling atomic energy and of forcing all States to surrender at least part of their sovereignty. Few people would disagree with this proposal to cure the world's illness, but at the same time there can only be few who would be willing to try the author's drastic prescription. Undismayed by his experience of one war to end all wars, Mr. Middleton Murry proposes that we should gird our loins for another final war with Russia in order to force her into a world organisation which would then preserve eternal peace. The arguments which the author advances for this alarming thesis are not very convincing, and in part downright self-contradictory; yet it is not its logical weakness that forces us to reject his prescription but its utter impracticability. Even if we accept the thesis that Russia is the only villain of the piece—and, indeed, her fanatical rulers bear a large share of responsibility for the present impasse—a preventive war with a clear moral issue, such as the author envisages, is a political impossibility, since men in free societies will not fight a war for abstractions but only if they are forced to do so.

We all know, unfortunately, that a war with Russia is by no means impossible; but it is fairly obvious that if this war should come about it will not be fought over the issue whether Russia is willing to surrender the veto and to join an effective international atomic control organisation. Such a war would inevitably unleash the same emotions as all modern wars have done, and even if it does not completely annihilate civilisation it will certainly produce that moral vacuum which Mr. Middleton Murry so deeply deplores in the case of the war with Germany. The author realises the depth of the ideological conflict which characterises our epoch, and it is presumably for this reason that he tries to re-state and re-assess the values on which the free society depends. I am afraid, however, that his attempt to oppose to the extravagant claims of the Communist challengers of our social order a convincing democratic creed is not very successful. Much of the second part of the book is so obscure that it cannot be very helpful to those who share the author's anxiety for the survival of the free society. We would have welcomed some intellectual ammunition in the fight with totalitarianism, but the statement that the free society depends on God and God depends on the free society, or that the free society is identical with the Church, does not seem to help us very much. It is quite true that one of the essential roots of modern democracy is the simple Christian faith of Cromwell and his followers; but by stressing this—and, indeed, by exaggerating it—Mr. Middleton Murry implicitly admits that his definition of the free society as the tolerant society does not help us very much either. Cromwell was anything but tolerant, as the author himself recognises, and it would be quite possible for Communists to claim that their intolerance is of the same order as was Cromwell's, namely, to eradicate the intolerant,

* *The Free Society*. By John Middleton Murry. Andrew Dakers. 12s. 6d.

that is to say, those who are intolerant of the necessary economic changes. The book which will re-define the essence of democracy remains still to be written. Let us hope that it will have something of the simplicity and the magic spell of the Communist Manifesto. In the meantime, we must see to it that the free societies will solve the social and economic problems the failure to solve which produces Communism, and we must go on hoping that Communists and Democrats will learn to live together in peace just as Catholics and Protestants learned to do not so very long ago.

(Dr.) REINHOLD ARIS.

THE SHOPS OF BRITAIN.*

Professor Levy has placed the general reader under a great obligation. It is over the shop counter that the normal citizen makes his acquaintance with the economic problems of the contemporary world; all too frequently it is the shopkeeper who is the bearer of evil tidings, the odium of which he cannot escape. When prices rise, is it because there are too many shops, all operating below their possible capacity? Are there too many shops, anyway? (The answer tends to vary according to immediate personal circumstances, to whether one is in search of cigarettes in a strange town, or watching the progressive commercialisation of a Bath or Oxford street.) Should retail prices vary from place to place, or should they be uniform? There is now no longer any excuse for these ill-formulated perplexities. In the first part of the book the author, in the course of an analysis of the basic economics of retailing which is a masterpiece of concise logic, makes clear what are the right questions to ask. In the second, he musters with equal compactness what is in fact known (until the Census of Distribution, of which he approves highly, is complete). Not all the questions are answered, it is true, but the reader knows what to ask for in the way of information if he wishes to reach reasonable conclusions. The blame rests with the long tradition which has assumed that shopkeeping, "everybody's business," is "nobody's business." As the reader of Professor Levy's study of *Retail Trade Associations* will expect, most of his criticism of existing trade practices centres upon the restrictions placed by trade associations, in conjunction with producers, upon competition in the field of price. The question of re-sale price maintenance is too large a one to deal with in a review; moreover, it is now the subject of enquiry by a committee appointed by the President of the Board of Trade. It must suffice to say that Professor Levy, though an avowed critic, is fair and objective in his setting out of the problem. The professional economist, too, cannot afford to neglect this book, more particularly the concluding chapters. He may find some ground for disagreement with the assumption, which appears to be implicit in many passages, that the unfettered action of competition in the retail trade will automatically produce the optimum of efficiency in distribution. We now recognise many gradations of competition, ranging from conditions, rare in the real world, in which the textbook results are achieved to those in which they are almost completely negated. Some economists, notably Dr. Lewis, whose work in economics might well have had notice in a book of this kind, emphasise aspects of retail trade, particularly the limited but real "spatial monopoly" which most shops enjoy, which lead them to think less highly of the mere absence of regulation. From this angle, also, a fuller treatment of consumers' co-operation, which analysed the different economic motivation of the movement as compared with private trade, would, perhaps, have rounded off the author's argument more completely. But in general this is a thorough, cautious and well-balanced book on a subject upon which the level of public information is in great need of elevation.

(Dr.) HENRY SMITH.

* *The Shops of Britain: A Study of Retail Distribution.* By Hermann Levy. Kogan Paul. 218.

YORK BIOGRAPHIES IN STONE *

In so ancient and proud a city as York all except the Lord Mayor are "the commonalty." Only in that sense are those whose epitaphs are recorded in Mr. J. B. Morrell's delightful volume "common men"; for his record covers Roman emperors, earls and knights, bishops and abbots, the gentry of the county, magistrates and scholars, poets and artists as well as the more humble citizens whose only memorial is a minor tablet in a York parish church. Arranged in such a way as to group together those of like kind, this informative and refreshing volume is a model of how to present the fruits of wide research in a readable form. It forms not only an entertaining anthology of epitaphs and a record of many little-known lives over all the centuries, but also a valuable commentary on the history of the "second city of England" and on the outlook and taste and beliefs of each of its many generations. The common bond between them all—from Aurelius Superbus, "centurion of the Sixth Legion," to Thomas Beverley, who died in 1480, "Mayor of this City and Merchant of the Staple town of Calais," and on to William Etty, "who in his brilliant works has left noble and enduring monuments of his genius"—is that they lived in a city of renown. Thereby, some glint of glory fell upon even the most inglorious, and in this book Mr. Morrell has ensured that, for each, the little glory is refreshed and remains. Thereby, too, in this record of its citizens, is York itself honoured.

It is a pious work thus to prolong the memory of those who otherwise would be forgotten. In this Mr. Morrell has been aided greatly by those before him who recorded many of the inscriptions—Roger Dodsworth (1585-1654), James Torre (1649-99) and Francis Drake (1695-1771). Only thus are we able now to have in remembrance such as Margareta Emlerhirste, of whom a vanished mediæval stone said most beautifully—"Thus the earth, broken up by fate, returns to the earth, and one tiny shining star is hidden. Behold how gems, polished and cut on earth, and small fallen stars, destined to return, make up the heavens"; or Mary Proctor, wife of a seventeenth-century apothecary, who, despite all the encomiums of a long epitaph, was "worthy of a better memorial than the vivid memory of this ignoble writer"; or Thomas Marsar, "sometyme Clerk of St. Peter's workes, in whose tyme this church was newly erect and builded" (St. Michael-le-Belfrey). To these, and many another, this book gives a continuing remembrance. The stone memorials of many have disappeared already; some are almost undecipherable; many are covered with generations of dust. But, thanks to Mr. Morrell and his predecessors, print has preserved what stone-carving could only keep fresh for a time. Though human expression has changed from century to century, human affection has remained constant. Q Corellius Fortis grieved over his young daughter—"this innocent girl," whom "after the brief light of life, I, her pitiful sire, filled with unjustified hope, do mourn"—as, fifteen hundred years later, did Walter Vavasour—"This babe, intombed, upon the world did peep; Disliked it, clos'd its eyes, fell fast asleep." As Caccilius Musicus, a slave made free, "erected this monument" to the memory of his kindly mistress, so also, in 1766, did a grateful family raise a memorial to Elizabeth Potter, "a faithful servant 26 years in one family, who, gratefully respecting her memory, have caused this to be erected." As a husband, John Harrison, in 1772, mourned a young wife—"A husband mourns, the rest let friendship tell; Fame spread her worth—a Husband knew it well"—so did an earlier father, Felicius Simplex, mourn a child—"a most innocent being, who lived 10 months." This book, in this happy way, re-creates the York personalities of the past—its merchants and priests and craftsmen, and their wives and children, and some to whom fame came—and a crowded procession of the ages, with bishops and deans jostling

* *The Biography of the Common Man of the City of York—as recorded in his Epitaph.* B. T. Batford Ltd. 12s. 6d.

centurions and lawyers amongst a host of common folk, as all are commemorated. Most appropriately, the illustrations at the beginning of each chapter are reproductions of the woodcuts, attributed to Hans Holbein, from the "Dance of Death." A book of reference, for browsing or for study; a most illuminating commentary on the varied men and women whose lives made up the centuries of York history, whose dust lies there still, and whose names and records can now not be forgotten.

OLIVER SHELDON.

The Chantry,

Bishopsthorpe, York.

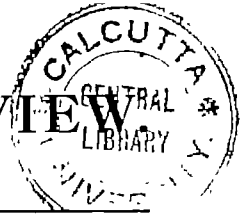
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In *A Short History of English Drama* (Pelican Books, 1s. 6d.) Dr. B. Ifor Evans has supplied a worthy pendant to his *Short History of English Literature*. This masterly survey of our drama from its early beginnings to the present day is no mere catalogue or skeleton outline; the author's intimate knowledge of each period, his discriminating judgments, and skill in touching on vital features, as in Shakespeare's plays, make his pages live. Some of the ground he covers will be unfamiliar to the average reader—the account, for instance, of a fifteenth-century play undiscovered till 1919. Dr. Evans shows the special difficulties with which English drama has had to contend—prejudice, hostility, freakish censorship, lack of proper buildings; many of our writers have preferred other forms of literature. Ideal conditions, we are told, exist when dramatist, actors and manager combine, or are united in one person, as with some Elizabethans: the predominance of any one actor, like Garrick, is undesirable. Early influence on our drama is shown to come from Latin sources rather than Greek. We see the gradual secularisation of the old mystery and morality plays; performances of the latter overlapped with those of the earlier Renaissance dramas. In dealing with the poignant figure of Marlowe, Dr. Evans cites Drayton's praise of "those brave translunary things" that he "had in him." The somewhat dreary Chronicle plays are transmuted by Shakespeare: his predecessors and contemporaries, with the playwrights who followed them—Webster, Ford and the rest—are vividly characterised. Recent revivals have included Ben Jonson's *Volpone* and *Alchemist*, and Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*. Plays of the Restoration period reflect its elegant but corrupt society. Dr. Evans considers Congreve a truly great comedian: Millamant (*Way of the World*) "is perhaps the most brilliant woman in English comedy." (She was, of course, delightfully played not long ago by Edith Evans). Success also attended the revival of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, "one of the outstanding achievements of the English stage in the early eighteenth century." Goldsmith and Sheridan follow: Sheridan's witty dialogue is his "own invention." The early nineteenth century is "one of the most unrewarding periods in the English theatre"; its latter years are redeemed by, for instance, Pinero and Wilde. Our stage was learning technique from Ibsen. In dealing with poetical historical plays a few sentences might, perhaps, have been spared from Stephen Phillips to mention the three by Tennyson and, while realising that any enumeration of the host of names familiar to us to-day must necessarily be incomplete, one regrets the omission of that striking tragedy Clemence Dane's *A Bill of Divorcement* (1921). "G.B.S." shares with Shakespeare the honour of a chapter to himself: "He is unquestionably the greatest figure in English drama in the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries." Dr. Evans acknowledges the debt owed to the repertory theatres and the "Old Vic."; he ends on an encouraging note for the fortunes of our drama in the new interest shown by the State.

E. G. S.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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AMERICA'S MOMENTOUS ELECTION.

"THIS historic convention," said Governor Dewey in Philadelphia, "has been a stirring demonstration of the life and vitality and ideals of the Republican Party." Actually the assembly of delegates was a completely managed affair, leading to a result that had been predicted by very many observers. The event, however, that can be described beforehand as historic, or momentous, is the November election, for it will open a new epoch in the Western hemisphere. The President who is to be chosen on November 2nd should occupy the White House until January 1953. Before the end of this four-year term certain decisions in American policy will be taken, and certain developments made manifest, which cannot be other than decisive for the United States and the world.

During the lifetime of the next Administration the position of the United States as a world Power will be defined as it cannot be in 1948. We shall have learnt, more or less accurately, the standing of North America in the United Nations, and, specifically, whether or not the Organisation is to be effectively centred in New York. Britain and Western Europe will know how far the present authority of the United States as the dominant source of material aid can be maintained. Moreover, within the same short period the most urgent of America's domestic problems will be greatly advanced towards either settlement or social conflict. Among these are the race and colour question, the place of organised Labour in national politics, the acceptance or rejection of compulsory military service as a permanent institution.

According to established usage every American President must, if possible, succeed himself. Mr. Truman, of course, was not elected to the first place. Through the death of the most popular modern President he was called upon to complete a fourth term of office. Under the party system a reign of sixteen years is almost unprecedented. In the United States it would not have been imaginable without Roosevelt and war. For more than two years past, therefore, the return of the Republicans to power in 1949 has been taken for granted. Roosevelt held the mutually repellent sections of his party together as no other leader could have done, and with the passing of the great leader the governing force of the Democrats was dissolved. They were fully prepared for defeat before the Wallace third party gave their opponents the easiest assurance of victory. This was the situation at midsummer when the nominating conventions followed each other in Philadelphia. The correspondents were unanimous in their reading of the two major assemblies. The Republicans were entirely confident. They had one cause only for anxiety—how to frame a platform upon which the Vandenberg internationalists and the old isolationists could combine for campaign purposes. The struggle in committee ended in the discomfiture of the Old Guard.

The Democrats by contrast were a broken army. They met in an atmosphere of defeat. Throughout his long ascendancy Roosevelt had held the warring factions in line. Liberals of the North and Southern

Tories could hold together ; without his magic they were flung apart. Upon the most serious of all social issues—civil rights for people of colour—they were harshly divided. If the party could have found an alternative candidate, General Eisenhower or another, Mr. Truman would have been set aside. But as matters stood he was the one available standard-bearer, and at the close of the proceedings he startled the convention by delivering a fighting speech. The delegates were exhausted and the hour was 2 a.m., yet the speech was a great success. It included the announcement of a surprise manoeuvre. The President had resolved to summon the Houses of Congress for a special summer session. This was a smart tactical move and, not unnaturally, the Republican Press denounced it as petty. True, Mr. Truman was able to plead fair justification. The Republican platform, then just adopted, comprised a number of reform pledges, touching several of the more prominent issues of the year—price control, social security, housing, civil rights. Very well, said the President in effect, let me give them an opportunity of proving their bona-fides before the election by offering them a legislative session, which, incidentally, would be serviceable as a campaign debating ground.

Before the short and vexatious session came to an end there was a tendency in Washington to agree that on balance the advantage lay with Mr. Truman. Viewed from a distance the results have a different look. A late-summer meeting of Congress is regarded by all concerned as an affliction. In July and August the heat of Washington is intolerable, and in an election year members are anxious about their constituencies. Again, the short time available was useless for legislation on matters of acute controversy, and of these at the moment the most difficult—civil rights for the Negro—splits the President's own party to the roots. Hence when this question came up the Republicans could stand aside, well knowing that the enmity of Southern members would be of dynamic quality. The Republicans, to be sure, might have made good use of the special session by introducing two or three urgent measures that could have been passed by consent. They preferred to play the party game, thus reinforcing the President's charges against the Congress majority.

The most important event that has occurred since the Philadelphia conventions is the declaration of campaign policy by the executive committee of the C.I.O. (Congress of Industrial Organisations), the more progressive of the two great Labour combines. By a majority vote this body decided to support Mr. Truman. American Labour is not a political party, and most Americans evidently believe that it cannot be. Politically the federations are neutral. Their support in elections is a matter of bargaining. Their members commonly vote for those candidates who are judged to be the more favourable to organised Labour. No leader can deliver the union vote on a national scale. John L. Lewis, for example, is the most powerful man in the union field, but when he turned against Roosevelt the miners refused to follow him. The election of 1944 witnessed a significant departure from the established policy. The late Sidney Hillman organised for the C.I.O. a 'Political Action Committee' in support of Roosevelt, and thereby ensured a victory, of quite modest dimensions, for the war-President. This committee is no longer a compact force, but the latest decision of the executive makes, unquestionably, a notable change in the situation. It means for Mr. Truman the addition of a large block of trade union votes—so large,

indeed, that the polling in November may well make a picture markedly unlike the sketch drawn in the Dewey headquarters two months ago. The A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. are roughly equal in total membership. They account for some 14,000,000 adult citizens, so that with their dependants they may be equal to fully one-third of the national electorate.

During the greater part of Mr. Truman's three years the politics of Labour have been governed by the Taft-Hartley Act, a measure designed for the drastic curtailment of trade union privileges. The Bill was drafted at a time when both Houses of Congress were suffering from anti-union panic. It could not have been passed without a working alliance between Republicans and anti-New-Deal Democrats. The Bill was vetoed by the President and then carried over the veto with telltale fervour. The two Labour federations have come nearer to common action through the Taft-Hartley Act than would have been possible upon any other basis. Their demand is for repeal. Mr. Truman agrees with them, and his action here has stood him in good stead with the whole Labour world. The message written for him in defence of the veto was an exceptionally thorough and well-argued document. Were it not for the President's record in this episode organised Labour would to-day be very far from the Democratic Party, but, as we have seen, it has determined the committee vote in one important quarter, while the President is being told that the bulk of the 8,000,000 in the A.F. of L. are to be counted on his side. The matter, however, is not by any means so simple as that. The C.I.O. vote cannot be treated as a directive. Mr. Truman was forcibly reminded of this when, on the morrow of his opening campaign speech in Detroit calling for solid labour support, one important union rejected his appeal and another—the Teamsters, with over a million members—reaffirmed its political neutrality. In the member unions, mainly unskilled, local conditions are always to the fore in elections. The leaders are aware that many thousands of the rank and file are warm adherents of Henry Wallace. As for the A.F. of L., it has always contained a large percentage with a strong Republican party bias. Governor Dewey in New York has done not a little towards regaining the lapsed allegiance, and at a time like the present this section is not unlikely to follow its traditional bent. No President can be elected without the support of a substantial majority of union votes.

The radio, needless to say, has become a dominant force in an American campaign. The air is filled with election clamour, and for the first time television is playing a considerable part. The American voter cannot imagine a democratic system under which election broadcasts are limited to an official dozen. All the same, party managers are aware that presidential candidates cannot be relieved from the burden of continental speaking tours. A reigning President, when fairly confident of the result, may conduct operations from the White House. But Mr. Truman is not thus situated, and he has again taken the field. He is to attack the Deep South, where rebel Democrats (Dixiecrats) are running their own candidate. Governor Dewey organises his journeys and meetings by means of a rigorous mechanism that is applied to the whole of his public activities. His plan of campaign is complete and exact, and his backers in every State have command of virtually unlimited money. The Truman war-chest, on the contrary, is not well furnished. To the Democratic National Committee it is a matter of serious concern that a continental

hook-up for an hour's broadcast costs something like \$80,000. For the leader of the third party there is a pleasant irony in the fact that his enthusiastic adherents can joyously pay as they go. At the Wallace meetings a varying charge is made for admission, and a rousing appeal from the platform by an expert performer invariably yields a shower of dollars. Hence the managers of the new small party are able, without difficulty, to pay for the halls and to buy what they need of radio time. Mr. Wallace is extraordinarily active and mobile. He is a political evangelist such as America has not known since the heyday of W. J. Bryan at the dawn of the century.

Henry Wallace in this campaign is a problematical figure. There is the widest variety in the conjectures evoked by his candidature. During the first year after his leaving the Truman Cabinet his friends believed that his strongest wish was to avoid injuring the Democratic party, and that his aim was to make it the channel of a new Liberalism. It is a fair guess that in both temper and purpose he was greatly changed by his visit to England and Western Europe in 1947. He had the credit of throwing out the first suggestion for a plan of European reconstruction backed by American resources and goodwill. But when Mr. Marshall at Harvard made the proposal upon which Mr. Bevin seized, Mr. Wallace came out in opposition. His line has been that the Marshall Plan is the executive arm of the Truman Doctrine, amounting to economic war upon the Soviet Union. Facing crowds of his supporters all over the country, crowds consisting largely of emotional young people, Mr. Wallace stands out as the untiring opponent of aid to the European peoples. He is thus, inescapably, an ally of that diehard faction in Congress and the Press which fought Roosevelt on behalf of a hard isolationism and kept up the fight against Truman until the final votes in Congress. Mr. Wallace personally has nothing whatever to do with those intransigents, but by reason of his reckless assaults upon the President and Mr. Marshall he is driven perforce into impossible positions.

Mr. Wallace and his following are packed with contradictions. His meetings are crowded and enthusiastic, yet he is no orator. On the platform, indeed, and confronting the heckler, he is a fumbler by comparison with Norman Thomas, the unequalled debater who for the sixth time is the nominee of the forlorn Socialist Party. Mr. Wallace is a reader of speeches that are written for him, while in extempore utterance he is irresponsible—as in his attacks upon British policy or his ridiculous assertion that the Allies are trying to make Western Germany into a colony on the level of Puerto Rico. He believes there is a great upsurge of popular feeling to be shown in the Progressive poll, whereas in some quarters not unfriendly to him it is thought that his vote will be less than 3,000,000—that is, a trifling percentage of the huge electorate. All guesses, however, are in the air, although certain facts seem plain enough. Mr. Wallace awakes a fervid response from among the varied forces of discontent and disappointment. Millions of young people who dread the apparent drift to war and loathe compulsory military service are for him. They applaud the candidate who speaks continually of peace and security. They agree with him in thinking that Mr. Marshall and the State Department are incapable of reaching a settlement with Russia. Mr. Wallace, again, is supported by surviving remnants of the New Deal host, who can see no hope in Mr. Truman and his friends, and with these will go many declared and traditional enemies of Britain. Then there is the Negro

vote, which in several of the Northern States is large enough to upset one or other of the major parties. Mr. Wallace has suffered in the South an experience never before endured by a Presidential candidate. He had a week of riotous meetings, with showers of eggs and tomatoes. These shocking scenes exhibited the unchanged temper of Southern mobs in reference to the dogma of white supremacy, and they will be reflected in the Northern Negro vote. The President's stand on equal rights is courageous; but how many coloured people are likely to vote for him and his party rather than for the champion who in his own person has defied every Southern taboo? Each one of these factors has its importance, but for the President there is one obvious fact beside which all others are insignificant. The Progressive minority, whatever its size, will be drawn, in the main if not almost entirely, from the Democratic side. And therefore every vote cast for Wallace must be counted as a vote for Dewey.

By all the signs that can be assessed 1948 is a Republican year. Any survey of the party evidence is sufficient to remove doubts, and we have other means of computation. Since the first Roosevelt election the Gallup and other polls have been remarkably accurate, and there is one enterprise of the kind that has come to be looked upon as almost infallible. The poll conducted for *Fortune* by Mr. Elmo Roper reached a startling degree of accuracy in three Roosevelt contests, and now Mr. Roper is positive. He announces that Governor Dewey is perfectly safe, and he anticipates a Republican landslide. Universal suffrage, as we know, is not incompatible with a balanced electoral result, but during the past thirty years, in Britain and the United States, the sweeping victory has been normal. We have learnt to expect it after a long spell of one-party rule, or in the midst of a situation through which, by reason of political or economic crisis, the mass electorate is impelled towards a change of Government. True, the present American scene is extraordinarily confused, and all the more so because the two old parties do not represent clear-cut opposing policies in either domestic or foreign affairs. Furthermore, there is the singular circumstance that the defeat of the party in power is being prepared for amid economic conditions altogether unparalleled. The Republic is enjoying (if that is the word) the most impressive boom in its history. The national income has reached a height of which even Roosevelt did not dream. There are over 60,000,000 people gainfully employed, in a population of 140,000,000. The magnates of big business and the President's expert advisers are agreed in finding no symptoms of an approaching depression. Exactly twenty years ago, amid boom conditions not previously attained, a similar diagnosis was accepted, with the concurrence of American economists. Herbert Hoover was elected President. Nothing at this moment could be clearer than that the general temper of the American people is not in accord with official and expert optimism.

The most noteworthy political feature of the year is the compact concerning foreign policy. Governor Dewey and his adviser, Mr. John Foster Dulles, are in full agreement with Senator Vandenberg, who leads the Senate majority in support of Mr. Marshall and the Administration. Except in war-time a party arrangement of this kind has hitherto been unheard of in America. It ought to mean that conflict over foreign affairs is suspended between the two great parties, while Mr. Wallace devotes speeches without number to an assault upon the "bi-partisan" policy as disclosed in Greece and Turkey, in Palestine and China, above

all in Germany and towards Moscow. But the maintenance of the party truce throughout the campaign would be too much to expect, since, as we are reminded by Mr. Oren Root, a sound Republican and former associate of Wendell Willkie, "the elements of reaction, timidity, and isolation are still alive" in his party.* Those elements are never inactive, and it is important to remember that at this season their spokesmen find abundant ammunition in the prolonged Berlin crisis, the seeming paralysis afflicting all efforts towards Western European union, the direful perils that lurk within the chaos of present-day France, and the wild spy-scare at present raging in the United States.

Franklin Roosevelt's reiterated reminder was that the only thing for a great people to fear was Fear itself. The central and deeply disturbing fact of this year is that all the operations before polling day are being carried forward in an atmosphere of apprehension graver and more inclusive than America has ever known. At home the terror is inflation. Before the mounting tide of prices, unmanageable by Government and obstinately evaded by the Legislature, the whole nation is bewildered and helpless. A harvest of marvellous range revives in the farming States old misgivings concerning the curse of plenty. The South trembles on account of its awakened coloured people. The menace of the atom bomb has been surveyed and debated in America with a persistence and intensity which, for all their nearness to the volcanic centre, the British public could not be persuaded to share. The multitude is subject to shocks from Communism which are not diminished by everyday proofs that Marxism is scorned by the great labour unions and nine-tenths of the workers everywhere. And as these lines are being written the Marshall-Bevin policy of patience and untiring negotiation is plainly touching the limit. It is, therefore, by no means impossible that the November election may be governed by events immeasurably remote from the confused alarms of party strife.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

THE INTERPARLIAMENTARY UNION CONFERENCE.

THE Interparliamentary Union was founded in Paris in 1889 by a group of British and French working men. It quickly secured the support of the American Congress and the adherence of many other States. Its aim was, and is, the substitution of conciliation and arbitration for war.

The Union has just concluded at Rome, under the presidency of Count Sforza, the largest conference in its history. Thirty-nine States sent representatives. These States can be grouped as follows: Europe: all States except U.S.S.R.; the Arab League States; Central America, represented for the first time by Haiti; South America, led by the Speaker of the Chilean Parliament, and including Colombia, Venezuela, Peru, Panama and Paraguay; finally Asia, which sent delegates from Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Burma and the Philippines. Before the conference closed the Dominican Republic and Brazil wrote to say that they had formed Parliamentary groups but not in time to attend the Rome meeting. These groups consist of unofficial members of Parliament of all parties, free to vote as individuals and independent of any orders of their Governments.

* See his careful article in the *American*, September.

The Assembly has, of course, no executive authority, which makes a veto unnecessary. Moreover, though declarations are drafted, in the main matters of procedure are not vital and in no way hamper the work. In a word, this conference has become a world Parliamentary forum more like the League of Nations than the Assembly of the United Nations. Our experience is that where rulings have to be given by the Chair they are respected, and when matters of substance are decided by vote the defeated minority, without, of course, any modification of its own view, accepts the opinion of the Assembly.

The contributions to the debates of the Asian States were particularly welcome and frequently eloquent. The tributes paid to America by the Philippine delegates and to Great Britain by the speakers from Ceylon, India, Burma and Pakistan were naturally good to hear and in particular the conference gave a welcome to the Brahmin delegate whom Pakistan had sent to represent its Hindu minority. He had never before left India and celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday in Rome amid the congratulations of his colleagues.

From all this it will be seen that the Interparliamentary Union has a universal character, both as to geography and opinion. The types of Parliaments represented are very various, but everywhere we meet a problem familiar to us British, namely, how to reconcile the urgent need for the passage of complicated legislation with the freedom of speech of the individual members. I ought to mention one fundamental rule of debate, framed in 1921 and strictly adhered to. We do not in any case take sides in political conflicts nor consider the domestic affairs of any State. This rule has saved us often from grave danger of discord and disruption.

From what has been said both the limitations and opportunities of the Union become clear. We are not a world Parliament, but we hope soon to be a world gathering of Parliamentarians, universal and impartial in its outlook, attempting to frame acceptable rules of international behaviour.

When therefore, for example, the question of Western Union was raised on the first day, it was treated as an important topic deserving the closest study from the world angle. Every member of every group was, of course, free to form and to enforce his opinion. Among others a wise and comprehensive review of the question was given by Count Carton de Wiart, an ex-Prime Minister of Belgium. Clearly, however, no such scheme could be made part of the official task of the Interparliamentary Union itself. Regional groups we have—there is Benelux, there is the Scandinavian group which includes Iceland and Finland, and there is the Middle Eastern group. But everywhere each individual member State is a direct member of the centre; the grouping comes later. Moreover, any *bloc* especially based on antagonism would be directly contrary to our fundamental principles.

It would be impossible to over-paint the glory of the setting of this, the thirty-seventh conference. Italy gave us of her best—in weather, kindness and art. A world gathering passed fascinated through the Palaces of Montecitorio, the Capitol, the Quirinale and the Villa Madama.

The difficulty always was to find the necessary time for the discussions. The nations often send their best orators whom all desire to hear. For example, from America we had six senators and eight members of the House, all led by Senator Barkley, who found time from his vice-presidential campaign for this purpose. In all there were

seventeen Speakers or Deputy Speakers of Parliament and twenty-three Ministers and ex-Ministers, to which we must add the name of Count Michel Karolyi, President of the first Hungarian Republic and now Minister in Paris.

A whole week of hard work did not suffice and at the end some speeches, notably one by Signore Terracini, who had first brought us the invitation to Rome, had to be recorded in writing only. Naturally the discussions, both in Commissions and in full Assembly, were crowded and animated.

The main interest of the conference turned on an ambitious attempt to define the principles of international morality. A Commission in which M. Rolin, President of the Belgian Senate, took a prominent part had prepared a declaration which was presented to the plenary meeting by a Swedish senator and ex-Minister, Mr. Holmbäck.

There is no space to print the document, but it may be said that no field of current controversies was left untouched. On proposals so comprehensive almost any issue might be raised and, in fact, some of the most thorny problems of to-day were discussed: as for example Palestine, Marshall aid, the presence in various countries of alien troops and (with nuclear energy) the atomic bomb. To listen was a rich lesson in current foreign opinion. Speakers no doubt bore in mind fully their national needs, but there was no sign of the automatic left and right which is found at many international assemblies. There was naturally more latitude. No treaty was being drafted, no action suggested, and perhaps we heard traces of the untutored voice of the common folk which might have been raised in some world not riven as is ours. Certainly European countries popped about on both sides of the "Iron Curtain"—and indeed the observer from Mars might have declared that there was in reality no such curtain at all.

There was no absence of robust and frank speech. In particular, Senator Barkley made an unmistakable exposition of the merits of Marshall aid. On the other hand, speakers from smaller European States not participating in the Marshall plan emphatically stated their case. There could be no doubt as to the sharp difference of view. In this respect the Interparliamentary Conference resembled so many others. But there the likeness ceased.

At Rome there was no manoeuvre. Nobody became "tough." There was no gladiatorial show. In a word, we met in the forum and not in the Colosseum. At the end of the final day, which had been packed with work, it seemed that the declaration into which months of labour had been put would take no decisive shape. On the general principles all were agreed, but as to each there were reservations on which there was anything but agreement. Frustration seemed inevitable.

It was at this point that the Polish delegate made a remarkable speech. He pointed out that he himself objected to certain insertions and omissions in the statement, and that similar amendments were ardently desired by other States, who indeed had made their views quite clear. At the same time he declared that the general statement was of so great an international value that it must not be lost. Retaining, therefore, his own opinion on certain points he was prepared to vote for the general resolution. This spirit of co-operation inspired similar statements from several speakers whose amendments had been rejected.

I would wish to say at this point how greatly the work of the British delegation contributed to this burst of sunshine. Major Milner, the

Deputy Speaker, is an elder statesman of these meetings, and he had with him Sir Frank Sanderson, one of the most popular delegates of the whole conference. The actual diplomatic work fell to the hands of Mr. Elwyn Jones. I mention this because the influential part the British played points to a great rôle for Parliamentarians in the present state of world affairs. And so the Secretary-General was able to proceed to call the nominal roll, and every State without exception declared in favour, thus justifying to the full the title of the body which is the Interparliamentary *UNION*.

STANSFORD.

President, Interparliamentary Union.

INDIA AND PAKISTAN : THE FIRST YEAR.

MOTHER India, long politically pregnant, gave birth to the twin Dominions of India and Pakistan on August 15th, 1947. Under the Indian Independence Bill introduced in the House of Commons on July 4th, and receiving the King's assent on the 18th, two independent Dominions were created the following month. India consists of all territories in British India, barring those designated in the Bill as the territories of Pakistan, which comprise the Provinces of East Bengal, West Punjab, Sind, North-West Frontier Province and British Baluchistan. The words "Emperor of India" have been eliminated from the King's title. The new Dominions possess constitutional means for securing their independence within or without the British Commonwealth at their will. How are the twin Asiatic infants faring after a year of independence? In a nutshell, they are very much alive, though they are having the usual teething troubles.

Before reviewing the events of the past twelve months, it is illuminating to set on record the legacy of 150 years of British rule in India. British administration (much too centralised, according to certain competent critics) and ideas broke down India's isolation. Nineteenth-century liberalism and a unity forged by railways and the English language made Indian nationalism. Macaulay foresaw that Britain's mission in India must by its nature be self-destroying. Reared on Shakespeare and Milton, Newton and Faraday, Hampden and Gladstone, not to mention Burke, educated Indians have acquired that passion for liberty and concern for the under-dog which are two of the finest traits in British character. Christian ideas of the brotherhood of man and common-law ideas of equality before the law are profoundly transforming Indian, in particular Hindu, society. Indeed, society in India is in the throes of a revolution as it has not been since Buddha, and it is the privileged themselves—the Brahmins and high-caste Hindus like Rajagopalachari, Nehru and Gandhi—who have been leaders of the attack. Another cardinal British idea, that compromise is not a betrayal of principles, but the only way in which persons of differing views can live peacefully together, has taken root in India and Pakistan. In short, British-Indian association has resulted in a community of outlook unique for peoples so divergent in race, religion, and tradition. So much so, the citizens of the two new Asiatic Dominions attach the same meaning as Englishmen to all the key emotional words excepting "imperialism." On the great issue of our time whether the world is to be slave or free Jinnah and Nehru were not likely to be

found on the opposite side to Cripps and Churchill. It is values of this intangible sort which represent Britain's greatest legacy to India and Pakistan. Beside them material achievements—railways, irrigation works, etc.—take a secondary place. In some spheres—roads, education, provision of justice at a price within reach of the average Indian, and improvement of farming—much more could and should have been done.

During the past twelve months two personalities stand, or rather stood, out—Lord Mountbatten, the dynamic and sympathetic Governor-General of India (ably supported by his charming and warm-hearted partner), and Mahatma Gandhi. To-day Lord Mountbatten's place has been taken by Sri Rajagopalachari, respected alike by Hindus and Muslims, and following the murder of the "Father of Indian Freedom" on Premier Nehru has fallen the arduous task of controlling the forces of communal Chauvinism and fostering understanding with Pakistan.

The transfer of power was effected smoothly enough, but many difficult problems had necessarily to be left unsettled, and it was then hoped that a spirit of goodwill would continue to operate while these were being resolved. The speed with which the partition was carried through created new difficulties, especially in the north, where the award of the Boundary Commission in the Punjab provoked fierce opposition. Even during the early part of last year the martial Sikhs were very restive because partition was bound to hit them hard. Several of their holy places, including the birthplace of the founder of their faith, much of their land and property, and several prosperous canal colonies populated predominantly by Sikh peasants, lay in the Muslim majority areas of West Punjab. Their political power, moderately strong in a united Punjab, was bound to be reduced under partition. The whole trouble started when, in March 1947, some 5,000 Sikhs were slaughtered at Rawalpindi in circumstances of great brutality, and it was the arrival in the Sikh centres of East Punjab of some of the survivors, many with scars and all with bitter tales to tell, that fanned the flame for revenge. If ever there was an illustration of the truism that violence begets violence it was to be found in the land of the five rivers. The Punjab communal explosion resulted in the death of about 100,000 persons (70,000 Muslims and 30,000 Sikhs and Hindus) and the uprooting of nearly 7,000,000 people migrating from India to Pakistan or vice versa, whether by forcible expulsion or in fear of further outbreaks of violence. The consequent economic dislocation was great. There was serious interruption to agriculture, and in towns destruction of buildings and property through arson and disruption of established business undertakings. It will take time to evolve order out of this chaos. Another regrettable consequence of the Punjab troubles was to sow seeds of bitterness between the sister Dominions. Also, communal troubles from this region seeped into Kashmir, rendering that strategically situated Happy Valley a battleground.

Despite tension in Kashmir both India and Pakistan maintained discipline over their respective troops on the newly created frontier, and co-operated to a remarkable degree in grappling with the emergency conditions created by the gigantic two-way movement of displaced persons. And authorities outside the Punjab generally displayed both the will and capacity to keep the peace. In Calcutta, where communal trouble had intermittently occurred in the course of 1947,

the influence of Mahatma Gandhi achieved remarkable success in preventing further disorders. The new Governor of West Bengal, Sri Rajagopalachari, was also an important factor in preserving the peace, as he enjoyed the esteem of Hindus and Muslims alike.

Critics of the Government of India naturally harp upon its shortcomings. They point out that it had made little headway in administering the country; is preoccupied with sending out expensive embassies and missions; is quarrelling about a national language and rearrangement of provinces on a linguistic basis; generating such crises as Kashmir and Hyderabad, which could have been dealt with later in a calmer atmosphere; and had failed to promulgate a coherent economic policy. It had, moreover, allowed provincial Governments—Bombay, Madras, etc.—to enact a variety of public safety laws, with the result that the ordinary citizen is less free than under the British Raj. Above all, it has allowed the cost of living to rise without interruption, and done little to stimulate increased production.

Against these the Indian Government has several no mean achievements to its credit. It is still in the saddle, and continues to enjoy the support of the majority. It is slowly but surely restoring order in ravaged East Punjab, and attending to the settlement of 4,500,000 refugees. It recently negotiated a five-year industrial truce with the trade unions. The internal administration of the country has been markedly simplified by the virtual disappearance of the Princely States. Some 500 such principalities had been integrated into twenty-odd unions, each about the size of a former British Indian province. Each is headed by a *Rajpramukh* (equivalent to Provincial Governor) and the administration is in the hands of popularly elected assemblies. The Delhi authorities have concluded a satisfactory financial agreement with Great Britain, concerned with payment for defence stores and fixed assets taken over by the Indian Government before partition; payment of a capital sum in sterling to purchase an annuity to cover India's liability for pensions paid in sterling; and releases from sterling balances and limitations on hard-currency expenditure. Barring the burning issue of Kashmir the tendency has been towards better relations with Pakistan, at least in the economic sphere. A series of satisfactory agreements on financial and commercial problems between the two Dominions recently culminated in a pact for exchange of essential commodities, which will do much to ensure the prosperity and industrial development of the contracting parties.

Congress leadership at high levels has set itself firmly against any attempt to turn India into an officially Hindu State. The new Indian Constitution categorically rules out religious discrimination. India is wedded to an ideal of Indian nationality transcending communal loyalties. Premier Nehru declared last year: "There is only one way wherein India can save herself, that is by keeping the religious and political ways apart." His Government has the upper hand of the militant organisation of the orthodox Hindu Mahasabha.

Pakistan, on the other hand, has been set up frankly as an Islamic State to save Muslims from Hindu Raj. For many a Leaguer partition meant mullahs as well as Muslim self-determination, *purdah* as well as Pakistan. Their nationalism is a reaction against the whole idea that there can be a loyalty which takes no account of faith. Pakistan has come to stay if for no other reason than that it now consists in the north-west entirely of Muslims. Where formerly (early in 1947) there were millions of Hindus and Sikhs there are to-day at best a

few thousands. Its agricultural resources are great, and it enjoys a favourable trade balance, in marked contrast to India at the present time. Starting from scratch it is building up by trial and error a sound administrative machinery. Yet Pakistan's greatest interest in the field of foreign affairs is that it should be in good relations with India. Both stand to gain everything by the pacification of the Pathans and the frontier tribesmen and the Sikhs, and coming to an amicable settlement on the Kashmir issue.

To conclude, India and Pakistan almost alone in Asia have a government by the people for the people; where politicians do not have to be either bought or terrorised; where the Army takes orders and does not lay down the law, and where civil servants exist primarily to serve, not to exploit. India (and Pakistan) needs a Marshall plan as much as China, and she fulfils a great many more of the necessary qualifications. To-day the margin between existence and starvation is so narrow in many parts of India that even slight disturbances cannot fail to have disastrous results. The 1947 troubles occurred when the entire machinery of administration was sadly undermanned and terribly overworked. India is passing through trying times, but of the future prosperity and greatness of India and Pakistan there can be little doubt.

V. S. SWAMINATHAN.

IMPRESSIONS OF JAPAN.

IT was a shock on landing at Yokohama, early in 1946, to see the devastation of that city, of the built-up area connecting it with Tokyo, and of the metropolis itself. Wooden buildings, except where trees or high walls afforded a protective enclosure from flames and wind-driven embers, have disappeared. Mansions of the well-to-do are indicated by dried-up pools and streamlets, boulders and stone lanterns, vestiges of exquisite landscape gardens, amid which stand gaunt and grey the two-storied fireproof warehouses for the family treasures. Some of the sites, rank with weeds, are completely deserted; others, converted to vegetable patches, are occupied by the owner or a retainer, squeezed into the warehouse or in a wooden house or shack run up among the debris. Masonry varies from complete immunity to almost complete destruction. The best houses and Western-style hotels and flats have been "procured" as billets for the Army of Occupation. Houses occupied by Japanese are packed to capacity with burnt-out families.

The first impression of the people was the "hang-dog" look of the menfolk, shuffling, dirty and unkempt; the women, by contrast, cheerful and confident, neat though poorly clad, their demeanour suggesting that it mattered little who had won the war, the hideous ordeal was over, no frightful atrocities had been committed by the invader. A Japanese crowd, described by B. H. Chamberlain as "the sweetest in the world," now advertises its lack of facilities for washing the person and clothing. Unsavoury, its offence is rank and smells to heaven. D.D.T. is freely used in the campaign against "honourable louse," formerly hardly mentioned, now both a household word and an unwelcome guest in many a respectable home. Soap is scarce, the domestic bathtub a rare luxury in towns, public bath-houses curtail their hours for lack of heating. The dwellings are none the less scrupulously clean and tidy.

Children swarm and child life is in full swing. Schools are functioning. The children play their traditional games appropriate to the season in the school playgrounds and in the streets. For the male youth of Japan baseball is a mania. Any open space, temple grounds, narrow lanes and wide roads all serve for pitching and catching and actual games. Matches in school playgrounds and in the big stadia draw crowds of enthusiastic partisans. Rugger is reviving at the universities. Tennis is played by both sexes. Youths and maidens, employed in shops and offices enjoy a softball game at the midday break. Strings of boys of all ages plod through the streets in running garb. The Occupation Forces encourage these athletic activities by coaching and equipment, but matches are not played against Japanese teams. Cinemas and theatres draw big crowds. The British film of Princess Elizabeth's wedding had a good reception. A less wholesome craze is the dance hall, where "democratic" young Japan debauches its soul in negroid cacophony. The destruction of cities has left many destitute children. Where possible these have been rounded up, and if parents and relatives cannot be traced they are sent to orphanages or boarded with adopted parents. Some, preferring a vagabond existence, will not stay put. Haunting the railway stations, begging and stealing, and acting as agents for black marketeers, these criminals in the making present a problem alike to the Occupation and Japanese authorities. Christian orphanages are doing a noble work in accepting the responsibility of an ever-growing number of destitute children and abandoned babies. These institutions, many of which have been burnt out and are housed in temporary quarters such as former military establishments, are helped by voluntary workers and gifts from members of the Occupation Forces. An important branch of child welfare, hitherto neglected by the Japanese, is the treatment of crippled children. A society is being formed, and in this enterprise advice and assistance are being given by experts in the medical services of the Occupation Forces.

In the relief of distress caused by typhoons and earthquakes the Occupation Forces have rendered prompt assistance. The initial ban on fraternisation has been relaxed. Japanese railway coaches, cinemas, theatres, and certain restaurants and houses of entertainment are "off limits" as a precaution against infection, but otherwise there are virtually no prohibitions to normal intercourse. "Holding hands" while walking out with Japanese girls is prohibited. The revival of such activities as the Cambridge and Oxford Society and the Harvard Society affords the opportunity of pouring healing wine into the wounds of war. International gatherings for lectures and discussions, in which Japanese scholars and prominent men and women take an active part, are held under the auspices of the Asiatic Society of Japan and the Société Franco-Japonaise. In spite of destruction of buildings, shortage of books and equipment, underpayment of teachers, and the time-lag in mental adjustment of all concerned to "democracy," education of every grade is in full swing. The old history text-books have been severely expurgated or entirely rewritten. Lecturers whose private collections of books have been destroyed are further handicapped by having to prepare their lectures in the university libraries and such others as have survived. Standard books are at fancy prices, and yet the bookstalls overflow with light reading matter, a large proportion of which is trash. One effect of the relaxation of censorship after the occupation was to flood the bookstalls with

pornography, but the authorities have now succeeded in having the more offensive matter removed. Owing to shortage of paper and printing difficulties some serious reviews and periodicals have closed down, while others cannot keep up to date with publication.

Teachers and students waste hours in crowded trams and trains coming long distances from crowded homes or billets, underfed, under-clad, poorly shod in Japanese clogs or in Western-style shoes which serve neither as protection against wet nor as camouflage to holes in flimsy socks. *Arbeits*, i.e. private occupation, helps towards fees and living expenses, but *Arbeits* is not easy to obtain and is impossible for those students who are tied down by laboratory work. Owing to shortage of classroom accommodation, centres of learning have to give priority to students claiming domiciliary qualifications, and thus much good material is lost from outlying districts. Higher education and careers for women have received an impetus, but it is too early to judge results. Nor is it easy to assess the extent to which Western ideas of sex equality will take root. In the most approved "democratic" fashion a Japanese couple now walk side by side, or even "holds hands" in public. Kissing has not yet caught on.

'What future have these young men and women? For the majority the outlook is bleak. Amid the frustration there is a ferment of ideas. It is a novel experience to indulge *ad lib.* in "dangerous thought," which, under the "oppression," would have led the thinker into trouble with the police. Even Communists are allowed to hold meetings and to organise clubs. They are also to the fore in offers of assistance to repatriated soldiers and persons in distress. There is a universal demand for the English language, the study of which was discouraged under the "oppression." Not only has it regained its place in the school curriculum, but evening classes have sprung up in all directions under Japanese teachers, helped out occasionally by members of the Occupation Forces. A jargon for intercommunication has been evolved by the troops. The universal "O.K." has been adopted into the vernacular.

The police are ubiquitous, now taught to be the friends and not the bullies of the citizen. In token of the new relationship the sword has been replaced by the truncheon. For women the police force offers a new career. In dark blue coat and skirt, "fore-and-aft" cap cocked on a permed head, smart women constables assist in traffic control and in dealing with female delinquents. Each of the half-dozen gateways to the Imperial Palace is guarded by British Commonwealth and American armed sentries, with one or more Japanese Imperial Household police in support. Replace their black uniforms with khaki, and this police is to all appearance the Imperial Guard of not so long ago. In a land of wooden buildings the fire stations feature prominently. They suffered severely but are now re-established and re-equipped with American apparatus. Look-out men are posted on their watch-towers ready to sound the siren or alarm bell. The head fireman shouting at his squad as he drills them is reminiscent of the old-time drill sergeant. Like the police and railwaymen, these firemen have a high sense of duty and courage.

Of food the countryside has no lack, but the towns go short. Last winter Tokyo was for a period rationed on sweet potatoes instead of rice. On Sundays and holidays town-dwellers visit friends and relatives in the country to stuff to capacity their enormous grey rucksacks. Essential foodstuffs are rationed, but as the allotments are

inadequate and deliveries unpunctual even law-abiding citizens who feel the black market a degradation have no choice between that and starvation. The black market flourishes. The police make a good haul when they hold up a train or carry out a raid. Salt is scarce. The toy trumpet and cry of the bean-curd seller are no longer heard in the streets. Fish is not always the newest kind of Poor John, but like the gruesome slabs of maroon-coloured strong-smelling whalemeat it is rapidly sold off. Restaurants in towns and villages do a large trade. Teahouses are not so flourishing. It is melancholy to see the derelict teahouses at the beauty spots. A sure indication of the material prosperity of any class is the ostentatiousness of its female attire. It is the farmers who can afford good clothes for their women-folk. They do say that this opulence is based on food hoarding and the black market. Be that as it may, the farmers "have never had it so good." Agriculture has absorbed all that is worth having of the large amount of labour set free from factories that have closed down, from displaced town-dwellers, and from repatriated emigrants. It is sad for those repatriates whose stay-at-home relatives do not open their doors to them. Japanese vehicles of all descriptions, from motor cars and lorries to ox-wagons and handcarts, stream along the roads. A privileged few can obtain petrol, but the majority of motor vehicles are propelled by wood, charcoal or coal gas.

The Japanese flag may be flown only by permission of S.C.A.P. This permission is granted for national festivals, when full advantage is taken to display the "Rising Sun" on public buildings, vehicles, schools and private houses. Flower viewing, exhibitions of flower arrangement, painting and other arts draw large crowds. The education section of S.C.A.P. holds exhibitions of all the Japanese arts, including lacquer work, tray landscapes, screens, scrolls, ceramics, books, music and classical dances and plays. Concerts by Japanese performers of Western music draw large audiences. Precision is good, but there is a lack of expression. Japan's defeat and economic difficulties have not given her a down-and-out appearance. By surrendering in time she escaped the softening-up to which Germany was subjected prior to invasion. Life, though difficult, is orderly. The machinery of government did not break down at any time, so that chaos was averted. Persons and property are safe, though pilfering is common. It is heartbreaking to an urban vegetable grower when a pumpkin ready for picking disappears overnight from his little patch. The housing shortage has bred the "squatter," who pitches his shack in someone's burnt-out premises and presents a problem, especially to ground owners endowed with human sympathy or sensitiveness to public opinion.

The peace treaty, the atom bomb and World War III are common topics. The attitude of the Japanese towards the Occupation is a stoical acceptance of the inevitable, avoidance of all overt acts of disobedience or non-co-operation. The future of the Imperial Throne and its occupant is even discussed. In spite of wishful thinking to the contrary, loyalty and affection for the office and by extension for the person of the monarch are deep-rooted in the Japanese soul. The people are reverent by instinct. Prayers for the prosperity of the Imperial House are offered by unsophisticated individuals from the embankment of the palace moat. In accordance with the democratic principle the Emperor shows himself to the public in informal fashion. Clad in lounge suit and soft felt hat he tours the realm to visit factories

and schools and areas which have suffered from earthquake or flood. A more portentous innovation is the appointment of a woman—an American lady—to supervise the education of the heir apparent. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado* has been staged by both American and Japanese operatic troupes. With the exception of near relatives of the Emperor, titles of nobility have been abolished, presenting the unique phenomenon of a throne unsurrounded by a titled and hereditary aristocracy. Japan's rapidly expanding population problem has afforded a platform to loud-voiced "birth control" advocates. Orientals prefer to leave Nature alone in these matters. But the problem is serious, for how can a fecund and virile race be bottled up in perpetuity? Who will be willing to offer the *Lebensraum*?

What of the religion of Japan? The expurgation of the history text-books has been accompanied by the removal of monuments, bas-reliefs, pictures and statues commemorating Japan's warlike past. The purely national cult of Shinto is now debarred from exalting Japan's heroes and tutelary spirits. Nevertheless popular temples draw a constant stream of worshippers to pray to their ancestors and to that vague "Spirit of Japan." The side of Shinto that fosters the worship of Japan's natural phenomena remains unaffected by the suppression of the ancient heroes. Buddhism, on the other hand, seems to have survived better the shock of defeat, as its cult is not bound up exclusively with the national spirit of Japan. But the younger generation have lost faith in the efficacy of the two cults, which they feel have let them down. An embittered cynicism pervades the student world, the iron of disillusionment has entered into its soul. Is this now the opportunity for Christianity? Men being now free to inquire and to discuss, there is a move to learn about Christianity. Some inquirers come with a genuine spiritual longing; others with a vague idea that in the religion of the conquerors lies the secret of their success; others, again, hope to curry favour by an outward agreement with the publicly expressed opinion of General MacArthur that Japan's rehabilitation must fail unless in accordance with Christian principles. The multitude of inquirers has given rise to optimistic forecasts, but the more experienced missionaries will be satisfied if the steady trickle of converts keeps on without stop. A Japanese expression meaning "the progress of democracy" has become a *cliché*. A democratic Constitution has been promulgated and its phraseology is intended to be intelligible to the common man. It is doubtful if any but experts can gather the meaning from its mass of verbiage. For oneself, one must rest content with the assurance of an experienced Japanese: "We shall interpret the Constitution in our own way."

ALAN GRESHAM.

ARGENTINA: THE PERILS OF PROSPERITY.

IT is dangerous to buy a newspaper in Buenos Aires, if you buy the wrong one. At the corner of Pellegrini and Santa Fé, where I regularly bought my morning paper, I arrived one morning to see a man severely beaten by two thugs who then snatched from him the copy of *La Prensa* that he had just bought and tore it into shreds. Then they turned their attention to me. In the meantime the news-dealer, who knew that I always bought *La Prensa*, tucked a paper

under my arm. The two men approached belligerently, glanced at the paper under my arm, then suddenly grinned, tipped their hats, and walked off. Back in the apartment, I opened the paper. It was not *La Prensa*. The newsdealer, to save my skin, had supplied me with the Peronist sheet, *La Epoca*. I went back to thank him, and traded papers. "But after this, Señor," he said regretfully, "I shall not be selling *La Prensa*."

The Argentine Press follows the dictates of Peron or goes begging for newsprint. The supply of paper is strictly controlled by the Government. Only two newspapers have kept a shadow of freedom, *La Prensa* and *La Nacion*. But their protests have now become feeble and polite. For example, they condemn totalitarianism in some far-off country and leave the reader to see the parallel. Plucky *Argentina Libre*, after repeated suspensions, proudly ran on the first page the line "Eight times closed by the government." Then it was closed for good. *Antinazi* was stopped and its director deported. The many Nazi publications continued to flourish. Irreverence towards officials (*desacato*) brings consignment to concentration camps. Letters smuggled out from the camps at Neuquen and Rio Gallegos tell stories of every sort of mistreatment short of outright torture. Subjected to the chill Patagonian climate in unheated barracks, their warm clothing taken away and thin prison uniforms substituted, and lacking medical attention, many contract pneumonia and die.

Why do the Argentines, as intelligent a citizenry as may be found anywhere, tolerate such a state of affairs? Prosperity is to a great extent responsible. If adversity foment rebellion, so prosperity makes men lose interest in the battle for human rights. Prosperity is to-day Argentina's most serious peril. It numbs her to the dangers of dictatorship. ("Why worry? We have full stomachs.") It feeds national arrogance. Argentines are encouraged by their government to consider themselves superior to Brazilians, who lack shoes, to Britons, who lack meat, and to Americans, who lack Peron. It enables Argentina to afford militarism, 45 per cent. of the national budget being diverted to armaments. It stimulates Argentine ambition to dominate all neighbour nations and form a Latin-American bloc to challenge the Anglo-American Powers for domination of the Western world. If this can be accomplished by economic pressure, well and good; if not, Peron has plainly stated that reliance must be placed upon force. Of course, prosperity need not do all this. Prosperity has a sharp edge and may be used as a tool or a weapon. Peron prefers to use it as a weapon. There is grave danger that Argentina may cut her own throat with it. The war was a godsend to Argentina. She successfully played both ends against the middle. "The spoils of war nowadays are evidently not to the victors, but to the neutrals," comments Sir William McCallum, chairman of the British Chamber of Commerce of Buenos Aires. "Argentina has come out well; she is prosperous, well fed and better off in most material ways than any other country I know. She has now a great opportunity to play a leading part in the humanitarian task of helping the whole world on the long road back to an enduring peace."

Argentines are to-day without doubt the best-fed people on earth. Even visitors from the United States stand aghast before the mountains of food in Argentine restaurants. If you go out on the pampas you soon begin to see what lies back of the phrase "rich as an Argentine." Not all Argentines are rich—some are very poor; but they need not be.

Argentina has enough to feed every citizen well and a good part of the world besides. The land stretches away like a sea to the horizon. In fact, it once was the bottom of the sea, hence its richness. Argentina reaches as far north and south as the distance from Stockholm to the Sahara Desert. It has more than the combined area of Great Britain, France, Germany, Poland, Belgium, Holland and Italy. It is as large as the United States east of the Mississippi—with Louisiana and the imperial State of Texas thrown in. More than 70 per cent. of its land is arable. (Compare 42 per cent. in the United States, 15 per cent. in Japan.) And yet, not a quarter of the easily cultivable land is in use. There are not enough people to do the job. Argentina has only 13 persons to the square mile. Cuba, which is not at all crowded, has 99. Haiti has 255.

Undermanned though it is, Argentina contributes 84 per cent. of the world's exports of chilled beef! While exporting more beef than any other nation, it exports only 35 per cent. of what it produces; the rest is eaten at home. Argentines are the greatest of meat eaters. Annually they consume 300 pounds *per capita*—twice the consumption in the United States. That "*per capita*" includes every man, woman and child, and if you take into account babes in arms, the very old, and the very poor, it means that the meat consumption of the average adult must be truly gargantuan. "How much meat do your men eat?" I asked an estancia owner as we watched his peons enjoying large steaks for lunch. The peon on a Mexican estancia would be lucky to get a tortilla and a plate of beans. "Six pounds of beef for every man." Argentina exports more corn than any other nation. She is the chief wine nation of the world. She does three-quarters of the world's trade in flaxseed and quebracho (used for tanning). She is first in linseed, second only to Australia in mutton, lamb and wool. Her sheep number 44,000,000, outstripping the United States and outstripped only by Australia and Russia. She is eighth in a new venture, cotton, but climbing rapidly. We think of Argentina as a treeless land, and the pampas are as bare as your hand—except for an occasional wart in the form of an ancient *ombu*. But in the north and west there are trees. Argentina has 186,000,000 acres of forest. The United States, including Alaska, has 163,310,000.

"Judging by the yield of the land already under cultivation," reports a government agronomist in *Anuario, Argentina*, "the soil of Argentina will eventually be able to supply the greatest part of Europe with foodstuffs. And, unless present indications are misleading, the day is not far distant when the splendid grazing lands of Argentina will be nourishing fifty million cattle, ten million pigs and one hundred million sheep; when they will export more cereals and frozen meat than any other two countries combined." And yet an old resident of Buenos Aires, the industrialist and engineer Cyrus Townsend Brady, Jr., can say of this increasingly rich and powerful nation: "Argentina has lost its soul. It won't amount to anything for a generation. Under totalitarianism there can be no real flowering of the spirit." Press, radio, cinema, right of assembly, are throttled. Congress dutifully passes government measures. The largest appropriation in the history of the nation, £412,500,000 to finance the Five-Year Plan, was approved in twenty minutes. The debate had no sooner begun than an official motion ended it on the ground that "the country already has its mind made up in regard to this matter." When the legislature of Cordoba Province failed to muster a quorum,

deputies were arrested in their homes and taken to the Chamber to vote. Stripped naked and with a quart of ink poured down his throat, "so that the name Peron will remain well printed on your guts," a relative of a committee-man suffered for the fact that he was too active a member of the Radical Party. Radicals and National Democrats have gone into hibernation.

With the executive and legislative branches under control, Peron had only to crush the judiciary. Hundreds of lower court jurists were forced out. The Supreme Court was a harder nut to crack. It was composed of distinguished elder statesmen highly respected by the people. They dared to declare certain Peron measures unconstitutional. Three of the five judges together with the attorney-general were impeached, brought to trial before the Senate, and convicted. Peronists were installed in their places. Two liberal bar associations observed a day of "mourning" for Argentine legal institutions. To-day Peron is judge and jury in Argentina. He is also business czar. Not only may he expropriate any private property at will on the grounds that the government needs it. Not only must all goods intended for export be sold to the government at low fixed prices to be re-sold abroad at several hundred per cent. increase, the profit going into the Peron treasury. But you cannot get from your bank a loan to build so much as a chicken coop without government approval. And if you are not a Peronist, no approval may be expected. It works this way. By decree all banks in the country were made mere agents of the Central Bank. And the Central Bank was turned into a government bureau. At one stroke Peron acquired the power of economic life or death over every individual or enterprise in the country. The government has the power to confiscate the bank deposit of any depositor in any bank in Argentina if his views or behaviour do not please the authorities. The funds of an anti-Peronist are safer in a sock or under a mattress than in a bank. Nor is he free to send his money abroad. Foreign exchange is granted or denied solely by the Central Bank. No foreign goods may be paid for without official O.K. No firm may obtain a bank loan without permission. *La Critica* was denied a loan because of its critical editorials. Ranchers who are heard complaining about the dictator's buy-low, sell-high policy, or business men who have anything to do with the submerged political parties, are refused help.

Many enterprises such as railroads, telephones, insurance have been taken over bodily by the government, and Peron is not done. He has said plainly, "Our objective is State control of as much industry as possible, and domination of the rest by government-regulated capital." Those who have comforted themselves with the notion that Peron's Five-Year Plan was only another grandiose Latin dream have been amazed at the speed with which many of its provisions are being put into effect. It will expire January 1st, 1952, shortly before the end of the President's six-year term, but there is already talk of a new plan (the Soviet had a series of them—why not Argentina?), and a "spontaneous" movement has grown up to draft Peron for another term. "We'll have him for the next twenty years," gloomily predicted a *porteno* banker.

The regimentation may be expected to increase if Peron has his way, for his own statement of principles is unequivocal: "Capitalism is dying. You must accept a system of State intervention and controls, or lose everything by way of communism;" which caused the

American Ambassador to remark mildly the next day, "Capitalism has given U.S. citizens conditions more favourable than those found in any other country in the world." But if Peron's statement grated on American ears, it must have gratified the man in the Kremlin. For Stalin knows that the distinction Peron sought to draw between dictatorial control and communism is fictitious. Communism, in the days of the Bolshevik dreamers, meant equal-sharing; to-day, as practised in Russia, it means monopoly of power by a small dictatorial group. Peron and Stalin are on common ground. Communism is gaining so rapidly in South America that severe measures of repression have been necessary to curb it. So far, Argentina has been fairly free of it, but Peronism is a preparatory school for communism. "If Peron is ever forced to give way to a communist coup," says one close observer, Edward Tomlinson, "the comrades will have little to do other than drop into his chair and take over."

Peron knows these things. He is intelligent, well-informed, and, within the limits of his egotism, sincere. But he has been bitten by the Strong Man bug. Close contact with a triumphant Hitler and Mussolini was too much for him. Napoleon is one of his idols. When threatened with a rebellion, he said, "I have a half million *descamisados*, and as Napoleon said, with me at their head we total one million." Peron in his more self-conscious, on-parade moments holds his head tilted a little to the left. The effect is impressive, but I did not suspect the mannerism as being intentional until I came upon his book *Notes on Military History*, containing a eulogy of that "most accomplished leader" Alexander the Great, who, the admiring author says, "had all the qualities for it. His great eyes shone with extraordinary clearness; the nose was aquiline; his head, slightly inclined towards the left shoulder, gave him a majestic aspect." How long can Argentina afford the majestic aspect of a dictator who uses the national prosperity to satisfy his ambition for personal power and military supremacy?

WILLARD PRICE.

Santa Barbara, California.

LAMBETH, 1948.*

OF all the Lambeth Conferences none has met in circumstances more critical than that of 1948. The rapid drift towards the division of the world into two groups, with its threat of ultimate war, has placed upon religious leaders the duty of uttering any word of true prophecy there may be in them. The world-wide Anglican communion cannot keep silence on the danger to civilisation. The cause of Christian reunion, again, which was so prominent in the resolutions of the Conference of 1930, has become more urgent than ever as the real position of the Church universal becomes clearer. Even the most complacent Christian must be aware to-day that in many parts of the world Christianity is fighting for existence, and in other ancient Christian lands the faithful are a small minority. The division of Christians at such a time is one of the chief sources of the weakness of the Christian witness. In addition to these challenges from the world situation the Conference had to consider certain domestic problems

* *Lambeth Conference, 1948* Encyclical Letter from the Bishops, together with the Resolutions and Reports. S.P.C.K. 5s.

which have become acute during the eighteen years' interval since the previous meeting.

The lapse of time, owing to the war, since the last Lambeth Conference affected the character of the participating members. It was the most numerously attended of all the series. Three hundred and twenty-nine bishops took part, representing the Anglican Church in every part of the world. The lamented death of the Archbishop of Cape Town before the opening of the Conference deprived it of an eminent and experienced member. The proportion of bishops who had never been present at a Lambeth Conference was naturally exceptionally high. The "new boys" included the President himself. So far as an outside observer can judge, however, this preponderance of novices had no serious effect on the deliberations of the Conference, which assuredly was not lacking in respect for precedent and continuity. More important in its influence was the absence of some outstanding persons, such as Dr. Hensley Henson, who had been provocative exponents of minority opinions.

One of the principal functions of the Lambeth Conference is to remind the Church at large, and the world, of the wide extent of the Anglican communion, and the most effective means of doing this are the great services in Canterbury, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Anyone who was present at the corporate communion of the bishops in St. Paul's must have felt the grandeur of the world-wide fellowship and the dignified simplicity of the Anglican ritual. Whatever judgment may be passed on the results of the deliberations of the Conference, there is no doubt that the more symbolical purpose has been achieved. The witness to the extent and unity of Anglicanism has been given, and there is every reason to believe that the spirit of the meeting was one of cordial friendship and charity.

In view of the first meeting of the World Council of Churches in Amsterdam this summer the Anglican fathers must have considered very carefully the pronouncement on Christian unity. The prophetic spirit of the Conference of 1920 is not to be found in the cautious words of 1948, but it can at least be recorded with gratitude that the position then taken up has not been abandoned. The Encyclical Letter states that a great part of the time and thought of the Conference has been devoted to the subject of unity. It is evident that much of this time and thought has been expended on the Church of South India, on which a division of opinion among the bishops is recorded—the only topic on which division is admitted. The South India Church has certainly made ecclesiastical history, but it is not yet clear what the ultimate result will be. Readers will remember that the Church of South India has been constituted by the joining of four Anglican dioceses with Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists in the area in such a way that the episcopal office is adopted, and in future all ministers will be episcopally ordained. If the plan is carried through, in course of time the whole ministry of the Church of South India will be "regular" from the strictly Anglican point of view, but the situation in the present stage is anomalous. Certainly it must appear to the layman paradoxical that the achievement of a great step forward in Christian unity should carry with it the consequence that four bishops of former Anglican dioceses are excluded from the Lambeth Conference. The difference recorded concerns the status of bishops and presbyters consecrated and ordained at or since the inauguration of the union. The majority of the bishops at Lambeth recognise their status fully,

but a substantial minority wish to suspend judgment. One may perhaps pause here to reflect how much simpler the situation with regard to reunion would be if the Anglican Church as a whole would accept the doctrine of the judicious Hooker that episcopacy is not of the *esse* but of the *bona esse* of the Church.

The ramifications of the problem of unity and the relation of the doctrine of the ministry to it may be studied conveniently in the excellent report on "The Unity of the Church," which gives a clear and systematic account of the present relation of the Anglican Church with all other Christian communions. The South India union and other schemes of a similar character, which are under discussion, inspire the Conference to a vision and also to a certain alarm. The vision is that of the progressive achievement of regional union. "Reunion of any part of our communion with other denominations must make the resulting Church no longer simply Anglican but something more comprehensive." There would be in every country where there now exist the Anglican Church and others separated from it, a united Church, Catholic and Evangelical, but no longer in the limiting sense of the word Anglican. The Anglican communion would be merged in a much larger communion of national or regional Churches, in full communion with one another, united in all the terms of what is known as the Lambeth Quadrilateral." The Conference, however, was fully aware of the danger of hasty action. If South India's example were followed on a large scale the next Lambeth Conference might be reduced to half the present numbers! So the bishops temper their enthusiasm by adding, "Until this larger communion begins to take firmer shape, it would only be a weakening of the present strength and service of the Anglican communion if parts of it were severed from it prematurely."

Though the problems of Christian unity probably took the largest part of the Conference's time, they do not stand in the forefront of the Encyclical. That position is occupied by the condition of the world and the message of the Church. In this, no doubt, the bishops are wise, for very many who have no interest in the problems of reunion are anxious to hear a word of guidance and encouragement. As might have been expected, the Conference asserts firmly that the Church is not a merely human society, and that the fundamental cause of the wrongness of the world is that "it has forsaken or never known the true God and is defying His moral law." All this—with respect, be it said—is what we should expect the Conference to say. We should be disappointed if it had not said it, and we are glad that it has been said simply and clearly. But we look eagerly to see what the Conference has to say on the subject of the chief organised antagonist of Christianity—Marxian Communism.

The Conference approaches this question by way of the Church and the modern State. It condemns the doctrine that power is its own justification and, along with this, the concept of the unbridled sovereignty of the nation. It denies that the individual exists for the State. It affirms the rights of the individual and of voluntary associations, and argues that the defence of freedom is a Christian duty. All this might be taken as directed against Fascism. The special section headed "Communism" makes clear that the Conference finds in it the same cause for protest and resistance. "The Conference, while recognising that in many lands there are Communists who are practising Christians, nevertheless declares that Marxian Communism

is contrary to Christian faith and practice, for it denies the existence of God, Revelation and a future life; it treats the individual man as a means and not an end; it encourages class warfare; it regards the moral law not as absolute but as relative to the needs of the State." These words are definite enough, and their force is not weakened, as some commentators have thought, but rather increased by some further phrases which point out that the rise of Communism may be regarded as, in part, a judgment on the existing social and economic order—it might well have been added, on the part of the Church, too, as the report suggests.

The theological theme of the Conference was "The Christian Doctrine of Man," and it is reasonable to suppose that the decisions on the more controversial topics have some relation with the findings of the committee on the subject, whose report is appended to the encyclical. It is a good report within its limits, and perhaps we ought not to complain that several large problems are left in a somewhat ambiguous state. To take one very important question—the prevalence of moral evil.

"The universal presence of sin," says the report, "cannot be rightly explained as mere 'growing pains' or a survival from sub-human ancestry." We expect the report to go on to tell us what the true explanation of the fact is; to restate, for example, the doctrine of "original sin." It does nothing of the kind. Adam and the Garden of Eden are ignored, and instead we are given a definition of sin, which is said to be "a radical misdirection of will." This may well be true, but it does not throw any light on the fact of the universality of sin. Why is every will radically misdirected? It may be the case, as the report alleges, that the evolutionary explanation is not sufficient to account for man's moral failure and his bias towards evil, but at least it is some kind of explanation, it does throw some light on the observed phenomenon that the scales are weighted against goodness. So far as I can see, the report, having thrown over St. Augustine's answer (as well as the evolutionists'), has no other to put in its place. This is surely a pity, for there are many thoughtful persons who are deeply conscious of the fact for which the doctrine of original sin attempts to account, but are quite unable to believe the doctrine as it stands in Anglican formularies. Some word, were it only one of sympathy, might have been spared for this numerous and respectable company.

One implication of the Christian doctrine of man might be the eligibility of women for the priesthood. St. Paul affirmed that "in Christ" there is neither male nor female, and this may be thought to have some relevance to the capacity of women for the highest spiritual ministries. The question of the ordination of women was, in fact, brought before the Conference by the General Synod of the Church in China in a very interesting form. It asked whether the ordination of deaconesses to the priesthood for an experimental period of twenty years would be in accordance with Anglican tradition and order. The Conference returns a decided negative, and adds, for the benefit of others who support the Chinese request, that having said the order of deaconesses was the only order of the ministry open to women in 1930, it does not intend to reopen the question in 1948. One cannot help feeling that there is more policy than logic in this. After all, at this Conference the bishops have been deliberating on the Christian doctrine of man, and the courteous request of some eminent women to be informed whether there is any ground in that doctrine for supposing

that female human nature is inherently incapable of priestly functions - deserves a reasonable reply. Moreover, the Conference is eloquent in deploring the inadequate supply of candidates for the ministry. It might seem not out of place to give some reason for excluding one-half of the human race in these conditions of need.

This Conference has made more explicit the Anglican position in divorce. In effect, the existence of divorce is denied so far as Christians are concerned. No person whose former partner in marriage is still living may be married in church, and those who have been married after divorce are excluded from communion, unless specially admitted by the bishop of the diocese. No doubt the Anglican fathers are firmly convinced that they are defending the institution of marriage and the home by this rigorous interpretation, but others will not feel so sure. No one who is much in the way of being consulted on such matters can doubt that there really are "innocent parties" in divorce, and many cases where any wise and humane man would counsel divorce. It seems a mistake to forget what everyone, including bishops, knows when giving guidance on a matter which affects the happiness and even the spiritual welfare of many people.

As we have said, this Lambeth Conference has probably done more good than harm. It has helped the cause of Christian unity, it has put forth some sensible advice and called attention to real dangers. Its root defect is that it has not grasped the extent of the crisis with which the whole Church is confronted. The Conference refers to signs of a "rising tide of faith." These exist. There are signs that men begin to be dissatisfied with agnosticism, wistful or pugnacious, and no doubt a number do return to the faith of their fathers with little modification, but it would be a profound error to take this eddy for the tide. The Christian religion will not be the faith of civilised man again until it has been so profoundly rethought and experienced as to produce a new Reformation. We must regret that Lambeth, 1948, has done so little to warn Christians of the task which lies before them and to help them to do their part in the rebirth of the Christian faith.

W. R. MATTHEWS.

MARIA THERESA AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.

I. FROM VIENNA TO VERSAILLES.

NO eloquence of tongue or pen is needed to adorn the moving story of Marie Antoinette. Among all the unhappy women who have worn a crown not even Mary Stuart nor the last Tsarina was offered such a cup of bitterness to drain. No actor on the crowded stage of the French Revolution has held the imagination of mankind to such an extent as the warm-hearted, pleasure-seeking, vivacious Archduchess, whose character ripened in the fires of affliction. The purpose of this study is to depict her fortunes during the first decade of her public life with the aid of a series of letters unique in historical literature.

Amid the vast array of evidence on the closing phase of the *ancien régime* no single item compares in significance with the *Correspondance Secrète entre Marie Thérèse et le Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, avec les Lettres de Maria-Thérèse et de Marie Antoinette*, published in Paris by

Arnoeth and Geffroy in 1875. In these fifteen hundred pages, printed, with a few omissions, from the originals at Vienna, are recorded, sometimes from hour to hour, the emotions of a mother and daughter compelled to play leading parts in the hazardous international game. Our understanding of the two chief actors is quickened by the far more voluminous parallel correspondence between the Empress and Count Mercy d'Argenteau, the Austrian Ambassador in Paris, since 1766, of which Marie Antoinette never knew. So completely did this wise and devoted diplomat enjoy the confidence of his sovereign that no secrets were withheld from him, and his advice was sought on all personal no less than on all political issues. Long afterwards, when a prisoner of the Revolution, the Queen told Mme de Tourzel, Governess of the royal children, that she had regarded him as a father. He was, indeed, her guide, philosopher and friend. He was often consulted both on the drafting of the maternal admonitions and on the replies from Versailles. In addition to the reports which her son the Emperor Joseph and Kaunitz, the Foreign Minister, were permitted to peruse, many others were marked for her alone. The Empress, for her part, often added confidential passages in her own hand to the letters dictated to her secretary. The whole exchange was in French, though it was the mother tongue of the Ambassador alone, for Mercy belonged to an old noble family of Liège. As a picture of the atmosphere and personalities of the most sumptuous Court in Europe it rivals that of Elizabeth Charlotte of the Palatinate, sister-in-law of Louis XIV and mother of the Regent Orleans, nearly a century earlier, and the personal interest is far greater. Liselotte, with a thicker skin than Marie Antoinette, was well able to take care of herself. Her subordinate position saved her from the temptations which confronted a Dauphine and a Queen, and she had no political tasks to fulfil. Her letters to her family are the entertaining gossip of a Court. Those of the Empress and Marie Antoinette are the revelation of two sorely tried souls.

The ninth child and youngest daughter of Maria Theresa was born on November 2nd, 1755. Her father, the Emperor Francis of Lorraine, a good-natured mediocrity, pious, frivolous, extravagant, less interested in public affairs than in the chase, died when she was ten. Her mother, respected and admired for her character and courage even by her lifelong enemy Frederick the Great, set an example of the strenuous life to her sixteen children. Immersed in the exacting tasks of ruling her far-flung dominions and needing every penny for the ruinous Silesian wars, she had little time or thought to spare for the younger members of her family, while it was particularly regrettable that the education of Marie Antoinette should be neglected, since she was destined from the nursery to a marriage of the highest political significance.

After a century and a half of conflict between the Bourbons and the Hapsburgs for the hegemony of Europe, the rapid rise of Prussia produced the historic *renversement des alliances* during the breathing space which followed the close of the War of the Austrian Succession in 1748. Locked in a deadly embrace with England for domination in the far places of the earth France now seemed less of a menace than the ambitious Protestant power in Northern Germany whose ruler had seized Austria's richest province on the death of the Emperor Charles VI in 1740. When the first two Silesian wars proved that she could never hope to recover her stolen property without a powerful

Continental ally, Maria Theresa accepted the advice of Kaunitz to make friends with her ancient foe. France, sadly fallen from her high estate, was ready to grasp the proffered hand. The treaty was signed in 1755 and was implemented in the Seven Years War which broke out in 1756. The whole face of Europe had been changed.

Though the effort to regain Silesia failed once more, hope was never abandoned by the Empress, her son Joseph and Kaunitz, for the French alliance remained the corner-stone of Hapsburg policy for almost forty years. What then could be more natural than a dynastic union? *Bella gerant alii, tu felix Austria nube*. The plan, which originated in 1764, soon after the close of the Seven Years War, was warmly welcomed by Choiseul, the Foreign Minister, and informal discussions with the Austrian Ambassador ensued. Mme Antoine, as she was called, was selected as being of the most suitable age for the Dauphin, one year her senior. We hear of special attentions—such as presents of fruit out of season—paid by the French Ambassador in 1767, on her twelfth birthday, and a symbolic dolphin (dauphin) played a prominent part in the *fête*. She had learned a little Italian from Metastasio, a little music from Gluck, and a smattering of French. A tomboy and a mimic, she was restless and indolent, easily distracted from her lessons, and preferred romping in the woods with her dogs. Temperament she had, and heart, but little brains.

In November, 1768, on the morning of her thirteenth birthday, the Empress instructed her new Ambassador to select a priest capable of forming the character and developing the intelligence of the destined bride. "I am impatient to know who will be chosen as the confessor of my daughter," she wrote; "I should also like a *frisour*, but I leave everything to Choiseul." The choice fell on the Abbé de Vermond, a man of thirty-five, Librarian of the Collège Mazarin. Tactful, conscientious and reasonably cultivated, he did his best for the little pupil, who speedily won his affection. It was uphill work, for she had no desire to learn. His reports describe a girl who detested reading, knew practically nothing of history and geography, and was unable to spell. Her French was a jargon full of German words. He began with an hour a day devoted to French conversation, and soon added reading lessons in history. Though by no means stupid she found it difficult to concentrate and loved to make fun of her *entourage*. Eager to know more of the destined bride of his heir, Louis XV dispatched an artist to Vienna and sent a portrait of the Dauphin. In the summer of 1769 the Empress imported a *coiffeur* from Paris, and the girl was instructed in the curtsy. "Tout va bien pour notre petite," exclaimed Kaunitz, "pourvu qu'on ne la gâte pas."

The marriage contract signed on April 4th, 1770, fixed her allowance and promised her jewels worth 200,000 crowns. On April 15th the French Ambassador arrived with a large suite to ask for her hand. Four days later the Papal Nuncio officiated at the marriage by proxy, the Dauphin being represented by a brother of the bride. On the previous evening she had written her first letter to the King of France at the dictation of her mother, who added a private appeal: "May Your Majesty be good enough to guide her. She is full of goodwill, but at her age I beg for indulgence for any mistake. I commend her as the most tender pledge of the happy union between our states and dynasties." On April 21st the Archduchess drove away from the Hofburg. Taking her daughter in her arms the Empress whispered: "Be so good to the French that they can say I have sent them an

angel." Sobs broke her voice, and the half-fainting girl had to be helped into the carriage: both of them realised that they would never meet again. Joseph, her elder brother, accompanied her as far as Melk.

Her mother's parting gift was a lengthy memorandum in French which she was exhorted to re-read at intervals of a month. "You will begin by saying your prayers on your knees and by a few minutes of devotional reading. Everything depends on a good start of the day and on the intentions with which we face its duties. On this point you will be very strict. Its execution is solely in your hands and your happiness, spiritual and temporal, may depend on it. It is the same with your evening prayers and examination of conscience; but I repeat that those of the morning and the little devotional readings are the most vital. You will always tell me which book you are using. You will practise meditation as often as possible during the day, above all at Holy Mass. I hope you will hear it with edification every day, and twice on Sundays and *fête* days if it is the custom of the Court. But you must not think of introducing new customs nor should you ask for the adoption of our Vienna ways. When in church display the greatest respect and do not look around. All eyes will be fixed on you; do not give cause for scandal. Read no book, not even a brochure, without the approbation of your confessor. This is all the more necessary in France because among the flood of publications many are hostile to religion and morals beneath a veneer of respectability." Passing from the religious duties the anxious Empress draws on her experiences of thirty years of rule. "Do not ask for favours; listen to no one if you wish for peace. Do not be inquisitive. Avoid all familiarity with humble people. Always ask M. and Mme de Noailles what you should do in every case, since it is your wish to please the nation, and let them tell you if there is anything amiss in your talk or conduct. Reply affably to everyone, with grace and dignity, but you must also know how to refuse." She would hear from her mother once a month and should reply by the same courier. She could correspond with her brother Joseph and her sister Caroline, Queen of Naples, whom she might well take as a model. "Her example should be a guide and encouragement, her situation having been and still being in every way much more difficult than yours."

The first letter from the Empress to her daughter, dated May 4th, combined delight in the reports of her affability *en route* with further motherly advice: "So now you are in the place assigned to you by Providence. In view of your circumstances you are the luckiest of your sisters, indeed of all princesses. You will find a tender father (Louis XV) who, if you desire it, will also be your friend. To give him your full confidence will involve no risks. Love him, obey him, try to anticipate his thoughts as much as you can. It is this father, this friend, who is my whole consolation amidst my grief, in the hope that you will follow my advice to await his directions in everything. Of the Dauphin I say nothing. You know my delicacy on this matter. The woman is subject to her husband in everything, and she should have no other occupation than to please him and do his will. The only true happiness on earth is a happy marriage; I speak from experience. Everything depends on the woman. My only anxiety concerns negligence in your prayers and readings. Bestow affection on your family, your aunts, your brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law. Allow no bickering; you can silence people or avoid it by moving away."

The Empress enclosed a letter to the King, and there was also a line for Mme Adelaide, the eldest and ablest of the King's daughters. "These princesses are full of virtues and talents, happily for you, and I hope you will deserve their friendship." She was to tell the Choiseuls that she had received instructions to pay them special consideration. "Do not forget a mother," concluded the letter, "who, though far away, will be thinking of you till her last breath. Blessings on you." In the blend of genuine piety, maternal affection and political strategy the letter is characteristic of the noblest of the Hapsburgs.

At Kehl on the French frontier Comte de Noailles, the envoy of the King, carried out the customary observances in a wooden house constructed on an island in the Rhine. The girl exchanged her Austrian attire for French garments, and her suite was replaced by ladies of her French household with Comtesse de Noailles, her *dame d'honneur*, at their head. The same evening she was rapturously acclaimed in Strasbourg, and Mercy reported that her *début* had surpassed all expectations. Similar scenes were witnessed at Nancy and other cities *en route*. On May 14th she was welcomed at Compiègne by the King, Mesdames his daughters, the Dauphin and his brothers, and Choiseul. Louis XV was delighted with the graceful and lively girl with her blue eyes and dazzling complexion; "J'ai ma Duchesse de Bourgogne," he exclaimed, alluding to his mother, "the rose of Savoy," who was the delight of Louis XIV in his closing years.

The Dauphin, a fat and clumsy lad not yet sixteen, was tongue-tied and shy; his voice was disagreeable and he was slovenly in his clothes. Stupid he was not. He liked history and geography, and knew some Latin, Italian, German and English, but he had been kept so much in the background that his appearances at Court were an ordeal. He was afflicted by an inferiority complex and a resulting paralysis of will which he was never to overcome. His character was beyond reproach, but the graces were lacking. He was happiest in physical exercises, hunting, swimming, the felling of trees, the sawing of wood, and in occupations of a manual kind. With these vigorous activities went the ravenous appetite of the Bourbons. He was almost terrified at the sight of a woman, and his experienced grandfather sarcastically observed: "Ce n'est pas un homme comme un autre." Of the *bon-homie* of Henri IV and the dignity of Louis XIV there was not a trace. The nearest precedent in the royal house was the equally blameless and equally colourless Louis XIII. The only entry in the meagre diary which he had kept since his thirteenth year for the day on which he saw his future wife ran: *Entrevue avec Madame la Dauphine*.

Two days after the welcome at Compiègne the Court drove away, stopping for a little time at St. Denis to visit Mme Louise, the youngest of Mesdames the King's daughters, who, on the promotion of Mme du Barry, had exchanged the foul air of Versailles for the peace of a Carmelite nunnery. The night was passed at La Muette, a royal hunting lodge in the Bois de Boulogne, and that evening the Dauphine made the acquaintance of a very different woman. Mme du Barry had never appeared at formal gatherings, but on this occasion, to the general surprise, she sat beside the King at the *Grand Souper*. It was inconceivable, wrote Mercy, that he should have chosen this moment for an honour hitherto withheld. The bride, who innocently inquired what was the function of that pretty woman, was told that she had to amuse the King. She was soon to learn the truth from his scandalised daughters.

Next morning the Court reached Versailles and at midday the marriage was celebrated by the Archbishop of Rheims. After supper the Royal Family and the Court dignitaries accompanied the young pair to their bedroom, the Archbishop pronounced a blessing on the bed, and the King handed the Dauphine her chemise. For the first time they were alone together. Everyone had been struck by the indifference of the bridegroom. The only entry in his diary for his wedding day was *Rien*. Having had no part in the choice of his wife he had gone through the ceremonies like an automaton. Mercy reported that he scarcely spoke a word, and the Abbé Vermond was equally distressed. "While I was with her this morning," he reported, "the Dauphin came in. 'Have you slept?' he asked. 'Yes,' was the reply. He left without another word, and the Dauphine amused herself with her little dog."

The coldness of her husband and the presence of the Favourite cast a shadow over the first phase of her new life, and no one could describe the Court of the elderly *roué* as a happy place. Shortly before her arrival most of the leading figures had been removed by death—the neglected Queen Maria Leczinska, the respected Dauphin Louis, his excellent wife Maria Josepha of Saxony, and Mme de Pompadour, the ambitious *maitresse en titre*. After a brief phase of disconsolate boredom the King filled the vacuum with Mme du Barry. His three unmarried daughters, Adelaide, Victoire and Sophie, lived frustrated lives in the vast palace which housed five thousand souls. His five grandchildren were the Dauphin, the Comte de Provence (later Louis XVIII), the Comte d'Artois (later Charles X), Mme Clothilde, and Mme Elizabeth, an attractive little girl of seven. Choiseul was still at the helm, but his position was threatened by the anti-Austrian clique, led by Marshal the Duc de Richelieu, First Gentleman of the Chamber, which had pushed the Favourite into the King's arms. The illegitimate daughter of an untraced father and the mistress of Comte du Barry had attracted the King's notice in 1768 at the age of twenty-five and was formally presented in 1769. Henceforth the Court and the Government were divided into two camps—her friends and her foes. That she was the prettiest and most elegant woman at Versailles was conceded on both sides.

The French marriage was avowedly a political expedient, and a mother's anxieties are revealed in her monthly letters. "I fear her tender age," she wrote to Mercy before hearing of her arrival, "the excessive flattery, her indolence and want of application. Keep watch, I beseech you, lest she fall into evil hands, for you possess my entire confidence." The first bulletins were reassuring. On June 15th the Ambassador reported the Dauphine's opinion that her husband appeared to be a good man and that his timidity and coldness were doubtless due to his education. The King, he added, was very pleased with her, and she caressed him in a most touching manner. "Vive et un peu enfant," he remarked, "mais cela est bien de son âge." Mesdames de France were also enchanted. "The whole Court and the public praise her affability and grace. Yet, as Your Majesty bade me express my opinions, I must confess that, despite her well-merited success, I reflect that in so lively and superficial a nation and in such a tempestuous Court it is easier to win favour at the outset than to preserve it." A few minor errors, such as making jokes about people, are attributed to youth and high spirits. "The most important point is to induce her to overcome her extreme repugnance to serious

occupation, above all reading, for only thus can she escape the dangers of her station. When I have spoken to her she manifests so much love and respect for Your Majesty and so great a desire to please that, if Your Majesty thinks well to stress these points, it would have much more effect than all representations from other quarters."

On July 9th the Dauphine reported her first impressions. "The King is full of kindness to me and I love him tenderly, but his weakness for Mme du Barry—the most stupid and impertinent creature imaginable—is pitiful. She has joined in our play every evening at Marly. Twice she sat next to me but did not speak to me, and I did not enter on conversation with her, though I spoke to her when it had to be. As regards my dear husband he has greatly improved. He is most friendly to me and he even begins to show me confidence." Three days later she confessed that her mother's letters brought tears to her eyes, "quoique je suis très bien ici." She then described how she spent her day, as the Empress had asked her to do. But there were graver matters in her mind than the routine of the Court, and on July 14th Mercy reported a conversation which gave the Empress keen satisfaction, for the young couple at last discussed their situation. He was aware of the marriage state, began the Dauphin. From the start he had formed his plans, and now the time had come and at Compiègne he would make their union a reality. Since they were to live together, rejoined the Dauphine, they should talk freely about everything. For the first time he spoke of the Court, explaining that he knew and saw many things but had never allowed himself to talk about them. This intimate exchange reached the Ambassador through the Abbé Vermond, who received it from the Dauphine herself. The tutor had become the *Lecteur*, and he was never far from her side.

The Dauphine confided the good news about Compiègne to Mme Adelaide, who thoughtlessly passed it on, and it was soon the talk of the town. When in consequence the sensitive lad, who loathed publicity, shrank back into his shell, wagging tongues inferred that a quarrel had occurred. In reply to the King's reproaches for his frigidity his grandson explained that he found his wife charming and loved her, but he needed time to overcome his timidity. Mercy was not seriously alarmed; with patience, he reported, everything would come right. The Empress was relieved, adding that her only anxiety came from Mesdames. Indeed, the more the Ambassador saw of the Dauphine the more he found to praise. "She is acquiring a judgment and insight so far in advance of her years that I am often surprised. To these qualities she adds something more important still—a character of frankness and truthfulness which even in the smallest matter has never failed. There is still something to desire in her reading; but, to make up for it, the conversations with Abbé Vermond are becoming longer, more serious and more instructive. By his wise methods, his frankness and his zeal, this priest continues to render service beyond all price. She gives him her full confidence, and never has confidence been better deserved. The lies of the du Barry clique have had no result but to display their impudence and malice."

The Ambassador, as he assured his sovereign, learned through his various informants at Court what the Dauphine said, did or heard every hour of the day. "Thus I can unhesitatingly affirm that it is absolutely false that the King is growing reserved and embarrassed; on the contrary, she increases in favour. That she insults the Favourite is equally untrue; there has never been anything but a little talk

which Mesdames always began. Now she is more on her guard, and weeks pass without a critical word. Finally, she is adored by her *entourage* and the public. So far there has not been a single serious mistake, and I guarantee there never will be so long as I retain the help of Abbé Vermond and the confidence of Her Royal Highness." Her praises were sung in the salons where the opinion of the capital was largely formed. "Il n'y a qu'une voix sur Mme la Dauphine," reported Mme du Deffand to Horace Walpole, "elle grandit, elle embellit, elle est charmante."

No sooner had Maria Theresa received these comforting bulletins than a bomb exploded under her feet: on December 24th, 1770, Choiseul was dismissed. He had been elevated by one royal mistress and was overthrown by another. For twelve years the indolence of Louis XV had made him the real ruler of France, but his unconcealed contempt for the Favourite was his undoing. "Elle est jolie, elle me plaît, cela doit suffire," the King had remarked, and Choiseul had to recognise defeat. The du Barry had more power than the Pompadour had ever possessed, reported Mme du Deffand to Horace Walpole, more even than Cardinal Fleury. For a moment the Empress was almost in despair. "The dismissal of Vermond I regard as inevitable, and the fall of my daughter as well. Your access to her will be restricted and people will not dare to give you all the news. This abominable clique will ruin her and turn her against wise counsellors. I feel this blow is decisive for her though not for the alliance, which is as useful to France as to us. Tell me everything, above all the talk and bearing of the Dauphin, whom I do not regard as a fool but who is under the thumb of this clique." To her daughter she wrote with rather more self-control. "More than ever you will need the advice of Mercy and the Abbé, but have nothing to do with any faction. Observe neutrality, please the King, obey your husband. Be more reserved than ever, particularly with your aunts." The Dauphine, who never concealed her feelings, sharply resented the fall of the Austrophil Minister and visited her displeasure on his successor, the Duc d'Aiguillon, nephew of the Duc de Richelieu, the leading champion of the Favourite.

The Empress's letters to her daughter usually contain more blame than praise. "At your age," she wrote on February 10th, 1771, "it is permissible to enjoy oneself. But to make that one's sole occupation, to do nothing solid or useful, to kill time with walks and visits—you will one day recognise its emptiness and regret not to have made better use of your time. I must also observe that the style of your letters grows ever worse and more incorrect; in these ten months you ought to have perfected yourself. You should get the Abbé or someone else to form your handwriting." To Mercy she wrote by the same courier with even greater severity. "I confess that my daughter's situation makes me very anxious. Her nonchalance, her distaste for all serious tasks, her lack of discretion resulting from youth and vivacity, her contacts with her aunts, above all Mme Adelaide, perhaps the greatest intriguer of the lot—all this causes me alarm. Everything depends on your skill in arranging occasional conversations with my daughter and in keeping Abbé Vermond at his post. Perhaps she would welcome the removal of a man who might stand in her way in moments of dissipation."

No one expected immediate results from a boy and girl marriage, but as the months melted into years all the world began to speculate

about the succession. When Louis XV ordered an examination of his grandson by the Court doctor the mystery was explained. A slight physical defect existed, and the young husband lacked the courage to face a little pain. "I try to persuade him to a small operation which has been spoken of and which I think necessary," wrote the disappointed wife. Years of frustration left deep furrows on the character of both partners, accentuating the inferiority complex of the one and driving the other into senseless frivolities. Indeed this freak of nature produced consequences far transcending the unhappiness of a married couple. A Dauphin—and then a King—apparently unable to have children became the butt of satirists, while some people whispered that his wife sought consolation elsewhere. Among the many reasons that the *ancien régime* fell with a crash in 1789 the declining respect for the Royal Family comes high on the list.

G. P. GOOCH.

(To be continued)

THOMAS MANN ON THE GERMANS*

IT is impossible to summarise the contents and meaning of Dr. Thomas Mann's new book in two or three pages. *Doktor Faustus* is even less a novel in the conventional sense of the word than his previous one about *Joseph and His Brethren*—and intentionally so. For Dr. Mann thinks the old form of novel, as presented by some thirty great and innumerable minor or superfluous novelists, rather outworn in its recurrent plots and psychological attitudes; it is his ambition to open up new roads and to try surprisingly new methods, and he draws courage from the knowledge that "such a thing has not been done before." So we must, in this review, abstain from analysing many important and fascinating things which this complicated structure of ideas presents: the music which Dr. Mann's hero Adrian Leverkuehn composes and why he, by his music and his character, is not only symbolical of the German people but also of the crisis of the arts of to-day and even to-day's humanity; the "theology" and "theodicy" of this novel; the artistic secrets of its composition which are even more sophisticated than those of the Joseph novels. We cannot either discuss here the relationship of this work to the previous versions of the same theme or its relationship to certain other books of Dr. Mann, which contain all opinions which he held forty or thirty years ago, but which he changed shortly after the first world war. We shall restrict ourselves to two or three points which may be the most interesting for English readers: the analysis of the German character and recent German history, the problem of freedom and dictatorship, and the relation of rationalism and irrationalism in Germany and in general.

In this novel we are told how even cultured people in Germany regarded the war of 1914 as an "heroic festivity," while in the other countries it was regarded "as a catastrophe and *grand malheur*." At that time the Germans believed that their historic hour had struck, as had Spain's, France's, England's in previous centuries. But, adds the teller of Leverkuehn's story, in 1914 "we went to war with a comparatively pure heart, we had not, at home, behaved in a way as to make a bloody world catastrophe the logical and inevitable consequence of our behaviour," as in 1939. Now it seemed to him impossible to side with his country. He speaks of "our spacious but, at the same time, close prison, full of suffocating air—or should I say our lunatic asylum?" A German *débâcle* would certainly be terrible, but what is more terrible "than a German defeat is a German

**Doktor Faustus. Das Leben des deutschen Tonsetzers Adrian Leverkuehn, erzählt von einem Freunde*. Bermann-Fischer Verlag, Stockholm, 1947

victory." The National Socialist matadors are "loaded with the curse of having made all Germany unbearable to the world."

The Germans, we are told, are obsessed by the belief to be the chosen people; they are arrogant because they suffer from an inferiority complex—"they will," says somebody around 1926 in this novel, "ruin themselves because of their nationalism, their pomposity, their hate of being integrated into Europe." We hear German students pride themselves on belonging to a young people—"an immature one, if you like. . . . The German deeds were always done out of a certain powerful immaturity. . . . Where would the world be if maturity were the last word! In our immaturity we shall still inflict on it many a renovation, many a revolution!" The still and ever-growing Germans, we read on another page, take it for granted that the other, the grown-up peoples, who "are not at all bent on catastrophic politics, should shed their blood together with them." It is characteristic of them to get intoxicated by intellectual (or rather unintellectual) frenzy, by bottomless metaphysics, and it is characteristic of them to sell their souls to the devil like Doctor Faustus in order to gain all the power and the treasures of the earth, this being the only pact which they have adhered to faithfully. When we hear the devil, who visits the sick Adrian, describe hell in words that make our hair stand on end, we realise with a shudder that he is not describing the imaginary hell of the Christian doctrine but the terribly real hell of National Socialism, which, he says, words are unable to describe. It is Dr. Mann's intention to show that that horrible régime was not something that had "no roots" in the German nature. "That régime was only the distorted, vulgar and horrible materialisation of sentiments and views" which we find "with the greatest, the most German Germans," with famous theologians, philosophers and composers.

Dr. Mann deals at full length with the problem of freedom and its intellectual or political opposite. He goes as far back as the Middle Ages, and in some passages even as far as Pythagoras, the founder of an "esoteric school of religious renewal, silent obedience, and strict subjection to the *Autós épha*." The Middle Ages, too, were an epoch of religious bondage, and were followed by an epoch of free, secular culture, but we are shown how, during the last four centuries, a certain nostalgia for bondage was felt over and over again in various spheres of life. The Reformation and Luther play an important part in this novel, which tries to show that the German mind always remained "medieval" in a way and—unfortunately—kept much closer to Luther than to Goethe. We see two faces of Luther's deed: on the one hand his reformation was an important step towards modern freedom, on the other it was a step backwards into the Middle Ages, restoring a bondage that had become weak, and the question arises "whether, from the cultural point of view, such ever-recurrent vitalisations of something already dying are to be welcomed, and whether reformers are not rather retrograde types and emissaries of misfortune. For there is no doubt that mankind would have been spared endless bloodshed and the most horrible self-laceration if Martin Luther had not restored the Church."

At various points in this novel we see Christian and secular humanism put in contrast to each other. The secular humanist cultivates the liberty of the individual and regards the old dogmas as superstition; the Christian humanist, however, calls liberty "the opposite of innate sinlessness," and gives an amusing definition of superstition: "It is not superstitious to believe in demons and incubi; superstition means to have dealings with them and to expect from them what one should only expect from God."

We hear Adrian Leverkuehn, composer and philosopher, say to his friend: "Freedom is but another word for subjectivity, and one day it becomes sick of itself, it despairs of the possibility of being creative by itself, and seeks shelter and security with objectivity. Freedom always inclines to a dialectical change. Very soon it recognises itself in bondage, it finds fulfilment in the subordination to law, rule, compulsion, system—it finds fulfilment in them i.e. it does not cease to be freedom." To that his friend

answers: "That's what it thinks. But in reality it is not freedom any more, just as little as dictatorship born in revolution is freedom any longer."

Around 1900, when still at the university, he and his colleagues have a very interesting, very characteristic talk, in a jargon which is notorious in this country as German metaphysics. They all think liberalism dead—but what will come next? One of them would like to see religion and socialism combined, another thinks the new objectivity should be "religious and political," i.e. "national." Socialism is nothing but utilitarianism and rationalism and knows nothing of "the strength of super-rational or sub-rational powers"; utilitarian principles do not constitute a State. "Since the empty phrase of liberty does not any longer impress anybody, one has only the choice between two possibilities of religious obedience and realisation: the social and the national one." So we see German youth arriving at what the following German generation hailed as National Socialism.

We also make the acquaintance of those German professors and pseudo-scientists who, between the two world wars, developed and propagated those ideas which National Socialism practised during the twelve years of its devilish existence. These professors "criticised the values of culture, enlightenment, humaneness," and declared "with merry satisfaction" that our age, "consciously or unconsciously, was heading for a despotism over levelled, atomised and, like the individual, helpless masses." They only talk of "so-called truth," and say that life and community must not be founded on truth, but truth on them. The devil echoes their falsifications by saying to Adrian: "Your inclination to hunt after so-called truth is really philistine, and you should give it up. What exalts you, what adds to your feeling of strength and power and sovereignty, that, the dickens, is truth." These scholars give to the ideas of "truth, freedom, right, reason" a meaning which is "wholly different from that of the last centuries," and in listening to them one feels thrown back "into the conditions of the theocratic Middle Ages." They also speak of the necessary "re-barbarisation" and "renunciation of all humane effeminacy," of an imminent hard epoch "that will probably take us back far beyond the Christian civilisation of the Middle Ages to the dark times preceding it." Perhaps, states Dr. Mann, the German people has "under the most gruesome despotism got a dim notion of what political liberty means."

"Ten thousand lecturers of irrationalism," he has said sometime, "have sprung up in Germany like mushrooms," and he deals with the problem of rationalism and irrationalism in his new novel as well as in his political articles.

We are told that after 1918 many people in Germany had the impression that "the epoch of bourgeois humanism" was over, while the then victorious peoples, who had looked upon the war as not more than an interruption of their ordinary life, merely tried to return to the pre-war way of life and thought, believing to be perfectly safe "within classical rationalism." In defeated Germany "many new, bewildering and frightening ideas" pushed to the surface—some of which we heard those professors utter with so much satisfaction. Thomas Mann was one of the first to realise the intellectual and, especially, political dangerousness of those new irrationalists and romantics who asserted that rationalism and humanism had again, as at the beginning of the nineteenth century, become problematic and would have to give way to the deeper, irrational forces of life—a theory which degenerated into that "wicked contempt of reason" which was the main characteristic of National Socialist *Weltanschauung*, that "gigantic drunkenness" with which the Germans, "always longing for intoxication, got frightfully drunk."

With the problem of rationalism and irrationalism Thomas Mann has occupied himself in nearly all his books, and during the last twenty-five years always with an eye on the intellectual and political development in Germany. The history of philosophy, he says, is a discussion between

those two principles; the Germans are far more in love with irrationalism than with rationalism, with "holy bondage" rather than with "liberty," and they have further and further deviated from the rationalism of the West. They have resisted enlightenment, because they thought it shallow, and paid homage to "the powers of fruitful darkness." True, philosophy gained by this "undoubtedly much richness and depth," but in Germany the reaction against intellectualism was far too radical and without any understanding for the need of some reason in the political field.

Thomas Mann tries to overcome the antagonism between those two principles. He did so in his Joseph novels, using as a metaphor Jacob's words to Joseph: "The Almighty shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above, and blessings of the deep that lieth under." And he tries it again—in modern language and at some length—in his *Doktor Faustus*. Since the medieval belief in "revealed truth" was shattered, he tells us, the life of modern man has become "wholly problematic and uncertain" and threatens to end "in resignation and despair." Some praise the old religions, others, like the students mentioned before, offer new ones: the people, the State; and in listening to the neo-romantic professors Adrian's friend himself is reminded of the Middle Ages. The "dictatorial credo" of the totalitarian State, he says, allows its thinkers only "to defend despotism, in the same way as seven centuries ago reason was only free to discuss faith, to prove the dogma; this was the duty of reason then, and this is its duty to-day or perhaps to-morrow." It never occurs to the thinkers of National Socialism or Communism—both being new religions—"that they are not free. They are free subjectively—within an objective bondage," as were the thinkers of the Middle Ages. As to the old religion, we find various statements about it in this novel. Religiousness, we read, is the will and the faculty "to experience, and to live through, the demonic essence of our existence in its full vitality." Liberal theology, as well as morality and bourgeois humanism, lack the knowledge of the demonic nature of human life, we are told on several occasions. Religion, says Adrian's friend, who in many respects is Thomas Mann's mouthpiece, is not "the most adequate way of keeping the medieval and popular instincts" which are still alive in us all "under lock and key. This can only be done by literature, humanism, the idea of free and beautiful man." His idea of humanism, however, is not the optimistic, idyllic, rationalistic humanism of the eighteenth century, but a manlier and deeper humanism, representing a synthesis of irrationalism and rationalism. "Which sphere of life, be it the most candid, respectable and benevolent, could be wholly impervious to the influence of the powers of below; nay, one must add: which is wholly unneedy of the fructifying contact with them?" The new humanism must "merge the reverence of the deities of below and the moral cult of Olympic reason and serenity into one piety," or, in other words, the new humanism, "very experienced as it is," must "integrate all its knowledge of the below and demonic into its veneration of the human mystery." Such humanism might be called religious in a new sense. "For what is religion if not awe? Awe of the mystery that is man? For man is a mystery, and to that mystery awe is due." This, in short, is Thomas Mann's credo.

J. LESSER.

TIDYING THE STATUTE BOOK.

A REPRESENTATIVE body of citizens has assembled at Westminster for more than six hundred years to produce a body of legislation for the well-being of the whole nation. Some people may think that if the output in the twentieth century had been less it would have been an advantage. But the continuous stability of the legislature has undoubtedly contributed to the strength of the national life, and has enabled it to maintain a position to which

no other country in Europe can provide a parallel. To make the volume of legislation available in a form which is simple and convenient has been a problem perennially engaging the attention of the responsible authorities since the reign of Edward III. The circle of those who are immediately concerned has been increased to such an extent as to include practically every man, woman and child in the country. Administrators in the central and local governments find that knowledge of the statute law relating to their subject is part of the daily routine. For business men, even when not under the restrictions of war-time conditions, legislative enactments form part of their office equipment. Employers of labour appreciate that their own interests as well as those of their employees are safeguarded by the measures enacted to secure healthy and safe conditions of work. Perhaps the largest body of all to be concerned with the contents of legislative enactments are citizens who, either as official or voluntary administrators, are endeavouring to make effective the social services of the country. When everyone may be a participant, as in the national health service, then legislation, benevolent in its purpose and supported by all political parties, has its direct influence in the daily life of every citizen. Accordingly it has become more than ever essential that both form and matter of Acts of Parliament should be readily understandable by the people. The Courts still endeavour to maintain the principle expressed in a familiar Latin maxim that ignorance of the law is no excuse for failure to observe it.

By many people the difficulty in appreciating the meaning of Acts of Parliament is attributed to the inability of the draftsman to use plain English. But the draftsman has to provide by precision and clarity to meet all the conditions to which the Act may be applicable. In doing so the attempt to use simple language may frustrate its purpose. The phrase "arising out of and in the course of employment" in the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, has given occasion for more litigation than any other eight words in the English language. Although the whole body of workmen's compensation under these Acts has come to an end, it has not been possible entirely to remove this phrase in the new legislation relating to industrial injuries. The draftsman also has to keep in mind that the Act may require to be interpreted by the Courts; in particular, if the Act creates an offence which may be the subject of a prosecution. A further complication for the lay reader arises from the procedure which is known as "legislation by reference," that is when, to avoid repetition, a reference is given to a previous Act. This is chiefly attributable to Parliamentary procedure as a small amending Bill provides much less basis for criticism as it proceeds through both Houses of Parliament than a long Bill re-enacting the previous provisions and incorporating amendments. One of the most eminent authorities on legislative drafting, Sir Alison Russell, has recognised that "it is always a matter of great difficulty for any person, especially for the ordinary citizen who is alleged to understand the law, to keep, as it were, one eye on the one Act and the other eye on the other Act." Nevertheless, the exigencies of Parliamentary procedure compel the practice to be continued not once but many times, so that a continuing collection of amendments is provided of which the leading example is contained in the income tax Acts. This has to some extent been mitigated by a volume published from Somerset House, but as the basis is the Finance Act, 1918, the accumulation of thirty years constitutes an unwieldy mass of matter. A simpler

method of dealing with the difficulty is contained in the Army Act, 1932, requiring that all copies of the Act printed after the direction takes effect shall be printed with additions or omissions enacted by later legislation. This is a convenient way of incorporating amending legislation, which has been the practice in India for many years. It is not the least of the contributions made by Great Britain to India that it has left behind a legal system which has respected the distinction of castes, differences of religion and the manners and opinions prevailing among different races, while providing a body of law in form and matter found worthy of emulation by the Parliament at Westminster. It was singularly appropriate that the India and Burma (Miscellaneous Amendments) Act, 1940, should require that a copy of the Government of India and Government of Burma Acts with the amendments to be "prepared and certified by the Clerk of the Parliaments and deposited with the Rolls of Parliament" in accordance with which His Majesty's printer shall print all future copies.

India has also provided examples of codification as a result of the work of a succession of eminent legal members of the Viceroy's Council from the time of T. B. Macaulay. But codification differs fundamentally from consolidation. Codification is an attempt to reduce into concise language the whole of the law relating to a given subject, that is to say the common law, the case law and the statute law. Consolidation is concerned only with the last and endeavours by clear phraseology and well-arranged form to amalgamate the legislation on a particular subject. Although there are notable exceptions, such as the Sale of Goods Act, which though not strictly within the definition of a code is often regarded as such, codification is not a form of legislation which has obtained general acceptance in Great Britain. On the other hand, in nearly all European countries the principal sections of the law are contained in codes.

While something has been done, though not much, to deal with legislation upon specific subjects, it is many years since any considerable effort was made to reduce the bulk of the whole body of statute law. That task was entrusted to a body known as the Statute Law Revision Commission, which, in spite of much criticism, succeeded in the compilation of a register of the Acts no longer in force, though not expressly repealed. This formed the basis of the Statute Law Revision Act, 1861, which cleared away nine hundred obsolete Acts passed between 1770 and 1853. It was not, however, until the appointment in 1868 of the Statute Law Revision Committee, which has had a permanent existence, that a complete revised edition of the statutes was prepared and published in 1870. The intention was to keep this revised by a decennial expurgation. In the meantime, the form of legislation as presented to Parliament had received attention by the appointment of an eminent draftsman, Mr. (afterwards Lord) Thring, as Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury. Originally the post was attached to the Home Office, but by giving a general supervision to one official over the legislative measures prepared by the different departments it was hoped to secure greater efficiency. In course of time the work of this office has become increasingly overloaded with dealing with current legislative proposals, so that there has been no time to carry out the work of revision and consolidation. The result is that the Statute Book of this country is in a much more unsatisfactory condition than that of most of the other legislatures of the members of the British Commonwealth and even of many of the



colonies. It must be recognised, of course, that although the laws passed in Ottawa and Canberra are on the whole in greater detail than the forms prevailing in Westminster, the total volume over shorter periods must necessarily be considerably less than even the remaining operative laws of seven centuries. That, however, enforces the argument for the frequent issue in a revised form of the laws in force. The proposal to revise every ten years has not been carried out, with the result that there is an accumulation of arrears which can only be caught up by years of work. Accordingly, the Lord Chancellor in July, 1947, reconstituted the Statute Law Revision Committee, and gave them the following extended terms of reference: "To consider the steps necessary to bring the Statute Book up to date by consolidation, revision and otherwise, and to superintend the publication and indexing of Statutes, Revised Statutes and Statutory Instruments." "Statutory Instruments" is the title, which has not yet become familiar, for the delegated legislation formerly known as S.R. & O.—Statutory Rules and Orders. The second edition of the revised statutes, which was begun in 1888 and has been continued to twenty-four volumes, is the latest available. The intention as set forth in the preface was to provide an edition "for the use of the public, and in particular for sale to public libraries accessible to working men."

The committee has a much enlarged membership, and Sir Granville Ram, until recently the Parliamentary Counsel, is the acting chairman. The Lord Chancellor, in making this announcement, added a warning that "tasks such as the simplification of income-tax law, which so many people desire to see put in hand, fall outside its province." The second warning which Lord Jowitt gave was that however well arranged statute law may be, "the law relating, for instance, to the computation of the capital and profits of inter-connected companies for purposes of taxation will not be mastered without severe intellectual effort, and the effort required is that of a specially trained intellect." Anyone who attempts to wade through the 462 sections and 17 schedules of the Companies Act, 1948, which is the first consolidation Act to be passed since these words were spoken, will have no doubt whatever about the necessity for the warning. It has been followed by an Act to prepare the way for a consolidation of the revised statutes. The effective portion is a schedule of 87 pages of enactments which are obsolete. It ranges over more than five centuries with a section of the Statute of Merton, 1235, down to the Exchequer Bills Act, 1800, which the Bank of England regards as no longer necessary. The second schedule, which provides short simple titles for Acts hitherto without them, shows that there is much ancient legislation still in operation as it, too, begins with a chapter of the Statute of Merton, and is given the title "The Commons Act, 1236." Tidying is necessary as a matter of practical convenience, but as so often happens revision reveals a great deal of information of historical interest such as the legislation necessitated by the Great Fire of London. A formidable undertaking has begun well and promptly. Whatever views may be held about the policy of the present Government this is an undertaking which can have the approval of all as beneficial to anyone having occasion to refer to the statutes of this realm.

THE HOME OF GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.

EVERYONE knows Grimm's fairy tales. How the brothers collected the fairy lore and so preserved the half-forgotten stories and sagas of their Fatherland for future generations is not so well known. Jakob Grimm was born in 1785, and his brother Wilhelm the year after, in the quiet little Hessen town of Hanau. But it was not until they came to live in Cassel in 1805 that they awoke to the urgency of collecting the local legends and fairy tales. Jakob Grimm was then librarian to Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia, of which Cassel was for a short time the capital. The brothers had always known that Hessen, the land of their birth, with its gentle mountains and vast forests, was steeped in *Märchen*. Now they had but to walk outside Cassel into that land of fairy tale. Right before them rose the hill in which the local people still believed Frau Holle lived, guarding her riches.

At the time, 1806, there dwelt in Niederrzwehren, a village on the outskirts of Cassel, a peasant named Frau Dorothee Viehmann. The brothers were told about this woman, who, it was said, possessed a store of fairy lore. Until 1880 all traces of Frau Viehmann, now famous in Hessen as "*Die Märchen Frau*," were lost. A systematic enquiry revealed her to have been the child of Alsatian parents, who, fleeing from Metz, came to Hessen, and there took over the humble inn at Rengershausen. But Dorothee was born at Knallhütte, near by, in 1755. Rengershausen, where her childhood was spent, is passed on the railway line between Cassel and Hanover, a mere sprinkling of peasant houses, guarded on all sides by the *Hessisches Hugelland*. Spending her childhood in the very midst of this lonely land of hill and forest which is steeped in fairy lore, she came to live in imagination with the spirits and fairy people around her. Dorothee's vivid mind was fruitful ground on which the *Märchen* should fall, as the brothers realised when they came to know her in womanhood. Travellers on the lonely road put up at the inn, and from them the child listened to stories of how they met witches and came under their spell. It is also said that an old Roman Catholic husband and wife took up their quarters in the Wirthaus at Rengershausen, and from them Dorothee gathered a number of tales. Perhaps some of the stories they told the child sprang from the banks of the Moselle.

So the two brothers set off for Frau Viehmann's dwelling. They found she was a woman of fifty years. "Her features," says Jakob Grimm, "had something strong, understanding and pleasing about them, and she looked keenly from out her large eyes." Although keen as was her glance, a certain dreaminess and detachment is apparent in her portrait. After their first visit the brothers repeated their call, until finally they walked daily to Niederrzwehren, and sat in the kitchen of her old Bauernhaus whilst she told them tales handed down from mouth to mouth through long ages. As she disclosed these *Märchen* they traced threads of ancient mythology. In her good and wicked women they recognised ancient gods and goddesses. When she told them of the woman who wept pearls and flowers they knew it was the story of Freya, the goddess of Love and Youth, who shed golden tears as she sought her husband in many lands. In the story of a red-bearded king, with a dwarf at his side, who cursed before

Christ in the mountain, they recognised Donner, the god of Thunder. Frau Bertha who spun and spun they knew to be the impersonation of the spinner of Nature's carpet—of vegetation. And so the curious mixtures of old mythological legends, some adapted to the Christian festivals, were daily unfolded to them. The Grimm brothers rejoiced over Frau Viehmann's tales, that had come down through long ages, twisted and almost unrecognisable, but which still contained the thread of the original meaning. As they themselves wrote: "Our first aim in collecting these stories has been exactness and truth. We have added nothing of our own, have embellished no feature or incident of the story, but have given our substance just as we ourselves received it. It will of course be understood that the mode of telling and carrying out of particular details is principally due to us, but we have striven to retain everything that we knew to be characteristic, that in this respect also we might leave the many-sidedness of nature."

Often they found that varying stories completed each other and could be joined together. Moreover the Grimms realised that in their fascinating work of collecting the old fairy stories they had found the key to the mythology of the ancient Teutons. They awakened a world-wide interest in folk lore, and inspired others in their own countries with the importance of preserving their vanishing myths and legends. "How unique was our collection," wrote Wilhelm Grimm in 1850, "when it first appeared, and what a rich harvest has sprung up since! At that time people smiled indulgently when we asserted that thoughts and intuitions were preserved in these stories, the origin of which was to be sought for in the darkness of antiquity. Now it is hardly ever denied." Frau Viehmann was just as determined as the brothers that the stories should be accurately presented. Her mind was so clear, and her memory equally good, that when the brothers asked her to repeat a tale she never once altered a detail. It would be interesting to know how deeply she herself believed in the fairy lore and superstitions in the midst of which she had grown up. Sometimes she would call on the Grimms in their high corner house in Cassel, of later years a tobacconist's shop, and in exchange for her stories they gave her gifts, to the envy of her neighbours. Over the door of the house where the Grimm brothers lived from 1805 till 1814 there is (unless destroyed in the war) a tablet with medallion of "the Märchen Frau" in relief. The tales which Frau Viehmann told the brothers are collected in the second volume of the *Kinder-und Hausmärchen*. Among them are Little Red Riding Hood; Tom Thumb; and Cinderella. Familiar enough to us they are, and yet it is to a peasant woman who lived in a village in Hessen that we owe these friends of our childhood.

Little has changed in this part of Germany since the day when Hänsel and Gretel were lost in the forest, or the Goose Girl guarded her flock of geese in the meadows, for it is in Hessen, the land of which Jakob Grimm writes "the largest part of my life I lived in Hessen, and all my thoughts, all my memories, cling to it," where we feel we are in the real home of fairy stories. Perhaps even now, when the snow falls, sprinkling the forest and mountains with fleecy whiteness, the peasants look out and say "Frau Holle is making her bed to-day." In the primitive Hessen villages, with their clustered roofs of speckled tiles—villages which lie along the banks of the winding Fulda—we may any day meet a small boy, clad in check trousers, and a goose quill in his hat, driving a flock of geese before him. Follow him, and we find

ourselves in the midst of the quaint black and white houses of plaster and beams which line the village street. There are scrolls and baskets of gaudy, stiff flowers painted on the walls, and over the doorway is an old German text, with the date when the house was built or restored. There are vivid dashes of colour made by the rows of blue earthenware pots put to cleanse before the doors ; and by the red feather beds hung out to air from the upper windows, giving a humorous impression of extended tongues. Outside every door lies heaped the peasant farmer's greatest possession—his manure heap, where pigs and chickens love to disport themselves and dispute their sovereignty. His store of logs stand piled neatly into a high stack. The very doors of the cottages suggest fairy stories, for they are divided in half, and out of them we expect to see a witch's head appearing. We may not be disappointed, for there are old witch-like women, women who have spent their whole life toiling in the fields, whose shrunk cheeks and large features protrude from the black cloth wrapped over their heads. In the forest we come even nearer to fairy stories. There, amongst the miles of stretching firs and birches, it is easy to realise how stories of witchcraft sprang naturally to the imagination of the peasants ; and fairy people, once conceived in their mind, became living realities.

THEODORA ROSCOE.

THOMAS COOPER, CHARTIST AND POET.

IF autobiographers can be said to write in colours, a misty roseate hue, for instance, or swashbuckling scarlet and gold, then the Lincolnshire Chartist, Thomas Cooper, expresses himself in the subdued brown and green tones dear to the Norwich school of artists. He has painted scenes of provincial life in England early in the last century : the Trent with its brigs and sloops before the river trade was destroyed by the railway, or during a long winter frost when a bullock was roasted whole on the ice ; soldiers and sailors coming home full of stories of the press-gang, and wandering pedlars relating tales of ghosts and witchcraft ; a half-crazed fellow going through the streets dressed in a kind of motley with papers against the Corn Bill attached to his helmet ; a grand premature peace procession in 1814, which included a cart with figures of Wellington, Blücher and Napoleon, the last labelled as going to Elba ; wild-beast shows, the lurid pictures outside almost more exciting than the animals within ; and always, everywhere, seeping through it all, an atmosphere of indescribable poverty. There were hosiery workers whose wages, after deductions for frame-rent, oil for machines and so on, amounted to four shillings and sixpence per week. In the great industrial cities hordes of people dwelt in cellars, and the refuse was emptied into courts and alleys, or at best into the polluted rivers. *The Times*, in its campaign for improved sanitation, wrote of the poorer quarters of London : " As we pass through the streets, and hasten with mixed terror and disgust, first through one ill savour and then another, by filthy corner, open grating, dark alley or noisome workshop, we should remember that these airs, of hell, the merest whiff of which is enough to turn our stomachs, are the fixed conditions under which many thousands live and die " (September 11th, 1847). Bread was dear, bad and indigestible. During famine periods it was not unusual for the milk to dry up in the

breasts of nursing mothers. An old herbalist who had been present at a Lincoln meeting for the repeal of the Corn Laws in the Hungry Forties told one of my friends many years ago that when the men held up their hands in the sunlight the bones showed through the skin as though the vote were being recorded by so many living skeletons.

Such was the background of Thomas Cooper's life. He was born in Leicester in 1805; his father, a dyer, came of Yorkshire Quaker stock, his mother of Lincolnshire farming and fisher folk. She was widowed early and settled in Gainsborough, where she carried on the dyeing trade, working in the steam of the coppers installed in one of her two rooms. She also made and sold pasteboard boxes, which she carried on her head to the surrounding villages while the little boy trudged along by her side. On one such expedition a master chimney-sweep offered her two golden guineas to take him as an apprentice, but she reassured the terrified child: "No, my dear bairn, he shall not." After her death her son wrote some lines beginning:

Mother, thy wrongs, the common wrongs of all
To labour doomed by proud and selfish drones,
Enduringly have fixed the burning gall
Deep in my veins—ay, in my very bones.

Cooper, who gradually acquired a vast amount of knowledge—"Knowledge, the great enfranchiser, is near!" is a quotation from one of his poems—was partly but by no means entirely self-educated. He records that at the age of three in his Dame School he was set on a stool to teach a seven-year-old to read! There followed several years at a Free School, where he wore a blue coat and cap trimmed with yellow, presented ceremoniously to the pupils once a year, together with twopence, by an old gentleman with a powdered queue; then came more training at another school, where he was admitted as a pupil-teacher. He read everything on which he could lay hands, and the books which he managed to borrow are amazing in quantity and quality. As a boy of twelve he attended sixpenny lectures on astronomy; as a youth he began to teach himself languages, and continued for many years to work at French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek, Hebrew and even Arabic. He had hoped to become a clerk, but there was no money for the premium, so at fifteen he decided to go to sea, and got as far as Hull; but after a few days on a brig loading in the harbour he had had enough of the coarseness and brutality on board, and went back home, where he was eventually apprenticed to a shoemaker. He used to get up at three or four o'clock in the morning and study until seven, when he had to begin cobbling; he had a book before him at meals, and at night used to read again, and learn poetry by heart, until, worn out, he stumbled into bed for a few hours' sleep. It is not surprising that he broke down and was ill for a long time; and psychologists could explain, no doubt, why after his recovery any attempt at manual labour brought on a peculiar kind of nervous tremor. He started earning his living in other ways, by teaching and journalism; at the same time he devoted himself to the great nineteenth-century channel of adult education, a mechanics' institute. While he was on the *Leicestershire Mercury* at £2 a week he went to report a Chartist lecture given in a small room to a handful of ragged men, and thenceforward he became involved in the Movement, editing various Chartist papers under immense difficulties, and organising Sunday meetings which opened and closed with prayer.

The Chartist Movement was something more than an organisation to bring about the famous six points of political reform: universal suffrage, annual Parliaments, secret voting, eligibility of all to stand for Parliament, payment of members and equal electoral districts. It was helped or exploited in many quarters; by the Anti-Corn-Law League, by supporters of the Factory Acts, by adherents of Temperance, by rebels and reformers of all kinds. As the Hammonds have pointed out, "Chartism was not a precise logical demand for a particular reform; it was a protest as incoherent as the life that had provoked it. We may say of these men and women that their burning sense of wrong made them follow any leader who promised them a radical change: . . . whether he appealed to the ambitions of the Trade Unionist or the memories of the peasant: whether he offered to go forward or to go back, to build a golden future or recall a glittering past." There was a sort of revivalist fervour in the Movement which found a special response in men like Cooper. Had he not sought—and temporarily found—salvation, when he was only fourteen, among the Primitive Methodists, or "ranters"? Although he left them soon afterwards, he was for ever sampling some brand of religion; there was a period of scepticism in later life when he gave Rationalist lectures which he afterwards bitterly regretted, and eventually he became a Baptist preacher.

If Chartism appealed to the religious strain in him, it must also have satisfied a certain fiery aggressiveness; he was always quarrelling with someone or other, the superintendent of his Methodist chapel, the members of a choral society which he had helped to found, the owners of the paper for whom he worked, the violent Feargus O'Connor after a period of discipleship. It was inevitable that he should ultimately come into open conflict with the authorities. At a mass meeting in Hanley he supported a resolution to the effect that "all labour should cease until the People's Charter becomes the law of the land." A poetic version of his speech on that occasion was afterwards embodied by him in his long poem "Purgatory of Suicides," written while he was in prison:

Slaves, toil no more! Why delve, and moil, and pine,
To glut the tyrant-forgers of your chain?
Slaves, toil no more! Up, from the midnight mine,
Summon your swarthy thousands to the plain;
Beneath the bright sun marshalled, swell the strain
Of liberty; and, while the lordlings view
Your banded hosts, with stricken heart and brain,
Shout, as one man—"Toil we no more renew,
Until the many cease their slavery to the Few!"

He never advocated violence; nevertheless he was held responsible for an outbreak of rioting and brought to trial before the Stafford magistrates, where he skilfully conducted his own defence in speeches of many hours. He was acquitted, re-tried, and eventually imprisoned for two years in Stafford gaol. Conditions were bad then, but who to-day would be allowed to agitate for improvements as Cooper did, by battering at his door, breaking the windows and generally harassing the prison officers? The chaplain actually told him that after discharge he could study at Cambridge, free of all expense, if he would only agree to give up politics. Needless to say, in spite of his passionate longing for the university, the offer was refused.

The Chartist movement collapsed in 1848, but Cooper lived to see a

considerable amount of social reform put into practice, a glimpse of the Promised Land which does not seem to have altogether pleased him. In Lancashire, for instance, he declared that you no longer saw hungry and ragged men discussing politics, but instead "you will hear well-dressed working men talking, as they walk with their hands in their pockets, of 'Co-ops' and their shares in them or in building societies. And you will see others, like idiots, leading small grey-hound dogs, covered with cloth, in a string! They are about to race, and they are betting money as they go!" It may be that as he grew older his audiences were beginning to fall off. He was accustomed to lecture on innumerable subjects, undaunted by topics ranging from the lives of Luther to Beau Brummell, of Mahommed to Isaac Newton, on the Middle Ages, and Negro Slavery, and Ancient Egypt, and the Crimean War, on Philosophy and Natural History, to name only a selection. In the end his health gave way, and his friends subscribed for an annuity. In 1892 he was given a Civil List pension, but he died in the same year.

Thomas Cooper was a man of outstanding character and manifold gifts. He devoted himself to a cause, he wrote poetry and novels, he loved nature and music; his friends were numerous, and he never failed in tender devotion to his "dear wife." His life brought him into contact with many famous contemporaries—Wordsworth, whom he venerated, although the great man declared: "I have always said the people were right in what they asked; but you went the wrong way to get it"; Dickens, who published a few of his contributions; Disraeli, who was interested in his prison experiences, and kind and helpful in the matter of introductions; and many more. Carlyle once wrote to him: "I have looked into your Poem, and find indisputable traces of genius in it—a dark Titanic energy struggling there, for which we hope there will be clearer daylight by-and-by!" Time has not entirely endorsed his verdict—there are no traces of genius in Cooper's writings, which except for the Autobiography are almost unreadable to-day; but there is no denying the dark Titanic energy of this man of the people, struggling for them and with them to obtain a better way of life.

D. L. HOBMAN.

THE ESKIMO.

CANADA'S native population, Eskimo and Indian, could play an important part in the industrialisation of her Arctic and sub-polar territories. Both races have proved themselves adept pupils of civilisation. Their cousins in Siberia and Arctic Russia are being trained as airmen and marine pilots; Soviet Eskimos are to be found in the Leningrad Arctic Institute, studying polar agriculture and graduating as teachers, engineers, miners and foresters. They are considered worthy of full education and the vote, and they are paying the U.S.S.R. rich dividends in the development of her vast and immensely rich northern areas. Not so in Canada. Education of Indian and Eskimo alike is largely restricted to religious teaching and the three R's, there being few State-run schools. The native of the Canadian North is playing an inconsequential part in a movement little less stirring than the early colonisation of the Dominion. Yet the more knowledgeable and experienced "whites" are agreed that Indian and Eskimo, with the emphasis on the latter, could be put to

invaluable purpose in the colonisation of an area which, responsible Canadian Ministers say, could support a population of forty millions.

What manner of man is this who, born in the Iron Age, could yet play an important part in the Atomic Age? The Eskimo hunter prefers motor-boats to kayaks and high-velocity rifles to spears, and the first case of divorce between natives has been reported; but three centuries of contact with the white man have left the Eskimo language and customs largely uncorrupted. He knows the value of circular saws, aeroplanes, radiograms and dehydrated foods, but the veneer is superficial; beneath it he remains, as Frobisher and then John Davis found him, a lovable, jocular fellow with an immense capacity for work (when he considers it necessary) and fun. He finds subject for laughter in almost everything. Efforts to educate him through the medium of the cinema failed lamentably, for he sees comedy where there is none. For example, when *Mrs. Miniver* reached Nome, in Alaska, the death and destruction of war served only to open the flood-gates of jocularly, and the mirth of the Eskimo echoed through the Arctic night; if this was war, it was the funniest thing ever seen by the audience!

Yet, in his way, he is a serious-minded fellow, with the child's deep trust in tradition no less than in the Creator. But not even religion—in a land where the Almighty is frequently man's only support in the battle against danger—can compete with the Eskimo's love of clean fun. At the Theological College at Godthaab, Southern Greenland, where some fifty young Eskimos are given free ecclesiastical training, one finds them casting away the Almighty to indulge in riotous exercise with the college's thirty kayaks! So it is when the Greenland pastor ventures from college to further the Gospel. The Canadian Eskimo is offered no such responsibility, but he is no less sincere in his beliefs than in his capacity for fun. For religious sincerity the Eskimo's outlook might well be noted by Europeans. He is deeply sincere and considers himself more knowledgeable in religious matters than his theological mentor, where the latter is a white man. But let the cry "*Kilalvak! Ka, ka!*" ("White whale! Hurray, hurray!") invade tent or shack and baptisms or burials are forgotten; every man drops his prayer book to grab his gun and race towards the kayaks! For the question of adequate food supplies is predominant in the Arctic. But if modern means of transport are slowly solving the problems of supply, the most devout Eskimo is not above rushing from prayer to battle with the whale simply for the sport it offers.

Our earliest records of Greenland feature the Eskimos' love of sport. Frobisher told of their childish delight in gymnastics, and when, in 1585, John Davis set out to discover the North-West Passage he took advantage of this trait to establish friendly relations with the natives. His ship's company included trained wrestlers and athletes, and they did not have it all their own way with the little Eskimos. "Our men did overleap the natives," Davis wrote, "but we found them nimble and strong, with skill in wrestling, for they cast some of us, who were good wrestlers." And when the Eskimos themselves were hurled heavily to the ice—to the tune of English folk songs played by an orchestra specially included in the ship's company—they showed no ill-feeling. Then, as now, the Eskimo delighted in straightforward, clean fun, and the more boisterous the better. The Eskimo's only other enjoyments are the dance hall and the local store. And here again his behaviour is that of a child. No sooner has the store opened

than coy Eskimo maidens, fat old matrons smoking black, shiny pipes, children, and men wearing ready-made clothes swarm through the doors. The trader knows the game and enters into the spirit, for the Eskimo likes to buy a halfpennyworth of tobacco or coffee at a time, so as to spin out the pleasure of buying. There is no fear of "shop-lifting." The Eskimo is intrinsically honest, a fact demonstrated by a lack of prisons. Misdemeanours are punished by fines or—as one may punish a naughty child—by an embargo against visiting the local store for a stipulated time.

Civilisation puts temptation in his way in the form of trashy possessions. It is robbing him of his ancient crafts (boat-building for one), many of which would be as valuable to the white colonist as to the native of the tundras. Instead of making what he requires, he buys it at the store, and a good bit else that proves a financial burden. Like the housewife who lets the hire-purchase salesman prevail upon her, the Eskimo finds himself the slave of the white storekeeper, working harder to pay for more unnecessary purchases. Canadian trading organisations have long encouraged the continuance of this state of affairs, for by selling more to the native they can force him to greater endeavours with his traps. Mining and lumbering interests are firm in their belief that the Arctic native should be weaned from the complete power of the trap, and placed under State guardianship for the speedier development of the new northern territories.

For all his youthful outlook the Eskimo is practical and highly cultured. Very few white men have mastered the language (one of the agglutinatives or more nearly polysynthetic tongues), which is hardly surprising in view of the fact that the average Eskimo uses a daily vocabulary of perhaps five thousand words, with verbs modified in manner and form beyond the conception of Fowler. In the *Qagseon* (House of Men) Eskimo elders keep alive their ancient songs and fairy stories and coming generations learn the tales of their forefathers. Up to 1938 this was the Eskimos' only means of preserving their culture, but in that year the youthful Hans Lynge published a play and a novel built on Arctic legends. Until then, apart from the Bible, the *Book of Knowledge* written by Sir George Binney was one of the few books in the Eskimo language, and the natives' demand for literature is confirmed by the immediate sale of Lynge editions.

It is indeed strange that a riven land of snow and ice where until recently starvation was always just around the corner should give birth to cheerfulness. Life in the North is hard. There are Eskimos who own a fleet of motor-boats, two or more trading schooners and immense reindeer herds; at Herschel Island natives sophisticated by forty years' contact with whalersmen eat baked beans and use safety razors. But normally the Eskimo's future is based solely on his powers as a hunter and on the availability of game. Four centuries ago Frobisher, to establish friendly relations with the natives, showed them how to build wooden houses (on the Elizabethan design!). But to-day there is only one stone church in all Greenland, and in Canada hygienic wooden Eskimo houses are an exception outside the coastal settlements.

The Eskimo's home is an igloo or mud hut; his clothes, boots, thread, bedding and sledge-thongs, no less than blubber and flesh cooked over smouldering moss and driftwood, are products of his skill with rifle, spear, harpoon and trap. Such things as pots and pans he secures by barter. For the rest, necessities spring from the limited

Arctic larder. Near-starvation and disease are his scourge. Aircraft have lessened the former threat, but disease—especially the white man's complaints—add their burden to the battle for existence. Not long ago a sore-throat epidemic carried off thirty-six of a small community at Eskimo Point; and when at last the long-awaited Christmas mail arrived at Aklavik it brought influenza germs to this extreme Arctic settlement, so that the Canadian Pacific Airline was called upon to fly from Alberta with fifteen hundred curative tablets.

Yet despite his troubles—and probably because of them—the Eskimo remains a philosopher with a pronounced sense of humour and a gentle kindliness. He never punishes children. "They're like little angels," he tells you, "and can do no wrong." Spared threats and scoldings, they trust their parents implicitly, and with manhood this trust is extended to the white man. The Eskimo parent tries to spare his children suffering and disappointment, for he says disillusionment comes soon enough. He cannot understand our notion of forcing a child to be more intelligent or agile than its companions, for he holds that if the stock is good the child is sure to turn out well. Thus the lazy child is not encouraged to hunt. Ask why this should be in a land where to live means to hunt, and the sage replies: "When the child feels like it, he will grow into a great hunter." Family life is the crux of Eskimo affairs. Yet strangely enough infidelity is not frowned upon. Murder is among the lesser crimes. To steal one's neighbour's food will render a man an outcast, but acquisition of his wife by violent means may be of secondary consequence—so long as the murderer undertakes the upkeep of his victim's family, a burden calculated to dissuade murder in a land where food is scarce. The Eskimo population of Northern Canada is steady. Yet in the U.S.S.R. Eskimo numbers have doubled in the last twenty years and are still rising steeply. For the Soviet Eskimo is given a future, and he is helping to build a new Arctic industrial empire.

FRANK ILLINGWORTH.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

THE marriage of James, to Jacobites their rightful sovereign, to Hanoverians "The Old Pretender," to Europe the Chevalier de St. George, with Clementina Sobieski, grand-daughter of that warrior king of Poland who raised the Ottoman siege of Vienna, was attended with real romance when Sir Charles Wogan and his companions rescued the bride from detention at Innsbruck. Unfortunately this marriage was not an unqualified success. James, fourteen years older than his seventeen-year-old wife and immersed in a lifelong effort to regain his father's throne, did not realise that the high-spirited Polish princess resented the fact that she was allowed no share in her husband's projects. Henry Benedict, their second son, was born in the Muti Palace at Rome on March 6th, 1725, his godfather being Pope Clement XIII, who christened him. Both children grew up to be most attractive, the fair hair of Charles Edward contrasting with the dark curls of his younger brother, and they were noted for their deep mutual affection. Despite his political preoccupations James brought up his sons to ride well, shoot straight and speak the truth: in short to be good Englishmen.

It was on the night of January 9th, 1744, that Charles Edward

galloped through Rome's Gate of St. John on his way, as he told his father in parting, to seek three crowns. His subsequent voyage with seven companions on the *Doutello* to land in Scotland and raise James the Third's standard at Glenfinnan on August 19th, 1745, will ever remain an epic of daring. On August 29th Henry left secretly for France and had an interview with Louis XV, whom he endeavoured to enlist in practical assistance of his brother's enterprise. Meanwhile the "Young Pretender" had been going from strength to strength in a hectic campaign which ended with his Highlanders' retreat from Derby. On Christmas Day, 1745, the Duke of York, a title conferred on his second son by James, left Paris for Dunkirk to take command of a French fleet intended to invade England. His practices of religion did not commend themselves to his officers, and when he kept a council of war waiting whilst he was assisting at Mass the Duc de Richelieu exclaimed, "Your Royal Highness may perhaps win the Kingdom of Heaven by your prayers but never the Kingdom of Great Britain." The news of the disaster at Culloden ended the project of a French naval invasion. On October 10th, 1746, Charles Edward landed safely at the little Breton port of Roscoff and the brothers eagerly greeted each other in Paris, where the former was treated unofficially as a hero.

A portrait of Henry in the Scots College at Rome depicts him at this time as a slim figure, handsome with brown eyes, a cascade of dark curls flowing under a short wig, wearing a scarlet coat brocaded with gold. Weary of the life in Paris he decided to return to Rome. Although he had been in action and earned a reputation for gallantry he had no ambition for a military career, whilst the fact that he decided to proceed practically at once to full priestly orders, which are not in themselves a necessary adjunct to the high ecclesiastical rank he was shortly to assume, may be taken as evidence of an actual religious vocation. But the letter in which his father announced to Charles that the Pope was about to create his brother a Cardinal infuriated its recipient, and this attitude of the "Young Pretender" to the startling news was by no means unnatural. In the first place it removed his brother as a possible claimant to the British throne, for the English who had, mainly from religious reasons, forced the exile of James II could by no possibility have been induced to accept as their sovereign a Roman Cardinal. Besides this the connection would do him no service with many of the Jacobites to win whom he himself was prepared to camouflage his religion. On July 3rd, 1747, Pope Benedict XIV created the Duke of York a Cardinal Deacon of the Holy Roman Church, assigning to him the titular Church of Santa Maria in Campitelli, and in the following year he was ordained priest. His royal rank was officially recognised by being permitted to wear ermine on the *cappa magna*, whilst he took precedence of all Cardinals except the Dean, but in his arms the Cardinal's hat was to surmount the ducal coronet. Revenues from abbeys in France and Spain were allotted to him and he continued to reside with his father in the Muti Palace.

Meanwhile, Charles Edward, after having been arrested at the Paris Opera House on his refusal to leave France, began a series of wanderings. The Cardinal of York took his ecclesiastical duties very seriously, and spent much time rehearsing Masses in his titular church with their composer, his *Maestro di Cappella* Buranello the Venetian. Appointed in 1751 Archpriest of St. Peter's Basilica, he presented to

its Treasury a magnificent golden chalice studded with some of the Sobieski jewels, which is still used at certain high functions. Pope Benedict XIV, a saint in his private life, an unwearied worker and profound scholar, but withal a charming and witty companion, was inclined to smile at Henry's insistence on deference to his rank as a temporal prince. He found the Cardinal a trifle long-winded, and after once listening to a long conversation exclaimed that he did not wonder that the English got rid of the Stuarts if they were all as boring as this one. But the Pope fully recognised his worth and a month before his death appointed him C  merlengo, an office entitling its holder to preside over Papal Conclaves. His father, now in practically permanent ill-health, was unable to attend when with magnificent ceremonial the new Pope Clement XIII consecrated Henry as titular Archbishop of Corinth.

In 1760 the liaison of years between his brother and Clementina Walkinshaw ended in the latter's flight with her daughter to a Paris convent. July 13th, 1761, saw Henry enthroned at Frascati, the ancient Tusculum, one of the six suburban sees allotted to Cardinal Bishops. The city was illuminated, wine flowed from its fountains, and joyous holiday crowds filled the streets. There he spent practically the last forty years of his life, the Cardinal Duke of York, an existence as splendid in its bounty as in its royal state. Frascati of to-day is full of memorial tablets recording examples of his generosity. In the fine library of the seminary which he endowed with priceless volumes his marble bust looks down from the wall. He kept a stud of forty horses and needed them for his frequent breakneck drives to and from the capital. Hearing that in the outlying district of Molaro there lived in squalor a community of casual labourers looked upon with suspicion by the local population, the Cardinal bearing the Host proceeded on foot to visit them and thereafter rebuilt their half-ruined church, which he endowed with sufficient support for a resident pastor.

The death of his father on New Year's Day, 1766, saw the end of the Papal recognition of a *de jure* sovereignty. With royal splendour the man who had forgone the chance of recovering his hereditary kingdom rather than abandon his faith was laid to rest in the crypt of Saint Peter's. His eldest son, Charles Edward, refused recognition as King of Great Britain, returned to his wanderings over Italy. Deciding finally to marry, on April 17th, 1772, he espoused Princess Louise of Stolberg, described as pretty, with dark blue eyes and a dazzling complexion. The marriage promised well, for Charles at first had studiously refrained from over-indulgence in "that nasty bottle," to borrow terms his brother often employed. But this reformation was only temporary, and the relapse culminating in a drunken orgy on St. Andrew's night and a violent personal attack on his wife ended in her leaving him for Rome and the temporary refuge of a convent. She had formed what was doubtless at the time a platonic attachment for the poet Vittorio Alfieri, a Piedmontese noble of Republican views. He was a frequent visitor at Charles Edward's Florence Palace, but had never been allowed out of sight of his host. The Cardinal of York, the most unsuspicious of men, credited Louise's story that she could not live with a drunkard who was given to fits of violence, and eventually installed her in the Cancellaria Palace at Rome, his official residence as Vice-Chancellor of the Church. Here she lived for two years, being frequently visited there by Alfieri. In

1782 an occurrence took place which might well have led to the untimely death of Frascati's Bishop. The position as corporal of the city's police had fallen vacant. An unsuccessful applicant, one Giacomo Merolli, who had been ordered to leave on account of his truculent behaviour, returned breathing out threats against the authorities, including the Cardinal Bishop. Posting himself, gun on shoulder, behind a wall at a spot where the Cardinal usually passed on his way to the Capuchin church, he awaited his intended victim. Fortunately the Bishop chanced that morning to have taken a different way and Felix Giannuzzi, the new corporal, came up and disarmed Merolli.

Charles Edward's serious illness in 1783 led to his summoning his brother to his bedside, when he apprised him of the true state of the Alfieri affair, about which there could now be no possible doubt. The Cardinal was not only horrified but indignant, and his Polish temper, which for many years he had kept under strict control, caused him to seek the Pope at once and, relating the facts, demand the immediate expulsion of Alfieri from Rome. Clement XIV at once wrote out the required order, which Alfieri was obliged to obey. The pair rejoined each other later, and after Charles's death Louise de Stolberg lived for thirty-five years posing as the widow of a deceased sovereign and drawing annuities from the Cardinal Duke of York's estate, as well as the Courts of France and Great Britain. Charles Edward, ageing and in permanent ill-health, now turned his thoughts towards the daughter he had almost consistently neglected for twenty-three years, and, following the legal separation from his errant wife, wrote to the convent at Paris where she was living, and summoned her to come to him. She complied more than willingly and, arriving at Florence, presided over his household there. He had legitimised Charlotte in the French parliament, creating her Duchess of Albany and Royal Highness. This action by his brother greatly irritated the Cardinal Duke of York, who immediately issued a protest against the assumption by a natural daughter of a Royal Scottish title and the making of her a Royal Highness, declaring that there was no precedent for this. Charles emerged from semi-retirement to introduce his daughter to Florentine society, which found her attractive, lively and very affable. She wrote to her uncle the Cardinal announcing her new position, signing her letter Charlotte Stuart, Duchess of Albany, a signature which did not commend itself to Henry. But later he adopted a more friendly attitude, learning how unremittingly and devotedly she looked after her father and how much he had benefited in health since her arrival. At a meeting arranged between them to discuss a removal to Rome all his doubts disappeared, and in December 1785 Charles with his daughter took up their residence at her father's childhood home, the Muti Palace. Here he lived till his death on January 31st, 1788. His daughter survived him for barely two years, dying of a probable cancerous growth at Bologna.

His brother's death left the Cardinal Duke of York *de jure* King Henry the Ninth, and elicited a dignified protest besides the striking of a medal, on the obverse his portrait and the Royal inscription, on the reverse the legend *Non desiderii hominum sed Voluntate Dei*. The only kingly attribute he exercised was the 500 years old custom of touching for the King's Evil. Several of the silver gilt touch pieces or "Angel" coins are treasured relics in Italian peasant families of Frascati.

The Cardinal's peaceful life was interrupted by the irruption of Berthier's troops. He had parted with the famous Sobieski ruby worth £50,000 and the shield of solid gold presented to the King of Poland by the Austrian Emperor as a contribution towards a huge indemnity demanded by Napoleon. He fled to Naples, whilst his subsequent wanderings led as far as Corfu. He reached Venice in a state of penury, having parted with the silver plate he had taken from Frascati. He presided at the Conclave held in Venice which elected Pius VII. Here he was apprised of the annuity of £4,000 to be paid to him at the instance of George III, which he gladly accepted, having lost the greater part of his wealth owing to the vicissitudes of the times. It may be noted that Henry was as sole heir entitled to a jointure settled by his grandfather on his Queen by an unrepealed Act of Parliament, but of which not one penny had been paid. He returned in triumph to his beloved Frascati and was appointed in 1801 Dean of the Sacred College. In 1803 he was translated to the See of Ostia and Vellebri, but continued to reside at Frascati. He passed away in his eighty-second year on July 13th, 1807, the fortieth anniversary of his enthronement as Bishop of Frascati. In his will he instructed his faithful secretary and devoted friend the Bishop of Milevi to select suitable mementoes for the Prince Regent. These were a cross of St. Andrew in diamonds once worn by Charles the First and a ring, the ruby inset engraved with a cross. In the final sentence he transmitted his Royal rights to the prince nearest to him in kin. His body, together with those of his brother and father, reposes in a plain tomb in the crypt of St. Peter's bearing the simple but pregnant inscription: *JACOBUS III, CAROLUS III, HENRICUS IX.*

JOSCELYNE LECHMERE.

FLOWER NAMES.

MANY of the old rustic names of our flowers have a quaint significance that we often miss. Take the daisy. Early observers would soon notice that this pretty and widespread plant not only closed its petals in the evening and opened them in the morning, but that it did so when storm and cloud caused darkness. So they called it day's-eye, and it would be difficult to find a more appropriate name. Then there is the pimpernel, which is known as "the poor man's weather-glass" because it closes its leaves on the slightest threat of rain and does not open them again till the rain is over. And the goat's-beard, which is called "John-go-to-bed-at-noon," which in fact he does. This flower was the true originator and model of the eight-hour day. It opens at four o'clock in the morning and closes at twelve. Farm workers sometimes fix their dinner-hour by its closing. The reason it does close so early is that it is fertilised only by early-morning-flying insects, so that it may just as well go to bed at noon, cover itself up, and protect its nectar from ants and other creatures until four the next morning. It then has the chance of turning all its sweetness and nectar to practical account by yielding only to those who deserve it and work for it too. The common honeysuckle is well named. It is so very rich in honey that the corolla is frequently more than half filled with it. Even the crowds of day-fliers that haunt it do not manage—greedy as they are—to use up all the sweet liquid, and many moths resort to it at night.

There is a species of chickweed called mouse-ear, and no name could be happier than that. From the shape of the leaves and their being placed opposite each other on the stem, they certainly do look like a pair of neat little mouse ears. The same term is applied to a species of hawkweed, but hardly with the same appropriateness. The butterwort received its name because it was noticed that it had a store of oily juice, and the people of the old days associated this with butter. Learned botanists followed suit and gave it the Latin name of *Pinguicula*, which simply means buttery or greasy.

Then there is the foxglove, which should, of course, be "folks' glove," meaning the glove of "the folk," the fairy folk. It is difficult to imagine a more delicious mitten with which to go dancing about at revels in the moonlight. There are no thanks due to the dry pedantic wisacre, obviously quite above fancy and appropriateness, who wrote the word "foxglove," which has no meaning at all. In Latin and in botany it is *digitalis*, which simply means a finger-stall or thimble—appropriate in its way too, and surely in itself enough to recommend it to the kindly regard of busy housewives, if only we can imagine that it was the finger-stall or thimble of a fairy of larger growth. The dandelion (which is literally *dont-de-lion*—tooth of lion) has a fine record. It is so called from the tooth form of the leaf, and was held to be a sovereign remedy for many ills, perhaps because out of the lion came forth sweetness. Its Latin name, *taraxacum officinale*, means remedy for disorder. There is no doubt that it is a remedy for some disorders of the stomach and deserves a much greater use of its leaves in our salads—a fact of which wild creatures, more especially rabbits, are aware. How did coltsfoot come to be associated with colds and coughs? It was presumed to have some likeness to a colt's foot, and as colt's foot in one form or another—jelly the favourite—was found to be good for coughs and colds, the plant of that name was associated with curative properties. The Latin or scientific name of the plant confirms this view. It is *Tussilago farfara*, and means curer of coughs.

Then there are house-worts and house-leeks. All received their names from their being presumed to have virtue in healing cuts, wounds and sores, and therefore were cultivated. The house-leek was encouraged to grow on house roofs and to this day you can sometimes see them on the roofs of country houses and cottages. Botany has given the name red valerian to that bright-looking blushful flower indigenous to the Kentish chalk, but most people know it from childhood by its homelier name and it will always be to them "Pretty Betty," suggestive of the high bloom on Betty's cheek. In Chaucer's time it was crudely called "Setwale" or "Set-in-the-Wall," from its well-known habit of cresting old castles and crumbling walls and of growing above grey posterns and old garden-gates. From the tender "good-nights" not unusual at such places, it probably got its Shropshire name of "Kiss-at-the-wicket," and its Surrey synonym "Kiss-behind-the-garden-gate." The variegated "Ribbon-grass" of our gardens has in many places the common name of "Gardener's Garters," but in a corner of Kent, not far from the Weald, where many old-world ways and words are cherished it has the pretty, pert name of "Match-me-if-you-can." And if this name prompts the examination of a dozen blades it will be discovered that by some exquisite arrangement of the creamy white and pale green stripes not one of the delicate leaves exactly resembles another.

No country garden is without "Honesty" or "White Satin-flower" as it is sometimes called. But there is another name for it also—"Money-in-both-pockets." The seed vessels, which grow in pairs and are semi-transparent, show the flat disc-shaped seeds like little coins within them, an appearance which originated the name. The milk-white candytuft grows plentifully on stony upland fields in Berkshire and Oxfordshire. At one time it was hardly ever gathered, for it was known as "Poverty," a most expressive name, for it loves best a poor and arid soil, and has its botanical name (*Iberis amara*) from its intense bitterness. Village lads and lasses had from early times an unwritten language of flowers and this was one of its phrases. Pansy is a very old name for the "Heart's-ease," as old at least as Queen Elizabeth's time, and probably older. It is a plant of many names. Shakespeare calls it "Love-in-idleness." From its three lower petals, it received the name "Herb of the Trinity." Its vagrant habits gained it the name of "Kit-run-the-streets," and countrymen also called it "Two-faces-under-a-hood." But it was as "Heart's-ease" we first knew it, and another old-world one for it was "Call-me-to-you." The danewort, or dwarf-elder, is in some districts said to be so called because the people fancy it sprang from the blood of the Danes slain in battle, and that if, upon a certain day of the year, you cut it, it bleeds. It is true that the juice of the flowering stems, like the fruit, produces a blood-like stain.

Another old-world plant, known in many parts as "Country-bells," keeps in its Kentish name of "Canterbury-bells" a local legend. It is so called not only from the prevalence of the plant in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, but because it was the type of "Becket's bells" which pilgrims to his shrine carried away with them in token of their having been there. In the North of England, the wild hyacinth—sometimes wrongly called "Harebell"—with its pendulous flowers underhanging each other on one side only of its drooping stem, has the curious name of "Ring-of-bells" from a fancied resemblance to the bells on which King David is sometimes represented playing in old wood engravings. The cowslip has in Shropshire the common name of "Paigle," but its old Kentish name of "Culver-keys" is not much used nowadays. It gained this last name from its resemblance to a bunch of keys hanging from a ring or girdle, just as the hanging clusters of ash seeds are called "Ashen-keys." Culver is a country name for a pigeon. The pretty name "Roving Sailor" is often applied to the ivy-leaved toad-flax, the fine thread-like runners of which hang from old garden walls, bearing in their season little solitary blue- or purple-petalled flowers. No countryman would ever have so named this plant. It was probably bestowed by some mariner whose imagination transformed the long streaming roots into cordage, and the tiny blue-jacketed flowers into sailors climbing it, while the straggling growth of the plant completed the apt comparison.

Traditions die hard in country villages and faith in the healing properties of plants once dedicated to holy names and anniversaries is by no means extinct. For instance there is supposed to be nothing better for an inflammation than the leaves of "Saviour's Flannel" (or "Blanket"), a startling name for the exquisitely soft green leaves previously referred to as mouse-ear. Again, the great "White Lily" or "Sceptre Lily," of which the old masters made such effective use in their pictures of the Virgin, is in Shropshire still known as "Ascension Lily." There are those who say that this is a misnomer, and that it

should be, remembering the time of its blooming, the "Lily of the Annunciation." In some parts of the country it has another name—it is the "Healing Lily," and the curative virtue of the whole plant is firmly believed in.

The first flower of the year, the snowdrop, has a name that was made in Germany, "Schneetropfen," from which our own pretty word is adapted. The old herbalists considered the flower to be a violet, while its popular name was the Fair Maid of February. The crocus goes farther afield for its name, all the way to Greece. An old writer, Holinshed, relates in quaint language that "a certain young gentleman named Crocus went to play at quoits with Mercury, and being heedless of himself Mercury's quoit happened to hit him on the head. The quoit killed him and saffron sprung from the ground whereon he had bled, and was called crocus in memory of the event." This legend has a strong resemblance to the story of the death of Hyacinth, who was also killed while playing at quoits with Zephyr. Apollo, his great friend, changed him into the flower which bears his name. When the flower is in bloom his beauty and curling hair can still be traced by fancy. The narcissus is another flower whose name is derived from a Greek myth. Ovid relates that a nymph named Echo fell in love with a handsome youth named Narcissus. Unfortunately Narcissus was so much engrossed in the study of his own good looks that he entirely neglected her, whereupon she pined away until she was only a voice. Narcissus continued the study of his handsome face in a fountain, into which he fell and was drowned. From his body there sprang up the white flower which bears his name. The crimson ring in the centre of this flower is supposed to be his heart's blood.

That fine flower the tulip has a Turkish name—"Tulipan," the word for a turban. Wallflower gets its name from the fact that it is often found growing, self-sown, upon old walls. Gentian, King of Illyria, bequeathed his name to the lovely blue gentian. He discovered the tonic qualities of its very bitter roots. The iris is named after Juno's messenger Iris, and signifies the rainbow. According to the Greek myth, Iris was sent by Juno when there was to be trouble, Mercury when there was to be peace. The rainbow was the bridge over which she came to earth. The iris was the fleur-de-lis, or golden lily of the Oriflamme, the ancient banner of France. Lastly, our brave old London Pride, called by many Poor Pride and None-so-Pretty, derives its name not from the City of London but from a famous gardener, Mr. London, who introduced the plant to British gardens early in the eighteenth century.

D. MACCLURE.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

EDWARD BENESH: SYMBOL OF AN EPOCH.

BY his death on September 3rd last Edward Benesh performed the last quasi-ritualistic act in an historic and tumultuous career; he thereby symbolised the end of an epoch in which he had played a leading rôle, and which had produced unprecedented disturbance throughout the world. The last main link with what for a generation we had known as Czechoslovakia and had associated with Czechoslovakia in the political type was now gone; and the new thing that had taken its place was exposed high and dry, without connecting

strands. Little more than a generation ago the very word Czechoslovakia was unknown. The circumstance of its emergence into the diplomatic vocabulary and the part played in it by Benesh are a matter of continuing concern. They have left their mark upon Europe, and therefore upon the world, for Europe is the hub of the world.

At the turn of the century, when Benesh was in his 'teens (he was born on May 28th, 1884), the general outline of that political problem and challenge which was to prove so big a thing in the history of the world was already clear. It was clear that what Thomas Masaryk always called Prussia-Germany was irrevocably embarked upon no lesser an ambition than that of taking her place beside Russia, Britain and France as an Asiatic and African Power; indeed, of beating them on their own imperialist ground and becoming the greatest world Power of them all. In the unfolding of that ambition the Germans of Austria had a crucial part to play. The part they played was of a disastrous import for the world at large. The original idea of an Austrian federation, comprising a number of races—German, Bohemian, Hungarian—of mixed religious practice, preponderantly Catholic, had been an essentially good idea. It was warped into an instrument of German aggrandisement by the Habsburgs, who abandoned the dignified title of Holy Roman Emperor and significantly adopted that of Emperor of Austria. A process of deliberate Germanisation was carried out by brutal methods, one result of which was the awakening of Magyar as well as Czech and other national feeling. In what was called the Pangerman plan Austria was marked out as the first stepping-stone in a process of expansion that was thereafter to lead through the Balkans and Turkey to the Persian Gulf and to Asia in the one direction and to the Red Sea, Egypt and Africa in the other.

Let it be remembered that it was in the unfolding of that gigantic plan that the Czechs of Bohemia were willy-nilly caught up. They stood between Berlin and Vienna. Both the Hohenzollerns of Berlin and the Habsburgs of Vienna underestimated their importance. It is one of the wonders of history that one Professor Thomas Masaryk, an apparently insignificant Czech member of the Austrian parliament, was destined to prove so big a snag in the Pangerman project, and that little Edward Benesh, the tenth child of a Czech peasant, whose early horizon in life was confined to his playing outside-left in the Slavia soccer team, was destined to come into contact with Masaryk at Prague University and then to become Masaryk's lieutenant in a diplomatic venture that affected the whole world. One must keep the map of Europe in one's mind. Masaryk was a scholar, a philosopher, a patriot and an exceedingly hard nut to crack. The concentrated force of Habsburg persecution (including a sentence of death) and Prussian militarism failed to crack him.

When the first world war was engaged, and the stakes were no less a thing than the Pangerman scheme aforesaid, Masaryk became a factor to be reckoned with in the counterplans of Paris, London and Washington. It was he, through the channel opened for him by such powerful British influences as Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson and Mr. Wickham Steed, who induced the Allied Governments to adopt the creation of an independent Czechoslovak State, imposed upon the broken-up Austro-Hungarian Empire, as a main bulwark against any future revival of the Pangerman idea. It needed a big man to fill the rôle of Czechoslovak leader in so important and so perilous a function. Masaryk was a big man. Benesh was his lieutenant, more than thirty years his

junior, and the successor naturally marked out for him. Benesh worshipped Masaryk, and no lieutenant was, or could be, more loyal, more enthusiastic, more industrious or more resourceful in the cause. But by a curious twist of dispensation, as Masaryk was big, Benesh was little, in physique and in temperament alike. Not that little things are necessarily unimportant or weak in their effect. On the contrary it is one of the striking paradoxes in God's creation that the little things are often the most important of all. In the ultimate assessment of human values, by Christ's own pronouncement, it is the little children (old or young) who count.

In the case of Benesh we were given the spectacle of a small man upon whom was thrust by fate a big job. In some ways the job of the lieutenant was harder than that of the master. Masaryk had nothing to lose and everything to gain in his appointed task. He had outstanding gifts of character, including a courage that ignored danger and welcomed challenge as an incentive. The first world war, it should also be recalled, was a more or less clear-cut episode in which the victory of the Allies coincided with his own. And the victory seemed decisive. Masaryk had a monumental work to do. Though it needed herculean application the end was, or seemed to be, unequivocal. Benesh by contrast, not so gifted, had in some ways a harder thing to do. He had much to lose, namely the accomplished work of his revered master, and something less positive to gain, namely the continued sustenance of the State he had helped his master to fashion. Though the State was in being, and prosperous, the backwash of a Europe that had been torn and hurt by war presented difficulties such as even Masaryk in their full impact had been spared. For war in itself is an evil thing, that breeds evil in kind. The Russian revolution, child of that first world war, had introduced a new factor in world affairs.

As happens after wars, the chief victors soon found themselves at loggerheads. Benesh worked day and night. No man in Europe between the two wars knew his facts so well. He was the only politician in Europe who held office continuously in that troubled period. At diplomatic conferences and at the sessions of the League of Nations in Geneva he was the man who could be relied on for perfect documentation and for ready suggestion. He always had a plan. Small in stature, unimpressive, mechanical and monotonous in oratory, shy, lisping and timid in manner, he never commanded the respect he deserved. When, for instance, he proposed the famous Geneva Protocol in 1924 he was almost howled down, principally by the British delegation; whereas, when the substantially same proposal was made in 1928 by Mr. Kellogg, with the prestige of the United States behind him, it was enthusiastically adopted. Moreover, though he had a good working knowledge of the main languages used in the diplomatic activity of those years—English, French, German—his pronunciation was never free from those more arresting peculiarities which distract attention or even cause a passing merriment. In English he could never pronounce the word "one." He said it with a "v" as though it were spelt "von." In French his vowels were always in revolt. He was once addressing the Council of the League of Nations in its early days. He was still a young man. In his audience was Lord Balfour, not a young man, who was suddenly startled out of his normal apparent slumber on hearing the words "*mes enfants*" falling from the speaker's lips. But Benesh was not addressing his audience as "*mes enfants*"

at all ; what he intended to say was "*mais enfin*." Such little things contributed to the impression of a little man doing a big job.

It certainly was a big job. His main concern in the first instance was to close the gap that yawned between the British and French Governments in their attitude to Germany. The Masarykian Czechoslovakia was a bulwark against German expansion south-eastwards. Its sponsors were France and Britain. If the sponsors quarrelled, as they did, Czechoslovakia was the more imperilled. Security came to be the constant preoccupation of Benesh's mind. The Geneva Protocol, the Little Entente (Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Rumania), the treaties of friendship he made with every single Power in Europe with which his country could conceivably come into contact, his constant advocacy of universal compulsory arbitration as a foundation of international law—all those projects were inspired by the same motive of security.

And then there was Russia. Czechoslovakia was the first country in Europe to restart trade with Russia after the Bolshevist revolution. The enemy of Czechoslovakia—such was the unchanging hypothesis—was Germany. The Anglo-French Entente had been relied on as a main prop of Czechoslovak security. After Munich the prop broke. And with it broke Benesh's heart. Thereafter he looked eastward, not westward, for his prop. History contains few greater tragedies. The tragedy moved inexorably to its climax, and needs few words in the telling. After the second world war, in which Germany was again the beaten enemy, he returned to Prague from the London home of his second exile, and returned via Moscow. No doubt by the time he reached his own country the terrible truth had already dawned. Not only was he a virtual prisoner in Russian hands but his country was already overrun by Russian overlords. Prague itself had been "liberated" (that is, enslaved) by the Russians ; for in deference to the calamitous ruling of Yalta General Patton's American forces deliberately halted in their advance to enable the Russians to reach the capital first. In that matter Benesh really was let down by the Western Allies.

Within three years Benesh witnessed the fall of his beloved country. His friend, Jan Masaryk, son of the master, was, as there is ground for believing, assassinated, though the Communist murderers gave it out that he committed suicide. Benesh himself was soon to die, broken in body and in spirit. If the Western Allies had failed him as a prop, Russia had rushed in as a destroyer. Czechoslovakia was the victim of the Great Powers. Her brief existence as the European safeguard against German domination was ended by Russian domination, mistakenly helped by Benesh in his disillusion over the West. A human tragedy for Benesh, a political disaster for Europe.

MEN AND CAUSES.

Men are often more interesting than causes, because it is the men who father the causes. Masaryk and Benesh were men who played their part in a cause. Halfway through the twentieth century it is possible to make some comment on the main cause that has occupied men's minds in the diplomatic field and produced havoc in all fields of human activity since the century began. One of the lessons taught by experience is that human affairs tend to simplify themselves in the retrospect. Detailed knowledge and scholarly approach are in themselves an estimable fruit of cultured minds, and they make their essential and indispensable contribution to historical accuracy. But they

are not necessary for a broad and true understanding of the big affairs. It happens to be the case, for instance, that one has heard a hard-working illiterate peasant on the one hand and an idle inveterate tramp on the other—neither of whom of course had read a single book in his life—express intelligent opinions on the affairs of our time; their intelligence being due in part to a total lack of prejudice, which is one of the attributes of God-given reason in a virgin mind.

As reflection is matured by time it becomes clear in a grim sort of simplicity that out of the abundance of material prosperity produced by the scientific and therefore the industrial and commercial developments of the nineteenth century there emerged in its raw first flush an appetite of selfish greed and aggrandisement which, maybe, in the slow grinding of the mills had to have its fling and produce its own redress through the misery it produced. To-day we are in the throes of the misery, poised halfway between the riotous indulgence of freedom and the sober redress of chastened wisdom. To-day, denied freedom, indulgence and satisfaction alike, surveying a world which almost baffles comment in the enormity of its sordid vendettas and recriminations and of its chaotic poverty, we begin to discover that there is no such thing in God's providence as good freedom except in good service. In our nature we are free only to choose the service to which we devote our talents.

In living memory we have been presented with the temptations of an unprecedented potentiality for material enjoyment of the world's amenities, with a sort of grand-scale spread of the sort of thing we associate in our minds with life in the United States of America. The grapes turned sour, for a natural reason. The enjoyment turned to bitterness. What we call imperialism, though it did much to help the backward peoples, did much to harm the imperialists. Greed is a terrible and deadly worm in the wood. On the hypothesis of the imperialists themselves it would have been a logical thing to hold the doors wide open to German participation in the work, to give to German enterprise what in the Kaiser's time used to be called a place in the sun. Of course it would not have been easy. The German character, raw and immature, was in some ways unpleasant, even apparently intolerable. There was in it a brutality that roused the opposition of decent men. Hence it was that men like Masaryk and Benesh, who grew up, as it were, under the heel of that harsh process of Germanisation prescribed by the lords of Potsdam and carried out by the Habsburgs as a means to German expansion south-eastwards, came to be obsessed with the cause of disrupting the Austro-Hungarian Empire, damming the German *Drang nach Osten*, and freeing the subject nationalities, including their own, from what was in truth a tyranny. In the first quarter of this century it looked good as a cause to the eyes of the most enlightened diplomats that Europe should be safeguarded from what, in a short-sighted point of view, was the German menace by the emancipation of Czechs and Slovaks, of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes from Habsburg domination.

The new States Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia were duly set up. Czechoslovakia at least seemed to promise all that was intended and expected from it. Between the two wars that country was a model of sound policy and honest success at home and humane pacification and progress abroad. Though the German complex persisted—for nightmares have a way of persisting in their effects—yet courage, too, grew apace; and in the early days of the Republic two German Ministers

were admitted to the Czechoslovak Cabinet in true democratic deference to the presence within the confines of the State of the few million Sudeten Germans.

Why did it all go wrong? Masaryk and Benesh, and young Jan Masaryk, were men of outstanding goodness. They believed in their cause. They worked hard and well. They were gifted, each in his way and degree. They encompassed justice at home and peace abroad. The very reaction against tyranny or injustice was the spur to their action, and in the nature of things they could not have been guilty of tyranny or injustice on their own account. The State itself had been built by the genius of Thomas Masaryk on the ruins of a very desolation of emptiness. (At the beginning of June 1928, nearly ten years after the foundation of the Republic, President Masaryk, in informal conversation at Lany Castle, the President's country seat some twenty miles outside Prague, thus described the initial condition of affairs: "When we came here after the war, Bohemia and Moravia, being the richest countries in the whole of Austria, had been impoverished, exploited by the army. There was no bread when I came. The first work was to provide wheat from America, from Rumania, from other sources. Next, the war had upset the whole administration, including the postal service. The post was in such a state in 1918 and 1919 that we had to be careful in the sending of money-letters. Money was not safe in the post, and was often lost. At the railway stations there were no time-tables. If goods were sent by rail—for instance eatables or clothing—they were in danger, for the people had been bereft of everything they possessed. Our new State began with a minus.")

Within that decade the minus had been transformed into a greater plus than could be shown by any country on the Continent. All seemed well. But all was not well. To-day Czechoslovakia has vanished except as a name. It has fallen under a Russian tyranny worse, far worse, than anything ever attempted by the Habsburgs.

It is impossible for intelligent students not to give facts their head. The answer is—how tragically simple!—that good ends cannot be achieved by bad means, no matter how good be the agents. Czechoslovakia lies at the very core of the events of our time and gives the very clue to their unfolding. The issue with Germany, in itself a bad issue because the main motive on both sides was competitive greed, Czechoslovakia being an incidental victim, was taken to the arbitrament of war. God's world being made on the principle that only love will serve its purpose, the method of war necessarily violates that purpose. No good end can come from war, except in the mysterious sense that omnipotent God can fashion good from evil. The material palpable effect of war, an evil thing, is itself evil. Czechoslovakia, thus planted in the bad soil, flourished for a time, but was doomed.

The chain of events leaps to the eye. The war of 1914-18 enabled the Bolsheviks to subjugate Russia. That was a little evil seed planted in the evil soil, and it flourished. In 1918 not many people foresaw how important was the Russian Revolution. Thirty years later the evil thing, grown to grotesque size, has swamped half of Europe, including Czechoslovakia. War was not the right method of solving the issue with Germany a generation ago. It did not solve the problem. The fact that the war had to be fought all over again was merely incidental to the process started by the first war. The important fact was that the outstanding evil produced by the evil of the war itself was atheist Communism, a form of tyranny that goes full circle by denying not only

the principle of love as the instrument of human welfare but the very God who made the world and who alone is competent to ordain the instrument.

This then is the climax of our resultant misery. Something has to be done. The challenge has to be met. By war? If that be the choice, then, there being no further evil to be produced than what we have already produced, it is soberly to be contemplated that the only thing left for our atom bombs to produce is the final destruction of the world, including the Communists, and also including everybody else. Then what is the answer that occurs to good people? Is it right to prolong the macabre pantomime of endless unprofitable talks with an enemy who is not bound by any agreement, the while he pursues his nefarious purpose? Common sense cries out against such folly. The people of simple good sense and simple faith find no difficulty in giving the answer: namely that the talking should be stopped, that we should break off all relations with Russia in her present mood, devote ourselves in the chastened spirit of wisdom achieved through the sufferings of our time to our own business, transformed *ex hypothesi* into conscious and unreserved allegiance to God, and leave the result to God, whose business it would then be. The odd, the amazing thing is that we should hesitate to put our whole trust in God, who is omnipotent. Let there be no mistake. The choice for the world at this crisis of the human race is either a total spiritual conversion or a total material destruction. Willy-nilly we live dangerously at an exciting climax in the history of the world. If we do the right thing and put our faith in God rather than in atom bombs we shall win. Beyond that we cannot penetrate the mystery.

FOOTNOTE TO THE DIPLOMATIC DISASTER.

It is easy to forget even recent facts. It has been asked: how comes it, and whose fault was it, that Czechoslovakia was sold to Russia at Yalta and Berlin sold to Russia at Potsdam?

The Yalta Conference was held at the beginning of 1945, before the war ended. The participants were the Prime Minister of Great Britain (Mr. Churchill), the President of the United States (Mr. Roosevelt) and the Prime Minister of the Soviet Union (Mr. Stalin). The purpose was among other things to decide on the final stages of the military defeat of Germany. As Russia was regarded as a prime factor in those stages it was the disposition of the Western politicians to humour Russia almost unconditionally. Mr. Churchill was concentrated, in the spirit and strategy of one thing at a time, on defeating Germany unconditionally. Although this particular agreement was not mentioned in the declaration published from the Crimea on February 12th, 1945, it is known that as part of the price demanded by Russia (who took a somewhat longer view than the Western politicians) it was agreed that Czechoslovakia should become a sphere of Russian influence after the war. That is why General Patton halted his advance to enable the Russian army to enter Prague first and thus become the ritual "liberator" of Czechoslovakia.

The Potsdam Conference was held just after Germany's defeat, the participants again being the three Powers; but the American delegate was now President Truman. Russia was represented by "Generalissimo J. V. Stalin," as he was officially called, "Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics." The original British delegate was Mr. Churchill, who was accompanied

by Mr. Attlee. The conference was interrupted by the British election, which put Mr. Attlee into Mr. Churchill's place, with the result that the conference agreements, negotiated in the first place by Mr. Churchill, came to be accepted and signed by Mr. Attlee, who indeed as Mr. Churchill's colleague had shared in the work from the beginning. Both Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee therefore are responsible for agreeing to the arrangement whereby Russia was given a zone in Germany wholly surrounding Berlin, while the city itself was made subject to a joint administration. In Russian hands such agreements, as might have been foreseen, led to what they have in fact duly led to.

A LESSON OF EXPERIENCE.

The lesson of this particular aspect of our experience makes it all the harder to be patient with the present series of diplomatic talks. What is the sense in seeking now an agreement with Russia about Berlin, on the basis of the West accepting the currency of the Russian mark throughout the city and of Russia's agreeing to a joint control of that currency! At Potsdam Russia agreed to a joint administration of the city. Her strategy clearly was first of all to get the city included in her zone and then to ignore the provision for joint administration at her leisure. By an exact analogy her present object is first of all to oust the Western mark, to circulate her own mark exclusively, and then to ignore at her leisure the provision for joint control.

There is something humiliating in an obstinate persistence in folly, persisted in despite the clearly established fact of Russian purposes and despite the warning of the Potsdam experience which drives the fact farther home. It cannot reasonably be expected that we shall defeat Communism by progressively giving way to it, by engaging in farcical talks the while Russia steadily acts, and generally by playing for time without a policy. We thereby encourage and give the necessary openings for further Russian aggression.

The writer of a letter that appeared in *The Times* of September 7th last (Dom Aelred Graham of Ampleforth Abbey, York) expressed the case well in these words: "Both truth and love call for evils to be denounced and the weak and defenceless protected; but we must show ourselves builders and not destroyers, defeating Communism by demonstrating Christianity to be a positive way of life that can assimilate whatever is of value in the system it repudiates. Above all, neither truth nor love can conceivably summon us to advance by one hairbreadth—as not a few 'Christians' seem ready to do!—any movement downwards to the fatal abyss of a third world war."

In a nutshell, the problem is to defeat Communism and its evil without war: for war itself is an evil thing, which generates further evil. We have reached the pass where the choice has to be made between a spiritual and a materialist motive in our affairs. If we meet the Communists on their own materialist ground they win. Victory can come only from the consciously spiritual regeneration of the West.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

September 10th, 1948.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.*

It seems to be an inevitable law of modern history that war stimulates nationalism, and by doing so creates, or at least intensifies, tensions which in their turn make a new war more likely. This was the case after the first world war, when Sir Ernest first wrote his analysis of the national character, and it is undoubtedly the case again in our own days, when this reprint appears. It is a tribute to the author's deep grasp of political philosophy that his book is still extremely interesting, although he has altered very little in this revised edition of the original work. The book is strangely topical, for the simple reason that nationalism is just as important to-day as it was twenty years ago, and infinitely more dangerous in the age of the atom bomb. Sir Ernest's attempt to disentangle the factors that go to the making of a national character is always readable and stimulating, though the various chapters are somewhat uneven, and many will disagree with certain of his conclusions. Following MacDougall's social philosophy, the author proves convincingly that the national character is not an unscientific abstraction but a historic phenomenon, the study of which is based on sound evidence and classification. He discusses the material and spiritual factors of what Herder would have called the "Volksgeist" in great detail and separately, in order to arrive at a satisfactory definition of the modern nation state. Amongst the material factors he distinguishes between the genetic, the geographical and the economic, and it is this part of the book that is least satisfactory and has dated most. Perhaps the fact that the author clearly puts the emphasis on the spiritual and moral side of the problem has something to do with the comparative weakness of his argument when he deals with the material factors. One need not be a Marxist to accord to economic forces a much greater part in the formation of the modern nation than does the author in his chapter on the economic factor. The whole conception of race is still so uncertain and even confused that, particularly in the light of what happened in Nazi Germany, one is inclined to approach the whole problem of the racial composition of a nation with the utmost suspicion. We should remember, as the author himself does, that in the absence of reliable evidence, the whole matter of genetics is highly controversial and speculative, and only too often a convenient cloak for prejudice and hatred. This danger Sir Ernest indeed avoids, as the whole book is permeated by his urbane and tolerant outlook, but I am afraid that his attempt to assess the part which the various "races" have played in the formation of the British national character is not very convincing, and does not lead to anywhere in particular. One look at modern America should be sufficient to convince everybody how flimsy and misleading the conceptions are on which Gobineau and his disciples have based their conclusions.

It is in the second part of the book that the author's main contribution to the problem is to be found. When he discusses in detail the influence which law, religion, literature and education have had in the formation of the British national character he is clearly in his element. His description of the political effects of Calvinism in Scotland and of Nonconformity in England and Wales lights up whole chapters of British history and helps us to understand more fully the contribution which British thought and action has made to the main stream of European civilisation. It is not surprising in the light of the author's own achievements in the field of education that his chapter on this subject is perhaps the most important of all, and that it is vindicated rather than outdated by recent developments. English schools, which in the words of Sir Ernest "have been concerned with the making of men and the shaping of character," have indeed played an almost inestimable part in the formation of the national character. It

**National Character*. By Sir Ernest Barker. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

is to be hoped that the book will be read not only in this country, but also by many people in the world who still look to Britain for guidance and inspiration. We live in an age in which nationalism is no longer sufficient as an answer to the world's pressing problems since the economic interdependence of the continents has made the nation state almost an anachronism. The new order must be super-national and inter-national, that is, it must devise new ways and forms of co-operation between the nations. It is more essential than ever that people should understand the greatness as well as the limitations of the nation state. Sir Ernest helps us to understand that faith in the national character is compatible with a liberal and truly international outlook. Perhaps in some future order nations will play the same part which families play within a nation, and nobody has yet suggested that pride in one's family is incompatible with devotion to one's country. (Dr.) R. ARIS.

WILLIAM TEMPLE.*

The power of William Temple was derived from and was exercised not so much by what he wrote or said as by what he was. In the simplicity of his spirit he was radiant. This admirable biography, uneven though it is in parts, gives a clear picture of his life and achievements from childhood at Exeter to his last days at Canterbury. In any attempt made to assess life and thought in England during the first half of the twentieth century, this record will be essential, for he contacted men and women from cottage to palace.

At Rugby he was much influenced by John Lewis Paton, later High Master of Manchester Grammar School, a natural Christian in life and practice. By nature being absorbent rather than creative, he was much affected by the Balliol concepts of the time, and he may have adopted the recognisable manner of that college. His first book, on Robert Browning, was published in the year of his graduation. At Repton he read Browning's poems "with the Upper Sixth Classical side and the history specialists every week for an hour." There is little doubt that Browning was a powerful influence in his life and thought.

At Queen's College, Oxford, where he became a Fellow, he gradually became his normal self, and in 1905, coming to be one with working-men students in the W.E.A. Summer Schools, he drew from them new and wide powers of knowledge and sympathy. In a real sense he became one with them, and a powerful force in banishing atheistic thought prevalent at that time. It may well have been that they were not without influence in revealing to him simple truths which helped to banish his only "very tentative" acceptance of certain essential doctrines of the Church, and enabled him in 1908 to be ordained. In the same year he became the first President of the W.E.A., symbolising, as no one else could, the unity between Learning and Labour which has had so great an effect on the national life, and indeed on our government.

Temple joined the Labour Party in 1918, but rose out of it in 1925, still retaining sympathetic roots. Party politics were not enough. The translation of Christ's teaching into every department of national life and expression became his one and only purpose.

The biography gives the details of his career as Headmaster of Repton, Rector of St. James, Piccadilly, Canon of Westminster, and in his episcopal offices, culminating in the Chair of St. Augustine, as it also does of many side works which cannot be noticed here. He could write essays and even books on demand. Whilst they may reveal that he was not himself a profound scholar, or even an original thinker, they put into simple terms the heights of thought down the ages. His own thinking, as he states in *Nature, Man and God*, "goes on behind the scenes. I seldom know when it takes place."

As Archbishop of Canterbury he will stand out in the years to come because

**William Temple: His Life and Letters*. By F. A. Iremonger. Oxford University Press. 25s.

in times of crisis he was bold and adventurous, not hesitating to demonstrate Christian principles in areas and activities which had not been invaded or attacked by the Church Militant, for example, his controversy with the bankers. It is easy to see why the details of this are somewhat vague in the biography, because Temple was uncomplicated, and the bankers had a technique and tradition of their own. In the last two years of his life, as Primate, he blazed with the light of Heaven, and sad and sorrowful as his passing was, yet we can be sure that he described his arc and fulfilled the purposes of God.

No one could with their own minds understand him. They could only admire and be affected by his simple spiritual force. He was even as a child welcoming by sure instinct all that came to him from the Holy Heavens; either direct or through great teachers, whether living or not, whether from field or factory, cottage or palace. (DR.) ALBERT MANSBRIDGE.

GO EAST.*

This is the advice which the well-known publicist Vernon Bartlett took when faced with a health breakdown. The outcome for the general public is a delightful book written in an easy-flowing style which, while not saying much which can be news to the expert, is an ideal introduction to areas and their problems which are so sadly neglected in the daily press, except when force of circumstances promote them to the headlines, as, for instance, in the case of the present Communist insurrection in Malaya. The great difference of this travelling account by a working journalist from others which appear chiefly in the United States, more or less on the conveyor's belt, is that the special purpose of this journey did not enforce on the author too strict a time-table. He is also not in a hurry to indulge in snap judgments on complicated situations, though he is by no means an innocent abroad, possessing also a measure of comparison by having been in the Far East prior to the war. He takes us first to South Africa, then to East Africa, thence to Ceylon, Singapore and Malaya, to Siam, Hongkong, Formosa, Nanking and Japan. In all these places he discusses the main problems, and while he is always ready to produce a good story, they are nearly all relevant to the atmosphere of the place, and are not merely wisecracks. Indeed, they give us an insight into the character and abilities of various types of colonial officers, ex-internees of Japanese concentration camps, Chinese merchants, and confirm a good deal of what other observers have said about such important men as Chiang Kai-shek and General MacArthur. It is interesting to read how the latter, who "dislikes being talked to, has, possibly unconsciously, developed an admirable technique for silencing his visitors. The technique, however, involves the co-operation of his wife as partner." There is also an illuminating description of Chinese administration in the formerly Japanese Formosa, adding additional evidence to the sad Chinese record in colonial affairs as recorded in their dealings with the inhabitants of Sinkiang and Mongolia. It is a pity that the author did not stay somewhat longer in Formosa, which might have enabled him to give us a fuller account.

Vernon Bartlett complains towards the end of his journey, recorded in diary form, that "the percentage of M.P.s with even a superficial first-hand knowledge of these peoples and their problems probably does not exceed five, with the result that few members attend debates on colonial affairs, and many of the speeches they hear come from cranks." All the more disheartening is it to learn recently that the Independent M.P. for Bridgewater, who won his seat against candidates of the three parties, does not intend to stand again. I hope we shall not have to take leave of him as a writer, for he represents what he admires himself most in the Chinese—"some of that tolerance, good humour and sense of proportion that are characteristic of great civilisations."

G. M. FRITERS.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER 1948.

THE MAIN ISSUE.

THE international situation has at last been thoroughly clarified. The recent speeches of Mr. Marshall, Mr. Bevin and M. Schuman, together with the completely non-co-operative answers of M. Vishinsky, leave little excuse for the charitable confusion so dear to English opinion. The fine debate in the House of Lords on September 24th showed an agreement of all parties. Very few voices can now be heard pleading that the Russians are really well-meaning neighbours, only a little hurt by our want of tact. Very few ask us to listen to Henry Wallace, or to suggest that if Russia were given the Dardanelles and a slice of North Africa she would be content. But the course of events itself has made an even greater effect than any speeches. We cannot help seeing that Russia since the war has taken possession not only of parts of Germany but of the three unhappy Baltic Republics, of Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia; is threatening Italy and promoting a singularly cruel civil war in Greece. And meantime at the other end of the world she has got possession of Northern Korea, and is working her way by terrorism in Burma, Malaya and Indonesia. What aggressor in history can surpass that record, either in extent or cunning? And there is no sign of satiety; the process continues.

These conquests have been made step by step, not by war but by a process of intrigue and threat, over nations too weak or too divided to stand firm. The same process is now driving a world desperately hating war and longing for safe peace into military preparations which no nation can afford. The West, in Miss Barbara Ward's phrase, is at bay. M. Spaak in a speech enthusiastically applauded in the U.N. Assembly addressed the Russian delegates directly. "It is you that we fear. We feel your presence already on the Rhine. That is why we prepare to defend ourselves."

The truth, of course, is that there are two enemies. One is an aggressive nation, to be resisted by collective strength; the other is a philosophy or a morbid ideology which would poison all civilisation if it spread and which can be resisted only by the collective moral strength of the uninfected.

To begin with the first enemy: through the last half of the nineteenth century Russia was steadily expanding over Asia. It was Russia that we feared then in Constantinople, in the Straits, in Afghanistan, in Persia, in India. Now we fear her in Berlin, in Italy, and in France. Indeed Russia is now exposed to a temptation which I believe no nation has ever been able to resist—the temptation of complete mastery over Europe. She has a better chance of obtaining that mastery than Hitler or William II, better than Napoleon. A sentence of Isocrates always runs in my mind: "*Arché*—domination or empire—that evil courtesan who makes State after State in love with her and betrays them one after another to their ruin." This *Arché* seems to be a natural instinct, a group-egoism far more dangerous than personal egoism. The man who "grasps at more" for himself is likely to be checked and corrected by those on whom he trespasses and may even be criti-

cised by his own conscience, but the man who "grasps for his group" will be surrounded by voices that applaud him and will imagine that he is only actuated by sympathy for his mates. It is therefore a much greater social danger than individual selfishness. Inside the nation it leads to class war, some particular group fighting for itself against the welfare of the whole. Between nations it takes the form of rival nationalisms. It is strange how the herd instinct, the most beneficent of all instincts when really directed to interests of the whole herd, becomes the most dangerous of all when it stimulates one group against the rest.

But in times of revolution this group-egoism always demands and acquires an ally. It must have a doctrine; an ideology, a grand abstract principle, to inspire it. This principle is probably never more than half true and may be not even plausible; it works best when vague or ambiguous, like "democracy" or "patriotism" or "Fascism," or some statements of Socialism, so that its falseness is not too conspicuous; and, of course, it must be relevant to some real grievance from which the group is suffering. In a society suffering from oppression and too much inequality a proclamation that "All men are free and equal" may have great inspiring power, though obviously neither statement is true as it stands, and if it is explained that "are" stands for "ought to be," all the words begin to need closer definition. No doubt in a society suffering from the turbulence of disobedient nobles there was comfort and strength to be found in a belief in the divine right of the anointed king; later it was outgrown and forgotten and ridiculed, only to be revived in a new disguise. The Neo-Marxist slogan "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat" is a principle so self-contradictory that it could only be attractive to people so cruelly downtrodden that they hate not only the oppressor but everyone who shows any signs of superiority, economic, intellectual, or even moral. I heard of one simple example from an eye-witness. At one moment in the Bolshevik revolution a Government office was attacked and reorganised, the officers shot, and the supreme authority entrusted, despite her protests, to the lowest of the kitchenmaids. This triumphant assertion of principle happened not to work. The bewildered girl only cried and refused to give orders, and someone less proletarian was put in her place. The doctrine, as a matter of fact, is far from suitable to the Government of the Kremlin, which selects its officials with extraordinary care and treats the proletarian mass with extreme roughness, but it is magical in its appeal to the disaffected and discontented masses in all the suffering nations of the post-war world, and to those Asiatic nations who till lately have been guided by foreign governors and are now eagerly asserting or claiming independence. To them it merely means that the last shall be first and those who laugh now shall weep. And that is what they really desire.

Daring pacifists sometimes like to point out how much happier the fate of Europe would have been if it had quietly submitted to the rule of the Kaiser in 1914. A loss of freedom, no doubt; but a civilised continent, no vast masses of misery, no hideous abysses of crime, and at least more security than at present against conquest by far worse tyrants. The Kaiser no doubt was, by nineteenth-century standards, an arrogant and despotic ruler; but he seems almost an angel beside Hitler or Stalin. The great similarities and partial differences between these two are always striking. As to their aims, it was clearly a case of "*Was mein Bruder Karl haben will, das will Ich*"

auch haben " ; the object which both desired was the same, the mastery of Europe. The methods were much the same—ruthless violence, no moral scruples, methods derived from war and largely shaped by class-hatred. But Hitler was far less happy in his propaganda. His essential aim, as he explained to an Oxford visitor, could be expressed in one word, " Deutschland "—the power, the greatness, the revitalising of Germany. This had an intense appeal to all Germans and to all the Volksdeutsche in other lands, but it was not attractive to other nations. He appealed also, no doubt, to certain widespread prejudices, such as the hatred of Jews and of capitalists. With much plausibility he invoked the superiority of certain races to others and of the Nordic to all the rest.

Stalin's appeal is far more infectious. He starts indeed with the Pan Slavist ideal, as Hitler with the Pangerman ideal, which is likely to win him support among those Slav peoples whom he has not by other measures already made to hate him. He has hardened them by war, just as Hitler hardened his Germans. He has used their obedience, stifled their kindly idealism, shaped them into a war instrument by brutal severities. But he has also the revolutionary ideal, and that in its most violent and destructive form, as preached by Lenin himself. Not progress, not reform, not gradual socialism, but the overthrow of society by a proletariat such as the war had provided for him, a multitude beaten by its enemies, betrayed by its leaders and maddened by suffering.

The war of 1914 did infinite harm because war itself is incompatible with a complex civilisation. Among Bedouin tribes a war may well be profitable to the victors and not for long disastrous to the vanquished. Some men will have been killed, some prisoners taken, some horses and cattle have changed hands. With the Viking raiders war often brought profit. In a settled agricultural society the gain was less, the loss and suffering very much more. But modern European society is a very large, subtle and complex organism for attaining human welfare and developing man's higher moral and intellectual powers ; war not only destroys the stores of material wealth which make a society stable and safe, but also turns the energies of the whole nation away from the effort for human welfare into an effort, even more intense, for the destruction of the life and happiness of other human beings. One must not, of course, forget the incidental heroism it discovers or creates, and the scientific advances it stimulates in certain limited directions ; but few will deny that its main tendency is to decivilise any advanced nation. Nor will anyone forget the rapid and enormous increase in the destructiveness of its weapons.

So far Hitler and Stalin present much the same main danger to the law-abiding nations, the danger of unlimited national ambition, and Hitler probably seems the more aggressive figure. But Stalin represents not only aggression ; he professes, and in his foreign policy really represents, the extreme doctrine of Marx. Now Marx, of course, made valuable historical researches and promulgated a number of striking half-truths. But if you compare his half-truths with those of other Socialists such as Proudhon or even Rousseau, the impression left is that in their doctrines the half that was not true was rather edifying or idealist ; with Marx it was sinister and indeed criminal. Most of the nineteenth-century Socialists believed too much in man's brotherly love and conscience and sense of justice. They had been trained in Liberal ideals and exaggerated them. Marx rejects and

derides the moral sentiments as either complete delusions or things of no importance. The only motive that really moves mankind is the economic motive. The doctrine is clearly not true; history is full of cases where nations or classes have been moved by vanity or resentment to neglect their obvious interests. This he might grudgingly admit; but he had no patience with the notion that they could be moved, as they clearly sometimes are, by sympathy or generous impulses. This point may be disputed; for it rests on a general tone rather than an explicit creed. There are varieties of doctrine among Marxists. Some passages, in Engels especially, seem meant to explain away this denial of man's moral nature. But one doctrine seems quite explicit and indeed cardinal. He argued that all capitalist societies must inevitably fall in ruins; that the fall must be accompanied by violent conflicts which could not be avoided or prevented; and that the ruin was desirable because it would be followed by the millennium. When we remember that all the societies which Marx knew were what he called capitalist, this means that he did, when fascinated by his own orthodoxy, allow himself to look forward to the destruction of all civilised society as a thing desirable, inevitable, not to be hindered. The holder of such a doctrine must be, if not absolutely *hostis humani generis*, at least an enemy of civilised society. For this revolution was not meant to destroy certain objectionable features in the revolutionary's own State or in certain ill-governed foreign States; it was to destroy completely, in blood and violence, all the organised societies in the world . . . with the possible and not very consistent exception of England, the most industrialised of all!

This analysis may help us to see what the real issue is which divides West and East in Europe. It is obviously not the division between Socialism and Capitalism. The sudden and sensational triumph of the Socialist parties in England has naturally, and perhaps excusably, gone to the heads of many Socialists and made them imagine that the division between those two extremely ill-defined ideas is equivalent to the division between Good and Evil. Clearly that division will not work; the British Socialist Government and the Social Democrat parties in the rest of Europe are among the Kremlin's chief enemies.

Nor can one be satisfied by the distinction so often made between a system which aims at the interest of the individual and one which concentrates on the interest of the community. It is not a true contrast, for the two normally go together, and it would be universally agreed that if the interest of any individuals really clashed with that of the community the individuals must give way. The mischief begins when people substitute the State for the Community and then understand the State as meaning the Government. This is group-egoism *in excelsis*; for inevitably the next stage is: "I and my group are now the State; our interest is the only interest that matters, and the law is our will"; which amounts to a direct denial of all our traditional ideas of sound politics as well as of all ethical or religious duty. It is a far deeper and more real conflict than that between any rival political or economic systems.

Some have seen it as a conflict between Christianity and the denial of God. In those terms the statement will clearly not do. Christianity is not the only religion, and there are certainly many on the "Christian" side in Europe who are by no means, theologically speaking, Christians, while in the Eastern world the words would not make sense.

Yet, considering Europe itself, if some word such as "Christendom" or "the Christian tradition" were substituted, it would perhaps be as good a description of the conflict as could be found. The Western world has been educated and formed by a common religious and ethical tradition, based centrally on a small Greek book or collection of books called the New Testament, and the interpretation of that book by various thinkers and religious bodies. Like other traditions, this one has constantly developed and varied under the influence of increased knowledge, wider experience, and the growing moral sensitiveness of civilised societies, as well as man's increased recognition of his own limitations.

But there is nothing that so stimulates union as a common enemy, and a common enemy of peculiar deadliness has reared its head against the Christian tradition and the humane Liberal tradition alike. The Christian Church was once a persecutor; it is now on its defence against persecution and is a protector of the persecuted. It was once a great check to freedom of thought; it now protects such freedom against an authoritarian orthodoxy at once more brutal and narrower. To anti-Fascist heretics in Italy, I am told, the safest refuge was the Vatican island. The West, indeed, whatever political names it chooses to use, is, as against the Communist or Fascist East, Liberal by birth and breeding. The main party division in the politics of England and most of Europe has for generations been between Liberal and Conservative; now the main *raison d'être* of any truly Conservative party is to preserve a great Liberal civilisation which is in mortal danger. It is that whole civilisation with its Christian tradition, its respect for law and justice, its emphasis on humane government and social duty, its belief in reason and the free intellect, against which the Russian Communist Government wages its cold but unceasing war. And we hate the rule of Russia and her satellites not because of its economics but because of its wickedness.

The West, then, is at bay. It relies for its peace and security on the Charter of the United Nations; a fine document for nations that are really united, but a mere trap when the enemy is not only inside the gate but seated on the supreme bench with power to prevent all action. As the Charter stands, any nation approved by a Great Power can make war with impunity; the United Nations cannot check it. A nation actually attacked may defend itself; its neighbours may, if they like, rally to defend it. So much is permitted under Article 51; but the United Nations cannot defend it unless the enemy permits, and has been allowed no organised force for the purpose, even if it could. This state of things is absurd. It is clear that the Charter cannot be amended without Russia's consent. It is equally clear that no ingenious reinterpretation can make the Charter mean what it does not mean. The resort at present followed by the threatened nations is to make as rapidly and effectively as possible a defensive unity of Western Europe, with hope of backing by the United States and the British Empire. To us in Europe that is a necessity, but clearly it is a second best. It is an old-style alliance made in their own national interest by particular nations who feel themselves in danger of being attacked. What is needed, now that war is recognised as an international crime, and indeed *the* international crime, is a world-wide body of nations pledged by treaty, jointly and severally, to use their whole united strength to prevent that crime. They must be nations genuinely united in this supreme aim, however much they

may differ on minor points. They must collectively be so strong that no aggressor, or group of aggressors, will have any chance of success against them, and consequently no one will dare to make war. It is the old plan of collective security, the plan of the League of Nations, of the Covenant and the Protocol, of the United Nations Charter itself ; but this time it must be lived up to. There is nothing utopian about it. As Mr. Churchill has said again and again, the Second World War, if one wants a name for it, might be called "The Unnecessary War," because it could quite easily have been prevented if the Governments had fulfilled their obligations and done what they had undertaken to do. The civilised nations could have prevented the second world war. They can, if they choose, prevent a third.

GILBERT MURRAY.

GENERAL DE GAULLE AND DEMOCRACY.

IT is now obvious that the French strike is a political one, directed from abroad. It is also obvious that the activities of the French Fifth Column have been made possible by the lamentable failure of the Government's economic and financial policy, which has placed a considerable minority of the population in a condition bordering on misery. Given these facts, we have to ask ourselves why the French Government has failed in its home policy and why it is incapable of restoring order. That the strikes launched at the beginning of October are a Soviet offensive directed against France—or rather against the American bridgehead in Europe—is only too apparent. The revelations made by M. Jules Moch have furnished some further details on this point, but confirmation was already to be found in the speeches and writings of Communist leaders. In his report to the twenty-seventh Congress of the Communist-controlled C.G.T. on October 11th, M. Benoit Frachon, the Secretary-General, admits the political character of the movement when he says its purpose is "to bring back the Communists into the Government." That is to say that the technique of staggered strikes is not only a good way of ensuring the headlong downfall of French economy, but also an attempt to create in Paris the same political climate as there was in Prague a few months ago.

In May I wrote in this REVIEW: "In all probability there will be strong Communist reaction if the Marshall Plan looks like succeeding. . . . The Communist Party will be ordered to launch decisive attacks against our national economy by sabotaging our industrial equipment." I regret that I was not wrong. Since then we have learned about the instructions given by Zhdanov to his forces in France ; the coke ovens at Micheville have been destroyed or very nearly so ; and M. Frachon, again at the G.C.T. Congress, set up the chief target for the strikers when he wrote : "We must rid France of the crushing burden of the Marshall Plan."

So much for written and signed confirmation. From this let us pass to the cartoons. Here we see that the text is from time to time illustrated by some farcical incident such as the gesture of the Havre dockers who went on strike, not for any professional claim, but to avoid unloading a cargo of American armaments. And what were these armaments? Teleguided rockets? Atom bombs? No. Anti-tank

ammunition, the defensive weapon *par excellence*. The Havre strikers could find no better way of saying that they wished to open the Rhine frontier to Stalin's armoured divisions. It is tragi-comic. It is quite clear that the G.G.T. was engaged in a military operation, an operation of national betrayal; as it is clear that in October the U.S.S.R. launched on French territory its first battle in Western Europe. The commander-in-chief was M. Benoit Frachon, who deserves well of one answer to both questions: it is that the tasks confronting the Red Army.

How is it that the Government has been as unable in the last four weeks to stem the onrush of events as it had been unable in the last two years to bring inflation under control? There is only one answer to both questions: it is that the tasks confronting M. Queille and his colleagues are—like those which confronted their predecessors—clear enough but simply impossible to carry out. These statesmen lack neither skill nor courage, but they lack a majority. When foreign nationalists form one-third of the Parliament, the Government can govern neither with nor without them. It is too easy for them to undermine the executive power from within or to paralyse it from without. Many English commentators say and write that "The non-Communist and non-Gaullist M.P.s must rally to provide the Government with the stability that it needs." The advice is good. Perhaps they should, but in fact they do not. Furthermore, they are not likely to do so in the future, and it is useless to continue to hope that they will. We must recognise that for two political parties like M.R.P. and S.F.I.O., which hold opposite views on fundamental issues—in such matters as the war in Indo-China or religious teaching for example—it is difficult to find a compromise without committing electoral suicide. Could the English Conservative and Labour M.P.s reconcile their views or postpone their differences and form a united front, if there were in the House of Commons 200 Communist members instead of two? It is true that they did so during the war, but that proved nothing, unless we are to-day ready to consider the Communists as war enemies, and General de Gaulle himself does not go as far as that.

I wish to make clear that if it is true that our present Ministers are letting us head for disaster it is probably equally true that no one, in their place, could do better, faced with an Assembly as it is at present constituted. The inefficiency of the legislative body and the impotence of the Executive is manifest, and that is why General de Gaulle at his last Press conference spoke of "the so-called parliament" and the "so-called Government." The irony, which was only too well justified, was understood and accepted in France even by the interested parties—with however good or ill grace—and it was only in England that the sarcasm was taken for a blasphemy against democratic ideals.

The Soviet offensive cuts at the root of French recovery and we have to choose between resistance and surrender; whatever our choice, we must face the facts and accept the outcome. A successful resistance entails the treatment of the Communist leaders as agents of a foreign country and not as citizens of France. To give up the struggle (or to resist ineffectually) means that sooner or later we shall have launching-grounds for weapons V1 and V2 at Calais and Dunkirk. The English have an especial right to hold strong opinions on this subject, and it is surprising to see that the English Press seems to fear General de Gaulle's access to power more than that of Maurice Thorez. It is surprising to read in serious English daily papers and weeklies that

General de Gaulle is a would-be Napoleon, and that he regards himself as a Man of Destiny, when he says that things in France cannot improve until the present Constitution has been reformed and new elections have been held. If we do not heed his warnings we will one day have to use either undemocratic means or go under. What he is offering is not a dictatorship, but an alternative to it.

Our ideas of liberty and democracy have evolved considerably down the ages. In England itself the present regulations would have been called dictatorial by Mr. Gladstone's contemporaries, and even the one-way street would have seemed to them an insufferable tyranny. In democratic Athens unmarried men did not have the right to vote. We should therefore beware of the words Democracy and Liberty. As Paul Valéry said: "*Ce sont des mots qui chantent plus qu'ils ne parlent.*" It is just because these words have a ring about them that Stalin's agents use them on every possible occasion, and in almost every column of *l'Humanité* and the *Daily Worker* the words Democracy and Liberty are to be found. They are also to be found in Mr. Vishinsky's speeches. Leibnitz would often say "*one must sift the chaff of words from the wheat of things.*" When the French miners' union decides to withdraw the safety teams from these strike-bound collieries, is it democracy and is it to be tolerated in the name of liberty? The Government yields ground because it is weak, and it is weak because it has a bare majority in the Assembly and probably less than a majority in the country. Georges Bernanos in his *Lettre aux Anglais*, when addressing himself to the late President of the United States, said: "*Cher Monsieur Roosevelt, cette guerre a déshonoré les régimes de dictature mais elle n'a pas réhabilité les régimes de complaisance.*"

JEAN CASTET.

THE TRAGEDY OF PRESIDENT BENEŠ.

IN the life and death of Eduard Beneš one can read all the hope and the idealism, all the despair and disillusionment of our times. The hope of a victory won to make the world safe for democracy, of a peace in which Soviet Communism and Western democracy would work out a new synthesis, the idealism of a Society of Free Nations; and the despair of those pre-war days in which, one by one, everything for which Beneš stood was betrayed, the disillusionment of our own post-war world which has shattered his dearest beliefs.

Eduard Beneš was the tenth son of a Czech peasant-farmer in what was then Austria-Hungary. Self-supporting by the age of fifteen, he educated himself at the Universities of Prague, Paris and Dijon, acquiring through his studies that profound belief in the triumph of reason which stood him in such good stead at international conferences but, when the arbitrament was by force, left him a tragic and defeated figure. During the first World War he risked everything he possessed in the struggle for national independence. Co-founder with T. G. Masaryk of the Czechoslovak Republic, he played throughout his life a leading part not only in the history of his country but in the history of Europe. His death coincides not only with a fundamental change in the character of Czechoslovakia but with its virtual eclipse as an international factor.

If any man believed in democracy that man was Eduard Beneš. He believed in it not only as a principle for the proper government of a State but as a principle governing the relations between States. To him, as indeed to all Central Europeans, the primary outcome of the first World War was the destruction of the three great Empires, Austria-Hungary, Germany and Russia, and the rise of small Nation States in Central and South-Eastern Europe pledged to the principle of freedom and willing and able to play an important part in the counsels of Europe.

Once the Czechoslovak Republic was firmly established as an independent State, with all the old historic and economic ties which bound it to Austria broken, Beneš set about trying to build up the disrupted elements into a coherent system. In his view the real danger to the stability of Central and South-Eastern Europe came not from the rampant and often narrow nationalisms of the area but from the intervention of the surrounding Great Powers, who exploited these passions to achieve greater power and position for themselves. To prevent these, he promoted the closest possible collaboration between the countries pledged to support the *status quo*—the Little Entente—and set about trying to bring about that closer economic integration of the whole area which he had successfully helped to destroy when he worked for the disruption of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The Little Entente between Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Roumania not only guaranteed the security of each of these countries against an attempted revival of the old order but gave to their voice at Geneva an added weight and importance. For seventeen years in succession he remained the Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, and during that period he did more than any other single man to make the democracy of nations a reality at Geneva. There was hardly an international conference in this period at which he did not play an important part. At the Genoa Conference he is said to have incurred the bitter enmity of Mr. Lloyd George, and it was perhaps this enmity which left behind it a baneful heritage in the British Foreign Office.

Unlike successive British Foreign Secretaries, Beneš believed always in the potential danger of Germany and in his view the only guarantee against German aggression was to prevent the rearmament of Germany and to build up a European system capable of keeping her in check. In 1924 he signed the Czechoslovak-French Alliance, and a year later he supported the Locarno Treaty which, had it been observed, would have guaranteed European security. As the German danger became more menacing, he sought around for a further strengthening of the European security system and actively promoted the Franco-Soviet Pact designed by Barthou and signed by Laval. A further alliance between Russia and Czechoslovakia, dependent for its operation on the prior fulfilment of the French guarantee, completed a system which should have guaranteed Czechoslovak security.

The outcome is only too well known. Within three years Czechoslovakia was partitioned and the whole balance of Europe was destroyed. Not only did every country in Central and South-Eastern Europe lie at Germany's feet—to be picked off one by one, as they all were between 1939 and 1942, but France and all her neighbours in the West proved incapable of either preventing or withstanding German aggression. Critics were not lacking either in his own country or in others who pointed out that Beneš had failed—failed hopelessly and completely, failed in the primary aim of every Foreign Minister—to

guarantee his country's security, failed in that larger purpose of asserting the democracy of nations—Czechoslovakia had no voice in the Munich decisions—and of promoting the peace of Europe. After twenty years of continuous power in his own country he had to contemplate its partition between Germany, Hungary and Poland, and, with a wholly bastard and unworkable Czecho-Slovak State remaining, he had to admit that its voice had counted for nothing in the counsels of Europe and that world war was imminent. Was he at all to blame for these disasters?

The most heartbreaking feature of the Munich Agreement, from Beneš's point of view, was the betrayal by France and the obvious indifference of a British Prime Minister to the moral and political principles for which Britain and France were thought to stand. For him Munich was the downfall of a complete political conception—the democracy of nations and that world which President Wilson had outlined in 1918. This world obviously no longer existed and actively conniving in its downfall was France, not only the pledged ally of Czechoslovakia but the protagonist *par excellence* of the ideals of liberty, fraternity and equality in which Beneš and Masaryk had so profoundly believed.

It is obvious that Beneš cannot be blamed for not foreseeing the betrayal of the whole post-war system by England and France, and if he had foreseen it, there was no other policy which he could have pursued. That system, with its underlying political principles, was the very *raison d'être* of the existence of his country. Once that system was denied—as was seen in 1938 and 1939 and is once more being seen to-day—Czechoslovakia ceases to exist as a free country and as a factor in international affairs. It was of the very essence of the Republic of Masaryk and Beneš that there was no other choice before it. Either it existed, as Beneš intended, as a democratic country allied with the great democracies and playing an active part at Geneva, or it had no other choice but to be an appendage either of Germany as it was from 1939-45, or of Russia, as it is rapidly becoming to-day.

Beneš must therefore be absolved from blame for the policy which was betrayed at Munich. Only in the final moment can one criticise his action. There are those, Mr. Churchill among them, who believe that, if he had stood firm and refused to accept the Anglo-French proposals of September, 1938, Munich would never have been signed. According to this view war would have broken out one year earlier in conditions far more favourable to the Allies. In his defence it must be remembered that it had been expressly stated by the French Ambassador and strongly implied by the British that, if war broke out because of his refusal of those proposals, neither France nor Britain would come to his aid. To a lesser man, Munich would have been the end of his political life. Forced both to resign the Presidency of his country and to take refuge abroad, with his country first partitioned and then occupied by Germany, he started once again with admirable tenacity, immense patience and great courage where he had started a quarter of a century before. The task of winning recognition for the renewal of Czechoslovakia within its pre-war frontiers was, in the second World War, little less difficult and considerably more painful. Not only were conditions at home infinitely more terrible for the Czechs than they had been during the 1914-18 war, but Beneš had to overcome both in France and in Britain the disagreeable heritage of Munich. It was

months after the outbreak of war before a Czechoslovak National Committee was recognised. It was many months more before Beneš himself was accepted as its leader. It was not for nearly three years that Munich was finally denounced and full recognition was given to him as the rightful President of Czechoslovakia and to his Government as the Provisional Government. Throughout these painful negotiations he never faltered.

It was obvious after Munich—and still more after the fall of France—that Beneš had to work out a new conception not only for the place of Czechoslovakia in the post-war world but equally for the internal polity of his country. In internal affairs he had to take account of three new factors. First, that after Munich and after the German occupation, no Czech would admit the Sudeten Germans to equal citizenship after the war. It is impossible for any democratic country in the modern world to have two classes of citizens, and therefore if Czechoslovakia were to remain a democracy it was clear that the Sudeten Germans must go. At the beginning of the war he might have admitted that certain frontier rectifications were feasible so as to diminish the number of Sudeten Germans who had to be expelled. Czech opinion hardened during the war and the difficulties over the recognition of the pre-Munich State obviously did nothing to encourage the Czech negotiators to moderation in their demands. It was therefore decided that the whole Sudeten German population, three and a quarter million, should be expelled after the war. In 1945 a close collaborator of President Beneš maintained that it was this total Czechisation of Bohemia which would stand out in history as Beneš's greatest achievement.

The second new factor which he knew would face him in the post-war world was the self-assertion of the Slovaks. This had taken a menacing form during the Munich Agreement. Moreover, pampered by the Germans throughout the war as a model satellite State, Slovakia derived a sense of self-importance rather than of guilt from her activities during the war years. The hyphen in Czecho-Slovakia which Beneš had never admitted in pre-war years was boldly asserted after 1945, and the Slovaks consistently pressed for a position in which they had all the advantages of autonomy and of full participation in the Central Government. However, Beneš successfully refounded and held together the Czechoslovak State.

Third, he had to reckon with a strong section of left-wing opinion and above all considerable animosity against the right-wing Agrarian and National Democrat Parties which had tended to sympathise with Nazism and Fascism in the pre-war years. The Czechoslovak Republic which he helped to re-create differed from its predecessor in being more socialist and less liberal; the power of the State, always greater than in the Western democracies, was further increased, especially by the large-scale nationalisation of industry. He was always a socialist but never a Marxist, and he was definitely anti-totalitarian. His conception for the new Republic was realist. It was no longer the Republic of his and Masaryk's dreams but the only one which had a chance of peaceful internal conditions in the post-war world.

In international affairs also Beneš had to modify his conception to suit the new post-war situation. From the outbreak of war he prophesied the entry of the Soviet Union on the Allied side and from 1941 onwards he was almost alone in foreseeing the ultimate victory of the Red Army. Since 1935 he had tried to promote understanding

between the Western world and the Soviet Union. During the second World War he placed high hopes on the final reconciliation of the two, and in external affairs as in internal affairs he tried to work out a synthesis between the rival claims of East and West, of Communism and Democracy. He wanted to think of Czechoslovakia as a bridge between East and West, as a peaceful meeting ground between two great systems of thought.

It looks to-day as if Beneš's confidence in Russia after the second World War was as misplaced as his confidence in France after the first. This confidence was based on two assumptions, which he outlined in a report sent back to the Czechoslovak Government in London after his signing of the Czechoslovak Treaty in Moscow in December, 1943 :

I am convinced that a strict adherence to all treaties and agreements, not only with Czechoslovakia but also with Great Britain and the United States, can be expected with absolute confidence.

In the whole course of the negotiations there was not one instance when the Soviet representatives did not emphasise at the appropriate moment that Czechoslovak home affairs did not concern them in any way and they would never interfere.

The facts of the February crisis which took place during the visit of Zorin to Prague and which led inexorably to Beneš's resignation in May and his death in September, are still insufficiently known, but they hardly justify his trust in the Soviet Government nor in the Communist representatives in Czechoslovakia. The Czech Communists' decision to break up the united National Front can be traced directly to the events of July, 1947, when the Soviet Government interfered for the first time directly and openly in a decision taken unanimously by the Czechoslovak Government—the decision to attend the conference called in Paris to consider the Marshall offer. The Soviet order to rescind that decision was made to the Czechoslovak Government delegation in Moscow after a private interview between Marshal Stalin and Klement Gottwald, the Communist Prime Minister, now President of Czechoslovakia. It is not known what else passed at that interview, but from then onwards Communist tactics altered in Czechoslovakia. Directly Parliament reassembled in September, 1947, it was clear that the Communists were endeavouring to break up the National Front and seize sole power in the State. It was generally agreed that they had no hope of strengthening their position by democratic means, i.e. in the elections which were due to be held the following spring. Before the February *coup* they pressed constantly for the postponement of the elections.

The February crisis was precipitated by a move by the Czech and Slovak democratic parties, in agreement with President Beneš, to bring about a general election. Twelve Ministers resigned from the Government on the issue of the Communist packing of the police. It had been agreed that Beneš would not accept their resignation but would put the issue before the country. For reasons not yet clear, he went back on this undertaking. He accepted the resignation of the twelve Ministers, stood by while they were denounced as "traitors" and hounded out of public life, and accepted a purely Communist-nominated Government, in which the Minister of Justice, Čepička, was a Communist implicated in the attempt of the previous summer to assassinate three non-Communist Cabinet Ministers. Of those Ministers one, the Minister of Justice, Dr. Prokop Drtina, was arrested after attempting

to commit suicide and is going to be put on trial by the man who attempted to assassinate him. The second, Dr. Jaroslav Stransky, has escaped from house arrest to England. The third, Jan Masaryk, was found dead after he had accepted office in the new Government.

Masaryk's tragic state of mind which drove him to his death the day after a long discussion with Beneš and a visit to his father's grave at Lány, may be taken as an indication of the torment through which President Beneš was passing. In spite of his confidence of the war years in Russia and his own Czech Communists, he had been made increasingly anxious by developments both in internal and international affairs. In private conversation with his compatriots he several times declared that rather than accept, *vis à vis* the Russians and their collaborators inside the country, the position which Hacha accepted *vis à vis* the Germans, he would call out the Army and the Sokol and fight it out. Was his failure to do so in February, 1948, due to the same trait in his character which caused him to accept Munich rather than fight in 1938? In conversation with Compton Mackenzie* in 1944 he declared: "I consider that my behaviour over Munich was the greatest achievement of my life. Munich was the most terrific struggle I have ever made. I can say with complete sincerity that I won a victory over my own self and was able to sacrifice that self for the sake not only of the Czechoslovak nation but also of Europe, and, indeed, of human peace."

Did Beneš also think in February, 1948, that he had won a victory over himself, or was his health already so shattered by the illness which carried him off six months later that he was physically and morally incapable of resistance? At any rate in Munich can be seen the seeds of that later tragedy. At Munich, he learnt that he must work out a new conception for his country and could no longer rely on the Western democracies. "I witnessed," he said to Compton Mackenzie, "the miserable decline and collapse of Western Europe under the depreciation of moral standards when they were face to face with Fascism and Nazism. While I sympathised with the higher moral conception of Russian Communism I could not always accept the methods by which it was imposed. I know that the final aim of Communism is humanitarian. . . ." He must have asked himself what could be the real future of his country even had he called out the army and won a civil war against the communists. He was certainly not sure of Western support had the Russians chosen to intervene with their troops stationed on all the frontiers of the country except the small strip where it touches the American zone of Germany. Furthermore, the character of a Czechoslovakia in which a strong Communist Party had to be forcibly suppressed would have differed very considerably from the progressive republic of his dreams.

Another factor also must be taken into account. Did Beneš believe by then, as he had believed ten years previously, in the inevitability of war and the battle on a far larger scale than could ever be afforded in his own country between democracy and Communism? In spite of the optimism of all his pronouncements of Soviet policy during the war, there must always have been a dread at the back of his mind. It is stated in a reply to Mr. Mackenzie who asked him if he was not afraid that Russia would foster social unrest in order to sovietise Poland and Czechoslovakia. Beneš replied: "The Russians will gain more by having a small democratic Poland and Czechoslovakia as friendly

o * Dr. Beneš, by Compton Mackenzie.

neighbours if there is some reasonable agreement between them. If they try to sovietise them they will arouse British and American hostility. I cannot imagine Poland and Czechoslovakia being Sovietised unless Germany and France were also Sovietised : in other words the whole European continent. If that happens we shall never stop war. We shall at once start another one." Perhaps Beneš, as well as his critics, saw the resemblances between the situation in September, 1938, and February, 1948, and believed, as on the previous occasion, that the sacrifice was made for the Czechoslovak nation, for Europe and for human peace.

SHIELA GRANT DUFF.

A CONSTITUTION FOR GERMANY.

FOR the fourth time a German constitution is being made under pressure of non-German Governments. Three hundred years ago Franco-Swedish pressure dissolved the old constitution of the Holy Roman Empire in the Peace of Westphalia by endowing all German States and statelets with full sovereignty. Again, after the Treaty of Pressburg (1805), the fruit of the victory of Austerlitz, Napoleon enforced its final dissolution. Ten years later at the Congress of Vienna it was not reconstituted ; one merely established the German Confederation, whose constitution was profoundly affected by the interests of non-German States.

One hundred and thirty-two years later (February 25th, 1947) the Allies abolished the mutilated State of Prussia and turned its remnant into "Länder," to whom the functions of the defunct State were transferred. By their zonal administration they had already split the rump of Germany into two halves (August 1945). Three years have gone since then. Last June the Western Military Governors presented the eleven German Länder under their control with the London agreement and ordered them to call a Constituent Assembly, which was to draft a German constitution. It was to be "federal" and "democratic" in the Western sense of the word. At a meeting in Koblenz the so-called Prime Ministers of the eleven Länder objected. They sensed the humiliating incongruity of manufacturing a democratic constitution to order. They were prepared to draft a "basic statute" for a central German administration and to organise the powers delegated to it by the Military Governments. They asked for the previous drafting of an "occupation statute," by which the powers of the Military Governments were to be unified, delineated and clearly separated from their own sphere of delegated self-government. They did not fancy a German constitution in the drafting of which the people of the Eastern zone had not participated. But the Military Governments overruled them. They promised to publish an occupation statute as soon as the constitution had been approved by them. The Germans gave in, mainly at the request of representatives from Berlin : the establishment of a federated State in Western Germany was to give new hopes to the sorely tried city.

A number of experts met at Chiemsee and drafted schemes which are now being submitted to a meeting of delegates from the eleven Länder. It is called the "Parliamentary Council," not as originally had been intended the Constituent Assembly. It is composed of sixty-five delegates of the Parliaments of the eleven Länder. Two major parties

of equal strength (twenty-seven each), the "Christian Democratic Union" and the "Socialist Party of Germany," dominate it.

The Germans have probably more experience in drafting constitutions than their masters. After the 1918 revolution every one of the seventeen surviving States as well as the Reich had given itself a constitution within a single year. The constitution of the Reich adopted at Weimar was probably the most democratic constitution known hitherto. It had to take into account the fact that one member-State, Prussia, with 36,000,000 out of a total of 60,000,000 dominated all her partners. Under Bismarck this predominance had held up the democratisation of the Reich. During the Weimar régime this had been changed. "Red Prussia" was the mainstay of the Republic. The Allied reasoning for the abolition of the Prussian State as the stronghold of reaction was based on conditions which had passed long ago.

The splitting-up of the remnant of Prussia into separate *Länder* facilitates the establishment of a genuine federal system. Its main features, to be laid down in the new "basic law" as the Germans would like to call it, are by now emerging. Western Germany will be a federation of States. It will be a parliamentary democracy. There will be a federal Lower Chamber, whose members will be elected in one-member constituencies by a democratic franchise. The proportional system of the Weimar Republic with its huge electoral districts will be discarded; it had de-personalised democracy. The Cabinet will be responsible to the Lower House, but it need not resign on a vote of no confidence if the adverse majority cannot replace it by an alternative government. The *Länder* will be represented in an Upper Chamber. Some of the Christian Democrats want an elected Second Chamber; the Socialists seem to prefer one whose members are either appointed by the *Länder* Governments or delegated by the *Länder* Parliaments. The President will be elected by the Houses, not by the people. His powers will be very limited, like those of the President in the Weimar Republic, until the constitution was perverted. The powers of the Federal Government will probably be restricted to matters expressly reserved to it, though the Socialists are inclined to enlarge them; planning and nationalisation are not easy in a loose federation.

It is difficult to wax enthusiastic over a constitution the object of which is not the welfare of the people which it is to serve but the security of its neighbours. A State is hardly sovereign whose foreign relations, foreign trade, most important production areas (the Ruhr), industrial organisation (cartels) and total industrial output are under foreign control. One can sympathise with the Socialists who maintain their original objection to a "made-to-order constitution." Yet the Western Allies' insistence on a German constitution is of the utmost importance. It completely reverses the Potsdam policy, based on the tacit assumption that the Germans, being cursed with a double dose of original sin, were unfit for democracy. Had the Allies reasoned out this doctrine to the bitter end they would either have had to extirpate all Germans or to rule them for all time to come. One can hardly believe that three years of Military Government have completely altered the German character. Even the most disinterested teachers could not have done it. There were numerous idealists in the occupation forces, yet the latter's behaviour was by no means such as to make the Germans ashamed of their moral shortcomings. The three years may have been sufficient to hang the worst criminals and to punish others by locking them up and by depriving them of jobs, property and political rights.

They remain in the country, and it is most unlikely that they will emerge as reformed characters from prisons and detention camps. By handing over responsible administration to the Germans the Allies are throwing a very heavy burden on them. Yet it had to be done, for it had become quite clear that the Western Allies cannot govern Germany and that they cannot make peace with her without a German Government. There is no doubt that the Germans can make a constitution, for Weimar has proved it; but can they work it?

The Weimar Republic failed for three main reasons:

1. The problems it had to solve were beyond the strength of a not yet fully consolidated body politic. Both Great Britain and the United States were badly hit by the great depression. Great Britain lost her century-old leadership in world economics. But for the genius of Franklin Roosevelt in manipulating men even the United States might have gone over the top and have fallen a prey to sinister forces such as those led by Huey Long. Germany's power of resistance was much smaller. Her sufferings, moreover, could easily be connected with the iniquities of the peace treaty which the "spineless Republic" had signed.

2. At the height of the crisis the Republic could no longer rely on a democratic majority in the Reichstag. At that time it could only have been saved by a democratic *coup d'état*. This was impossible without the support of the army, which felt no loyalty to the Republic. For the Allies had saddled Germany with a hired standing army, whose members were professionals and therefore completely under the thumb of their professional commanders. Had the German warnings at Versailles against a pretorian army been heeded and had a short-term service militia been established the fate of the Weimar Republic would not have been in the hands of the old military class.

3. The crumbling of the democratic majority, which had founded and supported the Republic, was not accidental. It resulted on the one hand from the rise of Communism. Communism naturally flourished in the conditions which inflation and the great depression had created. It appealed particularly to youths who saw ahead of them neither opportunity nor security. In such a situation radicalism was inevitable. Unfortunately, the German Communist Party looked to Moscow for instructions. It was told to work for the downfall of the Republic. It had to accept the Moscow *cliché* that Nazism was the last phase of monopolist capitalism: Hitler's victory would be the prelude to the Bolshevik grand opera which was to be staged when his brief reign was over.

The other enemy of democracy, virulent nationalism, was the direct outcome of the peace treaty. The Versailles treaty was unique in one respect: it never became "definite." Its harshest features had to be softened by continual patching. These remedial measures made it more and more bearable, but the repercussions of ever-recurrent negotiations never let the wounds heal. The lack of understanding for the sensitiveness of a vanquished people, the incapacity, especially of France, for realising that humiliating a fallen enemy is not a proof of strength, would have roused national resentment in a wiser people than the Germans. It flared up during the invasion of the Ruhr and gave the strongest impetus to the revival of militarism. It proved to a people which had revolted against militarism—for the German revolution had been anti-militarist not anti-capitalist—that an unarmed nation was helpless against invasion by an armed neighbour who was too frightened to be wise or generous. The policy of the German Government which

accepted the battle of the Ruhr was foolish. It made inflation incurable and led to the pauperisation of the middle class who had been one of the main supports of the Republic. This disaster prepared the ground in which both Nazism and Communism flourished. It roused a spirit of revenge and anti-Republicanism as nothing else could have done: Germany had been invaded because she was unarmed. For this disarmament the Republican Government could be held responsible, for it had signed the armistice which had been prepared for William II. It could not be trusted since it did not secure military equality by rearmament; treaties like Locarno offered little protection; they depended on interpretation and the Ruhr invasion had shown that interpretations vary.

The new German constitution will be safe only if a democratic majority is available at all times. At present the Christian Democrats and the Socialists practically control the electorate. In Western Germany as well as in the Eastern zone the "Russian party" has no weight. But it is well to remember that there was not a single Communist in the National Assembly which drafted the Weimar constitution. Russia will probably continue to hold Eastern Germany, which will be Communist-ruled, whatever the wishes of its people. Were Germany reunited to-day the Soviets would do everything possible to strengthen the Communists by hook or by crook. If social conditions do not improve considerably there is bound to be a broad pauperised residuum to which Communist slogans will be sweet music.

The strength of nationalism in the National Constituent Assembly of 1919 was small: about a fifth of its members could be called "nationalists," but most of them were moderate conservative monarchists. When the Nazis came to power the strength of this conservatism had dwindled to 7 per cent.; monarchism was almost dead. For the time being de-Nazification in its various stages will keep unregenerated Nazis from the polling booth, but it is hardly likely that the 10,000,000 expelled Germans who have been the victims of Polish or Czech nationalism will harbour no feelings of resentment or revenge. The future frame of mind of Germany does not depend on the conviction of British and American jurists that strict justice has been done in Germany; it is essential that the Germans are convinced of it.

In any case German democracy is safe only if it is not subject to simultaneous mass attacks from aggressive nationalism on the right and destructive communism on the left. The presence of armies of occupation can prevent outbreaks, but a democracy protected by foreign bayonets is not secure. In order to make it so the policy of holding down production capacity to the needs of German peace economy must be stopped. No outside Power—even if it is disinterested—can decree what are to be the needs of a democratic society's peace economy. Germany ought to pay reparations to her victims and contribute to their needs. But it should be done from surplus production and not by the uneconomic methods of wasting labour, time and material on pulling out and packing up plants and shipping them to countries who refuse to accept them because the machines are not quite new; they prefer to wait for better ones to be received from another pulling out.

Once a constitution has been adopted criminal prosecutions should cease except against those directly involved in bestialities. Nothing did more harm to the Weimar Republic than the demand for the extradition of war criminals. As it had not been raised in the armistice negotiations with the Imperial Government the enemies of the

Republic saw in its inclusion in the peace terms a proof of Republican weakness. Some criminals will escape, no doubt, when proceedings are stopped. Their number and their importance will probably be much smaller than the number of those who have successfully bamboozled the Allies, especially the Americans. As cleaning up has been undertaken by the Allies according to allied principles and allied methods they should get the credit and the discredit for what has been done. The new German Government should accept accomplished facts but not be expected to continue prosecutions.

A German democracy made to order of the Allied military command will find it hard enough to justify its existence. It can only flourish if the Allied Governments turn resolutely from destructive to constructive planning. In a period of world-wide scarcity the fear of plenty, which has evidently animated them, is no longer permissible. On November 9th, thirty years will have gone since the almost accidental birth of the Weimar Republic. Will the Allied Powers, according to whose specification a new German Republic is being built, be wise enough to ensure its survival?

M. J. BONN.

UNO AND THE COMMON MAN.

THE idea of popular representation in the international councils is slowly advancing. In the system of the League of Nations it had its development mainly in the International Labour Office. Both the Annual Labour Conference and the executive or Governing Body of the I.L.O. included a popular element. Representatives of workers and employers, chosen by the governments in consultation with the principal bodies of workers and employers, had an equal place with the delegates of the governments, and voted independently of them. For the rest of the League organisation, voluntary bodies had their part in many of the social activities, such as the assistance of refugees, the suppression of the traffic in women and children, and the efforts of the Health Organisation. They had no part, however, in the Assembly of the Council of the League. A link between the public and the League was provided by the League of Nations Union in many countries, most effectively in Great Britain. The Unions were combined in a federation which held an annual conference and put forward resolutions about any of the concerns of the League. The resolutions were passed to the Assembly and the Council, but no spokesman of the federation could appear before the League bodies to sponsor them.

The system of the United Nations allows of a more regular and permanent expression of non-official and non-governmental opinion. That is in part due to the growing recognition of the concern of the "common man" in international relations, and in part to the influence of the American democratic tradition. The Conference of San Francisco which drew up the Charter was attended by hundreds of observers of non-governmental associations, some international and some national. They lobbied and disseminated their literature, just as the pressure groups do in the American Congress. The Government of the United States invited the representatives of some fifty large organisations to appoint observers and form an advisory body to the official delegation; and the articles of the Charter about human rights are in large measure an outcome of the effort of these unofficial delegations.

The Charter indeed starts off, like the American Declaration of Independence, with a fine-sounding declaration: "We, the peoples of the United Nations, determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war . . . and to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women, and of nations large and small . . ." But more accurately, if inconsequently, the preamble ends: "Accordingly, our respective governments, through representatives assembled in the city of San Francisco, who have exhibited their full powers, found to be in good and due form, have agreed to the present Charter of the United Nations and hereby establish an international organisation to be known as the United Nations." The peoples were not represented directly at San Francisco, and they are not represented directly in the General Assembly of the United Nations.

The popular element in the new international order has received recognition, however, in the Economic and Social Council and in what are called the "specialised agencies" of the United Nations, the Food and Agriculture Organisation, the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation (Unesco), the World Health Organisation, as well as in the I.L.O. As soon as the Economic and Social Council was appointed by the first General Assembly in 1946 it was prescribed that certain non-governmental associations (known initially as N.G.A.s), should have a regular and defined status as consultants of the Council. They were to contribute from their special knowledge and experience to the multifarious activities, social, economic, humanitarian. And they were accorded a special consultative status.

Article 71 of the Charter provided for this new element in the international structure. "The Economic and Social Council may make suitable arrangements for consultation with non-governmental organisations which are concerned with matters within its competence." The arrangements may be made with individual organisations, and exceptionally with national organisations after consultation with the State to which they belong. The position of the N.G.A.s is distinguished in the Charter from that of the specialised agencies which "participate" in the work of the Economic and Social Council, though they too have no vote. Consultation is something less than participation, but it is something more than observation. The consultant bodies are divided into three categories, A, B and C. The A bodies are concerned in the greater part of the activities of the Council, and have close relations with the economic and social life of the regions which they represent. They include organisations of workers, employers, traders, cultivators and consumers. In fact, nine bodies have hitherto been invested with this status, and they are all international. They are the International Co-operative Alliance, the International Chamber of Commerce, the International Federation of Christian Trade Unions, the American Federation of Labour, the International Federation of Agricultural Producers, the International Organisation of Industrial Employers, the Inter-Parliamentary Union, the World Federation of United Nations Associations, and the World Federation of Trade Unions. The full consultative status accorded allows them to take part at all meetings of the Council and its commissions, to submit proposals for the agenda, to circulate memoranda and also to speak at the meetings. On the other hand, they have no part in private deliberations and have no vote.

The second category, the associations with B status, consists of those bodies—again mostly international—which have particular competence in, and which are occupied specially with, certain aspects of activity of the Council. Some sixty bodies have been accorded this status. They are a varied host, as diverse as the sixty members of the United Nations themselves. They include religious bodies of all communities, legal associations, economic and professional associations, societies for every kind of social endeavour, a group of women's, that is, feminist, societies, and international societies for peace. To take a few of the sixty as examples, we have the International Council of Women, the All-India Women's Conference, the Salvation Army, the International Law Association, the Consultative Council of Jewish Organisations, the Boy Scouts International Bureau, the Commission of the Churches on International Affairs, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, the International Federation for Housing and Town Planning and the International Statistical Institute.

The third category includes organisations which are particularly concerned with building up public opinion and disseminating information. It is much smaller than the second class, and at present comprises only five associations: the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches, the International Federation of Secondary School Teachers, the International Association of Lions Clubs—needless to say, this is an American creation—the World Organisation of the Teaching Profession and Rotary International.

The bodies with B and C status may send observers to public meetings of the Council and its commissions, submit memoranda on any subject which the Council is examining, but without assurance that their papers will be circulated in full to all the members, and, with the permission of the chairman, make oral statements before the Council or its Committees. The activity of the non-governmental associations has been most marked in relation to the Commission on Human Rights. That aspect of the work of the United Nations has from the outset received its strongest impulse from the non-official bodies; and at the meetings of the Commission at Lake Success and Geneva their spokesmen have taken a leading part.

The specialised agencies of the United Nations have each formulated in their constitution definite provisions about consultation with private bodies and voluntary agencies. It is manifest that the cultural, the social and the health work of these functional organs of the United Nations can only be fruitful if it is prepared in close consultation with those specialised leaders of opinion who have made a life study of the problems. The International Labour Office has maintained its system of direct representation of workers and employers. It was urged that Unesco should follow that example, and that delegations to its annual conference should be required to include representatives of the educational bodies of the nation. That proposal, however, was not adopted, but each government is asked to consult with a national committee about the composition of its delegation. One of the specialised agencies, the World Health Organisation, has prescribed that the scientific bodies who are consulted shall *participate* in the meetings. That seems to be a step in the right direction which the other agencies may follow.

Gradually a technique of consultation is being worked out and a new international order, if not yet an "estate" of the international realm, is being built up. It is the order of "Consultants," who are

appointed as the permanent representatives of the non-governmental bodies and have special offices in the international factory at Lake Success. They may be regarded as international *Spijs*, not gainfully employed, or more favourably as international Vips. Spontaneously a movement is growing for the closer co-operation of the non-governmental bodies in their approach to the organs of the United Nations. Two conferences of those vested with consultative status have been held, last year at Lake Success, this year at Geneva. At the second meeting the representatives of some fifty consultant bodies gathered in the august council chamber of the Palace of the Nations and examined proposals for their more effective organisation. The conference was later enlarged by the presence of the representatives of a still larger number of goodwill bodies who have not received the consultative status but who are recorded in the registers of the United Nations. Whether it helped to bring together the ardent delegates of over one hundred bodies, whose only common tie is an international sentiment, is questionable; and it has still to be proved whether the more restricted class of consultants with its seventy-five members is capable of concerted action and representation. There is a danger that philanthropy, which is common to them, may turn to philandery in relation to the whole effort of the United Nations. And there is another danger common in international assemblies: the use of long words and polysyllabic formulas whose content is in inverse proportion to their length. But the non-governmental associations, like the nations, must find their feet by trial and error.

The immediate outcome of the Geneva meeting in May was to appoint an interim committee composed of eighteen members, nine representing the consultant bodies of A status, and nine the rest, to formulate definite proposals for permanent consultation between each other, and for more effective approach to the Economic and Social Council and the other agencies of the United Nations. It may be suggested that one of the most valuable services which the bodies can render, individually or collectively, would be production of a dictionary of "*plain words*" to be used in international communications.

The non-governmental bodies have no effective part in the work of the Security Council or in the primary function of the United Nations, which is to maintain peace. Their consultative status is limited to the other function of the world society, which is "to achieve international co-operation in solving international problems of an economic, social, cultural or humanitarian character, and in promoting and encouraging respect for human rights and for fundamental freedoms." If the proposals for an international Bill of Human Rights are achieved they may have a vital part in implementing the rights. It has been made clear during the conferences on human rights that "implementation," as it is called, which means the international assurance and endorsement of the rights, is the crucial point. The mere statement of the rights, whether in a declaration of principles or in a covenant which defines more specific obligations, would have little value. The machinery which has been suggested for international assurance is the appointment of a Permanent Petitions Committee. The committee would receive petitions from individuals or groups complaining of denial or violation of the rights laid down in the international Bill, and would be authorised to negotiate with the governments impugned for removal of the grievance. If the negotiation and mediation failed, it could ask the Human Rights Commission to refer

the question for an advisory opinion to the International Court of Justice, or, if a bolder proposal—of Australia and India—were adopted, it would bring the question before a new International Court of Human Rights. The non-governmental body, it was submitted, may sponsor and support the petition of an individual or group, or itself submit a petition; and in view of its consultative status would be entitled to support the petition by written and oral argument before the committee and the court.

The delegate of France in the Human Rights Commission proposed, indeed, a striking innovation in international machinery, the appointment to the International Court of Justice of an Attorney-General, or *Ministère Public*, who would plead the case on behalf of the non-governmental body when the question was referred for an advisory opinion of the court. Whatever be the decision on these specific proposals, the principle appears to be gaining recognition that the voluntary bodies should be active protectors of human rights, supplementing the undertakings of the States and the bureaucratic efforts of the international Civil Service. The relative failure of the provisions in the peace treaties of 1919 for the protection of minorities by the League of Nations has enforced the lesson that the representatives of States alone cannot be relied on to guarantee the rights of individuals based on international conventions.

It is likely to be a year or two before the United Nations finally adopt an international statute of human rights. The General Assembly last year recommended hopefully that the International Bill, to be drawn up by the Economic and Social Council, should be presented to it at its third session this year. Now, however, the difficulties and complexities of the questions are better understood; and the British Government has been taking the lead in urging fuller study and preparation, and postponement of the reference to the Assembly. The non-governmental bodies have their full part in these preliminary stages; and they should have no less a share in making the Bill, when it becomes an International Act, a living letter. The main service which the bodies can render at present is to help the international legal system not only to regulate intercourse between States but also to assure the rights of everyday life and of the "common man."

NORMAN BENTWICH.

ATOMIC ENERGY AND MEDICINE.

THE USE OF RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPES AS TRACERS.

THE history of civilisation opens with the invention of fire. Recently the discoveries of atomic research disclosed another dynamic mystery of the universe—the source of an almost *stellar* energy hidden in the atomic nucleus. This discovery greatly transcends the physical sphere and has led to important developments in medical science. From the classic era of morphological cellular pathology (Virchow, 1855) medicine has been developing into molecular biology and pathology with a new and undreamed-of task to make atomic energy serve medical science.

Considering the whole series of chemical elements according to their atomic weight, i.e. according to the sum of electro-positive nuclear protons and electrically indifferent nuclear neutrons, we find the

various elements not isolated but combined in various groups with the exception of hydrogen, having the atomic weight 1. Arranging these groups we get the so-called periodic system of 92 elements. One of the heaviest elements is uranium (atomic weight 238). Most of them have no uniform structure. They are compositions showing a variable proportion of neutrons but a constant proportion of protons characteristic for each element and of the corresponding number of negative electrons moving around each atomic nucleus. In this electronic cover the chemical reactions peculiar to each element take place.

Occurrence of one single natural form is observed only in a few elements such as phosphorus and iodine, which are used very much in therapy; by high-power irradiation of iodine 11 radioactive modifications can be produced. The number of protons (atomic number) which assigns the place (*topos* in Greek) of the element in the periodic system and determines the chemical reactions remains the same (*isos* in Greek) in all artificial modifications of one element (for instance in the case of iodine 53). These modifications are therefore called "isotopes." The 40 natural radioactive elements such as radium have an intermediate position. Radium is distinguished by a fission process which extends over milliards of years, resulting in the stable final product, lead, after having delivered 10 protons and 20 neutrons of the uranium in a series of 16 links. Some of these intermediate phases have the same number of protons and thus the same chemical behaviour as the stable elements thallium (radium C'), lead (radium B and C), and bismutum (radium C and E).

Here Hevesy and his school (Paneth and others) began their fundamental researches on metabolism and tumours in 1913. The radioactive isotopes are *chemically inseparable* from their inactive isotopes, which means following all reactions of the latter. Originally Hevesy's ingenious tracing method by means of radioactive isotopes only covered lead and bismutum. It could be widely enlarged, however, by two new factors:

(1) By the subtle refinement of radiometrical methods. In 1928 Geiger-Müller constructed his counter, which enables us by a simple and bloodless method to hear and register automatically quantities of radiations even if biologically ineffective. One radioactive atom may label traces, even one billionth of a gramme of its inactive isotope, comparable to the action of a dyestuff. When introduced into the organism the radiant isotope follows everywhere as detector its inactive original element to which it is associated. Utilising this method minimal traces of a marked substance which are no longer comprehensible by chemical analysis can be accurately measured according to their content of activity.

(2) By increasing the energy of radiation by means of accelerating machines such as the cyclotron (Lawrence), the betatron (Wideroe), the synchrotron, the supercyclotron, artificial radioactivity may be produced with most elements of the periodic system. By means of these machines about a further 500 artificial radiant isotopes can be added to the 300 isotopes existing in nature.

(3) In 1938 Otto Hahn and his associates by means of irradiation with neutrons succeeded in breaking up the less heavy uranium nucleus (U 235) into light and medium heavy fragment pairs (representing about 34 radiant elements), and, furthermore, in transforming

the heavy uranium nucleus ($U\ 238$) into the radiant transuranic elements neptunium, plutonium, americium and curium, which do not exist in nature. By constructing the so-called uranium graphite piles more radiant matter could be gained. Here spontaneously under the inflaming influence of the cosmic rays, fission of the uranium 235 nucleus takes place thereby creating two or three neutrons which produce in their turn more nuclear fissions, and hereby further emission of neutrons. This process is repeated in the form of a chain reaction like an avalanche. The quantity of fission products increases so much as to become ponderable.

Recently the following 21 radioactive isotopes have been obtainable for international biological and clinical research of which six are chemically pure ("separated isolated"): carbon, iodine, phosphorus, sulphur, calcium, strontium; and 15 "irradiated units": antimon, argon, arsenic, bromide, calcium, chlorine, cobalt, copper, gold, iron, mercury, potassium, silver, sodium and zinc. The isotopes will be distributed by the Atomic Energy Commission at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, under the direction of Professor Aebersold. Following the discovery of the nuclear energies scientists of all civilised nations collaborated in gaining fundamental knowledge on the different branches of physico-chemistry, biology of plants and animals, human physiology and therapy. An enormous literature shows the result of these studies, especially of those made on a large scale in the universities and research institutes of U.S.A.

From the medical point of view the present state of radio-isotopy can be classified in two groups: indicator diagnostics and indicator therapy. For *indicator diagnostics* the minimal radioactivity which forms a weightless component of the injected test substances will be applied solely as a "tracer" which can be followed and measured without being a biological factor. In the *indicator therapy* the chemical remedy will be accompanied by ponderable quantities of its radiant isotope and conducted to its selective deposit place in the organism; a combined *chemo-actinic* effect will be obtained. Like a common remedy the injected substance will be bound chemically by determined receiver molecules (receptors) which lie inside or outside a cell; simultaneously the physical radio irritations will be carried to the cell. Thus the pharmaco-dynamic effect in the place where the remedy is absorbed is composed both of chemical energy and the co-directed radiant energy.

The indicator diagnostics (radioactive tracers in biology).

Light will be thrown on complicated problems of biochemistry of the organism by radiomarking the microchemically hardly measurable "specific tracing substances" which are very efficacious for the processes of life. The organism is composed of 20 elements. Out of these there is no possibility, however, of using the active isotopes of oxygen and nitrogen because of their short lifetime (seconds to minutes). Research therefore concentrates more on long-living radio-isotopes such as carbon, phosphorus, sodium (sodium chloride), sulphur, potassium, calcium, iron, copper and heavy hydrogen.

The purpose of these studies is:

- (a) The examination of the very complicated processes of life, such as respiration, oxydation and reduction, circulation-time, metabolism of albumen, fat, salt, mineral, hydrogen and carbohydrate, synthesis, and dissociation of the various elements,

inner and external secretion, reactions of immunity, formation of blood, etc.

- (b) Research on germ-poisons and on influences on the structure of chromosomes (division of the nucleus, influence on the genetic nuclear part, etc.), which are important for the biological study of heredity.
- (c) The analysis of imponderable substances such as the ferments, vitamins, hormones, especially those of the thyroidea and of the adrenal gland; analysis of allergens (histamin), of toxins, and of remedies; analysis of tracing elements of medicinal springs.
- (d) Obtaining fundamental knowledge about the time and place aspects, the qualitative and quantitative distribution of substances injected into the body in various ways. Particularly valuable were the researches on the absorption, distribution and the specifically chemoelective deposition of these substances in certain organs, on the kind and duration of retention and elimination of various elements, especially of the tracing elements such as copper, iron, arsenic, iodine and the various germ poisons. Iodine, manganese and thorium X show a specific affinity to the thyroid gland; sulphur to the joints; arsenic, zinc and lead to the germ-glands; copper to the lungs; cobalt and nickel to the pancreas; thorium X, phosphorus, strontium to the blood-forming places; iron to the red blood corpuscles; radon to the lipoids.
- (e) To show that the chemical elements as regards affinity towards certain organs behave comparably to the various microbes (bacteria, vira) and to the so-called specific remedies.

Till now, determination of the therapeutic, toxic and lethal dosing of very efficacious remedies was only possible by clinical experience and biological experiments; regarding the chemical measurableness only approximative values could be obtained. It was the research of radio-isotopes and the extraordinarily fine radiometry which opened the new epoch of planned pharmacology.

Intracellular and extracellular regulations and oxydo-reductive functions of the cell can be influenced already by small modifications of the atomic grouping.

The organism represents a state of billions of cells, and the living cell is a state of billions of molecules. Corresponding to the manner, time and phase of its function the resistance, i.e. stability or liability to external influences, will be very variable. By means of the finest division of matter into a colloid system of "elemental units" (atomic aggregates) nature solved the most ingenious problem of vitality, that of obtaining the largest area of reaction by using the least amount of space. These ultramicroscopic substances such as proteins, for instance, which are joined to fluid media, and salts (electrolyts) form the highly sensitive workshops of metabolism and the molecular points of attack of chemical and radiant energy (Dessauer's point theory).

The specific nature of remedies and substances is due to the different attractive power of the various organic molecules to the molecules which are introduced. Minimal doses of thor X, for instance, can activate in cases of pernicious anæmia the function of the bone marrow,

or in cases of underfunction of the adrenal glands the function of these glands; larger dosages, however, will cause progressively degenerative modifications. The biochemical distribution of artificially radioactive substances to the various organs varies according to their specific affinity to the introduced chemical isotopes; however, no difference will be found in the atomic absorption sphere between the effects of beams such as the natural alpha corpuscles, the beta electrons or gamma photons and the highly energetic protons, deuterons or neutrons emitted by accelerating machines. By stimulation respectively by ionisation of atoms chiefly or in nuclear hits all beams produce a biochemical alteration of groups by primary or secondary effect (neutrons). Therefore regarding the species of beams there is no specific reaction. Already minimal change of atomic groups or of the concentration of hydrogenic ions are sufficient to change the biological effect; especially known is the susceptibility of ferments, hormones and vitamins.

From this it follows that the *indicator diagnostics* are very important and extensive, especially as regards the knowledge of specific distribution of remedies in the various organs and the studies on the specific molecular connection of biological elementary units with substances of various character.

As to the *isotopic therapy* on the other hand the hitherto existing experiments give no decisive reason to consider it as a compensation of equal or superior value for the well-known and long-tested methods of radium-therapy or X-ray-therapy.

Phosphorus has a specific affinity to quickly growing tissues. Leucemic infiltrats, lymphatic glands, spleen, liver and bone marrow have a rather large capacity to absorb phosphorus. Phosphorus-isotope was introduced into therapy of the chronic forms of myeloid and lymphatic leukaemia by John H. Lawrence in 1939.

The results hitherto obtained by this internal beta-therapy are equal to those obtained by the well-known alpha-therapy (thor X), which has been tested many times, or by the external therapy with radium gamma rays or with X-rays. As with radium or X-ray therapy no permanent cure could be obtained by using radiophosphorus; in chronic forms of this disease, however, and, by observing a very careful technique and regarding constantly the general conditions, remission of symptoms, prolongation of life and improvements could be obtained similar to the above-mentioned radiations.

In polycythæmia vera rubra, a disease distinguished by overproduction of red blood corpuscles, the resistance of the blood factories in the bone marrow requires increase of dosages which, on the other hand, increases the risk of injury such as decay of the more radio-sensitive white blood corpuscles (leucopenia) and of the blood platelets (thrombocytopenia) and as pernicious anæmia. Compared with radium distance therapy of bones and with Roentgen distance treatment of the whole body, no better results could be obtained by employing radiophosphorus.

For many years the relation between *iodine* and the thyroid gland has been well known because of the iodine prophylaxis of goitre diseases, the so-called myxoedema, cretinism, further as a pre-operative treatment of hyperthyroidism and of Basedow's disease. Essentially iodine deposits occur in active and hyperfunctionary thyroid tissues but not in myxoedema or cancer.

This is of great interest for differential diagnostics. In auto-photographs of preparations of thyroid cancer, cancerous islands could be observed which were free of iodine, and which lay in the midst of non-cancerous thyroid tissue with deposits of iodine. Only in very rare cases such as in the Basedow cancer do hyperfunctioning thyroid cells with high metabolism remain in the cancerous tissue, storing up iodine too.

Very much had been expected of the treatment of bone tumours with *strontium*. Strontium will be deposited in bone tumours but also in healthy bone substance, consequently involving a risk of injury to the defence capacity of healthy tissues which are most important for cure. Because of its long life-span (about 500 days) strontium remains for a long time in the bone system, where, as a result of the weak continual irritation, after about 200 days malignant tumours with metastases (extensions to other organs) may be produced, as shown by experiments on animals.

The indicator-diagnostics has greater importance for showing the way to chemotherapy of accurately located morbid foci or processes than its radioactivity has for therapeutics.

Especially in the bifocal therapy employed by the author in introducing an organophil substance such as iodine, for instance in diseases of the thyroid gland combined with external irradiation of the morbid focus by means of radium gamma beams, an analogous additional effect can be obtained. By utilising simultaneously internal chemical impregnation of the morbid focus and external directed focal irradiation, the risk of depositing radiant material in healthy organic parts will be avoided; the radium effect, controlled as to time and location, will be transferred to the morbid focus which in parts is chemically injured, that is made more radiosensitive. As the gamma rays are transformed in the tissue into beta rays (Compton effect), the effect of the external continual radium irradiation may resemble that obtained by depositing primary beta rays in form of radio-isotopes. The most important task is to find specific selective substances for certain *pathologic processes*, especially carcinotropic substances. Hitherto substances could be found with affinity towards certain organs, but not with specific tumour affinity, which would be capable of destroying only cancerous cells without injuring simultaneously the healthy neighbouring tissue or the organism on which the curative reactions of defence depend.

Thus the problem of cancer therapy remains primarily one of organisation. It consists of preventing occupational cancers, of removing chronic morbid processes or continual irritations which are known to produce cancer, of early recognition of the preliminary stages, the so-called "precanceroses," and of the initial stages where the efficient synthesis of surgery and radiation therapy could result in lasting cure. Hitherto the expectation of increasing the curability of cancer by using large quantities of radioactive isotopes or irradiation with neutrons, both of which were thought to be a "new and plentiful substitute for radium," has not been fulfilled.

Two points have to be distinguished: (a) the enormous energies necessary for *primary* and extended radioactivation of atomic nuclei obtained in powerful accelerating machines comparable to energies of kilograms of radium, and (b) the therapeutically applicable beams which in a further process are produced from the radioactive intermediary stage.

In artificial radioactivation the *quantitative* gain of radiant substances is much larger; in general, however, its qualitative intensity does not equal the spontaneous energy of natural radioactivity. In natural as in artificial radiation the absorbed radiant energy will be the decisive therapeutical agent. Since only relatively small quantities of radium have been necessary for obtaining healing with radium-therapy (in intratumoural treatment and in contact-treatment of uterus cancer, for instance, only milligrams are applied, and in distance-therapy only a few grammes), according to the results so far obtained even larger quantities of radium or of radioactive substances will not essentially augment the help for patients who have to be treated with these substances. The therapeutic superiority of the radium family over the 21 synthetic radio-isotopes which have been hitherto released from Government restrictions for the purpose of research is due to the following reasons:

(1) Radium perpetually produces a radioactive gas, the *emanation* or radon, which is applicable in three forms as alpha, beta or gamma therapy. Within a year from six grammes of radium approximately 300 "Curie" emanation-units can be extracted.

Alpha therapy in quantities of some millionth Curie will be applied internally by inhalations, drinking radioactive water, bathing in radioactive spas in cases of chronic diseases such as arthritis, gout, rheumatoses, chronic exsudats (effusion), neuralgia, neuritis, etc. Externally alpha therapy will be utilised in dermatology in the form of ointment such as thorium X-ointment in various cases of chronic ulcerations, in X-ray ulcers and ulcers of the thigh, in psoriasis and pruritus.

In beta and gamma therapy radon has been melted into capillaries, so-called "caustic curves," to be employed for peritumoural and intratumoural dispersion; furthermore for intracavitary treatment of cancer of the uterus external application takes place in forms adapted to the various morbid processes. Radon is applicable in the same way as radium and can be employed at the patient's home. None of the synthetic radio-isotopes can take the place of the large sphere of action of emanation therapy.

(2) Radium therapy (including the radioactive elements mesothorium, radiothorium and thorium X) allows the threefold mode of application with alpha, beta and gamma-beams. There the ionisation effects are as 10,000 to 100 to 1.

The alpha therapy of radium (90 per cent. of the total radium irradiation) will be utilised externally (laquer plaques) or internally in the form of a single application of 1/300 mg. radiothorium for instance, or in cases of pernicious anæmia in the form of repeated applications of 1/100 mg. thorium X, in chronic leukæmia in doses of 1/10 mg. Beta radiation will be utilised in weakly filtered radium tubes or in small thorium X-sticks.

The gamma irradiation, which represents about 5 per cent. of the total, is utilised in the form of thin tubes filtered with 0.5 mm. to 1 mm. platinum for application inside as well as outside the morbid focus or at a distance in the telecurietherapy.

Radium with its half-lifetime of 1,590 years (i.e. the time in which the intensity decreases by half) cannot be replaced; at the most it can be supplemented by longer-living radio-isotopes such as cobalt (half-lifetime 5.3 years) or sodium (half-life three years). Cobalt and sodium, however, emit beta and gamma beams of much less energy. Thorium C' and radium C, on the contrary, emit much more

intensive gamma radiation. However radium-cobalt is much more expensive pro unit than radium ; it costs 33 dollars.

(3) Dosages. Practically radium is a constant element. As to time and space (pro cm^2 and cm^3), to energy and intensity, it is exact and uniform ; it can be adapted to the location and pathology of each morbid focus ; it can be regulated according to individual reactions and complications. It is always at hand, having the same content of energy ; it can be dosed and varied according to the vitality factor, that is the radiosensibility of the tissue. According to the conditions and reactions of each case the whole scale of effects can be developed by the same unwasting physical medicament, radium, as by any chemical remedy, such as hyperæmic stimulation of underfunction or inhibition of hyperfunction, or permanent sterilisation (by carefully dosed gamma irradiation in cases of myomas or of malignant tumours).

On the other hand with radio-isotopes it will be more difficult to maintain each time the precise individual therapeutic dose and to vary it according to the situation, pathology and reaction of each case. Furthermore, an exact knowledge of the nature of the isotopes in question is essential. Iodine, for instance, has eleven types of radio-isotopes which differ from each other in the mode of production, duration of life, kind and energy of radiation and their final state.

For *internal* application practically only the isotopes of medium duration such as those from phosphorus (living 14.3 days) come into question. Short-lived beams with half-lives of seconds, minutes or a few hours will fade away on the way from the place of production to that of application. With long-living preparations with a life of months or years there is danger of continual cumulative irritation of the selective deposits ; as a result late injuries and malignant tumours with metastases (extensions) can be found as proved by experiments on animals. The possibility of gaining radio-isotopes in the uranium piles on a large scale should not lead to prescriptions at random and to excessive dosage, a danger of which Professor P. C. Aebersold has uttered a warning. Subsequent injuries due to inexact therapy with radio-isotopes are increasing ; they could be prevented by following up the experimental stage of radium therapy described in the literature and also by the present writer in his *Handbook on Radium Biology and Therapy* (1913) and on the whole of *Radio-therapy* (two volumes, 1930).

As found in animal experiments radio injuries and radio mortality occur under the following conditions : On the skin burnings, ulcers, loss of hair are observed ; on radiosensitive organs like the blood system decrease of the white and red blood corpuscles can be found, degeneration of the blood-forming places, anæmia ; on the male and female sex glands sterility, injuries of the heredity system resulting in modifications appearing even after several generations, birth abortion, etc. occur. Fragility of the small vessels in the brain, intestines and kidneys, and decreased resistance to infections (such as pneumonia) are also observed.

Clinically and pathologically the same phenomena could be found, enormously multiplied, in the victims of the atomic bomb. Different are the late manifestations due to chronic irritation to which many radiologists, X-ray technicians, workmen in radio-active luminous paint industries or mines of radioactive ores succumb. These " professional injuries " due to long-lasting weak irritations occur partially

as pernicious anæmia or leukæmia, partially as cancer of the skin or of the lungs and bones (professional cancer).

The possibility of obtaining enormous quantities of *neutron* beams raised new hopes. Neutrons, however, can only be produced in very large machines supplied with large protective constructions and can be utilised only at the place of production, facts which render the treatment of serious cases very difficult. Moreover the final effect is the same as obtained by other ionisators. The neutrons deliver accelerated protons producing in their turn secondary ionisation.

Biologically the fast neutrons have an effect two and a half times stronger than X-rays. Thus the danger of injuries in deeply located healthy organs is increasing, as proved by experiments on animals. Unlike X-rays and gamma rays the neutronic effect increases with the depth of the tissue in consequence of an increasing transformation of the accelerated into slow neutrons which are completely absorbed.

Without anticipating the possible future development of treatment of cancer with the neutron and radio-isotope therapy, the actual phase of this therapy does not entitle us to approve this method as a leading cancer remedy. Owing to the short period of observation conclusive results could not be obtained until now; numerous further experiments on healthy and cancerous animals are necessary before these new therapeutic methods may be described as a complete substitute for radium therapy. On the other hand, incalculable therapeutic possibilities are hidden in the new supervolt-X-ray apparatus for depth therapy of 1 to 10 million volts and in the betatron producing ultra-hard gamma rays of 30 million volts.

For many years physicists, biologists, chemists and physicians have studied the scientific and practical elements of radium therapy in the various regions of medicine, especially in dermatology, surgery, gynæcology and internal medicine. Many thousands of cancerous patients, hitherto considered incurable, have been cured in radium hospitals all over the world by a perfect and almost wholly safe technique.

Every method of treatment of diseases which are difficult to cure, especially chronic diseases requiring a long and expensive treatment, must be accessible even to the poorest patient. For the above-mentioned reasons the production of radio-isotopes is extremely expensive. Radium, however, requires only an initial outlay; its working expenses are relatively small. Thus, for the present, isotopic therapy should be applied only in cases in which the existing methods of radio-therapy are unsuccessful.

It would be advisable not to use all the uranium for the construction of atom power-stations or uranium-piles but to reserve part for the production of the old well known and well established radioactive agencies. The good results of radium therapy will be most speedily attained if they are the common property of the whole medical world and thus become obtainable for all patients at an early and curable stage.

The utilisation of the immense atomic energy on a large scale will be achieved by *atomic power-stations* which aim at substituting the immense caloric production for coal in all spheres of the light, heating and electric industries. It will be possible to erect *long-distance lighting and heating stations* for big towns and for the whole country,

especially for big factories, hospitals, churches, etc.; *stations for sterilisation* of drinking water, milk, etc., for fighting insect pests, for preventing infections; for amelioration of the climate and the increase of sunshine in dark valleys by blowing-up mountain-tops and glaciers.

Another problem is the *cultivation* of poor soil and deserts by using radioactive tracing substances like copper, sodium, phosphorus, potash, etc. The result will be a stimulation of the radioactivity of the manure substances, of the seed, or of the soil. Stocklasa has described an increased production of flowers and fruit and of the harvest by treating with very small quantities of natural radioactive substances and radon. Super-stimulation would cause the contrary effect: The increase of the yield of the harvest and the acceleration of the growth of undamaged trees at Hiroshima is thought to be the result of the radioactivation of the soil. Increased fertility of maize, wheat and turnips, for instance, could be obtained in the agricultural experimental station at Salt Lake City by manuring with radioactive sulphur ("vitamisation of the soil").

Without doubt, the modification of the conditions of labour, more hygienic life conditions on a large scale, the increase of the produce of the soil, of plants and breeding animals will cause a reform of the environment in town and country and consequently an important amelioration of the public health.

By making accessible the atomic nuclear energies and by their natural and artificial production the genius of man obtained an unexpected insight into the parallelism of the organisation of the stellar macrocosmos and the atomic microcosmos. The law of harmony of the eternal and infinite cosmic system will be reflected in the world of atoms only intellectually conceivable with its powerful real might of imponderables such as protons, neutrons, deuterons, helions, electrons, photons and mesons originating from cosmic spheres which can now be also artificially produced. Overwhelmed by the consciousness of being an actor, master even of stellar energies, instead of merely a passive product of creation, man will be tempted to identify himself with the World Mind. But the superman, regarding himself as the master of the forces of nature, continues to be the slave of his atavistic aggressive impulses. Thus all scientists of all countries and all branches, especially the physicians, the natural trustees of humanity, have the duty of serving also a higher, impersonal mission—to save mankind from the tragic fate of its destructive furies by the humanisation of culture, not restricting themselves to the curative and constructive utilisation of the immense atomic energies but also serving spiritually suffering mankind by developing the higher and mostly still latent mental powers. Only through these powers can a real new ethical epoch of civilisation be created. The ethical inspiration of science ought, can and must help to form a better destiny for mankind. *Ex scientia et caritate lux!*

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This article is the second and concluding part of a study by the same author which appeared in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW in October 1947 on *Radioactive Atomic Energy and Medicine*.

MARIA THERESA AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.

II. THE DAUPHINE AND THE FAVOURITE.

MARIE ANTOINETTE had been dispatched to France in order to keep the Austrian alliance in repair, a task which demanded above all the favour of the King. This, in turn, necessitated tolerable relations with the Favourite, who was *persona ingratisissima* at Vienna on the dual ground of her character and her association with the anti-Choiseul clique. Louis XV greatly preferred the Dauphine to his unloving daughters, whose loathing for the du Barry was unconcealed, but as she grew to maturity it became increasingly difficult for the monarch to tolerate a virtual boycott of the *maitresse en titre*. The intimacy with the aunts, above all with Mme Adelaide, filled the Ambassador and the Empress with alarm. In the summer of 1771, more than a year after the marriage of his grandson, the King decided to act. Mme de Noailles was informed that the Dauphine talked too freely and that such conduct might produce evil results in the Royal Family. The message was delivered to the fair offender, who promptly informed her aunts and the Abbé. The latter passed it on to Mercy, and Mercy to the Empress. At this point Kaunitz himself felt it necessary to intervene, for grave issues were at stake. "To fail in consideration for one enjoying the favour of the King," he wrote to the Ambassador, "is to fail in consideration for the King himself, and offensive remarks would be even worse. Such persons should be regarded simply as objects of the confidence and favour of the sovereign—one should not inquire whether rightly or wrongly. Prudence points to the same tactics, for they can make mischief. I cannot believe that the Dauphine, gentle and sensible as she is, has not grasped all this, so I feel she has been blamed to excess. Since, however, the King believes it, I think she should see him at once and tell him she is ready to do his bidding."

When this letter was read to the Dauphine she replied that an interview was needless; she would be so careful that no further cause of complaint would arise. Such a negative attitude, however, was not enough, and the tension increased from day to day. Though she continued to meet the Favourite at balls, at cards, and at the royal table, not a glance indicated that she was aware of her existence. The indolent ruler had always detested scenes, and he dreaded a talk in which the future Queen of France would be commanded to speak to his mistress. Accordingly Mercy was summoned by the Foreign Minister, and, to his surprise, was received in the apartments of the Favourite herself. After a few words the latter entered the room and explained that it was a calumny to attribute to her hostility to the Dauphine. A few minutes later the King appeared, remarking to his visitor: "Hitherto you have been the Ambassador of the Empress, but now I beg you to be mine for a time." The Dauphine, he continued, was charming, but young, impulsive, and married to a man incapable of guiding her. She gave ear to the evil counsels of certain persons and allowed herself to be mixed up in all sorts of intrigues. The Ambassador was urged to work for a change. Mesdames were not mentioned, but for that there was no need.

In reporting this momentous interview Mercy played his trump card: the alliance, he argued, was at stake. Capitulation was

inevitable, and the angry girl promised to follow his advice. A day or two later, the scene having been prepared by the Ambassador, she was on the point of speaking to the Favourite when Mme Adelaide intervened with the words: "It is time for us to go and await the King in the apartments of my sister Victoire." The Dauphine's nerve failed, and she subsequently apologised to Mercy, alleging her fear of displeasing her aunt. Conversations with the Favourite, reported Mercy to the Empress, convinced him that, though mindless and frivolous, she was not malicious, and that a single word from the Dauphine would remove many difficulties. The Ambassador's frequent references to her indeed are by no means unfriendly. Her appearance and manners were reasonably refined, and, unlike the Pompadour, she was politically unambitious. The King was as hurt as the Favourite who had been publicly snubbed. "Well, M. de Mercy," he exclaimed, "your counsels have not borne fruit. I must come to your aid." But the Dauphine had a will of her own, and months passed before her surrender.

Marie Antoinette was more afraid of her mother than of the King, and the next letter from Vienna, as she expected, brought a stinging rebuke. "The aunts have never won the respect of their family or of the public, and you choose to follow their lead. This fear and embarrassment about speaking to the King, the best of fathers, and of speaking to persons to whom you are advised to speak! This fear of saying even *Bon jour*! Even a word about clothes, about some trifle, causes you to make a wry face. You have allowed yourself to be enslaved to such an extent that your reason and sense of duty are numbed. I cannot keep silence after Mercy's conversation with you about the King's wishes and your duty. You failed him, and what good reason can you allege? None. You must regard the du Barry merely as a lady admitted to the society of the King. As his first subject you owe him obedience and submission. You owe an example to the Court and the courtiers that the will of your master should prevail. If degradation or familiarity were demanded of you, neither I nor anyone would suggest it. But some commonplace word, some little attention, not for the lady but for your grandfather, your master, your benefactor! And you fail him in such a marked manner at the first opportunity of obliging him and displaying your attachment, which will not so soon recur! For whose sake? For a shameful complaisance for people who have subjugated you by treating you like a child, in arranging rides for you, playing with children and dogs, etc. Such are the ties which attach you to them in preference to your master, and which in the long run will make you an object of ridicule, neither loved nor esteemed. You made such a good start: your judgment, when not dominated by others, is always for the true and the good. Follow Mercy's advice. What interest has he or I except your happiness and the welfare of the State? You are afraid of speaking to the King but not of disobeying or disobliging him. You may postpone verbal explanations with him for a short time, but I demand that you convince him by every action of your respect and affection and by seeking every occasion to please him." She authorised Mercy to withhold her letter if he thought best, but he decided to present it.

The Dauphine's reply displays praiseworthy self-control. "Firstly I am in despair that you believe all the lies you are told from here in preference to Mercy and myself. I have several reasons for believing that the King does not really wish me to speak to the du Barry, apart

from the fact that he has never mentioned it to me. He is friendlier than ever since he learned that I had declined. If you were here and could see everything which goes on, you would realise that this woman and her clique would not be content with a word but would always press for more. Be assured that I am in no need of being led by anyone in matters of honour. To show you the injustice of the friends of the du Barry I must tell you that I did speak to her at Marly. I do not say I never will, but I cannot agree to do so at a fixed time in order that she may announce it in advance and put a feather in her cap." The reference to the Ambassador reveals her ignorance of the fact that her mother's strictures were based on his reports.

Mercy now dispatched a reassuring bulletin. "In certain ways she improves from day to day—in her deportment, in a little more application, infinitely more in her French. Everything denotes a fine character, truthfulness, sound judgment. Only the vivacity of youth and the unreasonable insinuations of Mesdames cloud these excellent qualities." Despite this testimonial the next note from Vienna returned to the charge. "What troubles me is your silence about the aunts, which was the main point in my letter and is the cause of all your mistakes. Does my advice and affection deserve less return than theirs? I confess this thought pierces me to the heart. Compare their rôle and reputation with mine. So you should believe me in preference when my advice conflicts with theirs. I am not comparing myself with these respected princesses, whom I value for their solid qualities, but I must repeat that they have won neither the esteem of the public nor the affection of their family. By letting themselves be led by others they have rendered themselves odious, disagreeable and bored, the object of bickerings and cabals. I see you going the same way and am I to keep silence? I love you too much for that. Your studied silence has hurt me and gives little hope of change." Her daughter quietly replied that she did not follow their lead, and that their faults were exaggerated.

At the close of 1771 there was encouraging news of the Dauphin. "In the last few weeks," reported Mercy, "his attitude has improved out of all recognition, and his attentions amount to gallantry; little caresses, an eagerness to be with her and to anticipate her wishes, a tenderness which seems to increase from day to day. Recently the King observed jokingly in the family circle that his only hope for the succession was the Comte d'Artois. The Dauphin turned to his aunt Mme Victoire and said with a smile: "My grandfather does not think much of me, but he will soon be proved wrong." It was also good news that the King had lunched with the Dauphine, had made a long stay, and seemed in excellent spirits. In discussing with the Ambassador her mother's reproaches, she confessed to little failings of hastiness and levity, adding that if she could see everything which went on she would forgive her. She was well aware of the faults and shallowness of her aunts, but they were all the society she had. Far more important was it that a measure of affection for her husband had been gradually added to respect. One day, after a scene with the Comte de Provence, she embraced him with the words: "I feel I love you more every day. The more I compare you with others the more I realise your superiority." After eighteen months of matrimony they were at last beginning to be friends—friends but nothing more.

It was the custom at Versailles for the ladies of the Court to pay their respects to the Royal Family on New Year's Day. Learning

that the du Barry proposed to follow that practice the anxious Ambassador hurried to the Dauphine on the last day of 1771. "I tried every imaginable means of persuading her not to snub the Favourite," he reported, "and it was only with great difficulty that I secured her promise. The main point was that Mesdames were not consulted." Next day, when she appeared with two other ladies, the Dauphine, looking at her visitor without embarrassment, remarked to her: "*Il y a bien du monde aujourd'hui à Versailles.*" It had been a severe ordeal. "I followed your advice," she remarked to Mercy; "here is the Dauphin to bear witness." The young man smiled but said nothing. "I have spoken once," she continued, "but I am resolved to stop there, and that woman will not hear my voice again." Her vow was impossible to keep literally, but never again was a remark addressed directly and solely to her. Mercy expressed his congratulations and advised his sovereign to do the same. The incident, he added, had produced the expected benefit. The same evening the King embraced her, while Mesdames reproached her so sharply that she almost repented her act.

Her mother's satisfaction, as usual, was decidedly grudging. "Your agitation after these few words and your saying that it cannot be repeated alarms me. Who can give you better advice or better deserve your confidence than my Minister who knows everything about France? His sole object is your welfare. I repeat, my dear daughter, if you love me, follow his advice *without hesitation* in everything. If he wishes you to repeat your attentions to the lady or to the Comte and Comtesse de Provence, remember that he knows best how to avoid trouble." Alike in her high sense of public duty, her authoritarian ways, and her inability to realise that her children were growing up, there was a good deal of Queen Victoria about the Empress Maria Theresa.

The best news for Vienna in the opening months of 1772 was that the Dauphine, as Mercy reported on February 20, 1772, resolved to shake off the yoke of the aunts. "She is now on terms of easy friendship with them, but she reflects and decides for herself. No one leads her." She was reading more and her excellent memory retained what she read. She enjoyed books on French history and could remain two or three hours in her apartments. At times the Abbé read aloud while she busied herself with needlework. She took dancing lessons and gave time to her music. Yet there were still moments of boredom which drove her to the society of her aunts, who seized the occasion to win support for the ambitions of their *protégés*, some of whom the Ministers could not possibly approve. "I explained to her that all this was visibly compromising her reputation and even her sense of justice. In many cases, yielding to importunity, she allowed the use of her name to support this or that request without knowledge of the details. I strongly disapprove of such surprises, and in two or three little instances I was so successful in making her feel the dangers of such abuses that she is resolved to abstain. I am continually reminding her that to maintain her position she must absolutely avoid any request contrary to good order or to the interest of a third party, since in favouring one person there is a risk of disobliging others, committing injustices, and embarrassing the Ministers." Those chiefly concerned were the Ministers of Finance and War, both of whom bowed to her requests. For the Duc d'Aiguillon, the Foreign Minister who had succeeded Choiseul, she could scarcely hide her dislike, and

the Ambassador who was the guardian of the alliance advised a little more consideration.

Marie Antoinette loved and revered her mother but found her admonitions a sore trial. "All Your Majesty's letters," wrote Mercy in June, 1772, "have been received with respect, but at least as much with fear. No mother has had so much right to speak with authority, and on several occasions I have recalled this great truth when the letters upset her. She admitted it in principle, but she felt she was not much loved and would always be treated with severity. The latest letters have removed this prejudice, and Your Majesty can rely on guiding her in all the essentials of her position." Her influence on the Dauphin, he added, was clearly increasing; she talked to him quite naturally about his faults and with excellent results. There was nothing more to desire except that the union should bear fruit. Meanwhile she was prudent and patient. That she spent less time with the aunts and more with the Comte and Comtesse de Provence was good news. The King was very fond of her, but she might well be a little more considerate. More serious was her inability to resist pressure from or on behalf of unworthy applicants for favours.

On the last day of 1772 the Empress fired another of her broadsides. She had often expressed disapproval of her daughter's riding to the hunt, for fear of accidents, and scolded her for evading the desired response. It was the silence, more than the riding, which hurt her. "Why should I wish to deprive you of such an innocent pleasure, I who would sacrifice my life to give you pleasure, if I did not fear the consequences? Since the King and the Dauphin approve, I have nothing more to say." Passing from personal to political topics the Empress, ever mindful of the fragility of the alliance, returned to the most unsavoury topic of all. "With the old year I conclude my sermons. You will do me injustice if you do not take them as the greatest mark of my tenderness and lively interest in your future welfare which is always in my thoughts. I am hoping to hear the result of my counsels about your attitude to the Favourite. You must not content yourself with abstaining from attacks. You must treat her with courtesy and speak to her as to any other lady received at Court. This you owe to the King and to myself; you owe no account of your actions to anyone else. I do not wish you to be degraded or dominated by others. Take care! The balance, once upset, is impossible—or only with great effort—to restore; and for that I do not think you are much inclined, being too much addicted to your convenience."

The reply opens with an exasperated appeal to abandon "*cette vilaine ombre sur ma confiance; il ferait le malheur de ma vie.*" Passing quickly to less controversial matters, she had learned that her sister Caroline, Queen of Naples, was *enceinte*, and there was hope of a son. "When shall I be able to say the same?" When Mercy once again reminded her that the Empress was her best friend, tears came into her eyes. "I have not a thought which I would wish to hide from her," she exclaimed, "but writing is an effort, and I am afraid of upsetting her by unpleasant tidings. I have told her that it was only to please the King and the Dauphin that I occasionally rode with the hunt; you know that is true." As regards the Favourite she explained that the position was complicated by her husband's growing detestation of her. The Dauphin, she added, had a marked instinct for justice, order and truth, good sense and judgment; but she feared his nonchalance,

his lack of response, his want of nerve. The Ambassador's advice to her to encourage him to make better use of his time and to show more friendliness in his personal contacts bore fruit, and for the first time she actually urged him to treat the Favourite in a way which would not displease the King. He followed her advice, and at the New Year reception in 1773 he astonished the courtiers by speaking to her in a friendly way. To Mercy's surprise the Dauphine on the same occasion said not a word to the Favourite or the two ladies who accompanied her; when he remonstrated she replied that she had treated all three alike and had therefore given no cause for complaint. The Favourite was distressed, but when Mercy explained that the Dauphin's *beau geste* was due to his wife's prompting she sent a message of gratitude.

Smarting under her mother's lash, Marie Antoinette told Mercy that there was nothing she would not do to prove her love, but that she was afraid of her. Even when she was writing to her she was never at ease. She was not the only one of the daughters to go in fear of her formidable parent. After the death of Maria Theresa, Queen Caroline of Naples, on revisiting Vienna, confessed that her children respected her profoundly but were very afraid of her. On learning that her daughter's affection was mingled with fear the Empress adopted a softer tone. "Do not say I scold and preach. Say, Maman loves me and is always thinking of me and my welfare; I must believe her and comfort her by following her sound advice. You will feel the better for it and every shadow which has troubled you will disappear from my confidence." Despite all such attempts at explanation mother and daughter drifted ever farther apart. The Dauphine sometimes wondered whether she was really loved; she supposed she would be treated like a child till she was thirty or more. She talked most freely with the Abbé Vermond and at times she let herself go. "*Regardez cela, M. l'Abbé,*" she cried on one occasion, showing him the latest lecture, "*si on voyait cela, cela me ferait un tel honneur.*" One day she read him an extract complaining that she needed serious reading more than anyone. "For two months I have been waiting for the Abbé's list. I am afraid horses and donkeys have taken the time destined for books. Cultivate this occupation in winter, since you have not yet fully mastered any other—neither music, nor drawing, nor dancing, nor painting, nor other forms of art." "*Elle me ferait passer pour un animal,*" exclaimed the culprit. The Abbé reported to Mercy: "*Ma charmante princesse était piquée.*" He knew even better than the Ambassador that the Empress had taken the wrong line. "I feel sure," he wrote, "that if Her Majesty would make allowance for the weakness of youth and accustom her daughter to regard her as her friend, all would go well." Similar advice came from Kaunitz, the cynical man of the world, who urged his sovereign not to waste her efforts in reprimanding her daughter, which only vexed her. It was all in vain, for at sixty the Empress was too old to change.

It was an ancient custom that the Dauphin and Dauphine should pay a formal visit to the capital shortly after their marriage, and Marie Antoinette eagerly desired to see the sights. For three years the King had turned a deaf ear, but on May 18, 1773, she asked him point-blank and extracted permission to go as soon as she liked. Ever since the nightmare of the Fronde the Court had frowned on Paris. Louis XV had rarely seen it, his wife and daughters not at all. Unable to await the appointed day, the young pair, accompanied by the Comte

de Provence, appeared incognito at a masked ball at the Opera. At last, on June 8, Paris saw the smiling girl and took her to its heart. "*Mon Dieu*," she exclaimed, as she gazed at the shouting crowd from a balcony of the Tuileries, "*Mon Dieu, que de monde! Ah, le bon peuple*." "*Madame*," gallantly replied the Duc de Brissac, Governor of Paris, who was at her side, "*n'en déplaît à M. le Dauphin, ce sont deux cent mille amoureux de votre personne*." On reaching home she went straight to the King, tactfully exclaiming: "Your Majesty must be greatly loved by the Parisians, for they have given us a fine welcome."

The story was told in a happy letter to her mother. "Last Tuesday, a day I shall never forget, we made our entry into Paris. We were received with all the honours imaginable. That was all very nice, but what touched me most was the affection and enthusiasm of poor people who, despite their crushing burden of taxation, were in transports. When we walked in the Tuileries Gardens, there was such a gathering that we stood for three-quarters of an hour, unable to advance or retreat. Several times we ordered the guards not to strike out, and this produced an excellent effect. The enormous crowd which followed us everywhere was so orderly that no one was hurt. Then we stood for half an hour on a terrace. I cannot tell you, dear Maman, the transports of joy and affection they displayed. Before retiring we waved to the people. What happiness in our station to win the friendship of a whole people at so small a price. Nothing is so precious; that is how I felt and I shall never forget it. Another joy on this happy day was the Dauphin's conduct. His replies to all the addresses were marvellously apt; he felt the enthusiasm of the people and showed them his goodwill. To-morrow we go to the Opera, and I expect two other days to the Comédie Française and Comédie Italienne. I realise more every day what my dear Maman has done for me. I was the youngest and you have treated me as the eldest; my heart is filled with the most tender gratitude. My dear Maman praises me beyond my deserts for my affection. I could never repay half what I owe her. I embrace her with all my heart." It had been the happiest day of her life and it was the happiest letter the anxious mother had ever received.

That the official visit had been a triumph for the Dauphine was recognised on all hands. "The public was seized with enthusiasm," the Ambassador reported. "They said that in her grace and kindness they recognised the daughter of the august Maria Theresa. Wherever she went she smiled at them and when after dinner she walked in the Tuileries Gardens, where there were over 50,000 souls, people had climbed into the trees. She ordered the guards not to hold them back and several times she was cut off. There was clapping of hands and exclamations: How pretty! How charming! Before leaving she appeared on the great balcony, saluting right and left to the crowd, who cheered with delight. The Dauphin, who played his part excellently, was only regarded as an accessory to the *fête*: everyone talked of the Dauphine. This visit was of great significance in shaping public opinion." Never before or after did Marie Antoinette and the French people come so close to each other as on this bright summer day in her eighteenth year. What a fund of loyal affection the Monarchy still possessed had been shown during the grave illness of *Louis le bien-aimé* in 1755; it was shown again—for the last time—in 1773.

On April 29, 1774, Louis XV developed smallpox and on May 10

he died at the age of sixty-four. The critical nature of the illness, which had carried off so many of the Royal Family, was recognised from the first, and all eyes turned to the heirs. Fearing that Mme du Barry might ask for orders whether she should remain at Court, Mercy advised a reply that it was not their business; if the sufferer recovered he would resent her expulsion. Whatever happened, the Ambassador assured his sovereign that she need have no anxiety about the conduct of her daughter, and a week later he added that in this delicate situation she had behaved like an angel. "I cannot express my admiration for her piety, her prudence, her judgment; everyone is enchanted, and rightly so. She has kept in the background, and except for the Royal Family she has seen only the Abbé and myself. I have told her all I could think of regarding both the circumstances of the moment and the possible future. I believe she is well warned and prepared for everything."

Marie Antoinette had come victoriously through her apprenticeship. She had earned the respect of the Ambassador and had gradually won the affection of her diffident partner. Paris was at her feet. Even Mme du Barry, who fled from Versailles when her royal lover was on his death-bed, felt no bitterness towards her. The living embodiment of the alliance could hardly be *persona grata* with men like Marshal Richelieu, who had evicted Choiseul and thrown the Favourite into the King's arms, but she had made no serious blunders. She had won the liking of the King under trying circumstances, and had kept on good terms with brothers-in-law for whom she could feel little respect. Mme Adelaide's friendship, never very genuine, had waned with her diminishing influence. The devotion of Mme Campan is reflected in her memoirs. With the significant exception of her childlessness, for which no one held her responsible, everything pointed to a bright spring after what Carlyle in his drastic way describes as the era of harlotocracy. "I saw her just above the horizon," wrote Burke many years later in a famous passage, "glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy." Her popularity seemed the greatest asset of the Monarchy. Mercy described her as "*une belle âme*." But the sterner tests were to come. Would the Queen repeat the success of the Dauphine? Had her indolent nature the strength to resist the temptations of flattery and power? Would her husband overcome his diffidence and restore the tarnished prestige of the crown? At the accession of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette few onlookers would have argued that it was too late for the Monarchy and the *ancien régime*, once so honoured and so powerful, to make a fresh start.

G. P. GOOCH.

(To be continued)

THE RELIGIOUS FACTOR IN EASTERN EUROPE.

THE religious factor has played an important part in the policies at home and abroad of the Tsarist Empire, and has not been overlooked by the present rulers of the Soviet Empire. The Russian continent throughout centuries was the shock-absorber of all the great invasions: first coming from the east (Mongol and Tartars—heathens), then from the south—Tartars and Turks (Mohamed-

dans) and finally from the west (Charles XII of Sweden—Protestants) and, later, Kings of Poland (Catholics). All these wars of invasions were accompanied by religious persecutions of the Greek Orthodox populations of the Russian continent. And in this, as in many other cases in history, persecuted religions did not stay dormant but became themselves militant and aggressive. The All-Russian Greek Orthodox Patriarch was the main promoter and supporter of "unifying" the whole power in the hands of the autocratic, centralised, absolute power of the Moscow Tsars. The first Romanow was the son of the Moscow Patriarch. When the Tsar became all-powerful he challenged and defeated the powers of the Church, cancelling the Patriarch See and proclaiming himself "God-anointed Tsar and Head of the Russian Church." Henceforth that Church became a Government Department of the Tsarist régime.

This went on till the Soviets came into power. In pursuing their foreign policy the Tsars used that Church as an instrument for Russian expansion via the "Pan-Slav" movement, which claimed that all Slavs must eventually come under one cap, that of the "elderly brother Holy Greek Tsarist Russia." Hence the wars of "liberation" of the Slavonic people by Tsarist armies from "the foreign yoke." These wars also had as their aim the conquest of Constantinople, proclaiming it to be "subjugated by the infidels, Greek Orthodox Byzantium, temporarily conquered by the Turks." But Russia's ambitions did not stop there. The Russian Greek Orthodox Church was proclaimed by Russia to be the only "genuine Christian Church" and therefore it was deemed to be the supreme duty of "Holy" Russia to "liberate" the Holy Lands from the "heathen"! As a first step in that direction every Tsar spent huge sums to buy up lands in Palestine, and built there Russian monasteries surpassing in luxury all other churches there. During the first period of Soviet rule the Church and its clergy were proclaimed enemies of the people, in accordance with Lenin's dictum—"Religion is opium for the people." The clergy were executed and deported *en masse*. Churches were turned into cinemas, dancing halls, houses of ill-repute and anti-God museums. Church property was confiscated and church plate, gold, silver and jewellery taken over for the "Diamond Fund," which became an instrument in the hands of those who enforce throughout the world the new religion of Materialism-Communism via the expensive apparatus of the Third International (the Comintern). It was then that the Pan-Slav movement was dismissed and the Comintern took its place. The second world war brought changes. Stalin's armies, defeated in the field by Hitler's hordes, rolled back in disorder to the Volga.

In moments of setbacks and defeats every totalitarian dictatorship gives "concessions" to its population. So, in moments of defeat of his efforts to introduce mass collectivism, Lenin introduced "concessions" in the form of the NEP. As soon as the troubles were over the Soviets "liquidated" the NEP. Now it was the turn of Stalin to grant "concessions," and he introduced the NNP and the NRP. The NNP (New National Policy) consisted in proclaiming the Red Army not to be the Army of World Revolution but now a Russian National Army. Red Army officers were granted rights and privileges similar to those of the former Tsarist armies (batmen introduced, high pay, decorations bearing the names of famous Russian Tsarist generals, etc.). The Comintern was disbanded and the Pan-Slav movement (Pan-Slav Congress, a permanent body installed in Moscow) restored with

all its Tsarist slogans, pomp and methods. The NRP (New Religious Policy) was introduced too, the Patriarch was nominated with two assistants, Macarius and Nicolaus. It was strongly rumoured that the former was, for many years running, the main assistant of Jaroslavsky, head of the anti-God movement, whilst the latter was working in accord with the Cheka of the town of Kalinin (former Tver) on the anti-religious section of that Cheka. Forty-eight churches in Moscow were reopened and a theological academy with a score of dozen students allowed to be founded. (Since then the number of churches and the number of those students have not increased.) The supervision of Church affairs lies in the hands, as under the Tsars, of a high Government official.

With the defeat of Hitler the Soviet Empire spread its control over half Continental Europe, and over the Balkans especially, either in the form of direct military occupation or indirectly via the Soviet satellite puppet States. Here the old Tsarist Pan-Slav policy and the deriving from it aspirations of the Russian Church—this time under the guidance of the "God-anointed leader, Stalin"—came into its full expansionist swing. This NRP was soon felt in all newly occupied and subservient to Soviet influence territories. This is now progressing with unabated energy farther afield. Catholic Poland soon was turned into a Soviet satellite and became more and more isolated religiously from Rome. I was told that in Warsaw lately the following anecdote circulated. The Holy See offered to Stalin, so the story goes, to sign a concordat. All points were agreed upon, but the whole thing fell through, because Stalin said he could not allow two infallible Popes to exist, i.e. himself and that of Rome! In the Ukrainian lands of former Austria-Hungary and former Poland, now annexed to Soviet Ukraine, the population is predominantly Greek-Catholic (Uniat). The Soviet Russian Greek Orthodox Patriarch Church made a ruthless effort to liquidate that Church. Out of, roughly speaking, 5,000 Uniat clergy over 4,800 were either executed, exiled or deported, and only about 900 of them, under drastic pressure of the NKVD (Cheka), pleaded to be "received back into the fold of the Mother Church," i.e. Greek Orthodox Moscow Church. Thus it was proclaimed that the Historical Act of the Brest-Litovsk Union of Churches dated 1596 was "cancelled." The subjugation of all Greek Orthodox communities and Churches in Soviet satellite countries, such as Roumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, to the Soviet Moscow Church is now a fact, whilst the Catholic churches there, under any pretext, are closed and clergy either imprisoned, exiled or hindered to carry on as erstwhile church services. But all this does not stop there. The next steps, according to a policy reminiscent of Tsarist Russia, are being prepared.

This became especially obvious to me when recently I had an extensive talk with the then newly elected Exarch of Cyprus—Archbishop Leonidas. In Cyprus the population is chiefly Greek Orthodox (only 18 per cent. is of Turkish extraction, hence Moslems). Cyprus for a long time was, and still is, envisaged by the Soviets as the "left flank" of Soviet penetration from the Balkans southward. The Cypriots (except those of Turkish extraction) are in great numbers Communists. They take a very active part in all elections, including the election of the Exarch of the Greek Orthodox Church of Cyprus, hence his dependence on them directly, and indirectly on Moscow. The Exarch Leonidas after his election had long *pourparlers* with the

Soviet Envoy. What, however, the Exarch told me, was: "We don't want the British here; we want to join Mother Greece" (the Soviet satellites meanwhile make the supreme effort to capture Greece). He then added that it was high time for all Greek Orthodox Churches to join hands. From these talks it transpired that the Moscow Patriarch is preparing an ecumenical congress to take place shortly in Moscow under his championship. The Eastern Patriarchs—those of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, as well as the Exarch of Cyprus—are invited. Obviously, these efforts of "uniting," if successful, will force these foreign heads to recognise the Russian Patriarch as the senior and take guidance from him. (The old Tsarist myth of Moscow to become the "Third and Eternal Rome" is hinted at.) In our further talk the Exarch touched on the fact of the deplorable and deteriorating state of Palestine Holy Lands, claiming that the "genuine" Church of Christ, i.e.—the Greek Orthodox one—must have a decisive say there. Then he added a thing I was aware of, i.e. that Tsarist Russia had for years acquired rich land property, built churches and monasteries in Palestine, and, as he put it, Soviet Russia, in all fairness, ought to get those properties back into Russian possession.

In Western Europe we see another aspect of using religious channels for political aims. Knowing how strong is the current amongst the Anglican clergy for a religious *rapprochement* with the Greek Orthodox Church, the Soviet Moscow Patriarch hints that the same feeling prevails in his Church too. This manœuvre is supposed to kill two birds with one throw. Firstly, to spread his influence in responsible Church circles in this country, not only for purely Church matters. Secondly, to undermine all other Greek Orthodox communities, which, knowing how dependent the Moscow Church is on the dictations of Stalin, preferred to split away from Moscow and formed autocephalic units. These also try to come in touch with the Anglican Church. To mention but a few: the Ukrainian autocephalic Greek Orthodox Church, under the leadership of Metropolitan Polikarp, who is the religious head of all Ukrainians of Greek Orthodox faith abroad, the autocephalic Ukrainian Greek Orthodox Church in Canada and the U.S.A., also that of Ukrainians in Argentina and South America, where the Ukrainian settlers, fleeing Russian persecution, settled for many years, and are now receiving into their fold the new wave of Ukrainian refugees from Europe. This also refers to the Polish autocephalic Greek Orthodox Church and its numerous parishes throughout the world, outside of Soviet control. The same is applicable to numerous Russian Greek Orthodox communities scattered throughout the world as a result of Bolshevik persecution.

In spite of the Moscow Patriarch having opened Greek Orthodox churches and forming communities in Europe, America, etc., appointing his clergy, very few join such obviously Soviet centres. Undoubtedly the aim of the Patriarch of Moscow is either to subdue to his will all these communities abroad, or putting far-fetched canonic formulæ and interpretations to induce those to join him who are reluctant to be excommunicated "heretics," and so cut them away from the help and protection of the Church of England.

The same methods and efforts will be no doubt exercised in Czechoslovakia now that that country, as well as Hungary, is being rapidly turned into a Soviet satellite. For an impartial student of the religious factor in Eastern Europe it is clear that for centuries the Tsarist

policy was to use extensively this factor as a policy of expansion of that imperialist Government. And the same policy is carried out still more extensively by the rulers of Moscow to-day.

V. DE KOROSTOVETZ.

RICHARD JEFFERIES: 1848-1948.

JOY is always attractive and infectious, and this year, 1948, falls on the centenary of a writer whose joy—a strong joy and radiance won against adversity—is a prominent quality in his writing, and of whom a fellow-writer has said: "He enjoyed, simply and passionately, his own life and the life of others, and in his books that enjoyment survives."

Richard Jefferies was born in November, 1848, at Coate Farmhouse, near Swindon. In 1887, after five years of illness, during which he contrived with magnificent courage to complete thirteen books, he died at Goring, near Worthing. His life was uneventful; only his inner life was unusual and exciting, and of this we have not any complete or entirely satisfactory record. Such record as we have is to be found in his writings, especially in *Bevis*, *Wood Magic*, *Wild Life in a Southern County*, *Amaryllis at the Fair*, and *Field and Hedgerow*. There are also some note-books in manuscript, but eight of the twelve have disappeared. Two books of selections are now published.

Jefferies has ensured for himself an enduring place in English literature for the quality of his prose, his mysticism, the fullness and attractiveness of his writing about Nature. Along with W. H. Hudson and Gilbert White he may be considered to be among the three greatest writers on Nature. His greatness lies principally in his combination of realism and romance, seen, for instance, in the second section of "One of the New Voters": his spirit of intense joy despite the constant struggle with the three giants of disease, despair and poverty, his "Englishness," his interpretation of the English countryside and country people, and his "radiant vision" which he had the ability to make real to others. "Wild Flowers" illustrates well these features.

It is interesting to note that in his short life of thirty-eight years Jefferies completed the material for twenty-two books: W. H. Hudson, who lived from 1841 (this seems now to be the settled date of his birth, those of 1846 and 1861 being now discarded) completed twenty-four published books. Hudson and Jefferies make a fascinating contrast; the former owing nothing to the earlier author. Perhaps had the two men met, neither would have felt fully at ease with the other, although admiration and companionship would not have been lacking. Both have made a unique contribution to our literary heritage. Edward Thomas is, perhaps, the nearest in his personality and work to Jefferies, and yet there are immense differences; nor did Jefferies' writings influence Thomas's ideas or style to any noticeable degree.

There is, and will remain, a degree of mystery around the rich, strong personality of Jefferies. He has not found any biographer with as long and intimate a knowledge as Morley Roberts had of Hudson. And, like Hudson, Selous, and most of the other Nature writers, Jefferies was remote, reserved, secretive, sensitive. Also he was sensuous ("Every spot of colour is a sort of food") and most tender. More conflict has gathered round his personality than around that of Hudson, who was, or rather appeared to be, less complex.

This conflict is due, in part, to the period in which Jefferies lived and the new ground he worked on. But perhaps it is also due to the extraordinary contrast between his outward life and his writings, together with his intense intellectual and spiritual development, his growth into a poet. To-day the legend of his hysteric melancholy has almost died, although as recently as 1939 this legend was accepted by an author. Would Jefferies have clarified his personality for his readers had he lived longer?

From his own books we can ascertain the authors and works which were his favourites. However, none of these, except Homer, the early English Herbals, Darwin, and Goethe's *Faust* have made any appreciable difference to his work. His genius lies in the originality, strength, and sincerity of his personality as expressed in his books. How, while living so solitary and hard a life, he managed to develop his thought and to achieve an exquisite English style in his later works is a problem. It is a fine achievement. Doubtless from his father and a few relatives and friends he obtained some stimulus. Only in the last year did he come to know White's *Selborne*.

Essentially Jefferies is a writer who has hewn out a style suitable to his needs. It is charged with vigour, vitality, and sincerity. His English is perspicuous, appropriate, and often persuasive. His vivid detailed descriptions let us see the person or event without any strain. After about 1881 a marked lyrical quality is added. He has a curious way of repeating words and phrases. Thus: "A thousand thousand bubbles rising to the surface would whiten the stream—a thousand thousand succeeded by another thousand thousand—and still flowing." Rarely does he fail to split an infinitive; but was not this common in the last century? Often his constructions are loose, and weaknesses, such as the separation of the relative word or clause from its antecedents, occur frequently. His education, his ill-health, his being forced to produce articles to maintain himself and his family may in some measure explain them. Words he chose with very great care. Since some extracts from his field note-books have recently been published, it is possible to see how accurate his writing is, and how, in some instances, he worked up his material.

His work falls into two divisions. In the first period he wrote objectively, crisply, as a countryman and a farmer's son about the country and daily life there; *The Gamekeeper at Home* is a sample of this. From 1881 the change is distinctively shown. His imaginative powers have grown, his work now being shot through with the vision which was not only within him but which had become articulate. The prose-poet, the mystic find utterance. "Nature and Eternity" and "Hours of Spring" illustrate the later phase. Henry S. Salt wrote in 1894 of his style: "As a master of language Richard Jefferies is equalled, at his best, by few contemporary writers and surpassed by fewer still, so perfectly melodious are his sentences, so full of tender gravity, so simple, yet so subtle in their structure and modulation. . . . Jefferies is a great lover of the refrain . . . it is a habit to haunt and circle round and revisit some special phrase or cadence, whose repetition may serve as a suggestive undertone to his melody." Again and again occur the ideas and subjects which absorbed him. Hudson wrote that "The sense of beauty is God's best gift to the human soul," and Jefferies' passionate search through the world for beauty proves that he had a very great share in this gift. How much rapture it brought him! From his autobiography we know how engrossed

he was with the subjects of immortality, prayer, soul-life, the fullest, wisest use of human life, the planned elimination of foolish, childish imprecision in human affairs, and his abhorrence of conventionalism, insincerity, and purely surface existence. He had a deep appreciation of the individual; his values in human existence were those of the great thinkers through the ages rather than of the commercial-minded person. His perception of the illusion of time, of the oneness of past and present, of Now being Eternity, is expressed repeatedly; it runs through *Wood Magic* and *The Story of My Heart*.

Social conditions shocked him, and he tried to make the public realise the hardness of the life of the country worker. Of art he writes again and again, and much of interest and fascination is contained in these ideas; for him this is another way of reaching to Nature. The sun, the wheat, the movements and habits of animals, the play of shadows on surfaces, the stars, the wind, birds, wild flowers, colour, clouds, cows, hills, downs, light, the observing of Nature in a narrow locality—these are some of the topics to which he returns again and again. In examining his way of treating these subjects it is possible to see how much he could extract from any experience, how much he observed. His dissatisfaction with the daily trivialities of life ("Life is so little and so mean," he exclaims) and a keen realisation of the littleness of the finite increased and galled him more and more. Both by temperament and by his circumstances he was a revolutionary, in spite of his external compliance with conventions.

Hudson and Gilbert White had a much wider intellectual background. Moreover, they lacked the mystical element, although by some Hudson is considered a mystic. And they had not the background of an unhappy home life during youth. However, this would seem to have dated only from about his fifteenth year, and his early marriage gave him again the happiness of a congenial family circle. Yet judging by *Amaryllis at the Fair* the wounds made by the friction and incompatibility between his parents were deep.

His mysticism, most familiar from his *Story of My Heart*, but occurring in his work from 1881, even in *Wood Magic*, may be said to have the four marks described by William James in *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. Passages in *Bevis*, such as the chapter about the Zodiac, morning in the tropics, and many pieces throughout this story bear witness to his having always been subject to mystical states. His preoccupation with immortality, eternity, prayer, soul-life, his longing for union with the Infinite, are matters absorbing the attention of the mystics of any age. So intensely and longingly did he look at natural phenomena, as if, by patience and desire, he would wrest the secret of life and of the Deity from it. This is an essentially religious attitude. In his greatest lyrical outpourings he suggests a vision of the world which reminds us of that of Dame Julian of Norwich when, in the fourteenth century, she saw the world as a hazel nut. He had a joy greatly in excess of that of the average person and which effectively helped the bearing of his sufferings. His mystical writings faintly suggest Richard Rolle of Hampole and St. Augustine, both in the matter and in the ecstatic quality, and certain paragraphs suggest Shelley.

About his religion much has been written, most of it speculative, for he and his family were reserved. Some of his statements are rather contradictory, but this is understandable in a young man finding his way alone in the deepest channels of thought. In his note-books he

wrote : " I am an infidel " ; yet it is uncertain whether his attitude was a permanent one or if it expressed a passing mood. Many strong personalities have repudiated orthodox religion, and Jefferies lived during a period when agnosticism aroused stronger interest than it does to-day. Perhaps he was an agnostic rather than a pantheist or an atheist. But no one will ever know with certainty. *The Story of My Heart* is an incomplete statement. What would have been the difference if the work had been written in old age ? It is illuminating and fascinating to contrast Hudson's *Far Away and Long Ago* and his *A Hind in Richmond Park* and, from a different angle, St. Augustine's *Confessions* with Jefferies' autobiography and his last essays.

Why did he not write poetry ? one often asks oneself. Having fashioned so melodious a prose style it would seem normal to compose lyrics. But the two poems which have been published cannot be regarded as good or great poetry. Was it lack of ear or of music, because Jefferies can be very unmusical in his prose ? Was it lack of knowledge, of wide acquaintance with poetry ? Was it lack of technique or of interest ? It is known that he cared for *Faust* and for Dryden, Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, Homer, and the early English ballads. With Hudson, whose prose is on a very high level, the same failure occurs with his few published poems, which are very inferior.

In comparing Jefferies' work with that of Selous, Gilbert White, Waterton, John Clare, Charles G. D. Roberts, and other Nature writers, we see immediately the difference. He has a different and a more splendid style and matter than any of these. He is, perhaps, nearest to Whitman, whose writings he appreciated. There is some affinity between W. H. Davies and Jefferies, and D. H. Lawrence is thought to be mentally akin.

By some Jefferies is regarded as a philosopher and a prophet, but it seems extremely doubtful if he so thought of himself. Neither his circumstances nor his temperament or talent fitted him to be this. He was dogmatic because he felt strongly. He penetrated deeply into the human misery he saw about him, he diagnosed the cant and insincerity which, possibly because of social conditions of the last century, were more widespread than at present. The essence of his thought is the expressing of his personal vision of life, the making clear and concrete the delight he felt in Nature and the simple, lasting things of life, and his sharing with readers the results of his rare powers of observation. The most attractive and enduring gift he has is his sense of the newness and freshness of everything, the beauty contained in each separate blade of grass, each wild flower, the loveliness of the dew on the grass, the movements of the hare, the song and life of every bird and insect—the enchanting rapture of existence, if we will but look and watch with quietude. As he has written : " Fir tree tops joy in seeing—living the problem. I cannot understand the problem, but it is a great delight to feel and live it looking at the tops of the firs." And in one of his finest essays, published posthumously in *The Hills and the Vale*, he says : " Light and colour, freedom and delicious air, give exquisite pleasure to the senses ; but the heart searches deeper, and draws forth food for itself from sunshine, hills and sea. Desiring their beauty so deeply, the desire in a measure satisfies itself. It is a thirst which slakes itself to grow the stronger. It springs afresh from the light, from the blue hill-line yonder, from the gorse-flower at hand ; to seize upon something that seems in them, which they symbolise and speak of ; to take it away within oneself ; to absorb it and feel

conscious of it—a something that cannot be defined, but which corresponds with all that is highest, truest, and most ideal within the mind. It says, Hope and aspire, strive for largeness of thought. . . . No system, no philosophy yet organised in logical sequence satisfies the inmost depth—fills and fully occupies the well of thought.”

D. E. MARSHALL.

DANISH PROBLEMS.

THE chief problems by which Denmark is to-day confronted are external, namely, that of South Slesvig and the question of Scandinavia's attitude towards the Western Union. After the first world war, the plebiscite held in North Slesvig was overwhelmingly in favour of return to Denmark, which had been despoiled of the whole of Slesvig (and Holstein) by the Prussians in 1864. But the plebiscite in South Slesvig, held at the same time, resulted in a pro-German majority, so that many Danes to-day regard with suspicion the desire of a great number of South Slesvigers to have their province re-incorporated in the Motherland. “How,” said the late Christmas Möller to me about a year ago, “how can one believe in the sincerity of people who in so short a time have adopted a different ideal? If they express the same hope in twenty years, that will be another story.” The Danish Government also prefers to wait before coming to a definite decision, seeing that so many of its citizens are of the same opinion as Christmas Möller, who was a wise statesman, while perhaps an almost equal number declare that what was stolen in 1864 should obviously be restored. Therefore, when the British Government, in whose zone of Germany South Slesvig lies, offered it to Denmark with or without a plebiscite, the prudent Government in Copenhagen declined to accept it. The small neighbour of a potential Great Power has to look ahead.

In the course of a recent tour of South Slesvig, it became more and more obvious how complicated this problem is; I was left with uncertainty as to whether, if a plebiscite were now to be held, the pro-Danish or the pro-German party would prevail. The language which the farmers themselves speak does not always harmonise with their sentiments—one whom I visited is and always has been pro-Danish, though he speaks only German. His farm has been in the possession of his family more than 400 years, and his language is due to the fact that he had no opportunity of attending a Danish school. He is by no means what has been called a Bacon-Dane, influenced by the hope of good things coming to him from Denmark; he has had to suffer for his opinions, the district in which he lives being pro-German. He told me that he is rather isolated, although his neighbours came to congratulate him on his silver wedding. One of his nearest neighbours, a strong pro-German, speaks Danish as well as German.

There was a time, notably in the eighteenth century, when the Dukes of Slesvig-Holstein and the gentry had such power that, although those provinces were a part of Denmark, it was an understood thing that the language in the elected council should be German. As late as 1843 this continued, and when in that year a merchant from Haderslev got up and spoke in Danish, which was also the language of two-thirds of the people, there was a wild demand that he should instantly stop or speak in German. The Royal Family which reigned

before the present one was of German origin, and to such an extent did German oust the language of the people that far to the north of Slesvig, in thoroughly Danish Jutland, one can see pulpits of the eighteenth century on which are German inscriptions. One may indeed wonder at the survival of Danish in South Slesvig, where German propaganda has been particularly intense, and whence so many young men departed for North Slesvig or other lands after 1920, in order not to serve in the German army. A constant stream of Germans flowed into this district. As for those who were of Danish descent, and who after the first world war voted for Germany, one must remember that it is the exceptional person who is a hero; to withstand the terrific pressure exerted in various ways by the Germans and for so many years would have required a more than ordinary power of resistance. Nor can we be surprised that the fulsome promises of Hitler to this in material ways neglected province—for instance the roads in Angel, whence centuries ago adventurous natives came to Britain, are as if they had not been repaired from those days—were believed.

Ever since 1460 many people in Slesvig have hoped that the union with the entirely German province of Holstein might be dissolved. The government at Kiel, Holstein's capital, insists on supervising every phase of the Slesvig administration: it was from Kiel University that a stream of German lawyers and others perpetually flowed into Slesvig. In answer to the prayer of many Slesvigiers, the British authorities point out that, save for the Bremen district with its American enclave, all their zones in Germany are considerably larger than Slesvig united to Holstein, so that they do not see their way to separate these two. As an example of Holstein's pro-German methods, we may mention that on April 4, 1948, an order was issued that, other things being equal, a refugee from East Prussia, of whom so many have come to Slesvig-Holstein, should be preferred to a native when two solicit the same post. There is for the refugees a sincere sympathy, seeing that, through no fault of their own, many will never be able to return to the homes which they left practically without resources. But in some cases they have been preferred when other things were by no means equal. I heard of a Prussian Major who was appointed to a mastership in a South Slesvig school; he took the lowest form and should have instructed the boys in local history. However, as his knowledge of that subject is far less than theirs, he has discoursed to them on the constitution of the various political parties! What of the South Slesvig prisoners-of-war who have yet to return from Russia, and who will not be very glad to discover that their jobs have been taken by refugees? At Glücksburg I ascertained that the refugees, who outnumber the natives by 170 per cent., were allowed to vote after a residence of three months, so that, with one exception, they have thrown all the natives out of the town council. In the preponderantly Frisian island of Föhr—and those Frisians are very pro-Danish—persons who as children of German officials had been born but for many years had not lived in the island, came over from the mainland in special steamers, and, of course, all voted in the German interest.

So long as South Slesvig remains united to German Holstein, there will be no hope for that province to return eventually, as did North Slesvig, to the Motherland. What has been done in North Slesvig since the re-incorporation—economically, industriously, and in every other way—is acting as a most powerful magnet for the province which,

as a German frontier district, was much neglected. That nothing in the world is permanent has lately been underlined by the British Government, for when their military representatives made no objection to Kiel inserting into what they look upon as the definite agreement with Slesvig the same words as their predecessors used in the year 1460, to wit, "up ewig ungedelt" ("inseparable for ever") these words, extremely unpopular with many Slesvigiers, were crossed out in London. We heard of that good old Danish king who, early in the nineteenth century, ordered that the gates of Copenhagen should be locked at night and the key placed under his pillow. It may be that another Danish king will unlock the gate which now separates the two Slesvigs.

Denmark's geographical position would seem to compel her to be as circumspect in her relations with other Powers as she is with regard to South Slesvig. She sees that Norway inclines strongly towards the Western Union, her Foreign Minister having made a "hands off" speech to Russia, with no beating about the bush. On the other hand, Sweden's Foreign Minister asserts that his country is determined not to be attracted towards the Western Union, and that she proposes to remain absolutely neutral. Now Norway and Denmark, after their experiences in the recent war, look askance at a declaration of neutrality; on the other hand, neither of these countries wishes to consider an alliance that will provide them with help *after* they have been attacked. According to the latest information, the United States are now studying how best to give their Scandinavian friends the necessary military security.

Denmark wishes to co-operate with the other Scandinavian countries, and Sweden, which likes to take the lead in such matters, is disconcerted at the reception of her Foreign Minister's thesis—that is to say, the Sweden of governmental circles. In May of this year, when a squadron of the R.A.F. visited Sweden, a senior Swedish Air Force officer was heard at a dinner exhorting his junior officers to remember where they belonged, "no matter what the politicians say." These are the sentiments of many Swedes, but it was interesting to observe at the recent Swedish elections that foreign policy was not mentioned by any party, as if this would be a too delicate topic. The Danes are hoping that Scandinavian co-operation can be extended into foreign and military fields. It is said that Sweden, in spite of the much diminished rôle which the Swedish party now plays in Finnish affairs, is anxious to remain in close touch with Finland, and to undertake nothing which that country might find embarrassing. But Finland, by standing up to her great neighbour in the East, has obtained a *modus vivendi* more favourable to herself than that of any of Russia's satellites, and a similar fortitude on the part of Sweden might have an equally satisfactory result.

Of Denmark's fortitude there is no doubt, in spite of her vulnerable geographical position and her small army and navy. The spirit of Willamoës abides with her; you may remember that when Nelson came to Copenhagen, his flagship was engaged by a Danish warship so small that in order to catch sight of her he had to lean over his bulwark. That night, when he dined with the Regent, he asked him to promote the young officer who commanded that little ship on account of the bravery he had displayed. "But," objected the Regent, "if I were to promote an officer on account of his bravery, I would have to promote all the officers of my navy." The Danes know full

well what it means to have a huge neighbour not so far away, for their pleasant island of Bornholm, whence the Germans had to be removed with Russian assistance, was so desirable in Russian eyes that it was eleven months before they finally decided to leave.

Undeterred by the various external problems that confront her, Denmark has been assiduously cultivating her own garden, which in the war was so cruelly ravaged. Of all European countries only Great Britain is more dependent on overseas trade. The steady rise in the Danish standard of living over the hundred years before the outbreak of the second World War was rendered possible only by the increasing import of raw materials, with a parallel increase in the export of agricultural and manufactured goods. Of the 558 ships which constituted the Danish merchant fleet in 1939, no less than 264 were lost, for the Danes ignored the commands of Hitler, and placed practically the whole of their merchant fleet, regardless of the risks involved, at the service of the Allies. A number of new vessels have been launched since the end of the war, and in the sphere of agriculture the same energy has been displayed. The occupation had serious effects on the supplies of fertilisers, the importation of phosphates being almost completely suspended. But to-day the Danish farmers, who made vast contributions to the other victims of Germany before putting their own house in order, are now approaching both in quality and quantity the proud place among agricultural countries which was theirs before the war.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

THE OTHER GERMANY.

THE "Other Germany" has always existed, and has always maintained its belief in a future of Germany within a supra-national framework. Though it was weak and powerless it made its existence known by persevering in its activities. The struggle of the "German League for the Rights of Man," founded as the "Union New Fatherland," has been a vital factor in its history. It began within the organisations fighting against German militarism and nationalism. In Imperial Germany it was a matter of course for political movements of the Opposition to seek the support of the masses. But in the case of the Union the attempt was made, dictated by external circumstances, to use the reverse tactic of bringing about political effects based upon small circles, which were almost unknown to the general public, a tactic otherwise only applied by the nationalist side.

The outbreak of the war of 1914 was followed in Germany by the total breakdown of the peace-loving forces. On August 4th the Reichstag voted unanimously the war credits which the Government demanded. The non-party "German Peace Movement," organised in about seventy small local groups by the "German Peace Society," was financially so weak that it had been able only in 1911 to appoint a paid secretary, and in September 1914 the Peace Society's periodical *Der Völkerfriede* (International Peace) had to report: "From now on our local groups will be mainly condemned to inactivity."

In this situation the well-known racehorse owner and steeplechase rider Kurt von Tepper-Laski and the writer Otto Lehmann-Russbuehdt, after consultation with the former First Counsellor of the German Embassy in Paris, Unico Count Groeben, and with the

publicists Hellmuth von Gerlach and Hans Leuss (who later became Prime Minister of Mecklenburg), decided to create an instrument suitable for bringing the war to the earliest possible end. On November 16th, 1914, the Union New Fatherland was founded. "New Fatherland" meant Europe, and the Union's purpose was "the direct and indirect furtherance of all activities suitable to direct the policy and diplomacy of the European States to a course of peaceable competition and supranational union in order to bring about political and economic understanding between all civilised nations." Statesmen and diplomats, university professors and members of parliament, poets and writers joined the Union, Professor Albert Einstein among the first. Men like Prince Lichnowsky, the former German Ambassador in London, the historian Hans Delbrück, the tutor of a Prussian prince, and Professor Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster, supported its aims.

When in April 1915 the "Central Organisation for a Lasting Peace" was founded at The Hague von Tepper-Laski, Lehmann-Russbuehdt and Professors Walter Schücking and Ludwig Quidde were the German delegates taking part in its negotiations. But the conversations, which were conducted mainly with British delegates (Allen Baker, M.P., Lowes Dickinson and others), remained unsuccessful. The German Foreign Office, informed of the negotiations through a memorandum by Walter Schücking, ordered the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* to reply as follows: "We learn from various quarters that rumours are being spread throughout the country about the *opening of peace negotiations*. These rumours imply particularly that preparatory steps with the purpose of bringing about a separate peace with England, based upon certain English requests and demands, are or will soon be brought under way. No sensible person can wish to give away to any enemy by a premature conclusion of peace the favourable strategic position in which Germany finds herself."

That, as Lehmann-Russbuehdt stated at that time, "spelled the virtual end of the Union's historic mission." Yet as an organisation it survived the 1914 war, despite its practical suppression by arrests and the prohibition of its activities and publication, which followed late in 1915, because its political and economic memoranda and warnings against the intended annexations, drafted with the assistance of authoritative experts, penetrated even to the "All-Highest," irritating and alarming the German High Command.

Only in 1918, when the spies of the military police had become weary, could it resume its activities. Its work during the first period of the German Republic may be briefly summarised. It stood up for energetically democratic methods in parliament and administration, and rejected all trends towards dictatorship. It organised an economic conference advocating social justice. It opposed the legend that the army had been stabbed in the back. It took part in the first international post-war meetings of the supporters of peace. It organised meetings and measures supporting a peace of justice and reconciliation. The Union had at no time more than 200 members. The assassination of prominent members, such as Kurt Eisner, the Bavarian Prime Minister, and the philosopher Kurt Landauer, the agitation against Professors Einstein and Nicolai, the many attempts and threats of assassination against others among its members, show the methods applied against it, already long before the final rise of the "new" State.

The knowledge that a real understanding between Germany and

France is the precondition of the maintenance of peace and also of a joint European solution was shared by all members of the Union. In the summer of 1921 Professor Eugène Koessler, the philologist and German language expert, a Frenchman living in Berlin, arranged for negotiations between the Union and the French League for the Rights of Man. A meeting in Paris brought about a joint manifesto, "To the Democracies of Germany and France." The Union changed its name into "German League for the Rights of Man" and took part in Paris in May 1922 in the foundation of the "International League for the Rights of Man." On June 11th, 1922, a mass meeting took place at the German Reichstag in Berlin, where Victor Basch, President of the French League and Professor at the Sorbonne (assassinated during the German occupation of France) proclaimed that a "bridge must be built over the abyss" gaping between France and Germany. "No more war" demonstrations were organised both in Germany and France, with speakers of both nations, and a Franco-German children exchange was started. Parallel to these activities went an energetic propaganda for German membership of the League of Nations, for which personal conversations with Beneš, Branting, Herriot, Chr. Lange, Lord Parmoor and others prepared the way.

In Germany itself the struggle against the "Black Reichswehr" and German secret rearmament was in the foreground of the work. An indication of the enormous size of its work is given by the use made of the League's legal department: between 1927 and 1932 about 32,000 legal cases were discussed, with the voluntary assistance of about 120 lawyers. The League's last great success was the referendum on the financial settlement between the German "*Länder*" and the former ruling families, suggested by the League and carried through by a special committee of the "German Peace Cartel." For this referendum more than 12½ million votes were collected. But in 1928 the League's effort to prevent the German Admiralty from carrying out their armament programme, by organising a plebiscite against the construction of the "Pocket Battleship A," failed for lack of sufficient support. Later, the authoritarian course of the Brüning Cabinet and its successors restricted its work.

After Hitler's access to power the League was not even allowed such brief survival as most other opponents of the Nazi régime enjoyed, for arrests and persecution of its members began at once. Of the members of its last executive committee who remained in Germany only Hans Lange, a former police colonel, and Count Emil Wedel (who to-day represents the "*Land*" Hesse in the "*Länderrat*" (Federal Council) at Stuttgart) have survived the twelve years of Nazi rule. Baron Paul von Schoenaich, a member of its executive committee until 1928, when he was elected president of the German Peace Society, also survived to resume his work. Efforts to continue the League's work illegally were virtually frustrated by the Nazis' spy and informer system and thus remained without tangible effect. A group took part in the activities which later led to the events of July 20th, 1944. In Prague and Paris committees were formed which devoted themselves mainly to relief work for refugees. In London a group round Lehmann-Russbuehdt continued its work of enlightenment and warning of the danger of impending renewed German aggression.

The post-war work was essentially influenced by the efforts within Germany to revive the traditional League for the Rights of Man. It was therefore the task of the League in exile to get in touch again

with its old friends in Germany, to co-ordinate their constructive efforts and to secure the necessary contacts for them abroad. Affiliation to the International League for the Rights of Man (Professor Henri Laugier, Sir Norman Angell, Professor E. J. Gumbel, Professor Gaetano Salvemini and others), which had been re-established in New York, and to the International Arbitration League in London (founded by Cremer, the Nobel Peace Prize-winner of 1903), whose work had been essential in bringing about the Peace Conferences at The Hague of 1899 and 1907, served this purpose. In the western zones of Germany the reorganisation of the League for the Rights of Man is almost completed, but there is no hope for its admission in the Russian zone. The next step to be taken in co-operation with the German Peace Society and the German section of the International Women's League will be the re-establishment of the German Peace Cartel. Its affiliation to the international organisation of peace movements among all nations will help to bridge the wide abyss which still disastrously separates the German nation from the other nations of Europe and the world.

A. ERNST.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE NATURE OF THE ISSUE.

AT last the state of tension between Russia on the one hand and the rest of the world on the other is coming to a head. The cold war in other words is getting hot. The immediate occasion of the change is the bankruptcy, which could have been, and in many minds was, foretold, of the three months of talk in Moscow and in Berlin about the Russian bid to annex Berlin. The tale of the words has been published in official documents on both sides of the Atlantic, documents which are not worth reading except by such insatiable inquisitors as are still capable of horrified fascination over the precise enactment of the hideous and sordid drama. Nothing, however, is added to the essential facts of a situation which has been clear and crude for seven years to ordinarily observant people : a situation in which the bolsheviks make their bid for the destruction of the old civilisation throughout the world and the imposition on the ruins of their own inhuman tyranny.

It is all too easy for the student of one generation to talk glibly of the prevailing situation as unprecedented in the history of the world, for not many even of informed historians possess enough knowledge or enough imagination to correlate one epoch with another in the assessment of the relative values. But it is obviously true that there never before in history was a case where the sword of Damocles took the form as it were of an atomic bomb. It is also demonstrably true that in the crisis now facing us there is at least something that is new to human experience : namely the inescapably established nature of the alternatives that are involved. It is as though within the span of a single generation of mankind the choice has been simplified in a crescendo of horror, simplified, as it were, by fire ; and we now at the end must make the choice. In a form never before so challengingly presented the question has to be answered : how can the threatened evil be overcome, when we know in our hearts that it cannot be overcome by means of war, even if war again be found to be inevitable ? In 1914 we exultingly plunged into war ; in 1939 we plunged in more soberly ; if war comes

again every intelligent person will know that it is the end of public life as we have so far experienced it, and that a universal state of anarchy, civil war, poverty, and indefinable horror will swamp the earth.

There are Christians at this moment of a theological bent who logically argue that though war be wrong, it becomes right in the choice of the lesser against the greater evil; that if the subjection of the world to atheist tyranny can be prevented by means of war, then war becomes a justifiable means. The tragedy lies in the word "if." The very menace of atheist tyranny now facing the world is the result of war. It is obvious to people of a true imagination that further war, instead of averting, would accelerate the process of universal subjection to the tyranny. The issue has been recently joined in that sense by two typical Christians in letters to *The Times*, the one by Dom Aelred Graham of Ampleforth Abbey, York, who has argued the case against reposing any hope in war, the other by the Abbot of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate, who, earth-bound by his fears, still tragically clings to the delusion that the present victims of communism can be freed, and the threatened victims saved, by victory in yet another war.

Tragedy is the only word that fairly describes the state of mind of such honest deluded men; and as nearly always in such cases the mainspring of tragedy is fear. We were afraid of Germany. We are afraid of Russia. In our latest fear we are running round in wider circles than ever. To bolster ourselves up we tell each other what a terrible mistake was the Munich tactic of 1938, inferring that this time we must be tough and stand no nonsense. The B.B.C. has staged some semi-dramatic talk on Munich. Now the interesting thing is the level of thought thereby revealed. There are those by contrast who recognise as the main food for thought this remarkable fact: that in 1914, being afraid of the Kaiser's Germany, we went to war, and "won." After the war we set up a League of Nations which functioned for nineteen and a half years. In 1939, twenty-one years after the "victory," being in turn afraid of Hitler's Germany, we went to war again, and again "won." After the victory we set up a United Nations which functioned for three years. In 1948, three years after the second victory, being now afraid of Stalin's Russia, we tell ourselves to be tough, with no Munich about it. What leaps to the eye is the narrowing of the issue, the shortening of the time intervals.

Twenty-one years separated the first from the second war, only three have separated the second from the putative third. The League of Nations lasted twenty, the United Nations only three, years. For let there be no mistake; the United Nations, whether or not the "third war" take form in the physical sense, is finished. When at San Francisco in 1945 the Charter was framed and the famous veto incorporated in it, the defence commonly put forward for such foolishness was that unless the Great Powers could agree there would be no United Nations anyway. There was some truth in that argument. Now that three Great Powers have arraigned a fourth before the tribunal of the United Nations on a charge of constituting a menace to the peace, the United Nations is finished, unless it succeeds in converting the present Russian Government to reason and good will.

The tempo then has quickened. The length of the intervals between cataclysms has been divided by seven. At the same time the destructiveness and horror involved have been multiplied to the *n*th degree, so fast being the headlong rush of science that the further prospect can be only guessed. When the war started in 1914 there were no military

aeroplanes, no kind of air warfare at all. It was only five years before then that Blériot had succeeded in crossing the English Channel in an aeroplane. In 1914 the twenty-mile hop across the Channel between Britain and France exhausted the petrol supply an aeroplane could carry. Happy days! And then under the devil's spur—for war is the devil's special and congenial opportunity—science leapt ahead. Before the end of the war there was a Royal Flying Corps in being, giant Zeppelin airship balloons had dropped bombs on London and had given way to more accurate and manageable bomb-dropping by aeroplane. When the next war started in 1939 air-raid shelters had been already built, gas-masks already handed out, the Royal Air Force was in being, and sober men thought that no war could last long when the objectives of the devilish technique were men, women and children at large. But it lasted longer than the first war. The limit of the devil's resource, when the devil is enthroned by man's folly, seems indefinitely to recede. By the time the second war ended two unpredictable developments had been carried into practical effect. Aeroplanes piloted by men had given way to automatic aeroplanes which piloted themselves and dropped their bombs on the objective; and almost without pause the very aeroplane itself was superseded and the bombs were shot more or less accurately by rocket over lands and oceans. And then the atom bomb made its first prompt appearance.

After that second war ended the imagination was almost numbed. The Einstein committee gave it as its considered opinion that war was no longer possible; that there could not be an atomic war, only one atomic attack, and then blackness over the earth. Yet to-day, only three years after those two infantile atomic bombs brought the war in Japan to its sudden end, when vastly "improved" atomic bombs are stacked in their thousands in the United States, ready to produce that blackness over the earth almost at a moment's notice, we look upon the indescribable spectacle of, for instance, a British Government, blinded, stunned, fatuous, appealing for recruits to a territorial army, a royal navy and a royal air force, as though such things were still a practical weapon in the devil's armoury and not a quaint memory of an age that is past. Mr. Vyshinsky in Paris has darkly hinted that Russia, too, possesses atomic bombs. The hint is meaningless because no one outside of Russia knows anything about Russia, and the rulers of Russia lie in the proverbial sense of the old-time trooper.

At this time, therefore, the spectacle presented is something like this. Everybody is talking about the possibility of impending "war" between Russia and the civilised world, and no one is even capable of assessing what such war would be like; while at the same time an actual war of words, nerves, intrigue, underground propaganda, sabotage and sedition is in progress. For instance: the United Nations Security Council, sitting in Paris, began its consideration of the Anglo-French-American indictment of Russia as a threat to the peace on October 4th; on that same day, in France, of which Paris is the capital, there began a communist-directed miners' strike, which constituted a first-class Russian victory in the war aforesaid. Human affairs at this juncture of history almost baffle comment. It is simply and obviously the case that they are out of control. So chaotic are they that the launching of a few atomic bombs could not increase the chaos, but could only accelerate the physical havoc which paves the way to universal destruction. What, then, is to comfort the average man and

woman who plod their weary way through this climax of our human history?

That it is a climax there can be no doubt. The uncovering and exploitation of the atom is symbolic. We have touched a mainspring of the physical universe, and we are thereby enabled to bring down the universe about our ears as certainly as Samson could take hold of the pillars, bring down the house, and destroy the multitude that was in it. Indeed, the symbol is enhanced by the Samson myth, for Samson was mythologically a pagan force and his very name, deriving from the Hebrew word *shemesh* ("sun"), indicated, according to the myth itself, that he used the rays of the sun, comparable in elemental value to the atom, in his destructiveness. To-day the atom has been harnessed to pagan destructiveness. That is the central upshot of the historic thing that has happened to the world in our time. We have shot ahead in intellectual achievement and scientific discovery. We have forgotten God. We are pagan in our public scope. Can any man, capable of recognising facts and not allowing himself to be swamped by their bigness, be disposed to deny that at this climax of human affairs something elemental is involved?

What precisely is it that is involved? There are those, few perhaps in number, yet perhaps more than we suspect, who see it. A still small voice now and then breaks through the pagan hubbub. There are Christians in the world, not to be found among the majority of professing Christians, whose brightly burning faith enables them to see the historic truth. It is not so long since Christ came to the earth—twenty centenarians in a row would reach back to Him—to tell mankind that the human spirit, made by God, is capable of understanding the need to obey God's ordinances in our sojourning. Faith includes courage as the greater includes the less. If we have the courage to do as God bade us do we are safe in the hands of God. If not, we are lost. Christ taught us that the instrument of human welfare is that we should love one another; that evil can be overcome only by good. Despite the intervention of incarnate God man has continued to commit the sin of disobedience; and twenty centuries later we find ourselves at a total loss. The instrument of war is the very perversity of God's instrument: and we reap what we duly reap. We have had our prophets who gave us subsidiary warning in the context of our contemporary experience: Dick Sheppard, for instance, who called his book with monosyllabic masterliness, *We Say "No"*. There are other prophets. This very month, in a B.B.C. programme, the Rev. A. C. Craig of Glasgow University bluntly told his hearers that the Sermon on the Mount was the only practical guide for the conduct of world affairs. We have not used it. Instead we have chosen the devil's guidance; and to-day we are trapped in the logic of our choice. Each succeeding war, more destructive, has left us in worse case than the one that went before, with the result that we now at the end must choose between quick conversion back to God and His Ordinances or quick total destruction.

It is part of our business to resist evil. The Kaiser, Hitler and Stalin, each in turn, have been routine red herrings across the path of our duty; because evil though we must acknowledge them to be, those three men have not been the only manifestations of the evil. It emanated in part from ourselves. But if we—the British peoples, the peoples of Western Europe and of America—are marked out, despite our own shortcomings, as the defenders of the rights that belong to human beings, against the threat of servitude that comes from the

East; what is the line of action, conformably with the ordinances of God aforesaid, that we can take? There is no doubt that Stalin is the chief prevailing menace. How then to defeat him? *Ex hypothesi* we cannot hope to defeat him by the method of war. Indeed, his very strength is the product of the former wars against Germany. Evil cannot be defeated by evil, but only by good. The inference is obvious. Though the penalties of disobedience to God, brought upon ourselves by our own error, are grievous, yet it happens also that God is merciful. If we could imagine an innocent human being, suddenly shot into our midst from the outside, not caught up in our vendettas, prejudices and fears, and presented with the question what ought we to do? he would no doubt answer something like this: "You must obviously carry out God's advice uncompromisingly, and you will then find that it is God who saves you, even though the miracle is beyond your understanding. By the mercy of God you are already helped to that course of action by the fact that your R.A.F.s and R.N.s are out of date and you are helpless before the atomic bomb. What you should do is ostentatiously to disarm and ostentatiously to go down on your knees to ask God to defeat the Soviet evil by the Sword of the Spirit, overcoming evil with good, as Christ taught you. After all, you have tried your wrong method of war, and where are you? Why not try God's methods, and see where you will be? You're afraid because you do not trust God, and your fear, not Stalin, is your main enemy. It seems odd that with all your science, which ought to give you an inkling of the power of God, you distrust the only power, namely the power of God, which could help you. Try it!"

Now such an admonition would take away our breath. We are in fact so pagan, we do in fact so heartily disbelieve in God, we are so sunk in the mundane futilities of the old technique of defending ourselves by our own strength and our own ideas (despite the lessons of history) that the idea of trusting in God for a change strikes a chill to the marrow of our bones. Then must faith be reborn so suddenly? It must, if the whole world is not to be destroyed. But it is not as crude as all that. Reason (given to us by God to help us) comes to our rescue in a first instance. If we are embarked on the course of trusting God, then God, Who is omnipotent and of an infinite resource, opens doors unexpectedly for us.

The practical instance comes at once to mind. At the end of September last Mr. Vyshinsky, in Paris, made a certain proposal. He proposed that each of the Great Powers should agree to reduce their armaments by one-third within twelve months and destroy all atomic weapons. Now his motive was obviously insincere. His purpose was partly to obscure the impending enquiry before the United Nations, partly to suggest in the normal propagandist way to ignorant people that the Soviet was rather idealistic in quality, partly to start the hope, forlorn as it might be, that the Western nations might reduce their forces, while the U.S.S.R. maintained and increased their own, in short that the U.S.S.R. might steal a march, and might even succeed in having the American stocks of atomic bombs destroyed (Russia herself not having any), and so on. All of it demonstrably true. But is omnipotent God to be mocked by the silly frauds of a Vyshinsky or a Stalin? Let the principle be kept firmly in view: that it is God we trust.

Instead, therefore, of elaborately pointing out what a fraud was Vyshinsky (which needed no pointing out anyway), suppose we had said

without hesitation something like this: "Disarmament and the destruction of atomic bombs, whether proposed by the tricky lips of Vyshinsky or by other lips, is an obviously good idea in itself, conformable to the dictates of Christianity. We therefore hasten to accept it. It shall be done. But it will be necessary to do it in a business-like way and to safeguard it, by a simple little precaution, against fraud. The way in which this could be done would be to establish an international commission of disarmament, on which each of the Great Powers would be represented, and whose job it would be to see to it that each Great Power did, in fact, disarm." At one stroke the Iron Curtain would be demolished, and for the first time in history the doings of Soviet Russia would be thrown open to inspection; but that would be only one of the incidental minor achievements. Common sense itself (another of God's gifts to men, so seldom used, alas!) would dictate the simple necessary scheme, such a scheme as has before been privately proposed and publicly ignored. The moment the problem was approached it would become obvious that a one-third degree of disarmament was inadequate; and that the real object of total disarmament might as well be undertaken and that the said disarmament should be universal as well as total, so that every Government in the world would be simultaneously relieved of its armaments. The first step, therefore, would be to make every Government in the world a member of the United Nations (which incidentally might thus be saved at the eleventh hour); the second, to constitute a full international disarmament commission.

The work of that commission could be summarised thus simply. To ensure that each nation in the world be totally and effectively disarmed, the permanent disarmament commission should have one of its branches set up in each country, with the proviso that in each country only the representatives of *every other country* should function and the representative of the country concerned should be excluded. The disarmament of Russia, for example, would be organised, prescribed and carried out by the plenipotentiaries of every other country in the world, working on the spot, without interference by any Russian representative. The disarmament of the United States would be similarly carried out by a combination of every other country in the world, excluding the United States. The very spur to thoroughness and efficiency would be a sufficient guarantee of success, for each country would be determined to leave no stone unturned for the disarmament of other countries when she knew that she herself was being mercilessly disarmed by the others. So far as the theory is concerned, nothing could be simpler or more foolproof. Its efficacy would consist in its totality and universality.

Either Russia would accept such a scheme or she would reject it. If she accepted it, then she would be powerless to thwart it in the practice, the deed would be as good as done, and the talk of war to the general relief could be abandoned. If she rejected it, she would stand incontrovertibly and beyond the possibility of a Vyshinsky quibble condemned in all eyes, and hoist with her own petard; for the original proposal for disarmament, now proved to be dishonest, was hers: and the situation would be not worse but simply more clarified than before. In either event the case for disarmament would have been ventilated; something would have been launched which human good will and good sense would not readily let go. The discussion would go on.

History has proved, what common sense by itself would suggest, that the reduction of armaments, as distinct from total disarmament, is the impulse of a fear-ridden fool, because the retention of any degree of armament leaves the worm in the woodpile. Disarmament depends for its success on intransigent, immediate, universal totality. It has been the commonplace reflection that fear has defeated all the impulses towards disarmament, each nation distrusting the other, and being afraid to make a gesture or to take the lead, lest another steal a march. All the schemes for so-called disarmament that have been advanced in our time (miscalled "disarmament," for they have one and all aimed only at a reduction of armaments) have been vitiated at the source by the leaving open of a back door. The classic example characteristic of them all by its wording enshrines with artistic perfection the very model of the nonsense, namely the first paragraph of Article 8 of the League of Nations, which was worded thus: "The Members of the League recognise that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations." It is not only proved in experience but obvious in reason that armaments, without which physical war becomes impossible, are the symptom of fear and mutual distrust among the nations. It is equally proved and obvious that only the extreme measure of total, immediate, simultaneous, universal suppression can meet the case.

If it is so obvious, why is it not done? The question in its essence summarises the central foolishness of international relations. In other words, why do human beings go to war with each other when we all know that the only possible result is impartial destruction and mutual hurt? The remedy divides itself into two stages. The first is the negative expedient of blocking the danger of war by a scheme of total disarmament; the second, the positive expedient, thus made possible, of cultivating confidence and trust among all nations. If the weapon of aggression were thus removed from Russian hands Russia could be included in the scope of such a process. The only alternative to mutual fear is mutual trust. If the nations, who normally and chronically mistrust each other, are instead suddenly to trust each other, the conversion, it may be thought, would be nothing short of a miracle; and if it is a question of miracle, which is something supernatural, there is nothing, it may be inferred, we can do but wait for it. That argument is unsound, because there is everything we can do about it. The supernatural is built on the natural. Both are the work of God. As the supernatural is dependent on the natural it needs faith, which is natural. "Thy faith has made thee whole." Nor is the consummation as extraordinary as one may suppose. By God's normal contrivance everything conspires, reason, experience, science, to drive man to his own salvation. Reason and experience, as we have seen, have repeatedly done their part. Science is now taking a hand. This atomic bomb is an eloquent climax to the argument. Though mankind tends to be slow in the uptake there comes a time when it stands clear to the slowest-witted among us that it not only does not make sense, but becomes a practical impossibility that we should all shower atomic bombs upon each other and destroy everything and everybody in the one orgy. In other words, the very advance of science, the very perfection of the weapons of destruction, make their use impractical. That is why so many matter-of-fact people calmly persist in disbelieving this con-

temporary assumption that war with Russia is imminent or inevitable. There is after all a limit to the folly of man. The cold war, though it has got hot, is still not hot enough for the total destruction of mankind which would be the calculable result of even an attempt at atomic warfare. The miracle in short may already have been enacted, as it were, behind our backs.

If that prove to be the case we shall be given time at our leisure to approach the problem of disarmament from another angle, that of the waste, the senseless waste, involved in the armaments competition. The paradoxes of our normal experience are in themselves a source of comfort. Is it odd at a moment when the jitters about war with Russia are in full blast that one should talk about disarmament? Not at all. Mr. Ernest Bevin, who is the personification of practical matter-of-fact "stodge," speaking at the General Assembly of the United Nations on September 27th last, remarked—and the remark excited what *The Times* correspondent described as "spontaneous cheers": "Let us open up the world; let right and knowledge come in, and let us see what others are doing—and the question of physical armaments will settle itself." Later in the same speech he said: "It is too expensive, it is too costly, it is too silly, in our economy and with the demands of the people upon us, to go on making munitions and arming people."

GEORGE GLASGOW.

October 10th, 1948.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

MR. CHURCHILL'S TESTIMONY*

The highest compliment we can pay to Mr. Churchill's book is to state that it fulfils the reader's expectations. The flowing style is always a delight, and from time to time it rises to stately eloquence. The tale he has to tell is among the most dramatic in history and his pages throb with life. Much is naturally familiar to close students of public affairs, but every chapter adds something of importance to our knowledge. "I do not describe it as history," he writes in the preface, "for that belongs to another generation. But I claim with confidence that it is a contribution to history which will be of service in the future." In or out of office he has always stood close to the heart of events, and his judgments are as interesting as his revelations. Like all the celebrated apologias of statesmen, from Richelieu and Clarendon to Bismarck, Bülou and Poincaré, it stresses the author's superior wisdom and foresight in contrast to the manifold errors and imperfections of his rivals and contemporaries. Yet there is no vulgar arrogance or trace of passion even when severe condemnation is meted out. Except for Hitler and Mussolini some extenuating circumstances are admitted for almost every prominent actor on the stage; there is more sorrow than anger in his voice. Here is the work of an Elder Statesman, who has not only made history himself but never forgets that he is writing for posterity. The exasperation and exaggeration which have so often marred his utterances since his fall from power are conspicuous by their absence. It will be the hope of every reader that he may be spared to complete the story which no living man can recount with such authority or adorn with such Venetian colouring.

The argument of this massive treatise is that the Second World War was totally unnecessary. When the collapse of Germany in 1918 left Europe at the mercy of the Allies, they proceeded to cast their victory away. Over

* *The Second World War*. Vol. I. *The Gathering Storm*. By Winston S. Churchill. Cassell, 25s.

and over again the author returns to this melancholy theme, wringing his hands over the feebleness and blindness of our rulers and only in a slightly lesser degree over the statesmen of France. "They lived from hand to mouth, from day to day, from one election to another, until, when scarcely twenty years were out, the dread signal of the Second World War." They began badly with the insanities of the Treaty of Versailles, which fell between two stools—too severe to secure even the reluctant acquiescence of the younger generation and too lenient to guarantee the maintenance of a humiliating situation. Astronomical reparations were demanded which could never be transferred, and loans were granted which could never be repaid. In Mr. Churchill's opinion a constitutional monarchy under a grandson of the Kaiser should have been set up in Germany. Foch had declared that the Treaty of Versailles was not a peace but merely an armistice for twenty years. Yet nobody in the twenties, not even Mr. Churchill, was seriously alarmed, for the Weimar Republic lay prostrate under the heel of the conquerors, and "the pale sunlight of Locarno" fostered radiant hopes. There were indeed a few favourable omens: the weary peoples in every country longed passionately for peace and the League of Nations seemed to embody the main lesson of the recent struggle. Unfortunately gigantic problems found a generation of little men.

When the twenties melted into the thirties the dark clouds gathered in a crescendo of misfortune. There is nothing more impressive in the historical literature of our time than Mr. Churchill's analysis of the menacing storm. Not only the feeble Weimar Republic but the system of Versailles began to totter on the fateful Sunday in September 1930 when—largely owing to the rude impact of the American blizzard—the Nazis in the Reichstag jumped from twelve to 107. "Thereafter mighty forces were adrift, the void was open, and into that void after a pause there strode a maniac of ferocious genius, the repository and expression of the most virulent hatreds that have ever corroded the human breast—Corporal Hitler." To the delight of his readers Mr. Churchill lets himself go in dealing with the sub-human gangsters who fought and lied their way to power in 1933; but he has never been anti-German and he is wholly free from the disease of Vansittartism. That Hitler had resolved to turn the world upside down even before his accession to power we learned from the conversations recorded by Rauschning, and students of history always expect a dictator, after suppressing the liberties of his subjects, to plunge his unfortunate country into war. Till the middle of the thirties, as Mr. Churchill reminds us, the catastrophe might have been averted without shedding a drop of blood, but thenceforward one costly error followed another. Before we knew anything about it the Nazis had created an air force superior to our own; the Anglo-German Naval Treaty of 1935 allowed parity in submarines; the Abyssinian problem was grossly mismanaged, bold words being followed by feeble deeds; the unresisted remilitarisation of the Rhineland prepared the way for the Siegfried Line and the attack on Central Europe. Clemenceau, Poincaré and Foch were dead, and their elderly successors—Pétain, Weygand and Gamelin—had no stomach for a fight. Looking back we can all see how crazy it was, but Mr. Churchill saw it and said it at the time, as we note with the aid of copious extracts from his speeches and letters.

Whose fault was it? Partly, of course, the British and French peoples, who were sick of bloodshed and largely unaware of Nazi plans. Yet the heaviest load of responsibility rests on the three men who held the highest office in the State in the inter-war years. Ramsay MacDonald is least to blame, for he was a minority leader and his health was failing. The chapters on Stanley Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain must make painful reading for their families and the surviving colleagues who followed their lead; for though Mr. Churchill recognises their fine human qualities and lofty ideals he clearly regards both of them as tragic misfits. "This was one of those awful periods which recur in our history when the noble British nation seems to fall from its high estate, loses all trace of sense of purpose, and appears to cower from

the menace of foreign evil, frothing pious platitudes while foemen forge their arms. . . . Mussolini, like Hitler, regarded Britannia as a frightened, flabby old woman who at the worst could only bluster and was anyhow incapable of making war." Baldwin, a miniature Walpole knowing little of Europe and ageing fast, turned his back on foreign affairs; Chamberlain, knowing no more, plunged rashly into the whirlpool and quickly found himself out of his depth. In a remarkable conversation with Ribbentrop in 1937 the German Ambassador asked for a free hand for conquests in Eastern Europe and was told that it could not be. "In that case war is inevitable," was the irritated reply; "there is no way out. The Führer is resolved. Nothing will stop him and nothing will stop us." Mr. Churchill advised him not to underrate England, but in vain. The rape of Austria and the triumph at Munich seemed to justify Hitler's contempt for the Western Powers. "The British and French Cabinets at this time presented a front of two over-ripe melons crushed together, whereas what was needed was a gleam of steel."

Not till the rump of Czechoslovakia was gobbled up in March 1939 did the scales fall from Chamberlain's eyes. Hitler had understood him as little as he had understood Hitler. "He did not realise that he had a very hard core and that he did not like being cheated." Once converted, he swung right over from the futile policy of appeasement, which had merely encouraged the megalomaniac dictators to forge ahead, to a litter of guarantees which we lacked the power to implement. The interesting chapter entitled "The Soviet Enigma" argues cogently that no anti-aggression front could be built up without Russian aid, which, however difficult to obtain, was never seriously sought. Here, however, the main responsibility rests on Poland and above all on Colonel Beck, who stubbornly declined to allow Russian troops on Polish soil. The last chance of halting Hitler, in Mr. Churchill's opinion, was in 1938, when Russia was ready to join the Western Powers in the defence of Czechoslovakia. For Poland, neither an ally nor a friend, Moscow cared nothing, as was shown in the Russo-German pact of August 23rd, 1939, but for Czechoslovakia it cared a great deal. Broadly speaking, the interpretations of men and events in this volume are the same as in Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's *Munich* and Professor Namier's *Diplomatic Prelude*. Taken together these three treatises present an indictment which the surviving colleagues of Baldwin and Chamberlain will find it no easy task to rebut. The second part of the volume describes the author's brief and eventful tenure of the Admiralty between the outbreak of war and his call to the helm in May 1940.

G. P. G.

CHEKHOV.

Chekhov can be regarded as the Russian author who most perfectly portrayed in his novels and short stories the state of Russia during the last decades of the Romanov Tsars. It was a period of hopeless despondency among the intellectuals, of grinding poverty, ignorance and brutality among the workers and peasants, of growing futility and uselessness among the aristocracy, and of increased incompetence among the bureaucracy. On the other hand industrialism was slowly permeating a medieval structure of society, but the middle class was too weak to do what it did in Britain and later in France, namely secure its position in the direction of the State. Russia had the worst of both worlds. She had the ruthlessness of an uncontrolled exploiting capitalism, the dead hand of a landed nobility steeped in privileges, and the strait-jacket of a bureaucracy serving an autocratic emperor. The country was slowly sinking into bankruptcy and decay all through the times of Chekhov. It is necessary to remember this, for in our disgust at the crudities and tyrannical actions of the present Communist rulers of Russia one is apt to forget that they

are in many respects only continuing the traditions of authoritarian rule that Russia has always known since she became a State. But in regard to the status of the peasants and workers in modern Russia there can be no question that this is much higher than it was in Tsarist times. Moreover, the efficiency of industry, agriculture and the system of administration bears no comparison with the old régime.

It is interesting, therefore, that Chekhov should still be read in Russia and that the Soviet régime should have published a complete edition of his works. It looks as if the Russian public loves to be reminded of the futile period it passed through before the October Revolution swept all before it. Why is this? One can get some understanding of it by reading the pages of Professor Bruford.* The author begins by giving the reader a short account of the history of Russia from early times and then devotes chapters to the various social classes in the country—the peasant, the landowner, the official class, the Church, the intelligentsia and the commercial classes. He illustrates the kind of life they all led, their hopes, fears, helplessness and despair, by reference to the characters in Chekhov's novels and stories. The author has read through most of Chekhov's writings and has interpreted with considerable skill what Chekhov probably had in his mind in these characters. But Chekhov was a great artist and hides his own feelings, and so it is only from his private letters, which the author also quotes, that one can obtain any accurate knowledge of what he thought.

Chekhov was of humble peasant origin, but became one of the class most characteristic of Russia of the late nineties—the intelligentsia. He had been brought up a member of the Orthodox Church, but ceased to believe in later life, and one sees through his works the tragedy of many of his characters; it is to some extent the tragedy of our age, namely that the old religions have lost ground through the growth of science and the modern outlook, and yet the people, having lost a faith, find it hard to get another.

Speaking of Russian Communism Professor Bruford rightly says: "the general note is pride in human and especially in Russian achievement, confidence in the future and lack of interest in the other world. The fear of the Lord is no longer the beginning of Wisdom. . . . Religious needs are largely satisfied through the process of establishing Socialism." But equally correctly the author realises that this new secular religion has its dangers: "it is Nietzschean in its insistence on pride, courage and power of the will. . . . Nietzsche may well be the spiritual ancestor of Bolshevism, but it is in the main no doubt the philosophy of an age of expansion in a vast under-developed country." In fact, one cannot fail to see much of the old Russian tradition of theocratic rule inherited from Byzantium in all that happens in Russia to-day.

Chekhov gives one valuable insight into those social conditions of Russia that made the revolution inevitable, that brought Russia more up to Western European standard materially but still retained the rule of an autocracy (to-day a group of individuals) and the secret police. But Chekhov was too big a man and had too penetrating an insight into human nature not to understand the weaknesses of man. "In spite of his belief in reason and science, Chekhov was alive to the limitations of the human intellect and he anticipated the Freudian school in his understanding of unconscious motives of conduct." One feels that Chekhov knew that a great change would come one day in Russia, but that he was uncertain that it would all be for the best, for,

* *Chekhov and his Russia*. By W. H. Bruford. Kogan Paul. 16s.

like Dostoevsky, he tried to probe into the inner secrets of the human mind and was not sure that he could understand what he saw there.

M. PHILIPS PRICE.

EINSTEIN*

Science has become increasingly more abstract, and this is particularly true of physics, which has passed out of the realm of ordinary language into a mathematical symbolism incomprehensible to the layman. For this reason the improvement in precise thinking, the deeper insight into Nature which we owe to science, has not become sufficiently known; while the technical applications of science are widespread, the basic ideas have not diffused very far. It is therefore a most rewarding task to popularise science or, rather, to explain the philosophical import of the fundamental discoveries of science. The new biography of Einstein is a fairly successful attempt to represent the ideas of modern physics in a popular form, and it uses as focus the life of a man who more than anyone else has been responsible for the tremendous advance of physics in our time. In many ways this life has been conventional, devoid of serious difficulties, in spite of minor mishaps: childhood in Germany, student days in Switzerland, his first job at the Patent Office in Berne, academic appointments at Zürich, Prague, Berlin (where he spent the largest part of his career) and finally at Princeton.

The special theory of relativity on which he worked during his evenings when he was still a clerk at the Patent Office (as he once told the reviewer) was published in 1905 and brought him, immediately, recognition from the scientists, and fame as well as disapproval from the general public. The conception of the physical world hitherto accepted was shaken by relativity theory. In order to show this "Copernican revolution" the history of some physical concepts from Aristotle to Galileo and Newton, down to our days, is briefly but lucidly described by the author; and a short account is given, with the help of two diagrams, of the ether theory of light and of the Michelson experiment which marks the starting point for relativity theory. It is of special value that the author explains also the intellectual background: modern logic and empiricist philosophy which prepared the ground, by their critique of traditional ideas, for the development of modern physics.

The revision of the concepts of time and space carried out by the special and general theory of relativity, for instance, has shown that the *a priori* character previously ascribed to these concepts has to be given up. Nor can the certainty of scientific statements be found in any metaphysical absolutes; the laws of Nature are given only relative to a reference system of space and time co-ordinates, and there is an indefinite number of such systems all equally acceptable. Finally, the concept of matter undergoes a profound change: while the new theory of gravitation (embodied in the general theory) shows the relation between matter and curvature of space, the special theory leads to the formula equating mass with energy, which represents the basic idea underlying the atomic bomb. These are only a few of the philosophic consequences of Einstein's work; and his contributions to other parts of physics—say, quantum theory, where by creating the concept of photon he revived the corpuscular theory of light in a new form—are of equal importance. These discoveries are briefly described in this book. It would have been preferable, however, if more space had been allotted to them, instead of recounting in dreary detail the sad political events which occurred during Einstein's life. In spite of this fault there arises a well-drawn portrait of a great man: the intellectual who loves mankind but who shrinks from contact with his fellow men; the musician who finds æsthetic satisfaction in abstract theories; the pacifist who hates authoritarianism; the Jew with the Spinozist belief in the harmony of the universe who scorns the narrow traditions of religion; the modest, and even humble, man who in his own lifetime was accorded fame rivalling that of Newton. ERNEST H. HUTTEN.

* *Einstein, His Life and Times*. A biography by Philipp Frank. Jonathan Cape, London. 16s

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

DECEMBER 1948.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S TRIUMPH.

THE American election, as the world realises, is a very remarkable and significant event; but the results are neither so sensational nor so mysterious as most of the early comments implied. The utter bewilderment of the Press during the week after November 2nd went far to encourage this general impression, for the first thing that had to be explained was the reduction of the forecasts to absurdity. In recent times there have been several presidential contests (for instance, 1920 and 1932) which seemed to be determined well in advance of the polling day; but 1948 offered in this respect a situation for which there was no precedent. The universal conviction was that a change in the Presidency was inevitable. Governor Dewey and the Republican host were wholly assured by the Congressional elections of 1946, when the President's party suffered a heavy defeat, and the certainty was not confined to the one side. The Democratic bosses and their regional agents were defeatist to a man. And if any outside observers felt that Republican confidence was excessive, that pride even here might go before a fall, they found themselves unable, especially if they were trying to gauge the chances from a distance, to frame an answer to the argument that was built up on certain broad and familiar actualities.

For instance, the two-party system, from which the swing of the pendulum has been inseparable, remains unimpaired in the United States, and the Democrats had been in power for sixteen years. During at least two generations the Republicans, when undivided, had been the majority party. The disintegration of the Democratic coalition, uneasily held together by Roosevelt, was painfully manifest, even without the anxious search at midsummer for a candidate other than Mr. Truman, who, it was feared, could be beaten by any Republican. This fear alone accounted for the despairing appeal to General Eisenhower; and we have since learnt from the General himself that two years ago the President was ready to stand aside in favour of America's most eminent soldier.

These points, and many more, could have been cited in justification of the most confident prediction, although hardly for the extravagances in which not a few of the soothsayers indulged. The public opinion polls are being ridiculed as worthless, yet it should not be forgotten that in successive presidential elections the best of them were wonderfully accurate. Their failure on this occasion, however, is serious, and the only possible inference is that the method of inquiry has been narrowly selective and therefore in danger of blundering. Perhaps the most important political fact to emerge is that the Republican Party can no longer be counted as representative of the farmers and the small-town public. The results undoubtedly tend to support the view that a changing party alignment is at last in progress. We have no auguries of a separate Labour party: that, indeed, appears as far off as ever. But the great unions exhibit a steadily increasing political purpose: "Labour did it," the President said on the morrow of his success. And the Democratic Party of 1948, after its post-Roosevelt

spell of impotence, affords evidence in the North and West of movement and cohesion towards the Liberal position, or perhaps, one should say, towards a form of progressivism distinct from that so earnestly and confusedly preached by Henry Wallace. This at all events, we may be sure, is the belief or hope of the victor as he prepares to meet the new Congress.

The phenomena of the November polls, needless to say, have produced a spate of explanation and apology, together with confessions without number from the Press and radio forecasters. Never has so large a body of journalists been brought low, and never before have so many had reason to be thankful for the notoriously short public memory in the matter of news. Not a few of the personal statements are candid and enlightening, and none more so than that by Mr. James Reston, who is one of the ablest of the correspondents serving the *New York Times*. In the recent campaign, he remarks, there were certain factors that were well known to the reporters, though they were discounted by all alike. First, the familiar economic facts: the colossal national income, with over 61,000,000 men and women employed and earning wages unprecedentedly high. Then the prosperity among the farmers and in countless small towns largely industrialised within the past decade. A whole generation has grown up under the strong influences of the Roosevelt epoch. The workers, including many millions of the poor, are, of course, a decisive majority of the electorate. In politics, again, personality is a force at least equal to principle, and the American people like a fighter. Reporters allow themselves to be carried away by the externals of organisation and publicity, and by "the tidy statistics" of the opinion polls. Moreover, they move among the wrong people, keep with their own kind when on tour, and neglect the intangibles by which voters are swayed. And "the great intangible of this election," says Mr. Reston, "was the political influence of the Roosevelt era on the thinking of the nation."

The campaign was wearisome and enormously wasteful. Wallace's third-party venture aroused excitement in dozens of cities, creating an illusion of numerical strength, and the Dixiecrat revolt caused unwonted excitement in the Deep South. Yet there was general agreement that the public remained apathetic to the end. The explanation is simple enough. A presidential contest can be organised and carried through with almost no debate on the great questions that may be overshadowing the public mind, and this one was no exception. The American people, like all others, are haunted by the spectre of war, harried by fears of Russia and Communism, and far more deeply disturbed over atomic power than the British, despite their far closer proximity to the peril, have allowed themselves to become. National defence, together with the hated necessity of compulsory service, was everywhere in the election, but foreign affairs were not an issue between the two great parties. The bi-partisan international policy of Roosevelt and Cordell Hull is established. If the difficult passage through Congress of the Marshall plan appeared to show that isolationism was still formidable, later developments in the Republican Party were conclusive. The old guard was beaten in the Philadelphia convention. Governor Dewey, freed from his past, was advised by Mr. John Foster Dulles, who is in close co-operation with Senator Vandenberg. The European Recovery Programme, accordingly, was safe, and one of the few positive speeches delivered by Mr. Dewey contained a set of terms for Europe and Asia with which his opponent could not have found

fault—if he had thought it worth while, which Mr. Truman did not, to discuss actual questions with the Republican candidate. Russia and European reconstruction were left to Mr. Wallace, whose position became more and more embarrassing in respect of both matters. Moscow and Vishinsky were continually making the Wallace pleas for co-operation with the Soviets sound meaningless; and even the most fervid of "progressive" audiences could not be expected to approve denunciations of American aid to Western Europe.

Foreign policy, then, being uncontested territory as between the major parties, the Republican challenger was in no position for a resonant, or even a tolerably effective, attack. It was noticeable that personalities were being avoided to an extent that was infuriating to party fighters of the old kind. It has become the practice for the leading contestants to avoid mention of each other. Roosevelt held to the simple rule that to name his antagonist was to advertise him. As regards controversial questions in the domestic field Mr. Dewey maintained the caution that has always been his main characteristic. He could stand upon his record as Governor of New York, but he could not denounce the social achievements of the New Deal. On the contrary, he was impelled to affirm that a Republican Administration would accept and confirm them in principle, while it would undertake a rigorous house-cleaning in Washington and give the country the benefit of administrative efficiency and economy. A Dewey Government, that is to say, would call a halt to the reckless expenditure of Rooseveltism and the departmental chaos which good Republicans felt to be shocking.

Most difficult of all for Governor Dewey was his situation in reference to organised labour. The Taft-Hartley Act, which severely curtails the privileges of the unions, has brought them together in a solid block demanding repeal. Mr. Truman, who vetoed the Bill, not in a brief message but with a long and elaborate indictment, stands squarely alongside the unions. If his ill-advised action in a railroad strike two years ago had provoked labour to reprisals, the veto saved him. Mr. Dewey, on the contrary, was here without defence. The Act was a Republican measure. It was impossible for him to promise repeal and not easy to speak even of amendment. In New York he might look for the support of the more conservative unions; and yet, ironically enough, he was to see them turn to Henry Wallace without injuring the Governor in his own State. Mr. Dewey was relying mainly upon three pillars for his cause: (a) the sixteen years of Roosevelt and Truman; as he reiterated, it was time for a change; (b) newspaper support and the evidence of the opinion polls; and (c) the completeness and streamlined finish of his organisation, which was a full demonstration of so-called scientific electioneering. Thomas Dewey, a proved vote-getter on his own ground, is the first political campaigner to exploit all the resources of mechanism in an untrammelled popular election. The contest of 1948 will be remembered for this display and its spectacular failure, and for the contrast between the two contestants.

Harry Truman's self-revelation was a surprise for the American people unapproached in their experience. He had occupied the White House for three years when he was made to understand that the prominent men in the Democratic Party judged him to be an inadequate President, and that if he were allowed to run disaster would be certain. They thought of him as small, altogether unassertive.

He had never been a man of action. The speeches and messages written for him he would read in his hard Missouri voice. No one gave him credit for any initiative or talent for extempore utterance. The first hint of an undiscovered Truman came after the miserable business of nomination, when a thousand exhausted delegates heard, at 2 a.m., a speech of startling punch. In September Mr. Truman made a first sortie into the Middle West, declaring that in November victory would be his. The statement, constantly repeated, was accepted *pour rire*. The President went on virtually alone. The members of his Cabinet were of little service to him in the field. The party bosses were cold; wealthy Democrats declined to loosen the purse-strings; the campaign chest was meagre. Roosevelt could win an election by means of a broadcast or two. But time on the air has to be purchased; a national hook-up is a costly enterprise. And besides, Mr. Truman is not what they call a radio personality. His tone and style are not engaging, whereas his opponent's organ is a trained baritone. A President in office is not expected to make more than a few platform appearances. Mr. Truman spoke more than 300 times, addressing the crowds from the train or in the stations, readily and without notes. The set speeches, according to custom, were prepared for him by a group of ghost-writers, and these he learned to read with vigour. (For a detailed disclosure of a kindred process in the case of Roosevelt, see the fascinating account by Robert Sherwood in *The White House Papers of Harry L. Hopkins*. The difference is here: the Truman and Dewey speeches, it is understood, are delivered as written; the final Roosevelt product always bore the great President's unmistakable stamp.) The tours covered 32,000 miles. There were complaints that at a critical time Mr. Truman was leaving the government in Washington to subordinates. He was aware that the election depended upon his personal effort, with plenty of opportunity for the common folk to see and greet their President.

Whether on his own initiative and by native political sense, or because he was capably advised, the President chose his ground with telling effect. From beginning to end of his speaking tours he attacked the Republican record in Congress. He spoke often with unaccustomed violence, insistently rubbing in that it was the Republican majority which was responsible for a calamitous failure in dealing with the ever-rising cost of living, the rejection of federal grants for housing, the anti-union clauses of the Taft-Hartley Labour Act, and hostility to the great plan of Marshall aid. This strategy was excellent, and all the more so because, for one reason and another, Mr. Truman was allowed "to go it alone"; while the local Democratic leaders, despairing of the Presidency, were working hard in the constituencies, growingly convinced as the campaign developed that their party could recover its position in Congress. The majority obtained in both Houses was not in any forecast.

It is important, of course, to get the salient facts straight. Mr. Truman's personal triumph is spectacular, but the victory was narrow. Not since 1916 have the figures been so close. The total poll, as expected, was noticeably small, roughly 50 per cent. of the gross electorate. One-third of the registered voters stayed away. The President obtained a modest majority of 2,500,000 in a national poll of 47,000,000. If the Wallace votes had reached no more than half the figure arrived at in the more moderate estimates, Mr. Truman would almost certainly have lost. Or, alternatively, if Governor Dewey had pos-

essed a moiety of his opponent's power of gaining friends, the Republicans could have enjoyed an easy win.

Among the varied strokes of good fortune for the President the most unexpected was the sharp rebound of the Wallace vote. Twelve months ago, when the third party was hastily launched, one inference was unanimous: that the Progressive vote, whatever its size, could be drawn only from the Democrats. The view was confirmed by the fervid Wallace meetings in dozens of cities, the crowds of young people, and the overflowing collection boxes which enabled the candidate to pay as he went along. This evangelical mission, all against the Republicans, looked like a rebirth of the New Deal, notwithstanding the glaring anomaly that the enthusiasts, mainly young, were being exhorted to repudiate Mr. Marshall and to beware of Britain and its Labour Government. Mr. Wallace had ample warning. The ablest of his early associates turned against him; the great unions were inimical; the Communist support was fatal. The candidate's personal blunders were distressing, and long before polling day he admitted the futility of his venture. His adherents, therefore, were forced to choose between a vote for Truman, standing for a programme definitely to the left of his party's platform, and a vote that would be merely thrown away. The pathetic total of one million tells the story, and the California figures afford the best illustration of what happened.

No presidential election since 1860 has shown a pattern so complex as this. Yet it would be accurate to say that the general results are not mysterious, while certain important matters are fairly clear.

1. The two-party system is reaffirmed. Once again the third-party movement is revealed as a forlorn adventure. It has always lacked a coherent basis. The two great parties are still in balance. Governor Dewey polled nearly 46 per cent. of the popular vote, so that, despite Mr. Truman's achievement, his party has not suffered a reverse comparable with that of 1936, or with the crash of the Democrats in the Hoover election of 1928. The Republicans won New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey; but they lost Illinois and Ohio, and they could not hold or recover in the West. The farmers, prosperous beyond experience and assured of markets and stable prices, accept the political logic of the New Deal. Professor Brogan draws the conclusion that this change-over means the end of the Republican Party as we have known it, and he may be right. The signs, at long last, are pointing to a wide movement of reconstruction from which, conceivably, the G.O.P. could emerge as a national Conservative party. But political traditions are rigid and the machines are fiercely tenacious.

2. The Republicans in Congress, upheld by Tory Democrats, have been acting of late upon the assumption that the New Deal was over and the influence of Franklin Roosevelt exhausted. They now have emphatic proof to the contrary. Improved working standards and social security have been woven into the American fabric. It is true that Governor Dewey approved both principle and method, seemingly in full; but the wage-earners were not persuaded that these benefits would be safe under a Republican Administration, and their suspicions prevailed in the world of labour. Organised labour, convinced by Roosevelt, is now a wing of the Democratic Party.

3. Mr. Truman returns to Washington, it is said, more nearly unfettered by commitments than any recent President. His position as Chief Executive, however, is certainly not less difficult than it was, for the problems before him are dismaying. Party majorities in House and

Senate are not equivalent to the control of Congress. Democrats and Republicans do not vote as Government and Opposition. Like turns to like. Tory Southerners ally themselves with old-guard Republicans. The President's election promises were positive. They included price control, a federal housing policy, civil rights for the Negro (provoking the Dixiecrat revolt in the Deep South), and repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act. Rapid action towards the redemption of all these pledges will be demanded in the new year.

Further, there are the tangled questions of defence: compulsory military service and a vast scheme of rearmament, which cannot be debated apart from the immense obligations of the European Recovery Programme. The great plans for aid to the democracies, transcending in scope everything known in mutual aid between nations, are happily raised above party conflict. But we are reminded that their continuance by the new Congress will depend upon sound evidences of self-help and co-operation. And, finally, there are the cumulative problems of American foreign policy, all alike of the utmost urgency: Germany and Russia, the future of the Ruhr, Greece, China, Palestine. Not Franklin Roosevelt himself was confronted at any time by so implacable a list. President Truman is an honest and earnest servant of the American people, who have honoured him with a most impressive token of their confidence. He received it with an expression of the humility which he has often revealed. He may rely upon the world's goodwill.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

NEW TURKEY'S FIRST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

ON October 29th the Turkish nation celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the Republic. This quarter of a century was a period of rapid social changes, of great achievement in the educational field,* of increased production and national income. It saw the birth of a Turkish bourgeoisie and notable improvements in the standard of living and national consciousness of the Turkish peasantry. Happily for Turkey it was a period of peace, although since 1939 the country had had to keep the army mobilised, to spend over a third of its revenue on national defence, to live on the alert with an anxious eye constantly fixed on the traditional enemy of the north. The day when the *Kamutay*, or Great National Assembly, voted in favour of a republic marked the end of an age-long theocratic régime whose ornate façade was hiding a spiritual and moral deficiency. It marked also the beginning of a revolution which almost certainly saved the Turkish nation from destruction. No nation, however, can jump overnight from oriental despotism into Western democracy and from a mediæval into a twentieth-century economic system. The road to freedom and social justice is long and hard, but no nation of the world marched faster on this road than the Turkish.

After World War I Turkey presented an appalling picture: eight years of almost uninterrupted warfare left the nation demographically exhausted and its economy in ruin; Turkey's enemies were ready

* In 1928 there were 90 per cent. illiterates in Turkey. By 1948, in the age groups under 25, 60 per cent. in the towns and 40 per cent. in the villages were literate.

with partition plans the execution of which was in full swing. The fate of the Turks seemed certain : all political observers were forecasting the inescapable death of the " sick man of Europe " and there were few to care. Lloyd George seemed to enjoy the fact that this " human cancer, a creeping agony in the flesh of the lands which they (the Turks) misgoverned " would be extirpated. But the Turkish nation was saved. The saviour was not a prophet, not a caliph calling for a *Jihad*, not an adventurous schemer, *à la* Enver, dreaming of a Turkish empire from Adrianople to Tashkent, but a victorious General of indomitable willpower and a man of common sense who believed neither in the shadow of Pan-Islamism nor in the fiction of Pan-Turanianism. Mustafa Kemal, believing simply in the Turkish people, shed no tear over the corpse of an empire which looked formidable only on the map. His Turkish nationalism was the secret of his success because, though ruthless in enforcing reforms, he was moderate in his final aim. Within a few years he accomplished a transformation which astonished the world. His task was, of course, rendered possible by a series of favourable circumstances, the most important being the rapid British demobilisation, Anglo-French rivalry in the Middle East, and the temporary paralysis of Russia by its own revolution. In his endeavour Kemal was helped by a relatively small number of patriotic officers and civil servants and the resilience of the Turkish people.

What is known as the Kemalist revolution was not conceived in a day as a complete and logical system. As always in history the course of events might have been quite different had, for instance, the last Sultan been a man of wisdom and character. Had Mohammed VI (known until 1917 as Prince Vahideddin) joined the most patriotic elements of his people he probably could have saved not only the institution of the Caliphate but that of the Sultanate as well. Instead, cowardly and shortsightedly, he became a tool of foreign attempts at Turkey's disintegration. His behaviour made possible the first and most decisive of all Kemalist reforms : the proclamation of the Republic. Kemal dared to propose such a revolutionary step to the *Kamutay* only after a military victory over the Greeks, who dreamed of " a sort of neo-Byzantine empire with a hybrid population of Greeks, Turks, Slavs, Albanians, Armenians and Levantines."* In abolishing the Sultanate on November 1st, 1922, he was careful to maintain the Caliphate. Mohammed VI, despised by everybody, left Turkey, but Abdul Mecid, son of the Sultan Abdul Aziz, was elected Caliph. Kemal was proceeding cautiously and did not oblige his critics and enemies by throwing all his cards on the table. The next move he made after his diplomatic victory at Lausanne, where a new peace treaty (July 24th, 1923) replaced the document signed at Sèvres. On October 29th, 1923, the Turkish Republic was born. Five months later, when his political opponents headed by Rauf Bey were planning to make Abdul Mecid the constitutional sovereign, and when a religious agitation was spreading against the atheist ruler of Turkey, Kemal, sure of his army, acted again : on March 3rd, 1924, the Caliphate was abolished and the " Shadow of God on Earth " was exiled to Switzerland. Nevertheless, the new Constitution, adopted on April 20th, 1924, proclaimed that Islam was the State religion : it was advisable to keep the priests quiet.

The monarchist opposition did not easily accept defeat. Rauf joined hands with Cavid, the last of the famous Young Turkish triumvirate

* A. A. Pallis, *Greece's Anatolian Adventure* P. 152.

of the Committee of Union and Progress,* and in November 1924 formed a Progressive Party in Istanbul. It grouped a number of liberal men of worth, who equally disliked the past memories of Abdul Hamidian despotism and the prospects of a Kemalist dictatorship. They gladly recognised that Kemal was a good leader in war, but did not consider him intellectually fit for the mission of social reformer of the nation. Feelings against Kemal ran high. He could rely on General (later Marshal) Fevzi, who controlled the army, and on Ismet Pasha, the Prime Minister, but his one-year old *Halk Partisi*, or People's Party—although founded on local committees of national resistance created in 1919—was still a shaky affair. The rank and file of the People's Party, simple and conservative village folk, were disturbed by the reforms which the opposition described as an attack on religion. To gain time, Kemal devised a *ruse de guerre*: he dismissed his friend Ismet, considered not sufficiently versed in economics and public finance, and asked another friend, Fethi Bey, described as a Liberal, to form a new government. He abolished the tithe tax to please the peasants. Kemal was still in a difficult position when in March 1925 he was saved by the Kurdish revolt. Sheikh Said raised the green banner of the Prophet with the battle cry: "Down with the Infidel Republic of Ankara and long live the Sultan and Caliph!" The Turks were not deceived: they never trusted the Kurds, who, although Moslems, were as foreign as the Armenians or the Greeks† and—in the Turkish view—equally prompt to follow foreign advice. They too must be crushed and the *Gazi* alone could do the job. He did it, and a few months later Sheikh Said and forty-six other Kurdish chieftains were hanged at Diyarbekir. Taking advantage of his renewed popularity, Kemal, in July 1926, suppressed the Progressive Party: Cavid was hanged and Ranî, already abroad, was sentenced *in absentia* to ten years' imprisonment. Fethi resigned and Ismet was again Prime Minister.

Meanwhile the reforms continued; in November 1925 the fez was abolished—hated apparent distinction between Turks and Europeans; in February 1926 the Swiss Civil Code was introduced (among many other things it meant the abolition of polygamy); the introduction of the Italian Penal Code and of the German Commercial Code followed; on April 9th, 1928, the article proclaiming Islam as the State religion was removed from the Constitution; finally a new Latin alphabet was introduced. This astonishing series of reforms changed the whole life of Turkey and made possible the existence of a new society. The democratic and secular principles with Western Europe as a model were its foundation. Meanwhile, Turkey had a single party government with Kemal as President of the Republic and leader of the People's Party. He was convinced that for some time to come a régime of enlightened dictatorship was a historical necessity. He never pretended to formulate a doctrine of a permanent totalitarian system; he never took seriously either Mussolini's or (after 1933) Hitler's ideological verbiage. He knew that a one-party system was a temporary measure, that Turkey one day—although not, of course,

* The two others were dead: Enver Pasha, faithful to his Pan-Turanian schemes, was killed in 1920, fighting the Bolsheviks in Turkestan; Talaat Bey fell a victim to Armenian vengeance in 1922 in Berlin.

† In Mr. Churchill's estimate (*cf. The World Crisis: The Aftermath*, p. 405) during World War I the Turks massacred or forced to leave Turkish soil some 1,250,000 Armenians. As a result of Turkish victory over the Greeks over a million Greeks left Asia Minor and some 356,000 Turks were repatriated from Greek Macedonia, Thrace and the islands.

in his lifetime—must throw off totalitarian ways if it was to become a State really based on the Western pattern.

In August 1930 Kemal made another experiment with a tolerated opposition. His friend Fethi obliged him again and formed a Liberal Party. What was rather meant to be a comedy turned almost to tragedy. Not only did the new party poll 25 per cent. of votes in the municipal elections held in the autumn, but also a series of riots broke out, and in one case, at Menemen, a dervish cut off the head of an army officer who tried to speak for the People's Party. More serious politically was the fact that the crowd did not protect the officer but applauded the dervish. For the second time Kemal had to suppress an opposition party, and again he was helped in this unpopular task by a new national emergency created by the second Kurdish revolt. The idea of an Armenian State had to be abandoned, but some people—against the advice of the best British authorities on the affairs of the Middle East, such as Sir Percy Cox,* still believed that a Kurdish buffer State between Turkey, Iran and Iraq would be desirable. By smashing the second Kurdish revolt Kemal helped himself and incidentally rendered a real service to Great Britain, because a Kurdish kingdom or republic could clearly be only a ground for Soviet intrigue.†

After 1930 the *Sturm und Drang* period ended. Turkey entered the second phase, that of stabilisation. A few significant constitutional changes, however, took place: in 1934 women were given the right not only to vote (at the age of 23) but also to be elected (at the age of 31); in 1935 Sunday was introduced as a weekly rest-day, all Turkish titles were abolished and family names were introduced;‡ in 1936 it was decided that the President of the Republic would be elected by the *Kamutay* from among the deputies, his term being identical with the life of each assembly. In October 1937, after nearly fifteen years of almost uninterrupted premiership, İsmet İnönü resigned, but a year later, on the death of Atatürk (November 10th, 1938), he was unanimously elected as the second President of the Republic.

After the end of World War II Turkey's internal evolution entered a new phase. Under President İnönü's personal influence an opposition Democratic Party, led by Celal Bayar—former Prime Minister (1937-39) on behalf of the People's Party—took part in the election of July 1946 and was allowed 62 seats out of a total of 465. (The election was fought under the new plurality majority system with single member constituencies.) In England a similar electoral system is in force, but, naturally, between England and Turkey there are certain differences in actual political practice. For instance, it was reported that Istanbul voted solidly for the opposition, giving all the city's 23 parliamentary seats to the Democratic Party. The Ministry of the Interior wished, however, to ignore this result and to allot the majority of the Istanbul representation to the People's Party. It was only when Dr. Lufti Kırdar, Mayor of Istanbul, announced that if this were done the Democratic Party would boycott the new *Kamutay* that Ankara accepted a compromise: eighteen seats were left to the Democrats but five were attributed to the Populists. Since the elections other new political parties have been authorised,

* Philip P. Graves, *Britain and Turkey*, pp. 221-2.

† The Turkish census of October 20th, 1935, revealed that the Kurdish language still predominated in the south-eastern corner of Turkey.

‡ Mustapha Kemal Pasha became Kemal Atatürk (Father Turk); General İsmet Pasha became İsmet İnönü (from the name of a village where he was victorious against the Greeks); Marshal Fevzi took the name of Çakmak, Fethi Bey that of Okyar, etc.

the most important of which seem to be the *Millet Partisi* or Nation's Party under the leadership of Marshal Fevzi Çakmak. In July 1948 he alleged that the People's Party was only playing a comedy of democracy and that sovereignty of the people was an empty word in the mouths of the governmental clique. Marshal Çakmak joined M. Bayar in demanding that in future each electoral committee should include the opposition nominees. As this was not done, the opposition boycotted the thirteen by-elections which took place on October 17th, 1948. It is significant that only about 20 per cent. of the electorate went to the polls in Istanbul and Ankara and no more than 40 per cent. in the provinces.

All the existing political parties agree about the country's foreign policy and the necessity not to yield to Soviet pressure; all seem to support an idea of a Mediterranean union centred on the west. Many attempts were made to organise a Communist underground or a crypto-Communist political party, but so far without the least success. In December 1946 a "Socialist Party of the Workers and Peasants of Turkey" and a "Socialist Party of Turkey" were suppressed, and persons connected with the two organisations were arrested. On July 15th, 1948, the Criminal Court of Istanbul delivered judgment in the two cases. Dr. Sefik Hüsnü Degmentürk, who is supposedly the leader of the Turkish Communists, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and terms varying from one to four years' imprisonment were imposed on 43 other accused, while eleven have been acquitted.

In order partly to disarm the criticism of the Nation's Party the government of M. Hasan Saka found it possible, within the framework of the Constitution, to authorise a non-compulsory instruction in the principles of Islam in the primary schools. A Faculty of Islamic theology at the University of Ankara was also authorised as well as the opening of a few schools for imams and preachers. As to the Democrats, their *cheval de bataille* is criticism of the rigid State control of the national economy, and here the Populist leaders do not seem willing to give way. The diehards of the party and former Prime Ministers, M. Sükrü Saracoglu (who was recently elected speaker of the *Kamutay*) and M. Recep Peker, seem to be opposed to any relaxation of the principles of *étatisme*—one of the six fundamental principles of State included in the Constitution on February 5th, 1937.*

It is still difficult to say if and when a new equilibrium based on parallel influences of two main political parties will be found. President İnönü seemed to be ready for the experiment in July 1947 when he resigned from the chairmanship of the People's Party, apparently in order to remain impartial arbiter between the Government and the Opposition. Since, however, he accepted his re-election to the leadership of the *Halk* Party, M. Bayar is asking for the Constitution to stipulate clearly that, once elected, the president should remain above the political parties. The army under General Salih Omurtag maintains strict aloofness from politics. The Opposition declare that if there are no strict guarantees of a clean fight they will boycott the elections of 1950; but it is certain that with an eye on the Soviet danger, and also on the political situation in friendly Greece, the Turks will not allow any stormy events or too risky experiments in their country.

K. M. SMOGORZEWski.

* They are: (1) Republicanism, (2) Nationalism, (3) Democracy, (4) Evolutionism, (5) Separation of State and religion, and (6) State supervision of the principal industries, public utility services and means of communication.

GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY.

THE Second World War and its aftermath have left France exhausted, impoverished and saddled with a host of intricate problems, which, like our own, are mainly economic and primarily financial. As a result, she is no longer the first military power on the European continent, and cannot afford the maintenance of such military forces as are commensurate with her status as one of the Big Four. Yet, whatever the loss in quantity, it has in no way impaired the quality of her military leaders. Proof of this—if proof were needed—was the appointment on October 4th of General de Lattre de Tassigny as Commander-in-Chief Western European Land Forces.

The choice comes as the fitting consummation of a long and brilliant military career. His is indeed the unique war record of a daring and resourceful field commander, whose organisational skill was only matched by his tactical ability. He rose to fame in a world conflict which was unprecedented by its magnitude and complexity, owing his success as much to his acute grasp of realities as to an excellent insight into the nature of his fellow-men. A profound believer in open and offensive warfare, natural in a cavalry officer, he has left his mark as one closely associated with the liberation of France and the re-making of her Army. His talents were fully revealed in the spectacular globe-trotting dash which took his First French Army from the North African seaboard to the banks of the Danube, via Italy, France and Germany. Tall, handsome and elegant, the General is in his sixtieth year, but looks much younger. He could easily be mistaken for a barrister, or the stage version of a professional diplomat. Diplomacy and patience have played a not inconsiderable part in his life. A man suited by nature to the troubled times in which we live, he has never been hampered in his task by innate prejudices, preconceived ideas or the traditional outlook of a ruling class. If de Gaulle will be remembered as the General who stirred the French people to rise and resist, de Lattre de Tassigny will rank as the field commander who led the army of that people to final victory.

Jean Joseph Marie de Lattre de Tassigny was born on February 2nd, 1889, at Mouilleron-en-Parèds, a village of 1,500 inhabitants in Vendée, birth-place of Georges Clemenceau. The character and career of these two men, so different in background and upbringing, indicates, nevertheless, more than perfunctory similarity. Clemenceau became Premier in November 1917, when France's fortunes had reached their lowest ebb. He fought against the enemy from without (the power-drunk Germany of Wilhelm II) and the enemy from within (the despair, defeatism and despondency on the home front, personified by Malvy and Caillaux). His nickname was "The Tiger," his sole objective Victory, his motto "Je fais la Guerre!" Twenty-three years later Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, a relatively unknown General, fought the same terrible twins—Hitler's predatory Germany, and the corruption and collaboration of Vichy, which led from Montoire through Laval, Darnand and Déat to utter disaster and calamity. His guiding principle was: "La France a perdu une bataille, mais la France n'a pas perdu la Guerre!" Clemenceau, statesman, editor and doctor, was a staunch believer in John Stuart Mill and Positivism. de Lattre, a soldier of vision and foresight, is a stalwart advocate of positive all-out co-operation between Britain and France.

His early beginnings were those of a promising young officer. He graduated in 1910 from St. Cyr, the French Sandhurst, as first in the

same class as General Juin, the distinguished G.O.C. of the French Expeditionary Force in Italy, and now French Resident-General and C.-in-C. Morocco, who had first been offered the post of C.-in-C. Western European Land Forces but declined on personal grounds. A cavalry officer in 1914, de Lattre transferred a year later to the infantry, was wounded five times in action, mentioned eight times in despatches, and won among other military honours the much-prized "Croix de Guerre." The end of the war found him a major in an infantry battalion. Then followed years of peace-time soldiering with educational staff and regimental employment, in which his marked ability ensured steady promotion. He next served in the 1925 Riff war in Morocco, was again seriously wounded on active service, and mentioned in despatches for bravery. Returning to France, he took a course at the "Ecole Supérieure de Guerre"—the French equivalent of Camberley—from which he graduated as a Brevetted Staff Officer (B.E.M.). Made a Colonel in 1929, his next assignment was "Chef de Cabinet" (Principal Private Secretary) to General Weygand, Chief of Staff of the French Army, 1932-5, followed by his promotion to Brigadier and his appointment as Chief of Staff Fifth Army.

In 1940 he received command of the 14th Infantry Division. Until then his career had been mainly that of a gifted and successful regular officer. Barely five months later he leapt into prominence as the General who had kept his head when others had lost theirs. He showed his mettle in the first Battle of France by his notable defensive action at Rethel, in the Ardennes, and again on the River Aisne, during the critical period May 14th to June 11th, which saw the German breakthrough near Sedan. It was the beginning of the southern prong of that giant pincer movement which was to separate the B.E.F. from the French Army. The "race for the Channel ports" was on. de Lattre's troops sustained the full onslaught of the "Panzer-divisionen," but, fighting with dogged determination against overwhelming odds, threw the enemy back three times into the Aisne, and reached the Marne, then the Loire, still resisting. None the less, on all other sectors of the Western Front the sands were running out. For the second time in twenty-three years France was locked in a life-and-death grapple for survival. This time, however, no Clemenceau emerged to stem the tide of disaster. On June 17th a weary octogenarian Marshal, still invested with the halo of "Victor of Verdun," sued for what he believed to be a "soldier's peace." On June 18th, a few hours before the Armistice was signed, de Lattre asked the French High Command to evacuate his division either to Britain or N. Africa. His request was refused. It might perhaps be argued in defence of Marshal Pétain that, having had no previous experience of a "Pax Germanica," he could not know the difference between a Marshal of France and an ex-house-painter of Munich.

After the Armistice, de Lattre served for some time in the truncated Vichy Army. In September 1941 he was seconded for the post of C.-in-C. Tunisia, to command what was little more than a token force of dispirited troops with some obsolete equipment. His appointment was short-lived. Suspected of Allied sympathies, following an order to his men to resist any Axis entry into Tunisia, he was recalled early in January 1942, and took command of the 16th Mechanised Division at Montpellier. The autumn of 1942 was one of the turning-points of the war. El Alamein was followed on November 9th by the Allied landing in North Africa—a major event which heralded the switch-over from

defensive to offensive strategy. Convinced that the Germans would retaliate by invading Unoccupied France, de Lattre tried to raise a French force to impede their advance to the Mediterranean coast, by a stand in the foothills of the Pyrenees. His fears proved only too well-founded. On November 11th von Rundstedt's troops swept into Unoccupied France in a surprise dawn attack. de Lattre's attempt to delay them—a venture in the best “backs to the wall” tradition—failed, and he himself ended up before one of Vichy's infamous Special Courts-Martial, which sentenced him to ten years imprisonment. But it took more than a Vichy gaol to hold him. G. M. Trevelyan once wrote that “the current of public opinion, if denied course through constitutional channels, will make its way out by the sewers.” de Lattre carried this theory one stage further. On September 2nd, 1943, he escaped from Riom prison by sawing through the bars of his cell and made his way to Britain, leaving after a brief stay to join de Gaulle in Algiers. In December 1943 he became C.-in-C. of all French forces in North Africa.

The second half of 1944 marked the beginning of the end of Hitler's “Festung Europa,” and the return to the Western European battlefields of a modern reorganised French army, eager to meet the enemy on anything like equal terms alongside its British and American allies. The curtain was going up for the last act in the European tragedy. de Lattre's part in it was to be that of a “militant” protagonist, making his contribution to the grand finale in the form of four historic victories, each distinct in character. An outline of the shape of things to come was the invasion of Elba, on June 17th, 1944, when French units under his command landed on the island, after overcoming stiff enemy resistance. It was the first all-French combined operation of the war, yet it was but a “dress-rehearsal.” Powerful allied forces were being mustered for the next large-scale amphibious operation: the landing in the South of France, which was to be complementary to the original landings on the Normandy beaches. Thereafter until VE-Day de Lattre's name was synonymous with that of the French First Army—the army of resurgent France.

August 15th, 1944, saw the first of his major tactical successes—the landing in the South of France. As C.-in-C. of the First French Army—which together with the United States Seventh Army under the overall command of General Patch formed the Allied Sixth Army Group in France—he led his troops into action against the strongly defended ports of Toulon and Marseilles. The drive and dauntlessness of the men and the generalship of their leader saved these two vital ports from the fate of Cherbourg and Havre, and were best epitomised in General Eisenhower's message congratulating de Lattre on “the speed and brilliance with which French troops have broken German resistance at Toulon and Marseilles.” General Patch described the action as “a feat of arms which will go down as an epic in the annals of history.” His second successful offensive was the Battle of the Belfort Gap—a masterpiece of co-ordination and a triumph of Man over Nature. Early in October 1944 the First Army broke through the outer defences of the Gap, one of the strongest fortresses in Eastern France. But appalling weather conditions and stubborn enemy resistance seemed to be working together, and it was not until November 19th that the First French Army burst through the Belfort Gap, after weeks of bitter fighting, floods and snowstorms, in a surprise attack launched under circumstances of exceptional difficulty. Next came the trial of strength in the

Colmar Pocket—the last German bridgehead in Alsace and a thorn in the flesh of the Allied Sixth Army Group. In the last days of January 1945 de Lattre attacked the bridgehead and its “last-ditch” defenders—the German 19th Army. One after the other the defences were forced, and a fortnight later the First French Army entered Colmar. In less than three weeks it had “ironed-out” the pocket, hustled back the 19th Army to the right bank of the Rhine, and captured 23,000 P.O.W. This victory earned for Jean de Lattre de Tassigny the title of “Liberator of Alsace.”

The stage was now set for his last and most decisive campaign, the story of which reads like a popular thriller. His breakthrough of the Siegfried Line in March 1945, followed by the crossing of the Rhine, the invasion of Baden and Württemberg, the drive over the Danube into Austria, were so many stages in a seemingly unrelenting offensive. Within twenty-five days the First French Army had defeated the German 19th and 24th Armies, invaded and occupied the greater part of Southern Germany, and captured 175,000 P.O.W., including 34 Generals. On May 7th French guns roared for the last time. The next day a brief communiqué from de Lattre G.H.Q. announced laconically that “there was nothing to report from any sector of the First French Army’s front.” The hecatomb was over. On May 9th Army General de Lattre de Tassigny attended as the French delegate the surrender ceremony of the German Armed Forces at S.H.A.E.F. A month later he signed with Field-Marshal Montgomery, General Eisenhower and Marshal Zhukov the Declaration by which the four Allied Powers assumed supreme authority in Germany. He himself became C.-in-C. of the French troops in Germany, an appointment which he relinquished six months later to take up the post of Inspector-General of the French Army and Vice-President of the “Conseil Supérieur de la Guerre”—the French equivalent of our Army Council.

What is the secret of his great career? The answer would be: (a) his subtle intellect coupled with an immense fund of courage and initiative which never admit defeat; (b) his methodical and imaginative planning combined with a passion for details; (c) his absolute integrity which enables him to deal with allies and critics alike; (d) his superb self-confidence founded on will-power, and the confidence he inspires in his subordinates. He shares with Lord Montgomery the distinction of having friends on every General Staff. Germany’s collapse ended his career as a fighting soldier but by no means his activities in other spheres. As Inspector-General of the French Army he has the formidable task of reorganising it into an efficient fighting machine, endowed with up-to-date equipment, and an officer and specialists’ *élite* fully conversant with modern warfare. One of his greatest post-war creations are the Light Camps—model training camps in open country where the young conscripts are taught every aspect of military life. Best known of these camps is the Coetquidam Camp, near Rennes, which with its “Ecole Inter-Armes,” the all-arms training centre, is the breeding-ground of to-morrow’s officers of the French Army.

Honours fell thick upon Jean de Lattre de Tassigny when the guns ceased to thunder. He became the recipient of numerous military honours, including the K.C.B., the French “Croix de la Libération,” the Soviet Order of Souvorov, etc. His appointment as C.-in-C. Western European Land Forces was received in France with the utmost satisfaction. To the French people it indicates better than anything else that the Western Powers mean business and will not, like after 1918,

dissociate themselves from European affairs. France to-day is beset by immense and momentous problems. The French people are a nation of staunch individualists with widely divergent views on men and values. But in their judgment of Jean de Lattre de Tassigny they are so far agreed that they can think of him as the French of 1918 thought of Marshal Foch—"the Great Soldier who has deserved well of France."

DAVID INGBER.

WARS OLD AND NEW.

MOST war "lessons" are drawn much too hastily. The duel between *Monitor* and *Merrimac* in the Hampton Roads, 1861, profoundly impressed popular thought. Yet militarily it had little significance. Both were smooth-water craft, neither would have been of use in a sea-way. *Merrimac*, even without intervention by *Monitor*, could not have broken the blockade by the North. Yet the action started a cult of monitors, and hundreds of millions of pounds were wasted before it was realised that, save under special conditions, these craft were useless. The Battle of Lissa, 1866, started the cult of the ram; for generations warships of all navies were burdened with clumsy, useless rams, dangerous principally to their own side. The sinking of *Blanco Encalado* led to a similar cult of the Whitehead torpedo. In the French Navy there rose a school of enthusiasts who saw in the torpedo a means of "sidestepping" the superior British battle fleet. This school was known as the *jeune école*, and the French Navy was reduced to intellectual and material chaos by the perpetual rivalries between *jeune école* and the more orthodox school, and the perpetual changes in policy. By 1914 the French Navy from the second in Europe had been reduced to the fourth. The Battle of the Falklands, 1914, was hailed as the triumph of the lightly armoured, heavily gunned, swift battle-cruiser. The special circumstances which had led to this triumph—good visibility, absence of enemy mines or submarines—were overlooked; two of the battleships then building were hastily converted into battle-cruisers. Before they were completed there was the Battle of Jutland, turning all these "lessons" upside down, and they were pronounced by Jellicoe "unfit to lie in the line." The South African War led to the cult of the mounted rifleman. Prior to 1914, rifle-shooting became a fetish; men were earmarked for mounted scouts. The war on the West Front, 1914-18, offered little scope for rifle shooting, and less for mounted scouts. It is amazing how the same fallacies are always cropping up anew. In 1894 the new French armoured cruiser *Deputé du Lôme* was a sensation. The French Admiral Fournier was so carried away by enthusiasm he wrote a book to "prove" a fleet of *Deputé du Lômes* could wipe out the British Navy. The thing died a natural death, to be remembered only as a curiosity. Then in 1929, and subsequently, we got the same thing all over again, with the German "pocket battleships." Their design, whilst sensational, was faulty; thoughtful critics predicted at once their subsequent failure. Yet they gave rise to a whole literature concerning the "blunders" of the British Admiralty in not laying down immediately similar vessels.

It has seemed necessary to stress all these older fallacies before attempting to visualise the "Shape of War to Come." For the lessons of one war are almost invariably upset by those of the war that follows,

yet it is upon "last war lessons" that are based nearly all the predictions as to the wars of the future. The war of 1914-18 led to the cult of "superior defence." It was a cult which developed after this war was over, and not whilst it was on, and which was a fabric of special pleading. The real cause of the deadlock in the West, 1914-18, was an equilibrium in thought and force. Thus, at the Marne, 1914, the Allies had 78 divisions and the Germans 74, the leadership on both sides was pretty much the same, and reinforcements dribbled into action by both sides during the prolonged war left the balance pretty even. Under these conditions if the combatants on both sides had been armed with bows and arrows, spears and battle-axes, there would have been the same stalemate, and what finally swayed the balance was American intervention, and, ultimately, two million American troops. Yet the stalemate was attributed to barbed wire and machine-guns, its final breaking down neither to American troops nor to enemy exhaustion, but solely to the use of a new weapon, the tank!

The Second World War shows every sign of crystallising into another cult—the cult of irresistible air-attack. The early bombing raids made by both sides were mere pin-pricks. Warsaw in 1939, Rotterdam in 1940, looked large in Allied propaganda, but the damage done was relatively small, and the Germans used their aircraft as artillery to help their troops get forward. It was not a matter of totalitarian air-attack *à la* Douet. The early British raids on Germany were futile from the military standpoint, and the German *blitz* on Britain came nowhere near achieving the results anticipated. It was not, in fact, until the late summer of 1944 that air-attack became a serious factor, but this was after three years during which the Russian armies had exercised a continuous pressure upon Germany, a pressure so great as virtually to monopolise Germany's military industrial effort. Whilst this was going on, the Allies were free to build up their air forces almost without German counter-action, and it was obvious that these were very exceptional circumstances unlikely to occur again. In a war fought between America and Russia, Britain and France would most certainly be America's allies. But there would be no armies capable of exercising the same pressure upon Russia as was exercised by the Russian armies upon Germany. Thus, unless we provided the necessary land forces ourselves, Russia, unlike Germany, would be free to devote her major military industrial effort either to A.A. activities or to counter air-attacks.

Most of the deductions drawn from our bombing of Germany, 1940-5, are very misleading, and the most significant thing is the limited military effects of our bombing, despite abnormally advantageous circumstances. Our D-Day attacks were made with overwhelming air superiority, and against only a fraction of the German Army. But the campaign was very hard going, we came in for nasty reverses, e.g. Arnhem and the Ardennes, and we should never have been able to undertake the invasion of Germany proper but for the successes of the Russians. It was not till the German armies had sustained decisive defeat both East and West that our bombing became overwhelmingly effective. This was because we had secured, as a result of land victories, bases so close to vital German traffic arteries that the bombing was more what the Army calls strategic bombing than what the R.A.F. understands under this term. In 1944-5 we and the Americans employed 28,000 combat planes serviced

by 1,300,000 men. Yet although the decisive break-through occurred at St. Lo, July 25th, 1944, it was not until May 1945 that Germany surrendered. And this was with huge Russian armies thundering down upon her rear. In 1918 we had no comparable bombing force, and there were no Russian armies. The decisive break-through was at Amiens, August 8th, and by November 11th Germany had surrendered. This scarcely suggests the overwhelming military importance of strategic bombing.

To most people, the "Shape of War to Come" is entirely dominated by the atomic bomb, but if anything really revolutionises war it is far more likely to be television and the rocket. There is plenty of evidence to show that Japan was on the point of surrender before the dropping of atomic bombs on Nagasaki and Hiroshima. The American conscience has been perturbed at the suffering caused by these bombs to civilians, and there has been, perhaps, a certain amount of special pleading to show the dropping of the atomic bombs to have been a military necessity. But Japan was by then so utterly exhausted that it may be questioned whether the landing of an Allied expeditionary force would have encountered much real resistance. The probabilities are that she would have collapsed as swiftly as Italy after our landing in Sicily. The people were tired of the war. It is too easily accepted that there is no "answer" to the atomic bomb. Consider the balloon barrage. It was a gas-borne cable-carrier of great service against low-flying aircraft or dive-bombing, but could not be raised more than 10,000 ft. But we have nowadays in the helicopter the possibility of a mechanical, heavier-than-air cable-carrier. It may be possible to apply to the helicopter the principle of the trolley-bus, and to have an electric motor drawing its current through the cable, which must be electrified anyhow. Moreover, if you can substitute the air-screw by jet propulsion for horizontal flying, you ought to be able to do the same thing for vertical flying. Thus we get the possibility of an electrically operated cable-carrier, drawing its current through the cable, rising vertically by jet propulsion, and capable of maintaining itself aloft so long as the power station can send the current. Harness a team of such carriers to one cable, and you get a lift that can reach up 60,000 ft. or so, and which no existing aircraft can fly over, and which will be practically independent of wind strains, for at such an altitude there is no wind. Fantastic? Not more fantastic than the atomic bomb itself. The whole will always be greater than the part. The scientific research and economic resources which have produced the atomic bomb are products of an all-round development, which is working simultaneously for social health as well as for social disease. The atomic bomb is social disease; once the danger becomes imminent to all, the keenest minds in the community are going to work tirelessly, exhausting every form of social activity until they have found a solution. This solution is likely to be on simple lines. In 1929 Lord Halstead wrote a book, 1944, depicting all England reduced to chaos and cannibalism by aircraft dropping poison gas. It never occurred to him that you can make a room gas-tight by pasting strips of tissue paper over window frames and doors, and he would have dismissed as "fantastic" the idea that Government would issue millions of gas-masks. Yet it was on these simple lines the problem was solved. The menace of the atomic bomb will be met, by similar means, by a revival of the mediæval walled city shooting its invisible walls for miles up into the heavens.

George Stephenson, working purely for peace purposes, did more to revolutionise war than any military reasoner, for railways revolutionised the conditions of time and space for armies. The scientists labouring on television are working for public entertainment, not for war, but are likely to revolutionise war. For television, once perfected, means giving the gunner, or rocketeer, a mechanical eye capable of reaching hundreds of miles ahead. Given the adaptation of infra-red rays, the "black" searchlight, such an eye will be able to pierce darkness, fog, or camouflage; given kinetic processes it will be able to see far more clearly than the human eye. Television will mean ranges, firing speeds and accuracy almost inconceivable to-day. Which brings us naturally to the rocket.

Rifling, although known as far back as the fourteenth century, did not become of much military use till the latter half of the nineteenth. Till then its disadvantages were held to exceed its advantages. Loading a rifled barrel meant hammering the bullet into the bore, a cumbrous process. It was the invention of the expanding bullet first by W. W. Greener and then by Minié which made the rifle practicable, and then came rapid development. Barrels lengthened, mechanical means facilitated loading, we got the "fixed" cartridge, breech-loading, and then magazine rifles, quick-firing guns, machine-guns. But after a process of continuous development we have reached with guns a phase in which we seem to be able to go no further. Erosion eats the barrel away; thus after 60 full charges for a 12 in. gun, the gun must be relined; the bigger the calibre, the shorter the "life" of the gun. With modern slow-burning powders, to increase the length of the barrel adds to the muzzle-velocity of the projectile. But after a length of 50 calibres we come up against "droop," the barrel sags from lack of support.

The rocket, like the gun, is an ancient discovery. The gun dismisses its projectile by one terrific kick from a charge fired in an enclosed cylinder with only the one opening at the muzzle. With the rocket you get a series of kicks until the fuel is expended; once set in motion it is a self-propelled projectile. The military rocket dates from the early nineteenth century, but it was too erratic and too slow to be of great use. Recent discoveries, however, have changed all that; rockets have been produced capable of speeds of 3,000 m.p.h., faster than the shell from a gun, and can be guided by wireless and other means. A 50 cal. 12-in. gun weighs 69 tons, and the recoil strains are so great that it must be fired from a mounting ten times as heavy as this. It fires a projectile weighing 850 lb. to a range of some 20 miles, and this leaves the muzzle at a speed of roughly 2,500 m.p.h. If we can produce a rocket with a war-head weighing 850 lb. flying with the same speed and accuracy the saving in weight is enormous; for there is very little recoil, and we cut out the 690-ton mounting, we cut out most of the weight of the 69-ton barrel, and if we are using the rocket from a warship we cut out most of the weight of the massive deck beams meant to absorb recoil. This gain in weight will extend throughout the entire gamut of firearms. We can give the infantryman a light tube which will enable him to discharge a miniature rocket, the head of which will smash any tank armour or knock down any low-flying aircraft.

Will war then become a matter of terrific bombardments and counter-bombardments by rival rocket batteries firing at one another hundreds of miles apart? For war on land a process of knocking holes

in the ground is not enough, and to destroy whole cities by rocket attacks would need such an enormous weight in explosives that you would need to be overwhelmingly superior in resources to make this worth while. The sheer weight of explosives needed to destroy German cities was prodigious, and even then, as at Bremen, the Germans fought on amidst the ruins. No bombardment by rockets at long range is likely to be more effective than our close range bombardments by gun-fire at Passchendaele and on the Somme. But to knock the enemy out it was still necessary to send infantry forward, and the infantry came in for a hard time. The Shape of War to Come is unlikely to differ materially from the Shape of War as it always has been.

VICTOR WALLACE GERMAINS.

PROGRESS IN EGYPT.

AS the traveller stands under the great doorway of an Egyptian temple by Nile bank or by desert edge he sees the frescoes on walls and pillars standing out in amazing clarity. The place where the sculptor's knife cut the stone four thousand years ago might be an incision of yesterday. Detail after detail depicted in these scenes and hieroglyphs have their living counterpart to-day in the wild life and peasant existence of field and desert. A frieze of harvesters, weavers or merry-makers, carved to do honour to a king dead a thousand years before the Romans conquered Britain is strikingly like the moving frieze of harvesters, weavers and merry-makers now going about their daily life in the little village beside the temple. They dance the same dance, use some of the same tools, and grow many of the same crops as their forefathers so beautifully depicted in this wealth of Ancient Egypt. Yet in this fascinating country where certain things have not changed in æons of time many profound changes are taking place. Talking in London recently Lord Webb-Johnson, the famous English surgeon, said: "It is thirty-six years since I first visited Egypt and developed an affection for the Egyptian people of all classes. I did not go back until 1939, and what a change I found, great new hospitals and blocks of new universities."

In countless spheres Egypt has achieved much in recent years. Succeeding governments have made patient and determined attacks on the bugbear of illiteracy. By a Royal Decree of 1944 all boys and men between 12 and 45, and all girls between 12 and 15 who could not read had to attend various centres and be taught. Land and factory owners were to provide facilities for the education of their workers and co-operative societies, voluntary clubs and army authorities were to do the same. In the first two years the rush of male pupils to the teaching centres was such that the Government had perforce to limit them to those between 12 and 18. The elementary school-leaving age is 12, and for years to come it will probably be impracticable to raise it, but there are many improvements within the present educational system which could well be undertaken. Some are already begun. A Government scheme is now functioning under the able direction of Mahmoud Bey Zaki for special rural education. A considerable number of schools have been converted to include training in local industries such as basket and broom making and subjects specially chosen to be of use in village and agricultural life.

The ordinary elementary school suffers much from inadequate staffing and equipment. Very little is attempted beyond the merest outline of the three "R's," and sometimes not even this is achieved, partly because of a system which defeats its own ends. This is the half-day system devised for the abolition of illiteracy in the shortest possible time with the minimum of expenditure. Half the child population of an area troop into school for a few hours in the morning, and the other half for the same short time in the afternoon. As the school age is anyhow only up to 12 some of the slower or lazier children leave school with much the same educational qualifications as those with which they arrived. But in spite of these disadvantages steady progress is being made, and is widespread. Even the interest of the oldest generation is aroused by the literacy of their children and grandchildren. Any old time-worn Egyptian "fellah" in cotton "galabiah" may be seen squatting in the sun by his mud brick hut listening to a small boy reading aloud to him. The child takes obvious pride and pleasure in declaiming the sonorous Arabic phrases, that beautiful language which is held by leading Orientalists to be the richest in the world.

Primary and secondary education in the towns is, on the whole, up to date and thorough. But the great need here is for a more inspired way of character training through education. The fundamental purpose of education is sometimes lost sight of in the feverish rush to pass examinations and secure a small safe Government job. This emphasis in the schools is bound to produce a lack of enterprise and consequent black-coated unemployment. This is not the whole story. Many schools are run by high-minded, imaginative men and women who can pass on to the children ideals and spiritual and moral values which give them a real foundation for life.

The Ministry of Education has recently started a new scheme which may have far-reaching results in the character of young Egypt. The idea is to found a series of young people's clubs in different centres all over the country. It is only just getting under way and has started in Cairo. The members range from 12 to 21 years old. Farid Abou Haddid Bey, Director-General of the Administration of General Culture, describes the aim of these clubs thus: "To promote social life among students, to release their latent abilities and inculcate such useful habits as enterprise, initiative, resource, independent thinking and self-control and to educate young people through discussions and debates in which they take an active part, the teachers' rôle being one of supervision, guidance and encouragement only. They try to increase their knowledge and broaden their outlook by private reading, film shows and visits to places of interest, exhibitions, museums and various cultural and social activities, and to promote friendly relations between the youth of Egypt and the youth of other countries, especially the Arab world, through the exchange of visits and the participation in international youth conferences."

As well as these young people's clubs there are springing up a number of clubs for smaller boys and girls from the very poorest districts. In several cases these are run by enterprising and unselfish Egyptians of the privileged class who sincerely wish to benefit the lot of the desperately poor. These clubs start with the simplest aims. For instance, a club for little girls in one of Cairo's slums builds everything on two main principles—cleanliness and the team spirit; neither of which, as the founder says, had ever been heard of before by the small members. The difference in these children between when they started

and a few months later is quite miraculous. They are bursting with pride for their club and are very conscious that it becomes what they themselves make it, and that it is not a charity institution, for each child pays half a piastre a month. An encouraging feature of this particular club is the real co-operation between the Egyptian and the English ladies who help run it. Both have the interest of the little girls most genuinely at heart, and the result is true team work. Small wonder they are able to pass on this principle to the children.

In Alexandria there is a remarkable school of social service where this same co-operation is most notable. A trained English social worker helped to found it, and still remains there in a very influential capacity, for the Egyptians concerned recognise in her the qualities of honesty and unselfishness which produce genuine team work. It is interesting to note the type of personality with which the modern Egypt is eager to co-operate, even over their nation's own internal affairs. This school is a meeting-place where Moslems and Jews, Egyptians and foreigners work side by side united in a common disinterested aim. In these days of divisions and strife it is encouraging to note, too, that in Cairo and Alexandria there are certain groups of young Moslem, Jewish and Christian Egyptians who work together in perfect unity. Their avowed aim is to build a spirit of Moral Rearmament in Egypt which would be proof against the enticing materialist ideologies which are now being assiduously spread there. These men and women have written and published a booklet called *Together for Egypt*, which is a clarion call in simple terms to all their fellow countrymen of whatever faith or race, to base their lives on unity, unselfishness and honesty. One of the illustrations in this book is the sketch of a tree whose branches are named Sickness, Poverty and Ignorance, the three well-recognised scourges of Egypt. The roots of this tree are called Greed, Fear and Selfishness.

The fact that first-rate hospitals, schools, machinery and equipment by themselves do not make a country great, but that the spirit of sacrifice and service which inspires their use, does, has been learnt by some people of Egypt, but it must now spread to the many if her foundations are to be secure. Those who have learnt this may yet be a minority, but they are beginning to make themselves felt. During the terrible outbreaks of malaria and of cholera in recent years the part played by a number of Egyptian ladies in devoted service to their stricken countrymen was most marked. Many of these women, wives of leading officials, had been brought up in sheltered homes. But when they realised what was happening they threw aside all fear of dirt, contagion and death. They worked with a will in the village huts and crowded lanes under appalling conditions, bringing comfort and help to thousands. The Public Health Department carried out varied preventive measures. The spraying of disinfectant from the air had a considerable effect on general cleanliness everywhere. Nothing out of doors, animal, vegetable or mineral, escaped the misty myriad drops descending from the heavens. It was extraordinary to see the little local sweet shops and butchers' shops almost free from flies, anyhow temporarily. The enforced inoculation against cholera met with very different receptions among the ordinary populace. There was sometimes much howling and screaming among the younger members, who feared they knew not what. As often as not the injection was finished before they realised it had begun. Their tears gave way to beaming smiles of relief and surprise when told that all was over. In one instance,

however, the doctor was surprised to see a toothless, poor old woman waiting again in the queue, having had her full dose the day before. "Ah," she said, "this is just what I need. I have not been well for a long time. But I feel so much better since you've given me the needle: just one more, please, and I will be quite cured."

Egypt is above all the country where old and new are in striking evidence side by side. In the field of medicine this is still very apparent. Egyptian surgeons are well known to be among the finest anywhere, and one of their number has the reputation among some London surgeons of being the finest living surgeon in the world. Simultaneously, there flourish in Cairo men whose business it is to cure all the ills of those who come to them, by ancient prescription, antique rites and holy incantation. These men are often sincere and genuine according to their lights. Moreover they do cure people. A lad of 18 in the author's employment suffered with curious pains in the back. He was sent to a good hospital where he was diagnosed and treated, but after some time the pains reappeared as bad as ever. He then said he would like to attend a holy man in his village close to Cairo. He was given a week or two of holiday, after which he returned cured. He tells the tale of what happened with enthusiasm and a touch of pride. "It took three men to hold me down," he says. "One sat on my shoulders and two held my legs, while the healer burnt a hole with a red-hot iron exactly on the place of the pain." A "homos" seed (a type of pea) was then stuck into the wound and the boy was told to keep it in for about a week. Prayers and readings from the Koran accompanied the scene, which apparently gave complete satisfaction to all participants. This was roughly a year ago, and he has had no pain since.

The belief in evil spirits, ginnns and afreetts plays a part in the life of nearly all Egypt's 12 million peasants. The afreetts are said to inhabit many wild lonely spots, but one of their particular territories is the Libyan Desert. It is to be hoped that the King of Afreetts will take kindly to the wholesale transformation of his domain which is now being seriously considered. The cultivated land in Egypt is but 3 per cent. of the whole country. The population is ever increasing, and there is a great need for more productive territory. The present small oases of the Libyan Desert are well known to have been far larger in olden days. The oasis of Kharga, for instance, alone fed and housed Cambyzes and his army of 50,000 in the fifth century B.C. It now maintains but a few thousand villagers.

Recent research has proved that a subterranean river, which was known and used in Pharaonic times, does indeed still exist. To quote from the latest number of *The Bulletin* issued by the Egyptian Education Bureau in London: "The river runs from south to north through a spongy layer impregnated with water, and is estimated at 200 ft. thick, running between two poreless layers, and therefore its supply is considered almost inexhaustible. A recently built well on the river shows that an 800-ft. well discharges a constant supply of about 1,200 gallons per minute, that is to say, enough water to irrigate 200 to 300 acres; a similar well built to-day would cost about £1,000, making the cost of reclamation between £3 and £5 per acre. The rehabilitation of the valley of the oases is not a fantastic scheme." Another immense plan of the same sort was discussed in a recent session of the Egyptian Parliament. The Kattara depression covers 11,000 square miles in the desert south-west of Alexandria, and is 450 ft. below sea level. Some archæologists consider that this depression

(the largest in Africa) was connected with the Nile from the south or from the east in ancient times. Fossils have been found in the area which reinforce this view. So does the discovery of rock carvings showing large boats with masts. If a fresh-water canal is built to link the present desert waste of Kattara with the Nile it will transform the west of Egypt and bring it far-reaching changes of climate, population and economics. Then there is the whole mineral development of the Egyptian deserts. Crude oil, phosphates and manganese are the most important minerals at present. But they are only produced in comparatively small quantities, and much waits to be done, especially with crude oil. Drilling for new fields is being carried on all the time, and encouraging results have recently been found in the Peninsula of Sinai, and surveys west of the Nile show the probable presence of oil close to the Pyramids. Does this foretell a future battle royal between big business and Egyptology? If so, doubtless some happy compromise will be arrived at, such as the oil being made to gush out of the Sphinx's mouth without otherwise disturbing his peace.

How will possible desert changes of such magnitude as these irrigation and mining propositions affect the scattered bedouin population? It is early days to tell. The bedouin is an unpredictable creature, though it is fairly sure that anything akin to steady work will have no appeal to him. It is the sudden flash-in-the-pan activity to which he sometimes responds with amazing enthusiasm, as was instanced some years ago by an aged sheikh who was slowly crossing Sinai by camel on his way to hospital. A bedouin has to be more than slightly ill before he will consent to be taken to hospital. As this small caravan wound its way across the desert it fell in with a company of frontier force who were in pursuit of drug traffickers. They had lost the tracks and were fearing that their quarry would get away. The old sheikh was a desert tracker of great skill. Here was just the piece of excitement needed to revive him, so he thought, for drug traffickers at bay are often desperate. He insisted on joining forces with the search party, and off they went at top speed led by the gallant old man. He kept going for hour after hour, and only when the criminals were almost rounded up did he let himself continue his journey to hospital. There is no gainsaying that many Egyptians, whether they represent the old régime or the new, have plenty of spirit. And that the future of Egypt in desert, cultivation and city is of great importance to the Middle East, to Britain and to the whole world. But what spirit will finally capture the minds and hearts of her people is of primary significance. Will Egypt be able to forge an ideology for democracy based on their traditional faith and on qualities of responsibility and unselfishness, or will she succumb bit by bit to a materialist doctrine of division and resentment? This war of ideas is now being waged.

MARY ROWLATT.

WHY HAS MARXISM FAILED IN ENGLAND?

THIS question implies a paradox that has been discussed by generations of continental Marxists. A number of apparently convincing explanations have been given of which none stands up to closer scrutiny. It is easy to see why the attempt has been made over and over again to explain in Marxist terms the failure of Marxism

among the British working class, and the fact shows up the problematic character of Marxism altogether. Why is it a paradox? Marx and Engels were in closest contact with British people and institutions ever since they came to England as young men, and they remained here till they died. Not only did they live in the social climate of England, but that England during the decisive half-century of the industrial revolution and her rise to a leading world Power became the very stuff of their lives' labour. They investigated English capitalism at its source; they studied English economy and social history; from it they deduced their theories and formulated what they called the Historical Law of Development from Capitalism to Socialism. They were familiar from first-hand experience with English conditions, the British Labour Movement, its publicists, its organisers, leaders and preachers. But while they had a tremendous influence on the development of the labour movement on the continent, to the extent of becoming decisive factors in the European history of the last century so far as this may be said of any individuals, they were unable to influence the workers among whom they lived. From the days of the Chartists to Mr. Attlee's Labour Government the British working-class movement developed independently of the theories and practices of the labour organisations which, in Italy and Germany, collapsed before Fascism, and in Russia, after their victory, became the tools of a dictatorship which strangled the liberties and human dignity promised by the Communist Manifesto to a higher degree than was ever the case in any capitalist democracy.

It is important to-day to stress the achievements of British Socialism, not only because the Labour Party and Trade Unions have become the foundation of democratic socialism and the driving factor in world reconstruction as the pivot of the "Third Force" between capitalism and totalitarianism. It is still more important because it has become the fashion in some circles to write obituaries for the defeated pre-war Marxist parties in a manner which ignores the historic rôle of any other but the Marxist brand of socialism. What were the receptions of Marx's theories and his and Engel's personal influence in England? The lack of response and their personal isolation were complete. "Marx and Engels," wrote Gustav Mayer in his biography of the latter, "were greatly disappointed that the growing Trade Union Movement stuck to peaceful bargaining policy and abhorred the class struggle." It is important to note the time of which he writes here: it was a few years after the Communist Manifesto, and the conditions described therein and in Engel's book on *The Condition of the Working Classes in England* still prevailed. About twenty-five years later, Mayer continues, "Harney (a Chartist and a friend of Engels who had long since moved to America)" had offered financial help to enable Marx or Engels to write a systematic exposition of their doctrine for the English proletariat, but Engels had no great faith in the idea. The influence of the two friends was constantly growing on the Continent, but in the country for which they had hoped once so much they had no footing whatsoever."

Despite his disappointment Engels remained firmly convinced that the British proletariat would organise as a political party in the class struggle under the banner of Marxism as soon as the world trade monopoly of the Island Empire would be broken. In 1886 Engels again thought the time had come, writing in his Introduction to the first English edition of the first volume of *Das Kapital* (published after

Marx's death, twenty-one years after the German edition) that the number of unemployed in England was rising year by year and the moment could be foreseen when they would lose patience and strive to take their fate into their own hands. Marx's system, he said, was the result of a lifelong study of British economic history; his voice should therefore be listened to at such a moment. But who in England listened to his voice apart from a few continental refugees such as Wilhelm Liebknecht? There was Hyndman, one of the radical leaders and co-founder of the "Democratic Federation" which, as the only socialist point in their programme, demanded nationalisation of the land. In his *England for All* he developed Marxist ideas. In August, 1884, the organisation changed its name into "Social Democratic Federation"—in the same year in which the Webbs, Bernard Shaw and others founded the Fabian Society—"these silly Fabians" as Engels called them. It was the year after Marx's death, and apart from Hyndman there were in the S.D.F. only a few members, mainly the circle round the Marx family: his daughter, Eleanor, Dr. Aveling, Belfort Bax and William Morris.

Only a few months later the first quarrels started and the long series of splits set in, which became so characteristic of and so fatal to the Marxist movement. After a few months the circle around Engels separated from Hyndman who, together with John Burns, continued to lead the S.D.F. which remained in nominal existence until 1907 without ever having any influence. The others had founded the Socialist League with the claim, confirmed by Engels, to be the only true apostles of Karl Marx. But this League also made no progress; in the nineties, still before Engels' death, they had ceased to exist after never exceeding a membership of a few hundred. This disintegration of Marxist groups at their very beginning was all the more remarkable as the event expected by Engels had occurred in the meantime: Britain's trade monopoly was broken and the political activity of the British working class had begun.

That was half a century ago, half-way between the Communist Manifesto and the present time. During this half-century Great Britain fought in three wars and was engulfed by economic crises like any other European country. All attempts, therefore, to explain the sectarian character of the Marxist organisations in England in Marxian terms by Britain's privileged economic position fly in the face of facts. The prophesied pauperisation of the working classes did not take place, but this is true also of all industrial countries on the Continent. Certainly the living standard of the working classes improved very slowly in respect of social insurance, working hours and purchasing power. It is equally certain that social conditions suffered in periods of crisis and unemployment. There is no essential difference here between Great Britain and other countries. G. D. H. Cole and Raymond Postgate rightly point out in *The Common People 1746-1938* that at the turn of the century conditions in England would have been equally favourable to the growth of Marxism as in any other country, but, nevertheless, England was the only industrial country in Europe in which it did not spread.

The late Earl of Oxford, then Mr. Asquith, described in a letter, recently read on the B.B.C. by Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, his impressions at the gates of a big factory at Oldham in the early 'nineties when he watched the workers coming out for their lunch break: "The great gates opened and there burst out an ocean

of men. . . . I watched them closely as they passed me—a long procession of wan-faced, grimy, tired, silent figures. They get an average of 18 shillings a week, and work, with intervals for meals, from six to six. Civilisation and religion have done something for them—given them paved streets, watertight houses, board-schools, chapels and even (in Oldham) an art gallery. But life in its real sense they have never known and to their dying will never know."

This is what the so-called British "monopoly position" in the eyes of continental Marxists looked like in fact, and certainly does not explain the failure to convert the English workers to Marxism. Engels blamed tradition—mainly religious tradition—for the lack of revolutionary spirit. In a way this is an admission that, after all, economic factors are not the only decisive influences. In the decades since Engels' death (1895) the same tendencies prevailed. During these years when on the Continent large Marxist parties and active revolutionary organisations took a decisive part in the political and economic development, the British economy deteriorated. Thus between 1920 and the beginning of the second world war the percentage of unemployed persons in Great Britain even during the years of boom never fell below those during the years of crisis between 1850 and 1920; yet no Communism or Fascism worth mentioning developed.

Engels was proved wrong. Was tradition then stronger, after all, than the Marxist "ultimate cause" of economic conditions? The importance of economic factors, the interaction of economic and political history, cannot be doubted; it was the great merit of Marx and Engels to have drawn attention to it and to have deduced active political claims from it. Their mistake was to have reduced this relationship and the resulting conclusions to an all too simple formula. Mass psychology as a science is only in its infancy and it is the historical achievement of Marx to have shown up the problem here, but as a sociological theory Marxism is inevitably no more than a first step, just as astrology was the forerunner of astronomy. So far as the English religious tradition goes, we must remember that in other countries, such as Italy, a still more powerful religious tradition has not prevented the rise of Marxist organisations. It is true to say that from the beginning the British clergy were much more prepared to act as the social conscience of the nation than on the Continent, not only on Sundays and from the pulpit, nor only in a charitable way. By speech and writing they contributed to social investigations and fought for an improved standard for the masses. In the same way, English missionaries were among the first to bring to light the terrible conditions and the exploitation of negroes in South Africa at the beginning of the century. This attitude naturally enhanced the position of the Church and the development of a religious socialism in England.

This brings us to a further consideration of the reasons why Marxism failed to take root in this country. The question which caused headaches to generations of Marxists can be answered only if Marxism on the one hand and British Socialism on the other are not studied as isolated phenomena. It cannot be answered by a comparison of the behaviour of the working classes in one country with that of another country alone, but only by viewing their political methods, and the theories on which these were based, in the context of the whole "social climate" of those countries, that is, the sum total of all economic and non-economic factors which influence the attitudes and behaviour of a people.

In a memorial article on Sidney Webb, published in the *Fabian Quarterly*, Professor Cole recently compared Fabian Socialism with Marxist Socialism in this sense. As we have seen before, the Fabian Society and Hyndman's "Social Democratic Federation" were founded in the same year. "But while Hyndman and his followers were failing to translate Marxism into a doctrine understandable to the British people . . . Sidney Webb made, for good or ill, or for some of both, a peculiarly British Socialism, grounded in the British parliamentary tradition as much as the Socialism of Marx was grounded in the Prussian tradition of the 'police State'." This juxtaposition makes it clear why the question was not only one of a German-English contrast but of the fact that the social climate of England on the one hand, the "climate" of *continental countries* on the other hand, determined the development. In other words, the tradition of a liberalism of 250 years' standing in a country which could develop the democratic system without the problems of external frontiers, and for 300 years without major problems of internal unity, is contrasted with the continental tradition of autocratic rule.

Imagine the situation at the time when Marx propounded to English Labour leaders his theory of the inevitable class struggle fought in the "dialectical" process of revolutionary catastrophes and when he "proved" to them that the promises made in the Communist Manifesto were assured of a victorious conclusion. The social law which he deduced from Hegel's theories and according to which social evolution takes the form of a revolutionary process—the constant aggravation of unbridgeable class conflicts, the categorical either-or—ran counter to English thought, to the "British way of life." The rejection of compromise, the hundred per cent. guarantee for a prophesied future, contradict all English experience. While the German is proud of his intransigence and despises compromise, the Englishman knows that he must never be so sure of anything as to risk a policy of catastrophes for its sake. To accept catastrophe as the basic principle of a theory, as Marx has done, seems to him to act like a bull in a china-shop. To him compromise is neither contemptible nor merely a necessary evil but a supreme act of statesmanship in matters of high policy, an unavoidable way to behave in daily life whenever a common denominator has to be found for conflicting interests. In no way does the Englishman take it for granted that the class opponent will refuse to play the game as soon as democracy turns against him. Still less can he accept Marx's other contention that in the catastrophe, when force has been called in, the proletariat will remain victorious according to an inherent law.

Are not the refusal to compromise and the resulting intolerance typically German attitudes? One might reduce the difference to this formula: The German, in particular the strong and energetic man, stands for his ideas to one hundred per cent., the Englishman to ninety per cent. The Englishman, always conscious that there are more ways than one to reach a goal, will proceed with all vigour but will keep sufficient reserves to be able, at a given point, to suspect his own methods and theories. This puts him into a position to reverse when he discovers he may have been wrong. There are, of course, certain dangers in this attitude. There are many variations ranging from cool-headed superiority and far-sighted change of mind to mere muddling through. But are not the dangers of this attitude smaller than its advantages? The answer is supplied by the history of the last century

and by the position of the Socialist Movement in England on the one hand and in continental countries on the other. The collapse of democracy in Germany and Italy under Fascist attack and the growth of dictatorship based on the rule of a privileged caste—connected with all the terrors of a new class hegemony—in Eastern Europe speak an eloquent language. The last 50 years of European history, the time when working-class organisations fought for political power both here and on the Continent, are particularly apt to bring this comparison into focus. In this connection the attitude towards compromise was of the highest practical importance. For by no means could the leaders of Marxist organisations do without compromising. In Germany no less than anywhere else circumstances were more compelling than theories. But the categorical attitude, the refusal to compromise on principle, had the effect that the strong and vigorous personalities in Germany manoeuvred themselves into isolation by their intransigence and left it to the weak to compromise. This was, for example, the tragedy of the Weimar Republic.

In one respect, in particular, the proud refusal of the Germans to compromise had fateful consequences—it resulted in constant splits of their organisations. The intolerance towards the class opponent was matched by the intolerance towards class comrades whose opinions differed. Thus hatred and the struggle of the various labour organisations against each other paralysed their fight against the class enemy, reduced the power of the working classes, and made them an easy prey to Fascism as the fatal year 1933 approached. All this the British Labour Movement has been spared. Whenever a split was attempted it only amounted to the defection of small splinter groups. The typically continental mentality which Cole summarised in the symbol of the Prussian Police State, and which is a danger not for Germany alone, is foreign to the English "climate." To strike the balance between social security and personal liberty; to control bureaucracy and to allow social forces to develop on a socialist basis; these are tasks for which Britain seems particularly suited. This is not the least reason why people in any part of the world where there is hope for a human society without fear, starvation and misery look to Britain's Socialism as the centre of all forces directed towards that aim.

BERNHARD REICHENBACH.

MARIA THERÉSA AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.

III.—THE TEMPTATIONS OF POWER.

L *E roi est mort ! Vive le roi !* The familiar cry echoed through the gilded corridors of Versailles on May 10th, 1774. Mme Campan describes the stampede of the courtiers towards the apartments of the new rulers, aged nineteen and eighteen, who fell on their knees with the words : *Que Dieu nous protège ! nous régnons trop jeunes*. It was not merely their youth and inexperience which made their task so difficult. Other young rulers, such as the Great Elector and Francis Joseph, Charles V and Queen Victoria, soon learned their difficult trade. The root of the trouble was that neither of them possessed the qualities needed for their calling. The glamour of the monarchy was almost gone and the sands were running out of the hour-glass. Louis XVI

changed too little, remaining to the end a blameless, colourless, tongue-tied and well-intentioned mediocrity, without grace or dignity, more like a peasant taken from the plough than a king—in a word, a royal misfit. Marie Antoinette, on the other hand, changed too much. The pursuit of pleasure, hitherto her pastime, became her passion. She never took life seriously—indeed, hardly began to grow up—till it was too late to repair the mischief she had wrought in her first four years on the throne. As Dauphine she was a spectacular success, as Queen a distressing failure. Since the full-blooded intriguer *Marie de Medici* the consorts of France had been shadowy figures, producing the desired heir to the throne and then hustled off the stage. Here at last was a pretty, vivacious, friendly young woman who in the first flush of radiant girlhood had taken Paris by storm. "It was impossible to see anything except the Queen," reported Horace Walpole after witnessing a ball at the marriage festivities of *Mme Clotilde*. "Hebes and Floras, and Helens and Graces, are street-walkers to her. She is a statue of beauty when sitting or walking, grace itself when she moves." Yet not every good starter can stay the course. Her mother's ineradicable conviction that she was a light weight was confirmed, for power and money proved too much for her.

The first letter of the new Queen was written on May 14th at Choisy, once the home of *La Grande Mademoiselle*; whither the Court had fled from the germ-infested palace of Versailles. The end of Louis XV, she reported, had been most edifying. The new King seemed to possess the heart of his people; two days before the death of his grandfather he had given 200,000 francs to the poor, and it had produced a great effect. He was working hard and wrote many letters in his own hand. "He has a taste for economy and is eager to make his peoples happy. He desires and needs to educate himself. I hope for God's blessing on his good intentions." The public, she added, had expected great changes, but he had confined himself to dismissing "the creature." The letter ended on a cheerful note. "I cannot help admiring the ways of Providence which has chosen me, the last of your children, for the finest throne in Europe. I feel more than ever my debt to the affection of my august mother who took such pains to procure this fine position for me. Never have I so longed to embrace you, to pour out my heart, to let you see how it is filled with respect, affection and gratitude." The King added a few lines of thanks for the gift of her daughter, who was everything he could desire. Mercy's bulletins were full of praises of the modest demeanour of the young couple. *Mesdames*, he reported, were still a danger, for though the Queen realised their failings her good nature might make her too inclined to submit to their whims. The King possessed solid qualities but lacked personality, and business might bore him. "The Queen must learn to put up with it; her happiness depends on so doing. He loves her. With tact, kindness and caresses she will acquire absolute power over him, but she must govern him without seeming to do so."

The least hopeful observer was the austere and industrious Empress herself. "The position of the King, the Ministers and the State makes me anxious," she confided to Mercy. "She is young, she has never shown any application and never will, or only with great difficulty." Her first letter to the happy Queen was in a sombre strain. "I shall not compliment you on your dignity which is dearly bought and will cost you still more if you abandon the quiet and innocent life of the last three years, which has won for you the approval and love of your

peoples. That is a great advantage for your present situation, but you must know how to keep it and use it for the benefit of the King and the State. You are both very young and the burden is heavy. Without the support of your adorable father I should never have come through, and I was older than either of you. Do not rush things. Follow Mercy's advice: he knows the Court and the capital, is prudent and deeply attached to you. Regard him as your Minister as well as mine, though there is no antagonism between the two rôles. Your glory, your welfare, is as near my heart as our own. Those unhappy times of jealousy are over. Our holy religion and the welfare of our States demand that we remain closely linked in heart and interest, and that the world should realise the solidity of the tie. I will do my utmost, and my closing days can only be tranquil if I see both my dear children happy."

At the opening of a new chapter in the life of Marie Antoinette the Ambassador forwarded an elaborate characterisation by the Abbé Vermond, the man who knew her best. He had found her hurt by the apprehensions of her mother and brother. Their exhortations had turned principally on two points—the danger of political interference and of patronage. In neither respect was she conscious of fault; the gossip of Vienna, she felt, must be as ridiculous as that of Paris, and it was more dangerous because it was too far away to expose. The problem of recommendations, continued the Abbé, was very difficult. To forbid them was impossible in France, where from time immemorial three-quarters of the places, honours and pensions were accorded, not for services, but according to birth, favour or intrigue—in the army, the civil service, and the Church. Indeed, some posts, in accordance with custom, were only obtainable after a request from royalty. As Dauphine she had never exceeded her proper functions. "By character and principles the Queen shrinks from recommendation; if she has on rare occasions yielded to importunity it was in cases of minor importance. Moreover, if she declined to take action, other members of the Royal Family would fill the vacancies with less worthy candidates." Passing to the second theme Vermond reported her annoyance at the charge of political interference. Since she had always held aloof, both by principle and inclination, she could not understand the fears of Vienna. "For myself I desire rather than hope that she should concern herself with affairs sufficiently to discuss them with her husband and thereby increase his trust. Since his accession he has busied himself with them, and he cannot feel much confidence in her unless he talks to her about them. She told me she would grieve at any dissension between the two Courts. How could she prevent it, she asked, if she took no part in affairs? I know she must never take a hand in the intrigues of individuals, but I think she ought to know how the machinery works. Your Majesty, like the public, knows that none of her ladies dominate her."

This reassuring analysis produced little effect at Vienna. "I fear her indifference," replied the Empress, "her disinclination for serious occupations, her dislike of any effort and constraint." This indolence might sometimes lead her to yield to the importunities of her aunts, and her affability would not long preserve the affection of her subjects or the authority due to her rank. The same courier, however, carried an unusually affectionate letter to her daughter which for once contained counsels without rebukes. "I cannot express my comfort and delight in all I hear about you; everyone is in ecstasies. And there are good reasons for it—a King of twenty and a Queen of nineteen, their

every action breathing humanity, generosity, prudence and judgment. Religion and morals are not forgotten. I pray God to keep you thus for the good of your people, for the universe, for your family, and for your old maman. I long to see you, my dear children, always loved and respected and full of kindness. How sweet to make one's people happy, if only for a time! How I love the French at this moment! What resources there are in such a responsive nation! One could only wish they were more constant and less frivolous. Think of me not only as your tender mother but as your intimate friend. Try to be the confidant and the friend of the King; everything depends on it, his happiness and yours. If I have pressed you to avoid recommendations, it was only because I know the goodness of your heart and fear you may be taken unawares."

The new reign opened with a clean sweep of the leading Ministers of Louis XV—Maupéou, d'Aiguillon, and the detested Abbé Terray. The appointment of such a light weight as the frivolous septuagenarian Maurepas to the first place was a serious error, for his chief qualification was, that his official career had been wrecked by Madame de Pompadour. Four of his colleagues, on the other hand, were men of character and ability—Vergennes, an experienced diplomatist, at the Foreign Office, Saint-Germain at the War Office, the universally respected Malesherbes as Minister of the King's Household, and Turgot, the dynamic Intendant of Limoges, at the Treasury. At last there seemed a real prospect of national recovery. What was required, and what was in doubt—was security of tenure, in other words the steady support of the King.

A few weeks after the change of ruler the Ambassador reported on the prospects of the new régime. He was no longer afraid of the aunts, who now lived at Bellevue, once the home of the Pompadour. "The Queen has received Mesdames in a friendly way, but has indicated that the time of their domination is over. Madame Adelaide seems much less inclined to interfere in everything." In the princes, on the other hand, he found little to praise. The King's dislike for his brothers was unconcealed, but the Queen, with her frank and friendly nature, should be more on her guard. "She allows them too much familiarity. Her supreme position requires dignity; any appearance of equality, even in her own family, should cease." The King's confidence in her was growing; she could learn all she wished to know and she could secure the adoption of her ideas. "She advances with sure tread towards the greatest influence, and it will prevail whenever she cares to use it. The Ministers are taking note and all of them, especially Maurepas, seek her favour."

Mercy's only anxiety was her *penchant* for dissipation, but this left him no peace. Long before her accession she had pined for a little home of her own in the country. Now when she mentioned the Petit Trianon the King replied that he was delighted to present it, and the Ambassador approved. But her thoughts were centred on making an English garden, which would be entirely harmless if it left room for serious thought. She neglected her reading, and in that direction no change was to be expected. "She has not yet thought out a system of conduct suitable to her brilliant position. Isolated objects, often useless, sometimes harmful, set her in motion; then she asserts herself, makes use of her credit, and gets her way, while more important and really useful matters are ignored. Beyond doubt she possesses great influence over her husband, witness the dismissal of the Duc d'Aiguillon and the

termination of Choiseul's disgrace. It is now proved that when she really wishes for anything it is hers. But if in the long run her credit is employed merely for her whims, if, instead of making herself useful and indeed necessary to the King by giving him sound advice and dispelling his doubts, she only makes unexplained requests; if, while continuing her distaste for all that is serious or requires some reflection, she shows herself bored or inattentive when the King talks to her, it is only too probable that he will seek advice elsewhere. Her influence would disappear, others would gain it at her expense, and nothing would be left of her present brilliant prospects. Her Majesty, who invariably listens to me with the same friendliness, agrees with my arguments; but since dissipation always effaces the serious impressions, I only obtain results in particular cases, never anything systematic or consecutive." Her rôle, he added, was particularly important since the King was so weak. She could easily govern him if she took the trouble and devoted the necessary time. This possibility brought little comfort to the Empress, who doubted whether her daughter, owing to her lack of application, would ever take much part in affairs.

Maria Theresa's next letter, dated July 17th, 1774, mingled warnings with compliments. Everyone was in raptures and looked forward to a happy reign. The King was regarded as well-intentioned but weak; she must help him. There was talk of millions spent on building, though it was not a time for such expenditure. Some people thought her too familiar with the members of the Royal Family, and in particular the Comte d'Artois was said to be too forward. "Every consideration for all, but no familiarity! In this way you will avoid annoyances and recommendations. You really must concern yourself with serious things; it may be useful if the King asks for your advice or talks to you about affairs as a friend. Do not lead him into great expense. Do not let his first charming gift (the Petit Trianon) cost him too much. Everything depends on this happy *début*—happy beyond all expectation—being followed up and on your finding your happiness in that of your people who look to you alone for their welfare. Steady justice, blended with kindness and suitable economy, will ensure respect for this monarch by friends and foes. In my thirty-three years on the throne I have not achieved what this dear prince has done in thirty-three days; but it is necessary to live up to this splendid and marvellous start. He must remove the intriguers and have friends who dare to tell him the literal truth. With God's help there is every ground for hope; your own idleness and dissipation are the only things you have to fear."

The Queen agreed that her husband was praised on all hands. He well deserved it by his sincerity and desire to do good, but would the enthusiasm last? "The little I understand of affairs shows me how difficult and critical they are. It is generally recognised that the late King left things in a very bad way. There was no unity, and indeed it would be impossible to content everyone in an impatient country which wanted everything done in a moment. What you say about forming principles and sticking to them is quite true. The King will not have the same failings as his grandfather. I hope, too, he will not have a favourite. But I fear he may be too gentle and yielding, as when Maurepas made him give half a million francs to the Duc d'Aiguillon. My dear Maman may rely on me not to lead him into great expense. On the contrary, I decline to support requests to him for money. He

has no idea of spending millions on buildings ; that is an exaggeration, as is the talk of my familiarity. I cannot judge myself, but I am conscious only of an atmosphere of friendship and gaiety natural at our age. It is true that the Comte d'Artois is very lively and giddy, but I know how to make him aware of his mistakes. As for my aunts no one can now say that I am in their hands. As for Monsieur and Madame (the Comte and Comtesse de Provence) I am on my guard. I must admit my dissipation and disinclination for serious things. I wish and hope gradually to correct it." As usual, we learn more from the confidences of the Empress to Mercy than from the carefully phrased letters to her daughter. "I am more and more convinced," she wrote on July 31st, "that I am not mistaken about her whole character and her *penchant* for dissipation. I have noticed that, despite her deference to your remonstrances, she none the less goes her own way when her wishes are involved. I place all my confidence in your zeal and wisdom, but I cannot conceal my fear that some day she may try to get rid of the Abbé Vermond on some plausible pretext in order to be relieved of an embarrassing observer."

The anxieties of the Empress were increased by Mercy's bulletin on September 11th on the plight of France. "The deplorable lapse of the late King during his last four years disgraced his reign. The State was in the power of a low creature with a disgraceful *entourage*. Decent folk kept away and were replaced by rascals. There was nothing but disorder, scandal and injustice, neither morals, nor principles ; everything was a gamble. The Government had no resilience left in it. The country felt ashamed and dispirited. Only the black sheep remained on the stage ; nothing was respected." He described the position so that she might discount calumnious rumours about her daughter. The cause was to be sought in the confusion of the closing years of the reign : with such deep roots it would take long to remedy, whatever the new ruler might do. Yet the French nation must not be confounded with the few who were foam on the surface and were generally abhorred. Happily the character of the Queen was beyond reproach. She had never deviated from the highest standards ; of that no one was more fully convinced than the King. Her rare qualities were known to the public, whose adoration was unfailing. Her only dangers were lack of application, excess of vivacity, unwillingness to turn to account the finest position ever occupied by a Queen of France. A little experience and the passing years would remedy these disadvantages. The grave tone of this letter was partly due to a scurrilous pamphlet, attributed to Beaumarchais, which declared that the King could not have a child, and cautioned the heirs to the throne against some dark intrigue by the Queen.

The next bulletin was in a more cheerful vein. The Queen spent several hours daily at her music and enjoyed playing the harp. To induce her to read was impossible, but she was showing interest in the state of the country. The King talked to her about it, and she listened attentively. Mesdames had lost all influence, but the Comte d'Artois continued his unwelcome familiarities. The Empress, always more difficult to satisfy than her Ambassador, continued to criticise. Her daughter's latest letter, she complained, contained, as usual, little of interest. "Her taste for dissipation and her nonchalance increase my fear that she is losing the only chance of gaining some influence in affairs." Mercy's last bulletin of 1774, dated December 18th, was again in the major key. Everyone was enchanted by her kindness and

charm. Her main occupations were music and dancing, with very little reading. Her daily lengthy talks with Abbé Vermond, and his own audiences once or twice a week, were the only occasions on which she heard serious matters discussed. Harmony in the Royal Family was complete. Mesdames played no part; Monsieur and Madame behaved themselves. The Comte and Comtesse d'Artois had not changed their ways. In a letter of the same date, intended for his sovereign alone, he added that the credit of the Queen had recently increased more than at any previous time, though without any striving on her part: circumstances favoured her. "I continually remind her that such a brilliant position demands more attention and more system in order to make it solid and durable. She deigns to listen, and understands the reasoning very well; but dissipation always returns to weaken the effect, and it is only little by little that it begins to bear fruit."

The Queen had made a good start, but 1775 witnessed a darkening of the sky. The first letter of the Empress on January 3rd declared that, except for want of application and a distaste for reading common to almost all her children, she was pleased with her daughter. The family and Court life and the conduct of the Royal pair were satisfactory; the vital point of conjugal life was the only worry. Mercy's first bulletin of the new year reported that the weekly balls revealed her as the perfect hostess; each day added some new degree of perfection to the Court. Everyone was enchanted by their reception, and even Artois was mending his ways. The Empress responded with a handsome tribute to her Ambassador. "I confess that the progress of my daughter surpasses my expectation, and I recognise it as your work." It was too good to last, for in February Mercy reported that the succession of festivities claimed the whole of the Queen's time and menaced her health. The Empress gently reproved her daughter with her attire, about which the papers had much to say. Her hat, for instance, was reported to be thirty-six inches high. "You know I always believed in following the fashions in moderation. A pretty young Queen has no need of all these follies; simplicity is more impressive and more suitable to her rank. She should set the tone, and everyone will follow suit. I, who love my little Queen and follow her every step, cannot help warning her about this little frivolity, all the more because I have so many reasons to be satisfied and even proud of your doings." "It is true," replied her daughter gently, "that I concern myself to some extent with my dress. Everyone wears plumes, and it would seem very strange if I did not. Since the end of the balls they are not nearly so high."

In March Mercy expressed his satisfaction to the Queen that the carnival was over. "Then I went in great detail into the excess of dissipation it had involved and its consequences. Despite his great tolerance, the King disliked lengthy and noisy amusements. Moreover, the public would think that the Queen, caring only for frivolity, would never try to gain credit in serious matters, an opinion which would in itself suffice to deprive her of part of the immense advantages she enjoyed. I confess to Your Majesty that I painted too dark a picture, but such are the ravages of recent dissipations that only shocks can make her reflect. I noticed that she resented my remonstrances; she seemed sad and pensive, but she was kind enough to listen and to discuss her difficulties. She explained that she had to seek diversion and that the only way was to multiply her amusements. I replied that she would make fresh trouble for herself if she failed to fortify her credit."

My representations seemed to take effect, for she promised to resume her serious occupations. Since the end of the carnival she has been reading a little again, but nothing solid or useful. The Abbé Vermond tries to make up for it."

The Empress could be more outspoken than the diplomatist, and every letter brought reproaches and advice. "All letters from Paris," she wrote on June 2nd, "report that you do not share the King's room and that you possess little of his confidence. That strikes me all the more because, with the day given up to dissipation, this friendship, this habit of being together, will cease. I foresee misfortunes and chagrin for you in the brilliant position which it depends entirely on yourself to preserve, since the King loves and respects you. Your only task should be as often as possible to spend the whole day with him, to keep him company, to be his friend and confidant, to try to understand things in order to discuss them with him, to comfort him so that he need never seek his pleasures elsewhere. We are in the world to do good. Your task is of the greatest importance. We are here not for ourselves or for amusement; heaven is not a gift but must be earned. Forgive this sermon, but I confess these separate rooms and your excursions with the Comte d'Artois have worried me all the more since I know the consequences. I cannot portray them too clearly to save you from the abyss into which you are falling. Attribute my alarms to my affection, but do not dismiss them as superfluous."

Marie Antoinette gently indicated that things were not so bad as her mother believed. Her letter of June 22nd began by describing the coronation of Louis XVI at Rheims in which, according to precedent, she took no official part. "It was quite perfect. Apparently everyone was delighted with the King. The ceremonies in church were interrupted at the moment of the coronation by the most touching acclamations. I could not control my tears. I did my best throughout the journey to respond to the enthusiasm of the people, and though it was very hot and crowded, I did not mind the fatigue. It is astonishing and gratifying to be so well received despite the high price of bread which unfortunately continues. It is an extraordinary feature of the French character to be led astray by evil suggestions and then quickly to revert to good ways. Seeing the people who despite their misfortunes treat us so well compels us to work even harder for their welfare. The King seems to be penetrated by this truth. For myself I shall never forget coronation day even were I to live to a hundred. My dear maman, who is so good, would have shared our happiness." Passing from this happy experience to her mother's complaints she explained that her husband had only slept in his own room because she had a cold. "I am grieved that my dear maman judges of my promenades from the papers, which are often false and always exaggerate. On the days I spent in the company of the Comte d'Artois the King was out hunting. Besides, he always knew of these promenades, and there were always plenty of gentlemen and ladies of the Court." The same courier carried two letters from the Ambassador, the first destined for the eyes of the Emperor and Kaunitz describing the coronation, the second for the Empress alone, once again analysing the character of the Queen. She always received him in the friendliest way, but her impressions were transient. Only time and experience would help, but help they would. Till that happy moment dissipation and vivacity would injure her position. "I am far from suggesting that she will ever make big mistakes, but she will be subject to continual petty failings which it

will be necessary to overcome and to render as little harmful as possible." Unfortunately things were to become very much worse before taking a turn for the better.

G. P. GOOCH.

(To be continued)

PROTECTIONISM NEW AND OLD.

NOT only in the field of fashion, it would seem, is it necessary to introduce a "New Look" to objects displayed, but also in that of economic controversy. For some time past the arguments for Free Trade have been ably presented, by pamphleteers and platform orators, in "Modern Dress." As a long-awaited counterblast, the public is now invited to contemplate "Protection: 1948 Model," by no less brilliant a couturier than Mr. Leo S. Amery. In *The Awakening: The Present Crisis and the Way Out* (Macdonald & Co., Ltd.), he confronts us, as a relief from the mere apologetics to which we have become accustomed from Protectionist sources, with the aggressive claim that economic nationalism, far from being a cardinal sin, is a cardinal virtue. As with the human individual, so with the sovereign nation, self-dependence, and the full development of one's natural resources, is ethically right.

The "One World" ideal, latterly accepted as the only basis for an international polity free from war, is dismissed as fallacious. "The idea of the world as one economic unit for production, trade and finance, irrespective of national frontiers, is as divorced from all practical reality as is the idea of a world governed by a single economic ideology."

The unregulated and unbalanced flow of international trade on *laissez faire* principles may, like the unregulated flow of water, prove disastrous to all concerned. "Deluge and drought, boom and slump, over-production side by side with under-consumption are in each case the natural concomitants of leaving water or trade or investment to find their own level." That is to say, the economic world must at all costs be rescued from the natural laws of a so-called Divine Providence, and be regulated to conform with the territorial divisions of the hundred or so nation States that appear on the map. Each of these, according to the Amery doctrine, must be economically its own master. Whatever ill-fortune has befallen Britain is due to her having come under the influence of internationalist theories and the ideal of universal Free Trade. All went very well for Britain when she was complete master of her own internal production, and had driven foreign competition from her home markets, and seized all she could from the foreigner on the high seas or in his colonial possessions. The Empire is ours, and we made it, by conquest and exploitation. We owe it to ourselves to have first call on everything we can squeeze out of it. Preferences originally meant simply retaining in our own hands full and unfettered control over our external trade, investment and monetary policy. When British agriculture declined (through the destructive effects of Free Trade) it was natural, therefore right, that we should replenish our stocks from the Colonies. When Colonies became Dominions, and so their own masters, we must, in order to enjoy their produce, give them preference in our markets by the re-introduction of protective tariffs against the foreigner.

Thus is the case for Protection-plus-Preference re-stated in terms

of abstract theory. Is it strengthened or weakened by the changed world conditions? Mr. Amery regards it as immensely strengthened. To the Free Trader's insistence that we are inextricably committed by a series of agreements with the United States to "eliminate all form of discriminatory treatment in international commerce" and to the "reduction of tariffs and other trade barriers by multilateral adjustments," his reply takes the form of an all-out offensive against America. To the Free Trader the policy of that country since the entry of Franklin Roosevelt has been nothing less than a total reversal of her Isolationist tradition and her assumption of the leadership of the world towards economic liberalism. For Britain to obstruct such a development would be the deadliest of sins against the light of her own doctrine. But Mr. Amery, though he derides America's outlook by likening it to that of the ordinary Englishman of 1847, declares it in her case to be a vision of economic world conquest. He will not have it for one moment that there is anything about it that (in the term used by his political leader) is "unsordid." On the contrary, America's policy throughout is aimed at "strengthening and stabilising her predominance in the world due to the dominant position of her finance and her monopoly of the world's supply of gold." If economic internationalism is now America's policy it is in order that, through reduced tariffs, she may have an unlimited outlet for her immense surplus capacity. The "tough guys of Congress," it seems, are out for exports, and more exports, and yet more exports. They want to supply the needs of every country, not only in goods but in air and sea transport and finance—exports visible and invisible. America will, of course, adjust her own tariffs, but not enough to injure her own productive interests. Any concessions likely to involve that can be taken care of by escape clauses in the agreements. Self-interest is seen by Mr. Amery to be the *leit-motiv* running through every movement of the economic New World Symphony, from the Atlantic Charter to the Marshall Plan.

The Charter itself was an attempt of the American negotiators with all their might to commit Mr. Churchill to abandon Preference, the chief obstacle in the way of American penetration of the world market. Lease-Lend (Article VII) was a similar attempt—"to commit this country and the British Empire to mortgage its future for the sake of immediate help by pledges essentially irrelevant to the issue of the war." Bretton Woods was the "fruition of the American Treasury's gold policy," a monetary system in which all values are ultimately measured in gold, with consequent restrictive effect on trade and production. The Geneva Draft Report on International Trade Organisation is "little more than a symbolic gesture of the acceptance in principle of American policy" which vetoes all long-term agreements for recovery by mutual co-operation, whether between the nations of the British Commonwealth or those of Europe. Any approach towards a customs union by stages is held to be forbidden by the clause that prohibits the raising of the tariff of the union higher than the average tariff of the constituent States—an "ingenious indirect veto on any attempt of the Commonwealth States to draw closer together."

As to American concessions, any such as may have been granted on imported articles are subject to an escape clause should they threaten serious injury to domestic producers of similar articles. The whole scheme is devised, from beginning to end, in the interest of the

American export trade. Lastly, the Marshall Plan. This is "an attempt to force Eastern Europe into the American patterns"—as has been claimed by the Soviet—and is calculated to make recovery impossible for Britain and to reduce the Empire to political and economic dependence on America. There seems from this to be no crime in the economic Newgate Calendar for which America may not be indicted.

If it were the business of the Free Trader to defend the United States it might be asked what would have been the position of Britain, the Empire and the Western European States, to say nothing of their Asiatic and other oversea possessions, had America obeyed the will of a large percentage of her population in 1939-40 and kept out of old-world conflicts except on a cash and carry basis. But for what Mr. Amery derides as the "almost religious puritanical fervour on behalf of economic internationalism" of such of Mr. Roosevelt's associates as Mr. Cordell Hull, Mr. Sumner Welles, Mr. Henry Wallace or Mr. Clayton, he himself admits there would have been no intervention or help for us in the hour of our greatest danger. Had it not been possible to show the "tough guys" in Congress that material as well as moral recompense would follow benevolence, is it supposed for one moment that Mr. Roosevelt would have dared to commit America to intervene in the European war at all; least of all after Pearl Harbour, when the eyes of most of the "guys," tough or otherwise, were turned to the Far East? Without that intervention in the German war, and the landings first in North Africa then in Normandy, to say nothing of the aid given to the Allies, Russia not least, by supplies of vital necessities, the forces of Nazi Germany, by land, sea and air, would have remained firmly lodged in the west and those of the Italian ally in the south, while Russia would still have been held at arms length on the Volga. Where, then, would have been the British Empire to-day, unless it were allowed to remain by the good graces of the Fascist dictators? Would those gentlemen have been any more tolerant towards "discrimination" against their commerce than the Americans have shown themselves to be?

But the "New Look" Protectionist does not think that, having escaped from catastrophe by the timely aid of America, Britain is under any obligation to be grateful, or to repay in any way we can the services rendered. Quite the contrary. Our escape should be regarded as our opportunity to repudiate such obligation. Having denounced our rescuer as having been motivated by dark designs to break up the sterling system and restore the Gold Standard, the States within the sterling area, who have need of one another's products, confidence in their mutual purchasing power and productive resources, should enter into a real partnership in which America would have no voice even if her vital interests were threatened. Within this sterling area, it so happens, are all the Dominions (save Canada), and the Colonies. United already in a common bond with the Mother Country, with a common speech and way of thinking, we of the Empire are held to have a unique opportunity for expansion of which the fullest advantage should be taken.

In place of the economic nationalism extolled by Mr. Amery in the first instance, we have now economic Imperialism. The law of the jungle remains in force, but now concerns not an indefinite number of single beasts of varying shapes and sizes but a limited number of assorted herds, packs or flocks, shepherded within ringed-off regions.

Of these, one is the United States of America and such others—including Canada—on their side of the ocean as may fall within their purview. Another is the Soviet Union and its satellites. A third is the British Commonwealth, and a fourth, in process of becoming, is a Union of European States, so far as they are free and willing to combine.

Mr. Amery has long been an advocate of European Union in the political and cultural sense, but economically regards it as a separate entity from Britain. He shrugs his shoulders at a European Customs Union as an improbable and certainly a remote contingency. If it ever should come into existence by a natural process of local groupings such as Benelux, well and good. But these are to be not necessarily, or even desirably, Free Trade groupings. The prescription for Europe is the same as for the British Commonwealth—Preferences. Each State must be free to protect its own industries as suits it best, but may lower the wall as and where it may be mutually profitable to do so. Britain's concern with a United Europe of this kind is as of one region with another. As European industry is competitive with ours and not complementary we must, in accord with Protectionist doctrine, continue to restrict its access to our shores. In respect of certain commodities, we may be able to include it in some scheme of "second preferences with the Empire," but that would only be practicable if we resist the obligations which the United States are trying to force upon us. That means our taking unilateral action to denounce the Most Favoured Nation Clause on which America relies. Once again, whatever we do, even as a mild gesture towards our European neighbours, involves a repudiation of our obligations, old and new, to the United States.

As Mr. Amery is a distinguished politician and not merely an economic theorist, one cannot but wonder whether he has fully considered the political implications for Britain, still a small island off the west coast of Europe, of risking her existence, in a world of huge inter-State combinations such as he himself visualises, upon the permanence of her own ties with three thinly populated white Dominions in the Antipodes and with Colonies in Africa and Asia whose native populations are in process of planning their escape from the Empire in order to become, themselves, as Mr. Amery says all should be, self-dependent sovereign States. Has he, as a good European, considered what would be the psychological effect on our relations with our nearest neighbours of this refusal to share their economic destiny? Or what would be our position in the event of another war with a continental Power or alliance (for instance a Sovietised Germany) in which we were no longer able to call on America for aid? To those who have considered such matters the world in which Mr. Amery would "awaken" us is one in which we would sooner be dead.

If the summary here given of Protection-plus-Preference in its New Look is a fair one, what is the Free Trader's reaction? First, I imagine, it will be to reaffirm unhesitatingly that in his view the world to-day is as he saw it yesterday, one that *should* be governed by a single economic ideology, as he believes it was created for mankind as a whole and not for the nations into which wars and politics have divided it. If, however, some or most of the nations still prefer to be denizens of a jungle rather than members of a community there is no reason why all should be. If one of them, in particular, bearing the name of Great Britain, choose to open her doors on equal terms

to the trade of the others, she has the same right to do so as others have to close theirs. Nothing that has happened lately has changed the geographical situation of this island by which it is suited primarily for the production of commodities other than agricultural which can never suffice to feed her dense and rapidly increasing population. To exist, she has no choice but to exchange what she can produce for what she cannot, that is, manufactured goods for raw materials, and it is natural that her markets and sources of supply should be those that lie nearest her shores, that is, on the European mainland. If her trade is to be regulated by racial and cultural ties, and by the obligation to afford preferential terms to States with a "common speech and a common way of thinking," has Britain not as much community with the Frenchmen of France as with those of Canada, with the the Dutchmen of the Netherlands as with those of South Africa? If there is a case for grouping the independent and widely scattered States of the Commonwealth in an economic union is there not an even stronger case for grouping those who are like-minded neighbours on the European continent? Does the fact that Britain built up colonies in faraway regions overseas make her any the less a State of Europe and as such a sharer in the destinies of that continent, economic, political, social or cultural? True, to be members of a European Union would impose certain limitations on our absolute sovereignty; but no more so than we are asked to impose on ourselves as members of the Commonwealth. If it is true that, as Mr. Amery claims, "inter-Empire trade brought increased prosperity to those concerned during the years since Ottawa," is it not at least probable that the same result would follow inter-State trading between members of the Commonwealth and of continental Europe? If "planned development" is good for that part of the world that flies the Union Jack, would it not be equally good for a yet wider area, yes, that of the entire world itself? And is it not precisely with the view to such a world-wide extension of the principle of "planned development" that America launched the succession of propositions from the Atlantic Charter to the Marshall Aid programme, the latter having been designed originally to include not western Europe alone but the entire continent and even the Soviet Union?

But to persuade Mr. Amery that the United States is otherwise than the Evil Spirit in the economic Paradise is an enterprise to be undertaken by the psychologist and outside the power of the Free Trade economist, who does not share the anti-American obsession. On the contrary, he regards America's intervention in the affairs of the Old World, the liberalism of her outlook and the immense scope of her plans to achieve the maximum measure of economic co-operation between the nations as the greatest happening in recent history.

If one of the direct results of the Marshall Plan should be to realise the age-old dream of a United Europe by economic means it would be the basest of betrayals of British liberalism were we to fail to co-operate to the fullest extent in our power. Far from our participation in European Union, economic and political, being detrimental to the wishes and interests of the Empire States, Free Traders have good reason to believe it to be to their ultimate benefit. To many of the Dominions and Colonies Preference is an outmoded fashion. They have no less need of the world for the marketing of their products than we have; the removal of restrictions is as necessary for their future as for ours; as Europeans settled overseas, a customs union for

the old continent, if accomplished, is something in which they have as much reason to wish to be included as has the Mother Country. The Free Trader does not see good in policies, economic or political, that tend to divide the nations or the continents, but to-day and to-morrow, as yesterday, in those that tend to unite.

VIVIAN CARTER.

THE PEACE OF WESTPHALIA, 1648.

THREE centuries have passed since the end of the Thirty Years' War. Two agreements, known henceforth as the peace treaty of Westphalia, were signed on October 24th, 1648. At that very time the Swedish and Imperial troops, ignorant of the progress of diplomatic activities, were locked in a fierce battle in the shadow of Hradčany, the residence of the Kings of Bohemia. From the ancient stone bridge which the Swedish vanguard in vain tried to occupy, it was possible to see the windows of the Royal Chancery from which on May 23rd, 1618, the leaders of the rebellious Protestant Estates flung the two Imperial governors of Bohemia. The Thirty Years' War ended where it had begun : in Prague.

The treaty of Westphalia resulted from long and laborious bargaining which extended over five years. The pride with which the peacemakers looked back upon protracted negotiations seemed to have been fully justified. Articles concerning territorial rights or providing for the delimitation of spheres of influence were intended to be unchangeable. Measured by contemporary standards, the treaty might have been considered a masterpiece, at least in its outward form. The text in Latin, as it came from long deliberations and painstaking redaction, was acceptable to all parties. It truly reflected both the determination of its authors not to make concession to the opposite party without some reservation, and their predilection for ambiguous words in highly controversial matters. The treaty of Westphalia was never formally revised and some of its stipulations remained in force until the Napoleonic era. It was welcomed by the weary people, though at close scrutiny its gaps and weak spots must have been evident even to contemporaries.

The negotiators, as they had assembled in the Westphalian cities of Münster and Osnabrück, worked with eyes fixed primarily upon past events in order to liquidate the vexing questions which the war leaders had failed to settle by arms. Trained in the subtle art of diplomacy and supported by a host of legal experts, the peacemakers considered as their foremost duty to harmonise the conflicting interests and to find compensation for each concession which one party was asked to make to the opposite side. It probably never entered their minds that after thirty years of continuous warfare far more was needed to speed up recovery than a series of elaborate clauses in which concessions were usually followed by reservations. The seventeenth century favoured the growth of a new profession—that of diplomacy. The ambassadors and plenipotentiaries gathered together in Münster and Osnabrück represented the current type of seventeenth-century diplomat. They had one-sided interests and limited experience. They were versed in political problems and considered the settlement of matters of etiquette as a prerequisite to discussion of the claims and counterclaims made by the participating Powers. Provisions for the re-establishment of economic relations or for planning the reconstruction of the devastated

areas lay beyond their scope. No effort was made to survey or evaluate the damages inflicted upon various countries by advancing or retreating armies and to provide for palliatives and relief.

The peace conferences achieved their main purpose and put an end to a long series of military campaigns. They established the leading principles of international life as it was to develop from then on, until the outbreak of the French Revolution. The treaty of Westphalia is one of the great divides which distinctly separate one epoch from another and determine the rhythm of the world's history. On the whole it satisfied both the European rulers and their subjects. But viewed from the historical perspective it appears in many of its clauses more as a hindrance than a mainspring of progress. It can be marked as one of the sources of irremediable disharmony among the nations of Europe.

In such scholarly works on the war period as Miss Wedgwood's *Thirty Years' War* due attention has been given both to the immediate damages and to the more permanent effects of the war upon the political, economic and social order. Germany and its fate have usually been the object of investigation and careful analysis. The German people undoubtedly paid as heavy a toll as could be exacted from a country which either through its own fault or through the concurrence of unfavourable circumstances has become a theatre of military operations. But a keen eye can easily detect behind the pall of smoke hanging over the ruins of German cities the destruction and misery wrought upon the adjacent countries, Alsace and the Low Countries on the one side, and the hereditary possessions of the Habsburgs, Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, on the other side of the Imperial boundary. Only a superficial observer could close his eyes to problems with which the victorious Powers were confronted both during the latter phase of struggle and in the period of transition from war to peace economy. Had the drain of man-power and financial resources to which Sweden had been subject since the landing of Gustavus Adolphus on the Pomeranian shore in 1630 not outgrown tolerable dimensions long before 1648, the resistance of the Swedish delegates to Imperial demands would have been, in the critical moment, undoubtedly stronger and more effective.

The treaty of Westphalia has borne all the characteristic marks of a peace by compromise. When the discussions opened the forces of the belligerent countries were almost evenly balanced. The campaigns which for several years went on parallel with the peace conference failed to bring an unquestionable preponderance to one of the two camps. The Habsburgs and their associates took their places at the conference table not as a defeated enemy but as equal partners of the French and Swedes. Few aspects of the Thirty Years' War are as provocative as the part which the House of Habsburg played both in the opening stage and during the subsequent phases, including the period of negotiations at Münster and Osnabrück. Manifestations of the intolerant spirit of Ferdinand II, the King-Elect of Bohemia, precipitated in 1618 the outbreak of revolution in that country in 1618. Only by a hair's-breadth was he saved from a precarious situation in June 1619: had the famous curassiers under de Saint-Hilaire not reached the Imperial residence in time he would have become virtually prisoner of the Protestant Estates of Austria. The victory over the Bohemian rebels on the White Mountain, on November 8th, 1620, was far more the success of Maximilian of Bavaria than of the commanders of the Imperial units, but it was Ferdinand II who reaped the fruits. Bohemia

and Moravia, with their large population and natural riches, fell into his hands and provided the safest basis for the subsequent campaigns which the Habsburgs waged against Denmark, Sweden and France. The fortunes of war during these operations were more often with the opposite side than with the Imperial armies. On several occasions the very foundations of the Habsburg power were tottering under the mighty blows inflicted upon them by the enemy. During the winter of 1631/2 the northern half of Bohemia, including Prague, was liberated from the Habsburg rule, and the Swedish banners had flown freely over Würzburg, Frankfurt am Main and other cities of Central and Southern Germany. In a drizzling rain on a wintry day Ferdinand II marched in a procession of penitents. Help could not be expected from anybody on this earth and, as in June 1619, only the hand of the Almighty could have dispelled the foes. In May 1648 the Swedish general Königsmark crossed the Bohemian border and soon was joined by leaders of other Swedish units, ready to deal the Habsburgs the mortal blow. Late in July Königsmark's men, aided by the Czech patriots, occupied the royal castle of Hradčany and that part of the Bohemian capital which lay on the left bank of the River Vltava. The news from Westphalia concerning the treaty averted a Swedish assault upon the Old and New Cities of Prague situated on the opposite side of the river and saved the Imperial army from disaster.

On these and many other occasions the actual weakness of the Habsburgs was clearly manifested both to their allies and enemies. Nothing more than a timely concentration of forces was needed to strike at the central positions and to undermine the Habsburg power. But, as if by miracle, the aggressive spirit of the foes waned in the critical moment, and a series of belated, and usually isolated, campaigns failed to bring the desired effect. Thus it was possible for Ferdinand III, the son and successor of the conqueror of Bohemia, to send a delegation to the Westphalian cities with instructions to negotiate and not simply to hear and accept the terms.

A close scrutiny of the protracted and tedious discussions yields a highly interesting result. The Imperial delegates came to the conference table determined to secure for their master the most favourable conditions. They firmly proceeded along that path, betraying no uneasiness or anxiety even when on the battlefields luck seemed to have definitely abandoned the Imperial troops. Knowing that the desire for peace was the dominant factor on the opposite front, they pressed their demands to the extreme, stopping only at the invisible line which separated interminable delay from an outburst of anger by the opponents and an abrupt end of the talks. Their shrewdness and tenacity became notorious and found no counterbalance on the other end of the conference table.

The leader of the Imperial delegation since November 1645, Count Trautmannsdorff, was not only its visible head but its soul and moving spirit. Tall and very ugly, he sharply differed in his external appearance from the type of diplomat existing in people's imagination. He was the most trusted adviser of Ferdinand III both when the latter bore the title of the King of Hungary and after his accession to the Imperial throne in 1637. His loyalty to the House of Habsburg, his firm will and his perseverance were unswerving. He triumphed over the more flexible and lenient partners from among the French and Swedish embassies and brought the Habsburgs the maximum of gains. He did not hesitate to make concessions to France in the lands west of the

Middle Rhine or to Swedish delegates when Western Pomerania or other parts of the Imperial territory came under discussion. But he was adamant in rejecting the demands for a favourable treatment of the inhabitants of those countries which the Habsburgs considered as their family domains. The control which, after 1620, the Habsburgs established over the Kingdom of Bohemia was by the treaty of Westphalia internationally sanctioned.

From the historical perspective the neglect of social and economic problems by the authors of the treaty may appear as the most serious fault and shortcoming. Like the priest and the Levite they passed by the stripped and wounded body of the principal victim of the war, the central zone of the Continent. But the seventeenth-century concept of diplomacy was far narrower than the current ideas. Economic or social problems were not included in the agenda. What proved to be fateful was the lack of force on the anti-Habsburg front during the final stage of war and negotiations. It reduced the bargaining power of the French and Swedish delegates and ultimately softened their resistance to the intransigent attitude of Count Trautmannsdorff in regard to the hereditary possessions of the House of Austria. The letter by the spokesman of the exiles from Bohemia and Moravia, John Amos Comenius, to the Swedish Chancellor Oxenstjerna, complaining bitterly that those who had been banned by the Emperor for their faith, were left at his mercy at the peace conference at Osnabrück, was based on reliable reports from that city.

By averting the danger of foreign interference in political, religious or social conditions as they prevailed in the Kingdom of Bohemia after the conquest, Trautmannsdorff secured more than a temporary success for his master. The Habsburg rule over their possessions in Central Europe was a classical example of the "absolutum dominium" on the Spanish pattern which was diametrically opposed to the sixteenth-century concept of the "Teutsche Libertät," current not only in the Empire but also in the adjoining countries. For a long century the absolutist régime of the Habsburgs was neither modified by practical considerations nor mitigated by progressive ideas. A thick curtain separated their domains in the Danubian area from Western Europe. Left to themselves with the burdensome legacy of the Thirty Years' War, Austria, Hungary and especially Bohemia struggled hard against economic difficulties. Moreover, they were mercilessly exploited by the successors of Ferdinand III who, for several decades, were engaged in costly conflicts with new and old opponents of the Habsburg hegemony. To finance the wars both against the Turks and the Bourbons the Habsburgs increased the burden of taxes unbearably. As the landed aristocracy consistently refused to contribute its share and towns were for the most part in ruins, it was the peasantry from whom the largest portion of contribution was exacted. The lands of the Bohemian Crown and their neighbours south and south-east lagged behind the more progressive and prosperous countries of Western Europe during the later seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In fact, the disproportions have not been redressed up to modern times.

The Habsburg Monarchy, as it had been known to liberal critics of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, was not the product of the policies of Prince Metternich or Dr. Alexander Bach. The roots of the evil are to be traced further back into the past. If we look for sources of disparity among the peoples of Europe in regard to political maturity, or standard of life a thought at least should be given to the period of

peacemaking three hundred years ago. At Münster and Osnabrück Europe was relieved of the nightmare of war. But peace was purchased by enormous sacrifices of the peoples, who, as Comenius had written, had been excluded from direct participation and whose voice was too feeble to pierce the panelled walls of the conference halls.

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CHARLES BULLER AND RADICAL IMPERIALISM.

THE centenary fell on November 29th this year of the death of Charles Buller on whose memorial in Westminster Abbey occur the lines :

The British Colonies will not forget the statesman
Who so well appreciated their desires and their destinies.

Memories may have proved shorter than Monckton Milnes allowed for in his inscription, but the fact that there are now self-governing Dominions within the British Commonwealth of Nations is largely due to Charles Buller and the other imperialists among the Philosophic Radicals. A ginger group of the Whig Party in the 1830's, it was composed, like other ginger groups, of leaders without followers and spent as much energy attacking the parent body as the common enemy—with, in this case, the foundation of the Reform Club as a challenge to Brooks' to show for it. But although the Philosophic Radicals disintegrated into varying degrees of leftness, the Imperialists in it saved Canada from going the way of the American colonies and laid the foundations for the development of the other Dominions.

The group included in a shifting membership Charles Pelham Villiers, the neglected pioneer of Free Trade; Hume and Bulwer; the historian, Grote; the back bench progressives, Roebuck and Temple Leader, whose type does not change from one parliamentary generation to another; with the occasional adherence of Brougham in the Lords when it suited his purpose, and, outside the House, of John Stuart Mill—notably in support of Lord Durham's Report. The consistent imperialists were Buller; another Cornishman, Sir William Molesworth, and Lord Durham, each of them an "inheritor of unfulfilled renown" who was to die before reaching the age of fifty. "Nothing," as Mary Kingsley said of the toll of West Africa, "so hinders a man as dying." Their ideas had no time to gather about them the sanctity that English public opinion accords to anything repeated for long enough together and which would have secured their political entail.

Charles Buller was held back for some time in his career by his refusal to appear serious: not the first time that the country has been the loser by mistaking dullness for depth to the neglect of young men who are frivolous on top but serious underneath. It is to Carlyle's credit that he saw through to his real qualities when only a boy, for, after two years at Harrow, Charles with his brother Arthur was sent to Scotland on the advice of the preacher, Irving, in order to have the young Carlyle as tutor. A lifelong friendship followed. "The genialest Radical ever I knew," Carlyle proclaimed him, and, in an essay on his death, wrote: "His beautiful natural gaiety of character by no means meant levity . . . under all this many-coloured radiancy and coruscation there burnt a most steady light."

At Cambridge Charles Buller was a member of the "Apostles," the brilliant society that over several undergraduate generations included Tennyson, Hallam, Sterling, Monckton Milnes and, the antithesis to Buller, the sententious, hair-splitting F. D. Maurice. Typical of that phenomenon in English politics, the radical aristocrat, he voted for the abolition of his family borough of West Looe at the time of the Reform Bill, and stood at Liskeard in a contest to which Thackeray contributed his presence and some election songs. The Tory Member, Lord Eliot, whose family had owned the seat for generations, withdrew when the canvass showed that his chances were hopeless, more from the new voters' desire to score over the old electoral body of packed freemen than from any personal disapproval, for he had been a good Member and soon after was sent as emissary to secure humane treatment of prisoners between the factions in the Spanish war—typical of another English tradition, the Quixote abroad. With his personal prestige—and the British fleet—behind him he did not have to tilt at windmills unsuccessfully.

Outside the House Buller augmented his income by journalism; indeed his industry was envied by Thackeray who wrote, "C. B. is a clever fellow, at any rate, and makes money by magazine writing in which I should much desire to follow his example." He was an early member of the Colonisation Society founded by Gibbon Wakefield, and succeeded Henry Bulwer (afterwards Lord Dalling, a brother of Lord Lytton) as Agent for the Australian Patriotic Association at the salary of £1,200 a year for four years, a position quite openly held in the House.

His opportunity to prove himself came when Lord Durham asked him to accompany him as Chief Secretary on his mission to investigate the recent discontents in Canada, which resulted in the momentous Report—and the political liquidation of its author. The capacity for hard work that he proved here and a sobering in his speeches on his return led to the offer of the Secretaryship of the Board of Control and in 1847 appointment as a Poor Law Commissioner. The most important mark he left in home administration was the founding of the Record Office. The rich sinecures of the Record Commission were abolished and premises found to house public papers at once more suitable and safer than the cellars of Parliament where, indeed, their accumulation had been responsible for the fire of 1834. He also secured the opening of St. James' Park to persons in "working clothes or carrying bundles."

The imperial problem that presented itself in the 1830's was concerned with what we now call the Dominions—the case of "backward peoples" was another question—and such attention as it received was concerned only with trade and the disposal of surplus population and was emotionally coloured by vivid memories of the breaking away of the American colonies. This made, on the one hand, for fear of further secessions, and, on the other, for a desire to get them over quickly if they had to come. The Right, to employ modern terms roughly applicable, would not give an inch lest the colonists took an ell, and the Left compensated their indifference by wishing good riddance to bad rubbish. Parliament was representative of the public in its general lack of interest.

"A railway or a turnpike bill ordinarily interests more members than any measure affecting the most vital interests of our most important colonies," wrote Buller in a chapter that Wakefield incorporated in his *Art of Colonisation*, 1849. "Some of them, it is true, attract the notice

of two or three members who think that local knowledge gives them the right to assume airs of great wisdom concerning them. Some ignorant and presumptuous Captain in the Navy, some still more ignorant and presumptuous Colonel in the Army, who have passed a year or two in some harbour or garrison of the colony—some retired Judge whose knowledge of a community has been formed on his experience of the criminals and suitors of his court . . . some gentleman whose more than usually extended tour has carried him to some of our remote possessions, are the only persons not compelled by the duties of office or opposition that take what is called an interest in a colony.”

It was something entirely new to see that emigrants become colonists and that a new relationship of self-respecting interdependence could be built up with the Mother-country. Buller expressed this vision in words that recall Burke :

“We maintain that the rights of Englishmen are so inalienable that we carry them to the remotest regions of the earth . . . but when we come to the communities formed by these Englishmen, of whose individual rights we are to tender, we are apt to be far less liberal.”

Again, in forwarding the constitution of New South Wales which he helped to draw up :

“You must make up your minds to expect that a large population of free Englishmen will not submit to the restraints of a fortress or a gaol.”

The principles held by the Radical Imperialists derived from abstract ideas of liberty remaining from the romantic-revolutionary period and the new practical propositions of Benthamism : Freedom and Planning, in fact. How to make them agree is still the radical dilemma. Freedom in this connection meant, as the Durham Report shows, independence of the irksome control of the Colonial Office, and the grant of representative institutions which should be responsible. The major recommendations were the rights of the Colony to the disposal of the moneys it voted and the change in the status of the Governor-General. He was no longer to be a dictator but a constitutional monarch : he must not appoint his advisers but accept them as the ministers chosen by the majority of a popularly elected assembly.

But ideas of freedom are always relative and to-day it will seem that the application of them to colonial institutions proposed by Durham and Buller were severely restricted : foreign policy, defence and the grant of Crown lands were to be reserved subjects. The last was not as unreasonable as it may look at first sight, for the countries of the new world wanted population, and it was to the greatest happiness of the greatest number on both sides that emigration should be controlled. For a necessary part of the theories of the Radical Imperialists was the scheme of planned emigration and settlement worked out by Edward Gibbon Wakefield, while in prison himself awaiting transportation for the first of his attempts to abduct an heiress. Land was to be sold in lots at a fairly high price, and the money from the fund so created used to promote further emigration and to help those who had proved their worth. Skilled tradesmen were to be encouraged to go out as well as land workers and a vital provision was that women emigrants should be sent in equal numbers with men.

Successive governments preferred improvisation to the blue-print. Conscience was easier to awaken and the committee that Molesworth was successful in getting to inquire into transportation recommended immediate abolition. This was in 1837, but it was not until 1867 that the system finally ceased to Western Australia ; the Cape and Van

Diemen's Land having taken the law into their own hands against it earlier. Besides the humanitarian aspect, the cessation of the practice had important social and economic consequences : self-respecting men now felt themselves free to go to British colonies, whereas in the '30's and '40's they had preferred to go to the United States.

First principles may still outweigh economic theory. If the expectations of the early Radicals on trade and emigration were not fulfilled—and they never thought it possible that with independence the colonies would put on tariffs against the mother-country—their faith in freedom has been justified beyond all measure. Durham wrote in his Report :

It is not in the terrors of the law, or in the might of our armies, that the secure and honourable bond of connexion is to be found. It exists in the beneficial operation of those British Institutions which link the utmost development of freedom and civilisation with the stable authority of an hereditary monarchy. . . .

It would be too much to claim that, in the first year of the reign of Queen Victoria, Durham and Buller foresaw what the royal connection would come to mean, but their confidence was more than justified in the event, like the optimism of Dilke, which need not have stopped short where it did in 1868 :

It is not likely, however, nowadays, that our colonists would, for any long stretch of time, engage to aid in our purely European wars. Australia would scarcely feel herself deeply interested in the guarantee of Luxembourg, nor Canada in the affairs of Servia.

The political descendants of the Philosophic Radicals let the imperial case go by default. They did not protest when the title of Little Englander was transferred to them from the Tories, and they had no substitute to offer for the spectacular and jingo imperialism of Disraeli and Joseph Chamberlain that grew up later. The buried stream is emerging again. The Left in its new interest in contemporary problems of the Empire, both of Dominions and of Colonies, might do worse than look back to the roots it can claim in the tradition set by its political ancestors. Their combination of faith in abstract principles that went with the capacity for hard thinking is not so common that it can be taken for granted any more than the "genial" radicalism of a Charles Buller in an age of austerity : sincerity and courage need not exclude wit. Present-day problems call for both approaches with different emphasis. The relationship established with the Dominions has made it possible to discuss practical problems in concert. In the case of the Colonies the new schemes for their economic development, admirable as they are to catch up on generations of official neglect, need to be informed by some faith in political first principles—an ideology if you will—that they may not prove barren or fertile only for a dragon harvest.

R. GLYNN GRYLLS.

THE ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE.

FRANCE recently appointed a successor to Georges Duhamel, her Galsworthy, to be the Permanent Secretary of her Academy, which has no exact counterpart in other lands. Paul Pellisson, its first historian and one of its earliest members, related that in 1629 some private individuals living in different parts of Paris and finding it highly inconvenient in that great town to pay frequent and fruitless

visits to one another, determined to meet on one day of the week at the house of one of their number—M. Conrart's—his being the most suitable, in the heart of the city, all the others living at almost equal distances from it. There they conversed familiarly about public affairs, the latest news and literature. If one of the company had written a book he showed it willingly to all the others and they freely gave their opinions on it. They went on in this way for several years in all the innocence and all the liberty of an age of gold, without publicity or pomp, and without any laws but those of friendship. Occasionally, a rare visitor was allowed. Boisrobert, Cardinal Richelieu's factotum and jester, obtained permission to be present. "And when," says Pellisson, "he had seen the way in which the works were examined, and that it was not an interchange of compliments and flatteries . . . that every fault was boldly and frankly pointed out . . . he was filled with joy and admiration." M. Boisrobert told the Cardinal-statesman everything and did not fail to give him a favourable account of the little assembly he had seen; "and the Cardinal, whose mind was naturally turned to great things, and who loved beyond everything the French language, asked whether these gentlemen would not be willing to become an incorporated body and meet regularly and under public authority."

The Cardinal's offer was at first received with perturbation by Conrart's friendly circle, but the view of the leading spirit, Chapelain, that they had no choice in the matter, was accepted, and it was agreed very humbly to thank the Cardinal for the honour he did them, "and to assure him that, though they never looked so high, and were much surprised by the intention of his Eminence, they were all resolved to comply with his wishes." Statutes for the newly enlarged official body were drawn up, a director, chancellor and a permanent secretary appointed, the name "*Académie Française*" was adopted and, early in 1635, the Royal Seal was affixed to their Letters Patent. Statute 24 states that the principal function of the Academy shall be "to labour with all possible care and diligence in order to give our language definite rules and to make it pure, eloquent and capable of treating the arts and the sciences." We learn from Statute 11 how each Academician is to express his opinion—"aloud, each in turn from his seat, without interruption or jealousy, without reproving anyone's views heatedly or with contempt, without saying more than is necessary and without repeating what may already have been said." Chapelain, himself a better critic than poet, advocated that the Academy should compose a dictionary and a grammar, as well as treatises on rhetoric and poetry, in order to furnish rules for those who wished to write prose or verse. In literary matters, its criticism is no longer for mutual improvement; apart from the continuous, if slow, labour of revising the great dictionary, most of the Academy's time is devoted to the allocation of numerous prizes to writers, for the Academy has received many wealthy endowments. Three of the novels from the pen of Guy Chantepleure (Mme. Dussap, wife of a former Consul-General of France in Australia) have been thus "crowned."

Richelieu, in pursuance of his centralising policy at home, wanted to organise, centralise and supervise literature also. It may be granted that he was jealous of all action and thought not under his control; but his aim in founding the Academy was twofold. It was to be a high literary tribunal, as well as a State institution. Centrality is the main characteristic of French life and thought during the seventeenth century—an era of national reconstruction in politics under Mazarin

and Richelieu, in the philosophy of Descartes, in society (as mirrored by the Hôtel de Rambouillet and the other "salons") and in religion. The great writers now are "of the centre," in Matthew Arnold's phrase; they reject local and temporary topics for those of universal and permanent interest. From the grammarian Vaugelas came the idea of "good usage" in language, that of the court and of the best authors of the time. The Academy's greatest duty was to register this good usage, never to innovate; its aim to represent national tradition linguistically, not to guide literature. The French language has, as a result of this sovereign organ of opinion, been kept beneficently free from the caprices and mannerisms of individuals, but, as Arthur Tilley suggests, it may well thus have lost a Browning and a Carlyle. The pruning methods of the Academy strengthened the growing tendencies of the language prior to 1635 towards clearness and gave birth to the idea that prose is an instrument for service and not merely an idle ornament—"whatever is not clear is not French." The belief in the power of men over the language they speak comes from the Renaissance, but it was fostered by Richelieu's concept that the glory of letters should be one with the national glory.

Matthew Arnold paid tribute to the French conscience in literary matters and to its resulting self-criticism which is so wholesome to all men, as it would have been even to a poet like Wordsworth: to see things clearly, as they really are, we must get ourselves out of the way. English criticism he considered to be polemical, self-satisfied, too eager for immediate practical application and serving private ends, where it should be disinterested, eager to spread truth for its own sake. True criticism is a courageous, noble discipline; not a purely instinctive, æsthetic, subjective appreciation of creative genius, but a search for scientific, generally demonstrable truths, independent of personal receptivity, and satisfying a human ideal of "justesse," free from all bias. Excellence is neither common nor easy of access, affirmed Arnold, and for him the special work of the French Academy was to bring about salvation from the note of provinciality. Every man could then, like Cicero, be bent on the discovery of an order, a law of good taste, a measure for his words and actions.

In his essay on the literary influences of academies, Arnold reflected on the absence in England of any institution like the French Academy. He discovered the note of provinciality in the bulk of the intellectual work of any nation which has no similar centre or metropolis of the mind; Newman's note of urbanity is not general in English prose. Energy and honesty are the English national characteristics; not the open, clear mind, the quick and flexible intelligence, on which rest the Gallic qualities of precision, balance and form. The provincial spirit exaggerates the value of its ideas for want of a higher standard at hand by which to try them. Not even great powers of mind will keep a man's style and taste perfectly sound and sure; in England there was needed a miracle of genius like Shakespeare's to produce balance of mind and a miracle of intellectual delicacy like Newman's to produce urbanity of style. And where in English literature we find a simple, noble style like Addison's, we also meet commonplace ideas—not the searching power and delicacy of thought of Pascal or of Bossuet expressed in simple and measured classical prose of the centre. Many can from long experience endorse another of the comparisons of Arnold—the journeyman-work of literature, like dictionary making, was until latterly better done in France. His claim that criticism cannot there be cried down as the

voice of an insignificant and fastidious minority is to my mind proven by the high esteem and influence in the national thought and literature of so many French literary critics from Boileau, Sainte-Beuve and Taine downwards. Yet in view of the vitalising influence of regionalism on European literature in the last few decades we feel that Arnold might well have halted a little this side of idolatry in his worship of literary centralisation. In point of fact, authors like Pierre Loti, who reflect the customs and speech of some little corner of their own countryside, have often been honoured by election to the Academy. Exotism came in the train of regionalism.

The first members were nominated by the King; even when a vacancy was filled by co-option, the ballot being secret, the Royal Assent was required. Louis XIV delayed approval in the case of La Fontaine, the fabulist, as the unsuccessful critic and royal historian Boileau had been defeated in the voting. But when in the following year the latter was also elected, the King said "You may admit M. de la Fontaine, he has promised to be good." Rivalry for a vacant chair among the forty Immortals was often the occasion for literary games and lampoons. On the day of La Bruyère's reception the Academicians found on the table before them copies of the epigram "When Alcippe presents himself for admission, why cry havoc? Does not the number 40 require a cipher?" La Condamine's election in 1731 was greeted by another running: "La Condamine is to-day admitted by the immortal band. He is very deaf: so much the better for them. But he is not so dumb: so much the worse for them." Again, the slow progress of the dictionary has been the frequent butt for ridicule. Long before its first edition appeared Boisrobert wrote, "For six years they have been working on the letter F, and destiny would have been very kind had it told me that I should live until G is reached." Following its original project for the purification and perfectibility of the French language, the Academy was often an unconscionable time in deciding the admission or rejection of particular words. Slang, jargon and bad taste were condemned. Many a proscribed word called forth a lampoon like that of Ménage—"Give up your vocabulary and abandon your grammar; do nothing to the language and you will do well." The Academy's work has, however, been a factor of relative fixity in the language and has contributed marvellously to the prolongation of the youthful vigour of classical French.

The practical value to the man of affairs in such a standard national dictionary, giving exact current meanings, should not be overlooked. This committee governing a language admits only living words that have withstood the test of several years. How smoothly this work goes on may be seen from an interview with a former secretary of the Academy, M. René Doumic: "No member's voice has yet been raised in anger during the debates . . . although religious and political differences may be very acute among them, as they represent a considerable variety of walks of life. In addition to poets, philosophers, men of science, lawyers and historians, we have soldiers, statesmen and even painters." It will be clear that literary qualifications are not essential. In my humble opinion, it is a poor spirit that is not moved by Doumic's remarks on Foch: "The most impressive scene I have witnessed at an Academy reception was when Marshal Foch took his seat. When someone quoted an order of the day which he issued on the eve of a great battle he was much moved and tears ran down the cheeks of the

man who had held the lives of millions of others in the hollow of his hand." The Academy has distributed millions to deserving people on lines laid down by the donors of trust funds, but gets practically nothing for itself. Every member attending a Thursday session receives a token representing a small remuneration of a few francs. Membership of the Academy is not a matter of money; with few exceptions, it has been the highest reward for a life of service to the community. Pascal was never a member; he wrote under a pseudonym. If Molière was shut out because he was an actor, the Academy has long since nobly atoned for the omission by its bust of Molière ever within its sight and bearing the inscription, "His glory fell short in nothing, he was lacking to ours." Others were not received by their own wish or through their own carelessness. Balzac and Dumas misused the language; and what lover of Alphonse Daudet would have wished him to cage his sunny southern spirit?

Three centuries on and still the French Academy remains true to its duty as a Customs' clearing-house for good usage in the language, but never imposing a new line of conduct in speech. The Academy replaces the old, princely patron of letters, the Maecenas of literature. Its mission is one of help to writers of high worth, whose work, the result of long labour, may in subject-matter or in intrinsic excellence flatter no coarser palates and bend no knee to Demos or to Mammon. It might have been better for Samuel Johnson to have been born a Frenchman.

L. A. TRIEBEL.

The University of Tasmania.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

CAN THE ROT BE STOPPED?

IT is widely recognised by the peoples of the West, and taken for granted by the Russian *Vlast*—the word means "the Power" and is used in the Russian jargon to describe the men of the Kremlin—that the momentum given to the spread of Communism by the events, in particular the wars, of our time is a fact that swamps all others in the international field. It in large part explains the confident ease with which the Russian diplomats concentrate on wasting time, their calculation being that all they need do is to keep the talk going and to allow the landslide to do its own work.

At a first glance the Russian tactic seems to be justified, or at least explained, by the clear trend of affairs. Landslides in the physical universe are a destructive agency operated by their own weight. The like attribute applies to Communism, with the added circumstance that the Communist planners can increase the dead weight by merely inciting their dupes to throw themselves into it. Mr. Vyshinsky need only be in Paris, engaged as his pretext for being there in United Nations conference (at which he laughs in his sleeve), in order to egg on the French miners and other workers to throw themselves into the Communist landslide, which, if not arrested, will engulf themselves in common with the rest of their countrymen. The ambassadors of the Kremlin abroad need only remain in their extraterritorial citadels to egg on the destructive work in the foundations of the Western countries. It needs little major planning, nor much care or cleverness. Destructive work of such a sort and in the prevailing conditions is so

easy as to be almost automatic. In the human context, however, there is just one exception to the automatic nature of the operation. The dupes who are the material, the dead weight, upon which the operation depends, must be enslaved not only by forceful subjection but by an appeal to their reason, deceptive though it be. No human being can be relied on to serve the tyrant's purpose unless somehow his reason and sense of decency can be either mobilised or sidetracked, for human nature is essentially good.

It is an interesting fact that the wrongdoer who is dependent upon the support of masses of human beings for the execution of his misdeeds invariably finds it expedient, and indeed indispensable, to make his approach at all costs to that eternal goodness of the human heart which is the mainspring of action. Hitler did it. Stalin does it. In a recent interview given to *Pravda* (which of course was not an "interview" at all in the ordinary journalistic sense but a method imposed by Stalin upon tamed journalists for the carrying out of his technique) Stalin duly sought to excite the willing and spontaneous support (slaves though they were) of the Russian people by stating that Russia was threatened by aggression from the Western Powers, that those Powers had broken faith over the Berlin agreement and that, to sum it up, Russia, the pure and the innocent, had to face a menace from the aggressive scoundrels outside. The "interview" was published in *Pravda's* issue of October 28th last. Stalin roundly accused the Western Powers of preparing for a new war, this time against Russia. In answer to the question, prescribed of course by himself, "How can all this end?" he said that it could end only with the disgraceful downfall of the instigators of a new war, and went on: "The horrors of the recent war are too alive in the minds of the people and the public forces in favour of peace are too great for Churchill's pupils in aggression to be able to overcome them and to deflect them towards a new war." Molotov harps on that same theme whenever he addresses a Russian audience; and at the Red Square parade on November 7th, which celebrated the thirty-first anniversary of the 1917 revolution, Timoshenko, who took the salute, repeated it all in Stalin's words. When Hitler launched his aggressions he did so under the like cloak of carefully propagated "self-defence."

Then is it to be deduced that human beings in the mass, good in the motive, are stupid in the uptake? At a first impact, it must be admitted, they do fall victim to the deception of overlords who control all the channels of information and seek deliberately to mislead them. But there comes a time when the deception defeats its object and boomerangs back to the perpetrator, because nothing is so weak as falsehood and nothing so strong as the truth. The truth will out. In 1940 Hitler appeared to have conquered Europe. In 1944 his own dupes tried to assassinate him. A year later he died, probably by his own hand. The slowness of uptake in the long run characterises the mentality of the tyrant rather than of his victims. In the long run, therefore, it is safe to assume that Stalin's enormities will crack, as Hitler's cracked, of their own unsoundness.

But what of the immediate prospect? On all sides there is evidence in increasing measure of the havoc caused by the destroyer. It seems as though in the first rounds of such conflict the victory normally goes to the forces of evil, which is perhaps natural because destructive is easier than constructive work, and it needs time for the good forces to collect and defend themselves. A bomb demolishes a building in no

time; but it takes a long time to rebuild. In the first impact the bomb wins. In the first impact Communism wins. The Communists have overrun Manchuria, taken Mukden, and without pause are threatening Nanking and the vital Yangtze waterway. Even with the help of American supplies Chiang Kai-shek has for three years been fighting a losing battle. Likewise the Communist threat increases in Malaya. In Greece the Communists are helped the more readily and the more directly by Moscow, whose lines of communication reach through the already conquered territories of Rumania, Bulgaria, Jugoslavia and Albania to the fortresses of the rebels, whereas American help for the defenders must be carried over half the globe before it can be delivered—another example this of the initial advantage normally enjoyed by the aggressor. The aggressor has the initial advantage because he can choose where to strike; in the nature of things he holds what military phraseology calls the initiative. The eastern half of Europe has already fallen to the aggressor, the western half is feeling the subterranean rumble of the menace. In the spring elections of this year one in three Italians voted Communist. The French miners are the vanguard of the Communist onslaught upon their country's civilisation, one of the fairest gems in the heritage of Christian Europe. British trade unionists have defied their own official leaders in order to express sympathy with Moscow's dupes in France—a sad commentary on what we used to admire, and used rightly to admire, as the broad common sense of the British working man. Many working men, British and other, have fallen victim to the subtle poison, the insidious seduction, of Communist propaganda.

Speaking in the House of Commons on November 1st last Sir Stafford Cripps recapitulated the methods now being used by Moscow to undermine the foundations of the western European countries and to defeat the purposes of the Marshall plan. He duly called it a "subtle" form of attack, aimed primarily against the democracies of western Europe, and thence upon the world at large. The Soviet Union hoped, he said, that by creating a state of chronic economic weakness they might be able to win domination by their fifth column agents as they had already done in Czechoslovakia; agents who, he might have added, abound ready-made not only in factories and mines but in the teaching staffs of schools and universities and even in the ranks of clergymen. (The last-named category must be included in the list, albeit with the greatest reluctance, because the name that will at once occur to the reader is notorious in this connection and has done a vast amount of harm. His views are disowned by his own ecclesiastical superiors and are wholly incompatible with the Christian profession.) Why workmen should want to surrender their freedom, including their freedom to strike, in order to be enrolled as abject slaves, with no rights of any kind, to an inhuman foreign tyranny is as odd and tragic as the reason why university professors should want to exchange academic freedom and objectivity for subservience to Stalin, or why clergymen should want to transfer their allegiance from the Christian faith as professed by their own archbishops to a materialist atheism imposed by a gang of despots who not only liquidate the Christian Church but deny the very God from Whom we draw our sustenance.

The answer, of course, is partly ignorance, partly muddle in the thinking processes, exacerbated either by embittered misery in the one direction or by intellectual affectation in the other. The wars of our time have left a trail of nervous abnormalities which indeed absolve

the victims from responsibility but which do play into the hands of the Communists. Sir Stafford Cripps observed on November 1st that even without Russian intervention conditions were sufficiently difficult merely as a sequel to the war. The war is responsible for a vast spread of human instability and unhappiness, which is the very breeding ground of Communism, and which the Kremlin deliberately exploits. Sir Stafford put it in this way. "The cold war," he said, "was by no means restricted to propaganda—that perhaps would not be too difficult to deal with—but it was carried right into the economic life of the democratic countries by the local agents and allies of the Cominform. Encouragement was given to every kind of activity likely to militate against recovery or cause breakdown of the national economies. Strikes, the advocacy of uneconomic policies, the stirring up of every discontent produced by unavoidable shortages . . . were pressed. All these policies were followed uniformly by the Cominform agents in every country still free from Communist domination in the hope that by economic disintegration they might be overcome. The exact identity of the propaganda throughout the world proved conclusively its common origin and political aim. It was sad to think that so many nationals were entrapped into actions most hostile to their fellow countrymen by slogans false in sentiment and still more false in content."

Now Sir Stafford is an active and influential member of the British Government. By his words he shows that he appreciates the methods used by Moscow to prosecute the cold war that is actually in progress. He left little unsaid on that particular score. "Their arguments," he said at one point, "falsely based on the suggestion of American economic domination of Europe, sounded strangely cynical in the light of the economic subservience to which the satellite States had been reduced by the Soviet Union." If then this is the true picture (as indeed it is) of what is being systematically prosecuted by Cominform agents throughout the world, how comes it that Sir Stafford Cripps and the British Government continue to give hospitality to the chief of those agents in London? How comes it that the Russian Ambassador is not only allowed to carry on his subversive activities in our country, making contact with the dupes aforesaid in mines, factories, schools, universities and elsewhere, but is accorded extraterritorial immunity for his job, including safeguarded secret communication with Moscow? It seems a little inconsistent on Sir Stafford's part.

And what of the remedy? The poison is running unchecked (so far) throughout the world. The rot is spreading. Can it be stopped, and how? Sir Stafford in the speech above alluded to prescribed economic co-operation as the means "to combat the chaos-producing tactics of the Cominform fifth columns which were so active in all the democratic countries." He even went so far as to say that "it was *only* [my italics] by this economic co-operation that we should be enabled to improve the lot of the peoples and so to encourage them to resist the menace of totalitarian aggression." Now it is easy in the exigency of the oratorical moment to use such a word as "only" in a perhaps unthoughtful sense. Certainly economic co-operation is of cardinal importance to the work in hand, but is it our only line of defence? In the very same issue of *The Times* which reported his speech (November 2nd) Sir Stafford's name appeared as co-signatory with Lord Halifax to a letter about Christian action for European friendship and understanding. The Communist menace is to the spiritual basis of

Western civilisation even more than to its economic structure, and the menace to the spirit can be met *only* (the word seems here to be fairly called for) by the spirit. Economic chaos, as Sir Stafford said, is certainly a Cominform objective ; but so is spiritual chaos.

There is this important consideration to be borne in mind. The spread of Communism, in common with all other human misfortunes, is rooted in a specific cause. There is no smoke without fire, no result without cause. Human society is a closely knit organism in which unhealthiness in one part affects the whole. It need not be repeated at this stage of our experience that the injustices of society in the past, even the recent past, contributed their part to the rise of Communism, which in its origin in large measure was the reaction of the ill-treated working classes against the lush and lavish extravagance of the privileged classes. There was no excuse in the Christian philosophy for the division of human beings into extreme "haves" and extreme "have-nots," who hardly came into contact with each other and virtually constituted separate communities, because the possession of riches and of privileges is a trusteeship and a responsibility to God, Who gives all these things, and must be used under the Christian teaching to help, not to submerge, the less gifted. There were those of course among the privileged classes who understood and accepted their responsibility, and who indeed carried it out with exemplary Christianity and true charity, but, alas! there were others who did not. The devil in the piece is the power that goes with riches. Let the man beware who is rich. He has a harder job than the famous camel. In the slow working of cause and effect the hardships suffered by the working classes—the "hands" of industry—under the first impact of the industrial revolution were bound sooner or later to tell.

The Marxian Bolsheviks saw their opportunity for exploiting the discontent, and they rode it to establish a rival power of their own. In their march to power they attacked not only the misused capitalist system, which the said working classes were only too ready to condemn, but the Christian civilisation out of which, by a betrayal of the Christian heritage, its abuse had sprung. There resulted this important difference between the old capitalist civilisation and the new bid for power that challenged it, that the one was professedly Christian, though in large part faithlessly so, and the other was damned from the word "go." The new bosses were enabled to impose their sway over the "toiling masses" because those masses were hurt and sore under the sway of the old bosses ; and the victims of this new and far worse injustice accepted the atheism, out of the depth of their misery, uncritically, as part of the remedy. The tragedy is that not Christianity but the denial of Christianity in the practice was responsible for such evils as were undoubtedly incidental to the sudden and quick expansion of the capitalist system in the second half of the last century. And then, by the devil's own exploitation of the tragedy, there took place those two world wars which at least in part—a large part—logically arose out of capitalist greed and capitalist competition for the world's raw materials. The misery of war was added to the misery of industrial conditions to play into the hands of the atheist Communists in their bid for rival power over the amenities of mankind.

We thus find ourselves half-way through the twentieth century almost inextricably trapped in a competition for power which has got beyond the control of man. In a world where everything necessary for the welfare of mankind is provided in abundance, the condition being

that the amenities, dispersed over the earth, be co-operatively and unselfishly exchanged, we find that the beneficiaries of that abundant Providence are engaged in tearing each other's eyes out, fighting selfishly for the spoils and in the process destroying the spoils themselves, with the sordid result that there is almost universal penury and shortage. Sir Stafford Cripps in the speech above referred to spoke of the "discontent produced by unavoidable shortages." Unavoidable! On the contrary, they are unnecessary, and are the product of our own folly. The very notion of avoiding them could not have arisen, the very need of avoiding them could not have emerged, in a world where common sense, buttressed by the simple ordinances of Almighty God, as revealed by Christ, had been the ruling motive. The world is near to self-destruction and self-extinction through the folly and the disobedience of men to the God Who made them and loves them. The enterprise of pulling back from the edge of the abyss is not even primarily, still less only, a matter of economic planning. Indeed the planners are merely organising the rush to the abyss, unless the true nature of what is afoot be understood. It is not an accident in the unfolding of this tragedy that the Communist bid for world domination is ideologically anti-Christian. By the mercy of God (Whose resource, be it remembered, is of a miraculous quality) we are helped thereby to recognise the nature of the issue. When Sir Stafford put his signature to a letter about Christian action he was hitting a more important nail on the head than when he talked about economic planning. The planning is profitable only if you know what you are planning for, and not living blindly from hand to mouth. If you want to get to a certain place it is not enough to arrange for your transport; you must also make sure that you are going in the right direction.

Then what, it may be asked, is all this driving at? In what direction, in short, do we go? Had we not rather get down to the business of drafting an answer to Vyshinsky's latest lie? Those who think that any practical purpose—except Russia's—has been served by the diplomatic exchanges and waste of time during the past three years will no doubt continue to imagine that there is no available alternative to diplomacy of such a sort. Others, who recognise in the prevailing state of affairs a climax in affairs that is of an almost boundless implication, will be disposed to more drastic action. What in effect has happened in our time is that the struggle for power has been canalised and concentrated in political agencies. The individual freedom that was enjoyed and abused fifty years ago has been largely lost, and with it the power of individuals to influence, for good or for bad, the lives of others. There has been a steady concentration into the hands of the politicians of control over every field of human activity. The dignity of the individual has been submerged, his resource and enterprise blocked, his charity circumscribed, and in varying degrees his religious instincts and traditions suppressed, or at least subjected to attempted suppression.

In one word, the challenge of our time is aimed by the politicians against the individual human being; the problem is to redress the balance as between Cæsar and Christ. By revealed truth as well as by common sense the order should be Christ first, Cæsar second. Politics have got beyond themselves. Nowadays the politicians in nearly every country dictate to their enslaved subjects, directly or indirectly, in greater or smaller degree, in almost every aspect of daily life. Until somehow the scope of politics be again confined to the business of

organising and safeguarding the minimum material convenience of the citizen, they will continue to make havoc of our heritage. The essential difference between the Communists of Moscow and the Socialists of, say, London is one of degree only, even though we have cause enough to be thankful for that degree of difference. The Communists extend their political usurpation over the affairs of men to the tyrannical extreme of denying any individual competence whatever—economic, cultural, religious. Our Socialists stop short of interference in the religious life of the individual, but they leave him little freedom else. Nor are our so-called Conservatives free from blame in this sense. Ever since the first of the two wars started in August 1914 the Governments—all Governments—have exercised a growing dominion over human affairs. By the Christian truth it is the dignity, freedom and charity of the individual human being, centred in and radiating from a healthy and sovereign family life, that is the foundation of public order. Without those roots of order there can be no order. For illustration of this truth one need only look round upon the world to-day. By the time the politicians dictate on how the babies are to be fed, or impose instruction on birth control, they are hacking away at the foundations of public health and public order. What is mainly wrong with Western Socialism and with the Western practice of politics in general is that though it sees the hideous nature of the Communist menace it does not see the smaller beam in its own eye. The main evil in public affairs is the swollen pretension of the politician, which is merely driven to its logical extreme by the Communists. The only method of combating the evil is to recapture the full light of the Christian revelation, to liberate and enthrone the individual, tempered by the motive of charity which is the Christian mainspring of action. If the spring of action be in order, the result will be in order. Quick remedies, short of miracle (which, however, is always possible) are hardly to be expected. A reversion back to Christ and His teaching, either miraculously and suddenly imposed or achieved by a long re-education of the peoples, is the only solution to the chaos and havoc now spreading over the earth. Sir Stafford Cripps, for example, who would have immense influence in that sense, could start the work of redressing the balance by reducing the emphasis upon economic planning and daring to raise the *only* standard that could lead mankind out of the present distress.

How can any intelligent man at this late hour and with all this experience behind him go on talking about "practical politics" as distinct from what the self-styled realists would call the idealism of a dreamer? Nothing is real but what is ideal, for the simple reason that though we fail to reach the ideal the striving for it produces that spirit and opens the channel to that grace of God which in themselves constitute the utmost welfare of mankind. The alternative is, to go on wallowing in the sordid vendettas of high diplomacy—so high by now as almost to stink in one's nostrils—and in the beggar-my-neighbour futilities of economic planning till the world wilts in its self-imposed agonies. If there is one lesson to be learnt above all others from the tragedy of our time it is that the "practical politics" of mutual destruction through armed competition and the "hard realism" of bureaucratic frustration and muddle—symbolised the one by an atomic bomb and the other by a single rash of bacon per person per week—is the very reverse of what is practical or realistic in human welfare. The truly practical and the truly realistic rule of life is the deliberate

and conscious subjection of the human mind to the inescapable mystery of our dependence upon the inexhaustible wisdom and resource of Almighty God ; the gift of which, being free, we can either reject or accept.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

November 11th, 1948.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

IMPERIAL GERMANY.*

To the professional historian Dr. Erich Eyck needs no introduction. His earlier writings, especially his classic work on Bismarck, ensure in advance a respect and welcome for his new book on Germany from the fall of Bismarck to the outbreak of the first world war. Even so it will be read with sharpened appreciation by those also interested in the unsolved problem of Germany's position in Europe. For not only is it a searching analysis of the critical epoch when modern united Germany was let loose from the leading-strings of its great founder, but indirectly, possibly undesignedly, it lays bare the roots of much contemporary German history. One function of the historian is to take, and induce others to take, a long view of human affairs. It is not the least of Dr. Eyck's historical virtues that his book unconsciously awakens more recent and disturbing recollections of a third German empire.

It may not be superfluous to note that his theme is defined by the full title rather than by the abbreviated version which appears on the cover. It is not a biography of William II, but a political history of the German Empire under William's personal rule. The period covered, from 1890 to 1914, is one for which in European history probably more information is available than any other. The task of synthesis involved in writing the history of the dominant European Power of that time is a measure of Dr. Eyck's technical ability. All the qualities which made his work on Bismarck outstanding are again displayed : the skilful handling of voluminous material ; the lucid isolation and analysis of each phase in the narrative ; the careful judgment on complex problems ; and the unobtrusive, almost exiguous, scaffolding of critical apparatus which masks his exact scholarship. Not much of his labours will need to be done again, and for most of the major issues this book will remain the definitive account. Possibly it is an even better book than the *Bismarck* ; partly because it is more compactly balanced than the three rather unevenly divided volumes of the earlier work ; partly, too, because with Bismarck off the stage the author has found a sharper edge to his critical faculties. Indeed, a feature of the book is the cumulative effect of the continuous dissection and condemnation of German policy throughout the period. Towards England Dr. Eyck is consistently and extraordinarily generous in his appraisals. France and Russia are treated with justice, though perhaps less warmth. But on Germany the book is an imposing indictment, sustained with forensic skill and overwhelming evidence.

The charge against the Wilhelmine government is not of course that it planned and provoked the war of 1914. To have done this would have required a hardihood and continuity of objective which that government signally lacked. The real tragedy was more involved and more human. It was the classical Greek story of folly, weakness, and vanity, creating for themselves their own doom. Three aspects in particular stand out in Dr. Eyck's survey. The first was an immense inability among the leaders of Imperial Germany to recognise the realities of European life. *Realpolitik*,

* *Das persönliche Regiment Wilhelms II. Politische Geschichte des deutschen Kaiserreiches, 1890/1914.* By Erich Eyck. Eugen Rentsch Verlag, Zürich.

rightly understood, would have averted many blunders; but that slogan meant, as it so often does, merely the elimination from national policy of ethics, not of illusions. The second was the general absence of a consequential line of policy. The weathercock vagaries of William himself are notorious, but the evil was not confined to the neurasthenic emperor. It was at least as disastrous, if less obvious, in such men as Bülow, Kiderlen, and Bethmann. The only exceptions, and those of ill omen, were to be found among the service chiefs, above all in Tirpitz. Thirdly there was Bismarck's crippling legacy, an imperial constitution designed only for himself as Chancellor and William I as Emperor. With their departure, for Bismarck had done nothing to breed successors of comparable merit, there remained what the author describes as an organised anarchy in the higher levels of imperial administration. Not only was the resultant friction between the policies of Emperor, Chancellor, Foreign Office, Army and Navy in itself an abundant source of political inconsequentiality, but almost invariably it was the worst policy that prevailed.

As each episode comes up for discussion in his carefully articulated narrative, Dr. Eyck rightly stresses the responsibility of the small group of Germany's rulers. Yet it is precisely here that one could wish that the author had occasionally departed from the strict discipline of his scheme to consider the wider question of how far the German people themselves were responsible for the government which they had. On the one hand it is clear from his own analysis how much the Emperor and his advisers were affected, in the absence of representative ministers and an educated public opinion, by considerations of popularity and prestige. On the other, it is easily demonstrable what kind of policy attracted popular German approval. Dr. Eyck himself refers to the thrill of exultation and relief that ran through many Germans outside the ranks of the nationalist parties at the news of the *Panther's* spring on Agadir in 1911. In the most vital matter of all, relations with England, the emotional undercurrents that powerfully conditioned policy ran deeper still. But it is hard to resist the impression that behind the façade of fine logic and false premiss erected by German spokesmen from Holstein onwards, the real cause of the refusal to come to an understanding with England lay in the psychological mixture of inferiority, envy, and dislike with which they regarded their Anglo-Saxon neighbour. In connection with the Algeciras crisis Dr. Eyck notes the diplomatic disadvantages of the morbidly jealous, self-assertive, unstable temperament which the German Government displayed towards the world. But were the German leaders in this unrepresentative of the political nation whose destinies they controlled?

NORMAN GASH.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.*

The City of Bristol has her historic Merchant Venturers: the story of one of her sons, a gallant young Venturer whose rich freight of genius and fantasy was untimely wrecked, is here set forth by a sympathetic hand. It is a fairly well-known story, but Mr. Nevill lends it fresh interest, and we are indebted to him for ample extracts from the *Rowley Poems*, with his illuminating comments and, perhaps above all, for his analysis of the contrasting features of Chatterton's nature. He describes him as a romantic idealist, whose fertile imagination, quickened by the momentous discovery of the medieval parchments from St. Mary Redcliff, dwelt in the past, and whose proud belief in his own powers sustained him in continued discouragements. But at the same time he was just a precocious schoolboy, pitifully duped through ignorance of the world. Incidentally, the snobbish meanness shown by Horace Walpole when he discovered his correspondent's poor circumstances makes incredible reading. Chatterton's ascription of his productions to a mythical fifteenth-century priest named Rowley cannot, of course, be justified: each step in the mystification made withdrawal more difficult: beside the insistent need for turning a few shillings, associates who

* *Thomas Chatterton*. By John Cranston Nevill. Frederick Muller. 1948. 10s. 6d.

had used his work would not have allowed what his biographer calls "inconvenient recantations." Although the "Rowley controversy" persisted for years after Chatterton's death, some suspicion had always attached to the poems—the poet Gray, for instance, pronounced them forgeries. In an age of more educated linguistic criticism their pseudo-archaisms and anachronisms would infallibly have given them away. But the vein of true poetry—lyric, dramatic and tragical—and the "sustained creative impulse" shown throughout the series suggest that, if a self-educated boy of sixteen or seventeen could produce such astounding results, he might, given happier circumstances and longer life, have rivalled august names in our literature. *Dis aliter visum.*

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

THE LAND OF BRITAIN.*

We are short of books dealing with economic geography. Dr. Dudley Stamp's new survey is a shining example of what could and should be done in these fields. With its wealth of statistical description and analysis, its constant attention to the history of rural development and in particular of the past and present structure of farms and farm units, its detailed survey of the distribution of the various uses to which agricultural land is put, it presents a unique contribution not only to agricultural geography, but also to agricultural economics in general. Constant reference is, among others, made to the details included in the 92 "County Reports of the Land Utilisation Survey," which with their 5,800 pages provide a valuable and permanent source of knowledge of rural development. But apart from its documentary wealth Dr. Stamp's work is also to be considered as an important though perhaps not quite uncontroversial contribution to the latest of the political problems involved in present rural development; to this a final chapter dealing with "National Planning" has been devoted. It deals with all aspects of land planning, with town planning and agriculture, village planning and other problems. It is here that one wishes that Dr. Stamp had analysed how far the purely technical improvements to which British agriculture has of late devoted attention correspond to the economic and commercial exigencies of the consuming population. He rightly recognises that "within the limits permitted by physical conditions the type of farming and the consequent utilisation of land, particularly the poorer land... depend upon the varying demand for products and on ruling prices." It would have been interesting to hear how far, in his opinion, the proposed extension of British arable farming can be carried through without simultaneously increasing claims on the part of farmers for higher prices and import duties. It is here that the enthusiasm of the planner may clash with the interest of the consumer, and the latter, perhaps, with some of the conclusions of Dr. Stamp's remarkable survey.

HERMANN LEVY.

HOUSING: THE SCIENTIFIC BACKGROUND.†

If bricklayers, carpenters and plumbers were investing the same intensity and industry as scientists in the task of catering for the nation's housing needs, the Minister of Health might confront the world with a less disgruntled face. Here is one seemingly small and harmless book which assails the reader with facts, figures and ideas; when he gets his teeth into it he finds it fascinating. The author is an international authority; with a mathematician's skill he proves to us how many, what kind of dwellings, are needed—yesterday, to-day and to-morrow; how much everybody ought to pay for his; how it could be so arranged that every family could be housed according to its needs, its income, and its size without turning the proper relief for one category into

* *The Land of Britain, Its Use and Misuse.* By L. Dudley Stamp. Longmans, in conjunction with Geographical Publications Ltd. 1948. 42s. net.

† *Housing and the Family.* By M. J. Elsas. Meridian Books. 8s. 6d.

an unjust burden for another or into a public charity. There is enormous research behind these statements and suggestions, and a good deal of it is shown in tables, statistics (Dr. Elsas is one of Europe's earliest and most creative index statisticians), and quotations. But the average reader can skip most of them, taking their results for granted, and then enjoy the edifying picture of a future Britain with enough modern and sanitary houses for all within the means of all. 6,800,000 would, he estimates, have to be built within twenty years from the end of the war, 1,700,000 of them by mid-1951 for the most urgent requirements, provided the 2.2 million dwellings 100 and more years old—20 per cent. of our total—can be kept standing a bit longer. So far, the target seems rather far off.

EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH.

* * * * *

American readers must be attracted by a sub-title "Six Thousand Years of History" to a short book while English readers might think this a doubtful claim to attention: however, *The Sailing Ship*, by R. Anderson (McBride, \$3.50) carries off this all-embracing title and constitutes a recurring source of delight. Its 145 illustrations are drawings by a true artist. Even the reader who is not out to study the development of sailing ships from Egyptian days down to the last five-masted rigs will find much to admire: it is the story of man mastering the seas with the help of the winds and in spite of storms. New light on Admiral Peary's polar expeditions is thrown in. A fascinating little book about his *Dark Companion*, Matthew Henson, an American negro who learned Eskimo and performed invaluable services to Peary for some eighteen years: on April 6th, 1909, they reached their goal, the North Pole, thus outwardly crowning their life's work. Another finely illustrated book, also from McBride, is E. C. May's *Century of Silver*, which tells the story of Connecticut Yankees who built up one of the outstanding silversmith businesses of the United States. This type of industrial history has come to stay in America. The present volume is of particular interest since it shows the survival of traditional silversmith styles in the midst of a supposedly glossy and streamlined world—much of it any layman would describe as Georgian and old English. Yet this attractive silverware forms the basis of the gigantic International Silver Company.

F. W. P.

* * * * *

Dr. Emil Ludwig's latest work* in historical biography is a study of Simon Bolivar, written at the invitation of the Venezuelan Government. The legendary figure of the great South American Liberator certainly provides excellent material for his great powers of pen portraiture and character analysis. As readers will expect, it is essentially a psychological study written against the general background of Bolivar's career as the great, if amateur, general, dictator and idealist statesman. For the full appreciation of the book, the reader needs a close factual knowledge of the period. The author gives as the key to understanding Bolivar's character and career, with its immense achievements and yet great frustration, the Liberator's over-riding passion for posthumous glory. "His idea of glory . . . was his supreme criterion." He was an ardent disciple of Rousseau and believed profoundly in the ideals of individual liberty. On the other hand, he idolised Napoleon, the conqueror. "Power attracted him irresistibly, even where its source conflicted utterly with his own liberal and humanitarian ideas"; and yet he was always fearful that dictatorship would tarnish his fame as the Liberator and apostle of liberty. "In his passion for posthumous glory he reverted to democracy again and again." It is in this constantly recurring conflict between the idealist and the authoritarian leader that Dr. Ludwig explains many of his actions, particularly in his later years. It is a provoking and penetrating study which will be widely read.

**Bolivar, the Life of an Idealist*. By Emil Ludwig. W. H. Allen. 17s. 6d. net.

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FORUM FEATURE

THE DELUSION OF DEMOCRACY

by J. F. Standish

“OUR constitution,” said Pericles, extolling the political virtues of ancient Athens, “is named a democracy, because it is in the hands not of the few but of the many . . . we differ from other states in regarding the man who holds aloof from public life not as ‘quiet’ but as useless; we decide or debate, carefully and in person, all matters of policy, holding, not that words and deeds go ill together, but that acts are foredoomed to failure when undertaken undiscussed.” In this splendid idea have resided the hopes and aspirations of what is euphemistically styled the democratic world, to which Britain claims a prescriptive right by virtue of seniority, and wherein lies the root of our own delusion and discontent.

Democracy, which saw first light in early Greece, was a system in which all the citizens, the free men, were both participants and arbiters in public affairs, for this was the very essence of the system and without it tyranny or oligarchy were the inevitable consequences. Participation meant exactly what is implied: the attendance of citizens in the public place where proposed legislation would be openly discussed and put to the vote, where the whole *corpus* of one’s fellow men would constitute judge and jury, and where grave matters such as life or death, war or peace, would be deliberated and decided. Here statesman and citizen were one; democracy was born in the city-state and when that state died as a political institution and separate entity then democracy died with it.

Why then do we misapply this name not only in respect of our popular institutions but also our presumed political attitudes? To what extent do we differ from the political world of Pericles and Plato, and what is the measure of our delusion? These are pertinent questions which must be resolved if we are to assess our own public circumstances in their proper context, and if we are prepared to cast aside the mantle of self-deception and borrowed nomenclature which we have misappropriated for so long.

It is a commonplace that repetition can so blunt the critical faculty that an untruth appears true; indeed the seed of a false idea can become so firmly implanted that it will strenuously resist all attempts to uproot it. Here in Britain, for instance, we have accepted as a fundamental tenet our enjoyment of a democratic constitution and so firmly do we hold to that concept that attempts to prove that a contrary state of affairs may exist are usually accorded either scepticism or hostility. Nonetheless, it must become apparent that we have drifted a long way from that political state as it was first ideally conceived and it is time, then, to submit to a reappraisal the political conditions in which we live.

Pure democracy is possible only when *Demos* is god of the market place, for he can reign over only small communities of which the *polis* was the epitome; aggrandisement or empire are incompatible with that concept, leading to its destruction. Perhaps today the sole survivors of this Hellenic ideal are certain cantons in Switzerland where local government is determined by general consensus and voting is carried accordingly by those assembled, but in larger communities delegation of such responsibility is necessary if only for consideration of space and convenience. It is most dubious, for instance, whether the affairs of London or Liverpool could be conducted by convening mass meetings of their adult inhabitants, and it is almost idle to speculate upon that improbability. Increased populations therefore require and indeed necessitate that certain people should be elected as representatives of the majority, thereby confining affairs of state within their own small conclave. That being so, nothing derogatory to the principle need be said, since if the idea of democracy were faithfully upheld, then this would seem to be only the logical development of the earlier concept impressed upon a community or nation by sheer weight of numbers, as the later *Boulé* of the Greeks was to indicate.

Nowhere in the world, however, does government by simple representation exist, and, if it has ever done so, its life was extremely short. Delegated government is not at all the same thing, though this confusion of ideas is the root cause of many misconceptions and has led to the numerous pitfalls presented by imperfect logic, since a delegate enjoys freedom of opinion and action whereas a representative is usually accorded a brief. In Britain, as in all other countries where the ideal of democracy is not merely lip-service, unlike one-party states whether communist, totalitarian or newly emergent from a benevolent colonialism, the whole edifice of government and administration, on local or national levels, is oligarchic in structure and function, the rule of the many by the few and quite contrary to that system praised by Pericles. Thus we elect our oligarchs and a few ready examples should suffice.

In the House of Commons today a majority of the 630 elected members constitutes the governing party of Great Britain and that majority in turn refers to the Cabinet and Ministers the whole legislative function. Thus a small elected oligarchy and a permanent civil service between them determine the course of the commonwealth, subject to occasional parliamentary debate the result of which, considering the necessity of majorities to preserve their position, are foregone conclusions; rarely then is the administration deflected from its chosen path. As on the national level, so it is lower down the scale even to parish councils; the elected few decide without further reference to those whom they represent and whose power is limited to exercising an electoral vote at prescribed intervals.

That is not democracy, and the antique Greek would not only have not recognised it as such but would have denounced it as a debased travesty of what was to him his very life blood. That this should be so is not surprising, though all institutions carry within them the germ of their own decay, which tends to become accentuated when the circum-

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stances change, for, as Aristotle observed, each form of government has its special danger—Aristocracy degenerates into Oligarchy, Monarchy into Tyranny, and the Free Constitution into Democracy. It might rightly be inferred that Aristotle was not greatly taken with the democratic concept, for he saw it in its decline, and he was at one with Plato in condemning it, as it then stood, as government by mass-persuasion, the seduction of the poor by those rich enough to secure their votes. Oscar Wilde was to rephrase this succinctly if less elegantly by describing democracy as simply the bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people.

Herein is our dilemma. We have not only borrowed and then distorted the word, but we have also accepted the more ignoble aspects of the system when it was reduced to the debasement of its own ideal. In the name of democracy today all forms of posturing, tergiversation and deception are not only possible but practised, and such is the mingling of apathy and cynicism that public restraint is hardly exercised. *Panem et circenses* was, as Juvenal bitterly noted, a regular prescription for the Roman populace as a means of distracting their attention from weightier issues; today, with all the techniques of mass-inducement at their disposal, the monolithic political parties commanding the financial means endeavour, and not without success, to mould public opinion to serve their own purpose. Yesterday the hustings gave some semblance of flesh and blood to

the performance, today the stupefying effect of broadcasting is sickeningly apparent. It is not sweepingly wide of the mark to state that television and opinion polls have between them tended to reduce a personal candidature to a farcical level, and general elections as such are now almost irrelevant, since the essence is the struggle for power between opposing political groups.

In glancing back into English history it is, on reflection, apparent that this country has rarely enjoyed democratic institutions since these have not, and quite understandably, been nurtured in the climate which favoured their growth. If exception be made of the moot of shire and hundred, our society and government have been for centuries a mixture of monarchic and feudal order and in neither case did the consensus of public opinion count for much. *Magna Carta* was not an instrument of democracy, and Simon de Montfort would have been astounded if told that he was the spokesman for *vox populi*. Election of knights and burgesses bore some pallid resemblance to Hellenic practice, but here the immensely greater geographical extent of England rendered representation inevitable. The Reform Acts of the last century contributed but slightly to a popular control of policy and they widened the field of public seduction, since the greater the extent of the electorate the more blatant the blandishments proffered. If therefore the advocates of a reduction in the age of voters are motivated by a consideration that this is an extension of the "democratic" process, it would be well if they undeceived themselves.

It would seem then that two things are necessary in order to achieve, not that state of perfection which is manifestly unattainable in this imperfect world, but a more satisfactory and less deceptive state in both government and public administration. First, a misappropriation of words and consequently ideas must cease if we are to have truth and understanding. A city state with virtually no industrial problems, devoid of a foreign policy and whose terrestrial pretensions barely extend beyond its walls, is almost the only state in which *demokratia* or direct control by the people can exist, yet even Themistocles was forced to employ great artifice in order to induce his fellow Greeks to build a fleet with which to defend themselves against the Persians. Second, representative government as opposed to assumed democracy must be made more representative and less dictatorial in order that public wishes and inclinations may be understood and considered; this implies a re-delegation of powers from the centre. It has already been observed that in this United Kingdom of 56 million people, the repository of all power lies at Westminster whence it is derived from the Crown, and the oligarchs of Whitehall, having arrogated all these powers to themselves, manifest an obvious reluctance to share or bestow upon others. Whereas the omnipotence of the Crown is the keystone of our political system, the omniscience of Westminster should rarely be assumed.

A ready if partial solution is therefore that the Crown should redistribute its powers more equitably by reserving certain over-riding national and international responsibilities to the government at Westminster and

apportioning the remainder to effectively constituted regional councils, whose sphere of interest would largely coincide with their own boundaries within which the inhabitants of each region would have a more immediate and sympathetic understanding of the issues involved and solutions presented. State affairs are *res publicae* in the original sense of the term, and this can be true only if the public is able more decisively to participate in the common weal, else men become servants of their elected masters. In issues of supreme national interest within the legitimate sphere of public opinion and debate, and in those of morals and manners, there must be some form of national consultation such as a referendum. Capital punishment, homosexual and abortion laws, majority age, the Common Market, currency reform and all other affairs which strike at the very heart of the nation require an expression of the nation's opinion, unless it be assumed that the people are incompetent. If there is not at least some semblance of participation, other than a mere desultory vote for a faceless name and in circumstances where real and vital issues are marked by catch cries, slogans and vulgar pandering, and where politicians are guilty of "the use of fair phrases to arrive at guilty ends", the spirit withers and dies so that both man and nation are the poorer. Planning from the top has obvious attractions not the least of which is administrative convenience, but this inevitably if only gradually comes to imply some direction of labour and effort and control of domicile and movement, the very antithesis of the freedom implicit in the pretensions of our society, for here in the last resort we are confronted with the stark choice of love of liberty or mere survival.

Attempting to resolve this matter more generally, let it be argued that political ideas and their encouragement should be reciprocal, that is, an interplay between man and state equally and in contrary directions, for if political problems are caused by men whose ambitions, desires and wills motivate their actions, men must share in resolving the problems of their creation. Utopia, by its very postulation, cannot be realised, so we must be practical in our affairs, though expediency must not over-ride those social and moral considerations which impinge upon almost every public issue; thus we do well in recalling that politics is only a breach of ethics and no thing of itself. The alternatives are apparent: either the state uplifts and ennobles man or, as Plato has it, Demos is the sophist who corrupts us all.

"Unless," he further remarked, "lovers of wisdom bear sovereign rule in states, or those who are now called sovereigns and governors become sincere and capable lovers of wisdom, and government and wisdom be brought together . . . there will be no respite from evil for states nor, I fear, for humanity." Perhaps we may take heart from the fact that the greater the challenge, the fuller the realisation.

[J. F. Standish is an authority on national and local government and is an advocate of regional government.]

WORLD VISTAS**SOVIET ASIAN POLICY TODAY****by Zafar Imam**

TEN years ago Khrushchev activated the post-war Asian policy of the Soviet Government by making his first Asian journey to India, Burma and Afghanistan. Since then the Soviet Union has been making big efforts, at the cost of considerable economic sacrifices and uneasy ideological compromises, to identify herself with the national aspirations of the countries of Asia and Africa. With eight out of the fifteen union republics in Asia, the Soviet Union is herself an Asian Power. Not only geographical situation but also close cultural ties through the ages have bound her to the rest of Asia. Go to the old part of Tashkent and you are bound to recall similar sights in old Delhi; visit an Uzbek or an Azerbaijanian family, and you eat the familiar Asian dishes, even their names are similar. And there are many examples of this kind that one is likely to come across while travelling in Soviet Asia. It was therefore not surprising that the Soviet Union should feel some affinity with other Asian countries, help them to stand on their own feet and strive to become closer to them.

Khrushchev was quick to realise the advantages of the Soviet Union being identified with Asian aspirations in facing America's global challenge to Soviet policy. Stalin, on the other hand, in spite of his Asian origin, always closely identified himself with the European wing of his party. Even much later, he was so engrossed in European problems that he was hardly aware of the fundamental changes that occurred in Asia after the second World War. Khrushchev sought to correct this by his Asian journey. He began cautiously at first, by seeing with his own eyes the great changes in some of the leading Asian countries. Then he followed this up by trying to establish with them the bonafides of the Soviet Union as a sympathetic neighbour, free of the colonial record of the West; soon after, economic aid and efforts for political understanding followed.

The difficulties, however, soon set in. Foremost among them was the U.S. determination to take advantage of the intense nationalism of some Asian states to build up her global strategy against Communism, and then came the ideological split in the international Communist movement and China's determined effort to dominate the rest of Asia. Interestingly enough, the Soviet response to these difficulties, as they gradually took shape, became evident in a more concentrated drive to provide more economic aid and closer political understanding with the rest of Asian countries who were not involved in either of them. But a long-term Soviet Asian policy essentially formed triangular tactics; firstly, her strained relations with Pakistan and other Asian members of the American-sponsored military blocs; secondly, her growing frustration with China;

and, thirdly, closer relations with India and other non-aligned Asian countries. Behind these three-pronged tactics, the general strategy was to neutralise American influence and domination over Asia and to identify the Soviet Union with the national aspiration for economic independence and political freedom of Asian countries. It was, however, noticeable that the Soviet Union had no disposition to act like an Asian Power except by participating in the Afro-Asian gatherings of various nature, and championing their cause in the U.N. and elsewhere against the West. Her interest in the second Afro-Asian Conference was aroused mainly by India's initiative in inviting her to the Conference. Even early in 1965, the Soviet Government was reluctant to participate in it because of the possibility of a split in the Conference, but later decided to face this danger and changed its mind.

By this time, when the Soviets appeared to be preparing for a reappraisal of their three-pronged tactics and were beginning to evince more interest in purely Asian affairs, the Asian scene was also changing. The Soviet Union's strained relations with Pakistan had given the Americans a free hand in that country, and the Chinese were showing no scruples in choosing friends and foes. On the other hand, American reluctance to satisfy fully Pakistan's intense nationalist demand over Kashmir had begun to disillusion Pakistani leadership. A little economic aid from the Soviets and an official visit of Ayub Khan to the Soviet Union followed. Although by his speeches Ayub Khan did his best to convince the Soviet leaders of his sudden liking for socialist revolution and Lenin's teaching, particularly on the self-determination of nations, he then hardly succeeded in his real mission — modification of Soviet policy on Kashmir. What he got was a promise of some economic aid and Soviet readiness to improve friendly relations with Pakistan. This was what the Soviet Government wanted, but it was still early to think of Pakistan's final break with the U.S. and of effectively blocking China's *entrée de force* in Pakistan. On the other hand, Turkey, another faithful ally of the U.S., had begun to respond favourably to repeated Soviet overtures of better neighbourly relations.

Soviet frustration with China grew, as the Chinese, under the façade of ideological debate, among other things, embarked on a well-conceived plan of dislodging the Soviet Union from the Asian scene. Thanks to American policy in Vietnam and Indonesia's hostility towards Malaysia, the Chinese were notably successful in Indonesia, Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam. The Soviet Union could ensure her presence in this area only by increasing economic aid and arms supply. But the Chinese campaign reached its highest peak when, in the face of repeated Soviet appeals and gestures of unity, the Chinese furiously opposed Soviet participation in the Second Afro-Asian Conference. After the fall of Khrushchev, Kosygin personally made an unsuccessful attempt during his brief stop-over in Peking to stop this campaign. The Soviets thereafter seemed to be doing everything, short of a final parting of ways, to counteract China's drive in Asia.

Only friendship and a closer relationship with India continued to be free of any stress and strain. It remained one of the dominant tactics of Soviet Asian policy, and barely needed any re-appraisal. A very brief moment of doubt, however, came during the transitory period of change of leadership after Nehru's death. But Shastri's visit to the Soviet Union swept it away and a new chapter of friendship and closer ties began in Indo-Soviet relations. It would not be entirely correct to view the Soviet Union's closer relationship with India only in terms of her geo-political needs and against the background of the ideological demands of neutralising American influence in Afro-Asia and counteracting the Chinese offensive. Of course, these factors are very important in the make-up of Soviet Asian policy in general. But the Soviet relationship with India, unlike her ties with other countries of Afro-Asia, has another and, I believe, equally important, component factor. This is her traditional historical ties with India, extending through more than eight hundred years of history and deep regard and general liking for India's cultural heritage. In this connection, it is worth remembering that St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) has the oldest (perhaps with the only exception of German Orientalists) centre for the study of Indology. Immediately after the October revolution, Soviet interest in India was matched only by that in China. As early as 1921, groups of Russian students were already engaged in a systematic academic study of modern India. Even during the worst days of Stalinism, Soviet interest in Indian culture and art survived the dogmatic view of Indian political development. This, no doubt, explains why Indian films, music and art, literature and exhibitions attract much more than just a curious crowd of enthusiasts anywhere in the Soviet Union. Even the display of news photographs on the gates of the Indian embassy in Moscow draw many Muscovites, and the embassy's attractive journal, *India*, published in the Russian language, is sold the day it comes out. Any government which looks for support and understanding of its policies by its people can hardly afford to turn a blind eye to their likes and dislikes. The Soviet leadership should undoubtedly know this now.

Moreover, the growing spirit of accommodation in US-Soviet relations reduced some of the urgency in the general strategy of neutralising American influence in Asia. The Soviet Union found herself prepared to look at Asian problems purely from the Asian viewpoint and not, as earlier, from that of a Super Power only.

Such was the state of Soviet Asian policy, which remained unaffected by the change of Soviet leadership, when the Indo-Pak conflict and China's readiness to profit by it put it to severe strains. In fact, it was the Indo-Pak conflict which finally brought about an open and deep commitment of the Soviet Union to Asian affairs. During the Indo-Pak conflict, Pakistan hoped for a stiffening of the Soviet attitude towards India; India expected resolute and open support for her position; while China calculated it to be a good opportunity for pushing India away from the Soviet Union, and thus making a major break-through in her drive to dislodge the Soviet Union from the Asian scene. In the beginning of the conflict, the Soviet

Government showed no disposition to shift drastically the emphasis of its Asian policy to actively intervening in disputes among Asian nations. Subsequently, after an unexplained silence of a few weeks, *Pravda*, on August 22nd 1965, made its first comments on Kashmir incidents. The *Pravda* article indicated that the Soviet Union had no intention of changing her traditional policy towards India in general, and Kashmir in particular, while Pakistan was given to understand that the Soviet Union's desire to develop good neighbourly relations with her could not be used to disturb the *status quo* in the sub-continent. But, as the conflict later assumed a serious nature and the Chinese designs became clear, the Soviet Government appeared to be in favour of a shift in its Asian policy. Accordingly, it decided first of all to go out of its way to stop the fighting between India and Pakistan, secondly a concentrated move was made to ensure the non-interference of a third party in the conflict if the worst came to worst. In pursuit of the first objective, the Soviet Government exerted diplomatic pressure on both the governments, directly and through the U.N. Brezhnev and Kosygin made a number of fervent and direct appeals to them, and finally, departing from their past policy of encouraging bilateral talks between them, offered them a venue for talks in Tashkent as well as their good offices. The other aim was pursued, on the one hand, by making it certain through diplomatic channels, that the West had no intention of adding fuel to the fire, and, on the other, by making joint appeals with the visiting party and government delegations from Czechoslovakia, Rumania and East Germany, obviously directed at the Chinese, for the unity of the international communist movement. The notorious Chinese ultimatum to India during the crucial days of fighting greatly alarmed the Soviet Government and dashed its hopes of confining the conflict to the two parties. Renewed efforts were made through the U.N. to stop the fighting before China stepped in, and this time, fortunately, the cease-fire was agreed. But the Chinese policy, for the first time after almost a year of silence, came under heavy fire when, on September 23rd, *Pravda* expressed serious concern at the concentration of Chinese troops on the India-China frontiers. *Pravda* concluded: "Reports of this kind cannot fail to give rise to uneasiness in all who are interested in the earliest liquidation of Indian-Pakistani armed conflict and in the unity of all the anti-imperialist forces". In his report to the last September Plenum of the Central Committee, Brezhnev expressed deep disappointment at the lack of response of the Chinese party for any overtures of unity and understanding. Since then, the split seems to have become all the more irreparable. Obviously, the Soviet Union has no intention of minimising the danger of Chinese policy in Asia, and particularly in the Indo-Pak relationship. Now the possibility cannot be ruled out that in order to satisfy Pakistan, the Chinese might introduce the Kashmir question in their ideological debates with the Soviets and their supporters. Lenin's ideas on the self-determination of nations will be twisted with adroit skill to ridicule Soviet policy and to seek an ideological sanction behind Pakistan's demand for a plebiscite in Kashmir.

The Soviets would undoubtedly deal with any such Chinese attempt effectively and can dismantle the Chinese case simply by quoting Lenin himself on the question.

Finally, the recent meeting in Tashkent between Indian and Pakistani leaders under the patronage of the Soviet Government signified an impressive entry of the Soviet Union into the Asian scene. Only a few weeks before the meeting was finally arranged, the Soviet Government seemed to hesitate to go ahead with the proposal it made during the height of the hostilities between India and Pakistan. The reason for this was not the desire of the Soviet Government to withdraw from the Asian scene in splendid isolation, but the prospect of a failure of its first diplomatic undertaking of great importance as an Asian Power. As comments in the Soviet Press showed, the Soviets had no pretension of solving all the disputes between India and Pakistan. Even then the task of pacifying Indo-Pak relations was really awesome. Both these countries had adopted rigid positions on disputed questions, particularly on Kashmir, had fought a bloody battle, and the peace between them hung by a thread only. Moreover, there was the danger of her role being misunderstood and being dubbed as an over-zealous Great Power meddling in other people's affairs — the same role of which the Soviets have been accusing the West in Indo-Pak relations. Besides, there was the possibility of losing India as a friend, if the Soviet policy on Kashmir suddenly and drastically changed; it would certainly be a bad bargain to lose a potentially more powerful and traditional friend, like India, for a lesser one, like Pakistan. But withdrawal from the Asian scene at that stage would have probably meant a free hand to any other third Power, including China to put salt in the wounds inflicted by India and Pakistan on one another. It would have also brought discredit to the proclaimed peaceful and good neighbourly objectives of Soviet foreign policy. Assured by its intense diplomatic lobbying and promise of cooperation both from India and Pakistan, the Soviet Government overcame its initial reluctance and decided to take a chance. In making preparations for the Tashkent meeting on a grand scale, the Soviets were quick to realise that both India and Pakistan, after their disastrous experience of fighting each other, regarded the Tashkent meeting as the only hope for normalising relations between them. To Soviet eyes, both these countries had as much vested interest in the success of Tashkent meeting as that of the Soviet Union. Except for the tragic death of the Indian Prime Minister, the Tashkent meeting proved a great success for all the parties participating in it, particularly for the Soviet Prime Minister, Kosygin. The final communiqué, known as the Tashkent Declaration, resolved to normalise relations between the two countries, promote good neighbourly feeling, and prohibited the use of force in solving disputed questions between them. Although the Tashkent meeting did not solve any of the disputes between these two countries, its achievement, in view of the difficulties before it, was indeed great and historic. Along with the Indian and Pakistani leaders, Kosygin deserved great credit for its success. In fact, without Kosygin's presence and his

active interventions, the meeting would have ended in an ignominious failure leading to tragic consequences both for India and Pakistan.

In this connection, it is of the utmost importance to an understanding of any future comparable role of the Soviet Union in Asian affairs to look at Kosygin's behaviour in the Tashkent meeting in some detail. Before the meeting actually got going, the comments in the Soviet Press made it abundantly clear that the Soviet Government would go out of its way to make the meeting a success, at least to the point of limited objectives of normalising the relations between the two countries and reverting to the *status quo* before the hostilities broke out. After the meeting started, Kosygin waited patiently and carefully to see which way the wind was blowing. For the first two days, he let Ayub and Shastri manage the show and kept himself in the background. When the two leaders seemed to have failed, it was at this point that Kosygin effectively intervened. For the rest of the time, it was Kosygin, ably assisted by Gromyko and a team of officials from the Soviet Foreign Office, who took control by combining the roles of a messenger, mediator and peacemaker. So far as is known, Kosygin refrained from using any form of political or economic pressure on either of the parties concerned. He did not give them any rash promises; neither did he betray any drastic change of Soviet policy towards India and Pakistan. His methods were simple persuasion and unbounded optimism for the good sense and peaceful intentions of both the parties concerned. How he achieved his great diplomatic triumph by this simple and unconventional political method must remain a mystery to political pundits.

While Kosygin was active in Tashkent, other Soviet leaders were busy in other parts of Asia for the attainment of the same objectives. Likewise, Shelepin's mission to North Vietnam and Brezhnev's visit to Outer Mongolia were another forceful assertion of increased Soviet influence in the Asian scene. As a result of Shelepin's visit, North Vietnam is now much more dependent on Soviet help and support in the Vietnamese war. The specific mentioning, in the official communiqué of Shelepin's visit, of a routine matter like attending a high powered Vietnamese Communist Party delegation in the 23rd Party Congress of the Soviet Communist Party, was obviously meant to emphasise the re-establishment of the old close and warm relations between Hanoi and Moscow. Brezhnev's visit to Outer Mongolia also proved a notable success by the conclusion of a twenty-years' treaty of friendship and mutual cooperation between the two countries. Although Outer Mongolia was always a consistent and firm supporter of the Soviets, the treaty has now provided a practical and lasting *locus standi* of the Soviet Union as against China in Outer Mongolia.

All these diplomatic successes, coming one after the other within a few days, brought immense prestige and added influence to the Soviet Union as an Asian Power. By these fruitful diplomatic undertakings, the Soviet Union has now undoubtedly ensured for herself a major and active role in Asian affairs. In practical terms, it appears logical to think that the Soviet Union should now be expected to become more effective and force-

ful not only in providing increased economic aid, including military assistance, to Asian countries, but also in helping in the settlement of political disputes and border conflicts between them with less self-interest and more concern for peace and stability in Asia. But in solving disputes between states, the obvious limitations of foreign influences, however friendly and helpful, must necessarily be recognised. Yet it is in the interest of Soviet *leit motif* that all the Asian states should be politically stable, economically developing and free of U.S. influence. Here it is worth noting that even after the emergence of this new tactic of Soviet Asian policy, the long-term strategy behind it remains practically the same as when Khrushchev first attempted to activate his Asian policy a decade ago. The important difference, however, is that both the new tactics and strategy seem to be more effective than they were before.

Although the Soviets have studiously avoided mentioning it, there can be no denying the fact that they have achieved major diplomatic successes in Asia mainly at the expense of the Chinese. The success of the Tashkent meeting has very much frustrated China's desire for mischief-making in the Indo-Pak relationship, while Shelepin's visit to North Vietnam and Brezhnev's success in Outer Mongolia resulted in a setback to Chinese influence. The Chinese can, however, stage a forceful come-back in Vietnam, if the Americans continue to leave no alternative for the Soviets other than to adopt uncompromising postures in the Vietnamese war. It would be indeed a tragic error of American policy in Vietnam, if that unfortunate country is simply used as fuel to add more fire to the Sino-Soviet dispute.

In Indonesia, the abortive *coup d'etat* and China's reported involvement in it have entirely shaken that country. With relations with the West at a breaking-point, Indonesia is now in fact left with no choice but to put herself firmly in the Soviet orbit. It was significant, though not surprising, that Soviet reaction to the killing of thousands of Indonesian Communists was mild and cautious. A strange contrast with Khrushchev's outspoken criticism of Nasser's less drastic actions against the UAR Communists six years ago. In Indonesia, the Soviets are pinning their hopes for stability and firm action against the excesses of the army and Muslim fanatics on President Sukarno. Consequently, Soviet military and economic aid to Indonesia has not in the least been affected by the upheavals in that country. In Cambodia, though the Soviets badly faltered by first withdrawing and then renewing their invitation to Prince Sihanouk to visit the Soviet Union, they have not lost any new ground to the Chinese. Only North Korea and perhaps Laos, are still under significant Chinese influence, while Burma seems to have chosen a role of passive neutrality between the Soviets and Chinese.

In fact, Soviet preponderance over the Chinese in Asian affairs was bound to happen if and when the Soviets chose to be active in Asia. China's uncompromising hostility to the Soviet Union forced the Soviets to throw their full weight in Asian affairs. Before that, as in the first Afro-Asian Conference in Bandung, the Soviets were content to leave China

alone to perform freely on the Asian stage. Most probably, China, backed by her growing economy and strength, would have gradually acquired a pre-eminent position in Asia, as the Soviet Union has now, without really forcing the issue with the Soviets, Indians and, for that matter, even the Americans. One might, therefore, say that China in fact unwittingly prompted the Soviet Union to become an active Asian Power at her own expense, while the Soviets were not at all unwilling to oblige.

To other countries of Asia, the effective emergence of the Soviet Union in the Asian scene is no cause for concern. To them, the Soviet Union does not appear to be a rival to their national interests; neither does she now seem to be primarily motivated by her own Super-Power considerations — a sharp contrast with the American image in these countries. By her patient diplomacy and by a combination of economic aid and show of solidarity, the Soviet Union has been able to lay the ghost of exporting the Communist revolution, perhaps for ever, even in the most conservative and religious Asian countries. The readiness of Turkey, Iran and Pakistan to improve relations with the Soviet Union are obvious cases in point. A further improvement of relations between the Soviet Union and these countries, which is now very likely, would in fact prove to be a welcome extension of an active Soviet Asian policy. This might well introduce more realism and less partisanship into their view of world problems. More Soviet economic aid would also inevitably follow in a bid to wean them away from the Americans.

But there remains the case of some countries, i.e. Malaysia, the Philippines and Thailand, who are not only aligned to the West but have shown no disposition, with the only exception of Thailand, even to establish diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. On the other hand, unlike her dealings with Turkey, Iran and Pakistan, the Soviet Union has not done anything to establish effective contacts with these three countries of Asia. Among these three, only Malaysia has direct vested interest in an active Soviet Asian policy because of its possible moderating influence on Indonesia. But the Soviets could hardly be expected to take a diplomatic initiative in establishing contacts with Malaysia for fear of losing Indonesian friendship and of being accused of soft-pedaling with the West during the war in Vietnam.

In this connection, Arab countries must be mentioned. Although the Arab countries constitute a distinct unit because of their peculiar problems, they have welcomed the new active role of the Soviet Union in Asian affairs as symbolised by the Tashkent meeting. A recent statement of the Israeli Foreign Minister, which expressed the hope of another Tashkent for easing Arab-Israeli relations, might prove to be a significant portent for the future. But at this stage, it would be rash to think of Soviet Asian policy being equally active and effective in purely Arab problems.

For bordering countries like Afghanistan, the new role of the Soviet Union and her added prestige means more Soviet economic aid and peaceful conditions at the borders. India would continue to be the keystone of an active Soviet Asian policy. In spite of the scrupulous

observance of public neutrality in Indo-Pak fighting, the Soviets did not raise the question of stopping economic aid or show unwillingness to honour their contract for supplying arms to India. It was, however, a fortunate coincidence that armament contracts were not ready for delivery; hence the question of actually stopping it did not arise during the three weeks of fighting. Later during their talks, the Soviets went to great pains to emphasise the fundamental nature and the sound basis of their friendship with India. As the Indian correspondents reported from Tashkent, and as was clearly implied in conference despatches of Soviet journalists to their papers (for example, not once was the 'Kashmir Problem' mentioned in them), Kosygin made it quite clear to Ayub and Shastri that the Soviet veto to any future Security Council action on Kashmir would again be cast in favour of India. Vital Indian interests do not seem to have been affected by Kosygin's peace-making efforts in Tashkent nor by his efforts to improve relations with Pakistan. On the contrary, Indo-Soviet friendship has been strengthened by the effective intervention of the Soviet Union in the Indo-Pak conflict and as a result of the Tashkent meeting. India, for her part, is the greatest beneficiary of the new role of the Soviet Union in Asia. For her, it means not only more economic aid but also moderating influence on Pakistan's policy towards India (and *vice versa*) and a great obstacle to China's designs over her.

For the West, the emergence of the Soviet Union on the Asian scene now seems less harmful than it was before the split between the Soviet Union and China. The Indo-Pak conflict has shown that the West can co-operate with the Soviet Union in containing and avoiding any major threat, including Vietnam, to peace on the continent. Moreover, the choice before the West of a major Asian power for helping to avoid conflict and ensure stability in the continent lies clearly between the Soviet Union and China. It might well be unpleasant to choose between them, but the choice is clear enough. Besides, the dynamism and intensity of nationalism in Asian and other under-developed countries have already created an effective barrier against any under foreign influence. Soviet Asian policy, like that of the West, has thus its own limitations.

Although the present phase of Soviet policy in Asia would not in any way end the peaceful confrontation with the U.S.A., it might well mark a new stage in this battle for winning Asian minds by butter and persuasion and not by guns. Interestingly enough, recent American military estimates, discounting the reliability of American bases in Asia in any future world war of missiles and nuclear submarines, ironically, brought this home truth to light. But we will have to keep our fingers crossed so long as the war in Vietnam continues.

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SINKIANG: THE SINO-SOVIET GAME

by Hemen Ray

SINKIANG, the turbulent frontier region between Russia and Communist China has been the traditional cockpit of the Sino-Russian conflict.

The Russian interest in Sinkiang goes back to the 19th century. Throughout the period of Yakub Beg's rule, Russia took care to protect the Ili River valley, an ancient trade and military highway between China and Russia. When Yakub Beg turned westward in the direction of the Ili, the Russian troops moved into Kuldja and occupied the territory of Ili in 1871. The Russians, however, assured the Chinese that they would return the occupied area as soon as Chinese forces were strong enough to maintain effective control there. The Ching dynasty which at that time ruled China, succeeded in suppressing the Moslem rebels throughout much of Sinkiang, and in 1882 seized the whole territory when Yakub Beg's suicide ended all resistance. The Russians, however, agreed to cede the territory to Peking on condition that it undertook the responsibility to keep peace along the frontiers and pay Russia for having guarded it on her behalf. In 1878, the Chinese plenipotentiary, Chung-hu, arrived in St. Petersburg to conduct negotiations which resulted in an agreement that China would pay a sum of five million rubles to cover Russian military expenses and cede to Russia the vast, fertile lands along the Tekke River valley in the southern part of Ili.

The treaty concluded by Chung without the authorisation of the Emperor infuriated the officials of the Chinese court, and there was pressure in China for a declaration of war against Russia. In 1880 China and Russia came to the verge of war over the future of Sinkiang, but the Treaty of St. Petersburg averted the hostilities. Concluded in 1881, Russia agreed to return most of the occupied territory in Sinkiang to China. Three years later Sinkiang became a province of China.

The subsequent history of Sinkiang marked this region as an arena of the Sino-Russian conflict. After the collapse of the Manchu dynasty in 1911, Russian influence in Sinkiang steadily increased. The Bolshevik revolution did not change the Russian attitude toward Sinkiang. The new revolutionary regime of Russia continued to harbour designs on the area. The Governor of Sinkiang, Yang Tsen-hsin, followed a cautious policy toward the Bolshevik regime. In 1920 he signed a trade agreement with Moscow and four years later he permitted the Soviet Union to re-open five consulates in different parts of Sinkiang. In 1931 Soviet Russia and Governor Chin Shu-chen signed an agreement without referring to the central Government of China, under which the Soviets received permission to establish eight trading agencies in Sinkiang and also open radio and telegraphic communications between Russia and Sinkiang. Under the governorship of Sheng Shi-tsai the Soviet influence in Sinkiang reached its height.

In 1942, when the Soviets were hard pressed by the Germans in the Western front, the Chinese Nationalist regime took advantage of the situation and persuaded Governor Sheng to transfer his allegiance from Moscow to Peking. In August 1944, the Chinese Nationalist government felt itself strong enough to dispense with the services of Governor Sheng. The establishment of Chinese control marked temporarily the end of Russian influence in Sinkiang. But the Russians did not give up their aim to regain control. In the same year a big Kazak revolt in Sinkiang was followed by a rising in the Ili valley. The Kazak rebels set up a short-lived "East Turkestan Republic" comprising Ili, Chuguchak and Altai areas. When the Chinese People's Liberation Army marched into Sinkiang in 1949, the Chinese Communists inherited the conflicts between China and Russia in the region.

Immediately after the occupation of Sinkiang, the Chinese Communists reintegrated the "East Turkestan Republic" into Sinkiang under their firm control. The Soviet-equipped Ili National Army was merged into the Chinese First Army in 1950. The leaders of the "Republic" were absorbed into the Chinese administration. Two top leaders, Rahmjan and Achmadijan, were, however, mysteriously killed in a plane crash in 1951 on their way to Peking for an important conference. The third leader Alihan Toors disappeared mysteriously. But Zunun Taipov, a Russian who was said to be one of the members of the secret group of 13 MVD men who organised the rebellion in 1944, against the Nationalist regime in Ili, became Major-General of the Chinese Army.

The Soviet Union also enthusiastically greeted the occupation of Sinkiang by the Chinese Communists. At the same time Stalin was not in a mood to give up his ambition in Sinkiang. Stalin had always dreamt of sovietising Sinkiang and turning it into a buffer against Communist China. He succeeded in maintaining the Soviet grip through four joint-stock companies to develop and exploit the wealth of the region. In 1954 these joint-stock companies were dissolved and the Soviet activities were drastically curtailed by the Chinese.

Chinese Communists suspicious of the Soviet plan in Sinkiang to turn it into a Soviet-controlled buffer like Outer Mongolia, were determined to ensure the continuity of their hold. In 1949 the first contingent of nearly 200,000 troops of the Chinese People's Liberation Army were settled in Sinkiang. In 1956 there began a massive influx of Han Chinese into Sinkiang. This resettlement was accompanied by forced deportation of the indigenous population deep into the heart of China. In early 1964, the number of Han Chinese sent to Sinkiang was raised to three million.

The Chinese Communists envisaged that the rapid increase of Han Chinese in Sinkiang would soon assimilate the ethnic minorities. But the predominance of the Han Chinese led to anti-Chinese feelings among the local population. As early as 1957 a well-organised group of Sinkiang people in Kazak areas raised objections to the Chinese Communist domination and demanded the genuine autonomy of Sinkiang. The Chinese Communists, however, accused them of an attempt to re-establish

the "Eastern Turkestan Republic". The organ of the Chinese Communist Party, *Jen-min jih-pao*, said on December 1 1957, that "the ultimate objective of the local nationalistic elements' opposition to the party leadership and the Han people is to strive for independence and eventually to proclaim a republic". Immediately thereafter all Kazakhs suspected as pro-Russian were removed from party and governmental jobs and sent to "labour education camps which were, in fact, concentration camps".¹

Thereafter relations between China and Russia began to deteriorate in Sinkiang. In August 1960, the Soviet consul general in Urumchi left for Moscow and did not return. In early 1962 the Soviet consulate in Urumchi was closed down by the Chinese. In return Russia withdrew its technicians from Sinkiang. Finally in September 1963, Chinese Communists openly accused Russia of "subversive activities" in Sinkiang and said that "in April and May 1962, the Russian leaders used their organs and personnel in Sinkiang, China, to carry out large-scale subversive activities in the Ili region and enticed and coerced several tens of thousands of Chinese citizens into going to the Soviet Union". But the truth was that thousands of Kazakhs, discontented with Chinese rule, appealed for Russian aid outside Russian consulates in Sinkiang and later made their way across the frontier into Soviet Kazakhstan.

The Chinese also criticised the Russians for their refusal to repatriate the refugees "on the pretext of the sense of Soviet legality and humanitarianism", and said this "is indeed an astounding event, unheard of in the relations between socialist countries".² Since these incidents three years ago, and other incidents that followed, the Russian-Chinese border has remained a critical situation, indeed more critical than the frontier conflict between China and India.

The Russians reacted to the Chinese allegations with violent attacks on the Chinese policy toward the minorities living in Sinkiang. Russian newspapers blossomed out with harrowing tales of eyewitness stories by former residents of concentration camps, shootings, hunger and preaching of hatred against the Soviet Union. "We lived as if we were in prison," said a former resident of Sinkiang. "Starvation and illness mowed us down. Then arose the desire among non-Chinese in Sinkiang to go to that great country (Soviet Russia). At night, people of our kin prepared and went to the frontier. Later I was a witness to the fact that thousands of people were leaving the country."³ On April 5 1964, *Kazakstanskaya Pravda* published an all-round denunciation of the Chinese Communist rule in Sinkiang by a Kazak leader, K. K. Kuzhamorov. "Here the indigenous population of Sinkiang-Uighur is subjected to forcible assimilation. Notable party and political leaders of the Uighur people are being deprived of political and civil rights and are subjected to massive repres-

¹ *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, Moscow, September 26, 1963.

² *Peking Review*, September 13, 1963.

³ *New York Herald Tribune*, November 23, 1963.

sion. The massive flight of the Kazak and Uighur population from China deserves a massive protest."

In their protest against the Chinese Communists, Russians accused them of "great power chauvinism", and said they had "crudely distorted the Marxist-Leninist teachings". In a letter published in *Izvestia* in mid-September 1964, Zunun Taipov, former major-general of the Chinese People's Liberation Army, stated "how bitter it is to realise that there, beyond the state frontier, thousands of my brothers—Uighurs, Kazakhs, Kirghizians and Mongols—are being subjected to unbelievable persecution and repression . . . I saw how the Chinese leaders were becoming more and more despotic in their treatment of national minorities. Peking makes no secret of its intention to 'sinicise' Sinkiang and to cordon it off with a blank wall from its northern neighbour—the U.S.S.R."⁴

Almost during the same time former Russian Prime Minister Nikita Krushchev, told a group of Japanese parliamentarians that Sinkiang "is not China" and stated that "the Sinkiang indigenous population differs sharply from the Chinese ethnically, linguistically and in other respects. The majority of the Kazakhs, and Kirghizes living in Soviet Kazakhstan and Kirghizia, but population of the Kazakh and Kirghiz and even Uzbek races living in Sinkiang"⁵.

The Chinese Communists, however, warned Russia to keep its hands off Sinkiang. At the first session of the Third People's Congress of the Sinkiang Uighur autonomous region held in March 1964, Saifuddin, Chairman of the region, accused Russia of "subversive activities" in Sinkiang and declared that "the Soviet authorities use their propaganda machine, the press and the radio in Alma Ata, Tashkent and Frunze to spread lies and slanders against the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party". He also accused the Russians of attempting to revive the "East Turkestan Republic" that Kazak rebels set up in 1944.

Meanwhile both Communist China and Russia are engaged in smuggling armed intruders, literature, newspapers and magazines to incite the border population against their respective governments. Chinese Communists are smuggling anti-Russian literature into Soviet Central Asian republics to whip up discontent among the non-Russian population. They are also sending specially trained armed intruders related ethnically to the local population. In response, the Russians have organised special political indoctrination courses in Central Asian republics in an attempt to keep the population loyal to Moscow. Volunteer corps called "Young Friends of the Border" have also been formed to bolster the regular border patrols. On November 15 1965, *Pravda* revealed that a Soviet citizen had been awarded a medal for "distinction in defending the state frontier of the U.S.S.R.". *Pravda* said that Nasretidin, a shepherd in the frontier province,

⁴ *Soviet News*, September 16, 1964, p.128.

⁵ *Times of India*, September 16, 1964.

was attacked by three 'armed intruders', and following a "deadly battle" Nasretdin unarmed one intruder and the other two fled across the border.

At the same time Russians are also encouraging the Moslem population of Sinkiang to overthrow the Chinese rule. Russian radio broadcasts were promising "autonomy" of Sinkiang when the area "is incorporated into the Soviet Union".⁶ On October 3 1965, the New China News Agency said that the activities of the "Krushchev revisionists" had been "smashed" in the Sinkiang-Uighur autonomous region. In early December Communist China once again accused the Russian leaders of "constant sabotage" and "subversion" in Sinkiang. Speaking at a ceremony to mark the tenth anniversary of the Sinkiang-Uighur autonomous region, Saifuddin, Chairman of the region, compared Soviet aims with the attempts of Tsarist Russia and 19th century Britain to split China, and accused Moscow of spreading "unmitigated nonsense" in saying that "Sinkiang is a colony of China and that a policy of fraud and national discrimination is conducted in the region". He also charged the Russian leaders with trying "to split off Sinkiang from our great homeland" by inciting the people of Sinkiang to oppose the Chinese Communist Party.⁷

Rivalry between Russia and China in Sinkiang dates back over a century. The Chinese Communists may have much more to offer to the people of Sinkiang than the Chinese emperors, but it is in this region that Russia enjoys both political and economic advantages, where Kazaks and Uighurs find a republic of their brothers on the Soviet side of the border without agricultural communes and with relatively greater autonomy. This is naturally more attractive than Peking's rigid Communism.

The ideological rift between Moscow and Peking is thus only one factor which helps to fan tension in Sinkiang. Geo-political factors, differences in tradition, race, stages of economic development, the upsurge of nationalist sentiments and the revival of old national rivalries all spell a conflict between the two Red rivals.

Despite a temporary lull, conflict is developing in this critical region which is so close to Soviet Central Asia and so remote from the Chinese mainland. The frontier situation in Sinkiang is potentially more dangerous than the border war between Communist China and India. In Sinkiang there are grounds for actual territorial dispute as well as a continuing rivalry. But it is the people rather than lands that are causing trouble. As Professor Owen Lattimore has pointed out, "the Central Asian peoples have always tended to accord prestige and admiration more readily to Russia than to China". These words still sound prophetic.

⁶ *Daily Star*, April 21, 1964.

⁷ *Hindustan Times*, December 10, 1965.

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THAILAND BETWEEN TWO MILLSTONES

by Justus M. van der Kroef

ON February 21, 1966, the government of Thailand, in a move reflecting mounting concern over growing Communist activity within its borders, established a new governmental "Committee for Public Safety and Development" in Nakhon Phanom province, in the under-developed North-eastern region of the country. The Committee, drawn from personnel of a number of government services, will be responsible for a stepped up rural security and counter-guerilla programme, as meanwhile local provincial police forces are rapidly being augmented with American aid and extend their own sphere of operations. Almost every other month or so, in the past three years, the Thai government has been expanding its drive against a Vietcong-like insurgency in its North-east frontier territory. At the same time in the South, along the Thailand border with Malaya, other security measures are being coordinated with the Malaysian government in an intensifying effort to crush a 800-man Communist guerilla force, some of them veterans of the Communist guerilla struggle during the so-called "Emergency" in Malaya (1948-1960).

The present phase of Communist pressure on Thailand may be said to have begun in 1962 when a clandestine radio station, located either in North Vietnam or in South China's Yunnan province, and calling itself "The Voice of the People of Thailand", began broadcasting its incendiary messages. Much of the organisation behind this radio station has reportedly come from members of the Communist Party of Thailand, founded in 1942, but banned in 1958, who now live in exile in China. In 1963, Chinese trained agents, some of them ethnic Thai, launched a "pedlar's invasion" of North-eastern Thailand. Posing as itinerant traders they infiltrated into small Thai settlements along the border with Laos, bringing gifts and propaganda, storing arms, and acting as a vanguard for subsequent infiltrations by Communist Pathet Lao agents.

Meanwhile a new political restiveness also manifested itself among the 50,000 Vietnamese inhabitants of North-eastern Thailand. Many of these Vietnamese were born in Thailand, although others were refugees from both the Japanese and the returning French after the end of World War II. Already in the 1920's Ho Chi Minh had tried to recruit the Vietnamese in Thailand, and after 1945 Vietminh agents accelerated their propagandising efforts among them. Repatriation of some 30,000 Vietnamese to North Vietnam after World War II arranged by the Thai government has not significantly affected the value for the Hanoi government of a sizeable remaining "fifth column", and today Vietcong agents continue to move through the Vietnamese hamlets in Thailand with comparative ease.

In the course of 1964 a number of "Thai language schools" were established in Peking and Canton, with exiled members of the Thai Communist Party reported to be among the teaching staffs. Peking's New China News Agency now also periodically began to carry reports of

decisions of the Thai Communist Party, and on December 8, 1964, the "Voice of the People of Thailand" announced the founding of the "Thailand Independence Movement". Five days later both radio Hanoi and radio Peking announced the "Manifesto" of this new "Movement", which called for the overthrow of the Thai government. Other front groups now seemed to begin to proliferate, in line with Peking's apparent tactic of suggesting the development of a broad "united front", rising up against the existing Thai government. On January 1, 1965, pamphlets signed by an organisation calling itself the "Thai Coalition Front" and demanding the overthrow of the Thai government were mailed to various Bangkok newspapers. On that same day "The Voice of the People of Thailand", as well as radios Hanoi and Peking, announced the formation of the "Thailand Patriotic Front" (TPF), the group which shortly appears to have absorbed all other fronts and dissident elements. The TPF is reportedly led by a former Thai premier, Pridi Phanamyong, now living in Peking, and by former Thai Communist Party activists like Mongkon Nanakorn, although People's China is the real force behind it. In its manifesto the TPF has called for "a completely independent Thailand" free from "the reactionaries and U.S. imperialists" and pledges itself to "peace and neutrality", to a "genuine democracy" for the Thai people, to an improvement of living conditions also by giving "land to the tillers", and so on.

Wholly in accord with Peking's emphasis on the need for revolutionary militancy, the TPF, in its New Year Message of January 1, 1966, which also marked its first anniversary, declared that "We have no alternative but to take up arms to repulse the enemy in accordance with the method of fighting fire with fire". Unrelenting armed struggle against the Thai government has thus been the TPF's chief *raison d'être* and specifically this has meant widening guerilla attacks on villages and government installations in North-east Thailand. It has also meant terrorism, recruitment and indoctrination of the populace, exploitation of local fears and discord in standard psychological warfare fashion, and so on. Thai police officers, as well as scores of village teachers and other rural civil service officers, have been assassinated by the roving bands of TPF guerillas who now number about a thousand in all.

North-east Thailand until recently was economically the most depressed and undeveloped part of the country, having annual per capita incomes estimated at only about \$42—as compared with nearly \$98 in the rest of the kingdom. Basic health and educational facilities were few and even roads were a comparative rarity. Isolated and steeped in their own problems, the inhabitants of the region had little sense of identity with the national leadership in remote Bangkok and were readily swayed by the threats and promises of the Communist guerillas. With massive American help (the U.S. has at least 15,000 men in Thailand and maintains major airstrike facilities), a rural development and "pacification" programme is now under way in the North-east. But all around, whether in South China, Laos or even Cambodia, the fighters and agents of the TPF find a "protected base area" in the sense of the old guerilla strategy of Mao Tse-tung,

and guerilla depredations are likely to continue in North-east Thailand as the conflict in Vietnam becomes hotter.

Already in late November 1965, Major General Pote Pekanand, chief of Thailand's Criminal Investigation Department, reported that more than two score agents of clandestine Communist organisations in the North-east had recently been arrested in Southern Thailand, and since then the close connection between Thailand's Northern and Southern insurgencies has become steadily more apparent. Along the inaccessible, jungle clad frontier between Thailand and Malaya "The Malayan Peoples Liberation Army" (MPLA), nominally led by Chin Peng, secretary general of the proscribed Malayan Communist Party, is today seeking to establish its own "liberated area", setting up encampments, conducting classes in Chinese language and history for local Chinese children, extorting funds from Chinese estate workers and businessmen, and so on.

Most important of all, the MPLA appears to have been able to win a following among some Malays on both sides of the border. The inhabitants of Thailand's four southernmost provinces bordering on Malaya are largely Malay in ethnic origin or culture, and Muslim in religion, and they have long felt neglected by the predominantly Buddhist Thai government officials. Malays and Chinese throughout Malaysia are generally riven by deep cultural and political differences, and the unusual circumstance that the largely Chinese MPLA has managed to win some support among Malay speaking, Muslim Thais has made the border insurgency all the more ominous. Indeed, at a recently discovered MPLA jungle camp there were two kitchens (one for the Chinese, the other for the non-pork eating Malays), two separate sleeping quarters, and so on. There has been some evidence to suggest that Communist tactics are in fact encouraging a secessionist political movement among the disaffected Muslim Malays of Southern Thailand, predicated upon vague aspirations of communal autonomy or even independence. How such aspirations are to be reconciled with those of the Chinese Communists is far from clear, however, and in any case an extensive Malay-Chinese cooperative venture in subversion must be discounted. The more intensive and sustained recruitment activity is still primarily confined to the Chinese of the area. Communist propaganda films are reportedly being shown on some estates for the Chinese workers, monthly "protection" fees are levied, and especially the more idealistic and chauvinistic Chinese youths are being drawn into MPLA networks.

Lacking a Mao-style protected rear base area for their operations, the MPLA has done the next best thing by making full use of the poorly mapped Thai-Malayan frontier area, moving its units rapidly back and forth across the border to elude now Thai, now Malaysian, security forces. Already in May 1964, the Malaysian government announced it was seeking a new agreement with the Thailand Army and border patrols to thwart this MPLA tactic. But a new agreement was not signed until March 1965 largely, it would seem, because of Thai reluctance. After Peking's announcement of the formation of the "Thailand Patriotic Front" in

January 1965, however, and after it had become abundantly clear that the Communist guerilla operations both in the North-east and in the South were not just minor instances of border banditry but a potentially quite serious threat, Thai-Malaysian consultations accelerated and soon yielded significant results. By this time Thai leaders no longer needed convincing. In August 1965, the Thai Army Commander in Chief and Deputy Premier, General Prapas Charusathira declared, for example, that recent incidents along the Southern Thai and Cambodian borders indicated that "Communists are beginning an underground war against Thailand".

Joint border patrolling, a common intelligence headquarters in Songkla, Thailand, and a markedly improved communications system across the frontier, have been some of the first steps in the new anti-guerilla drive. At the time that the new border agreement was reached, the Thai Deputy Defence Minister, Marshal Dato Dawee Chullasapya, raised the spectre of Vietnam. "The terrorists are planning to increase their numbers and extend their activities throughout Malaya and Thailand," he declared. "If we don't have full cooperation between ourselves to stop this, the situation can deteriorate into something like Vietnam." Meanwhile the wider significance of the Thai-Malaysian border problem was also delineated at this time by Tran Kim Phuong, the South Vietnamese chargé d'affaires in Kuala Lumpur, who reported after a journey to Saigon that Chin Peng had recently made contact with the Communists in South Vietnam.¹

The new sense of urgency in meeting the Communist frontier pressure currently evident in Bangkok has also begun to translate itself, however, in new and possibly dangerous Thai countertactics. Last October, an influential American monthly reported that Thai pilots and artillery men in Laotian uniforms had been supporting Laotian government forces against attacks by the pro-Communist Pathet Lao. Bangkok did not deny the report. Thai officers, along with U.S. intelligence personnel, are now also assisting in organising the Meos and other mountain tribal communities for anti-Communist guerilla activity in Laos. In January 1966, it was reported that "substantial numbers" of Thai troops had invaded Laos either to prevent Communist elements there from making contact with the Communist guerillas in Thailand, and/or to assist in the blocking of North Vietnamese infiltration into South Vietnam by means of the so-called "Ho Chi Minh trail" in Eastern Laos. Both the Thai and the U.S. government, which was described as assisting the Thai sorties into Laos, denied the report, but there is little doubt that to an extent Thailand is now engaged in giving direct support to anti-Communist operations in the territories of its neighbours, if only in order to make its own national boundaries more secure. The danger of "escalation" that such tactics bring with them need hardly be emphasised.

It is in this connection that it must be remembered that Thailand is in fact a military dictatorship, where political life has been "guided" by the state for so long as to give the unwary observer occasionally the impres-

¹ *The Straits Times*, March 22, 1965.

sion that virtually complete public consensus and political serenity prevail. Generally, political consciousness is indeed at a low level of development in Thailand, and the question arises whether this is necessarily the best condition in the long run in which to confront a determined campaign of Communist subversion in North and South. Nor is that campaign necessarily likely to slacken with a possible reversal of the Communist cause in the Vietnam war. For the reality of South-east Asia is and remains People's China and its particular conception of its revolutionary destiny in South-east Asia and indeed in the world. A "Thailand Patriotic Front" may come and go, but the enormous drawing power of the Chinese colossus will continue to pull the unstable regimes of South-east Asia into its orbit, as so often in the past. Thailand now faces the often frustrated, but still formidable, revolutionary dynamism of Peking with only a limited ideological arsenal of its own. The disaffection of the Thai living in the North-east frontier finds an echo in the cities in the disenchantment among students and intellectuals with the unimaginative and stultifying policies of the military power and structure.

Behind the Mekong River, the natural frontier between Laos and Thailand, the Thais are now rapidly expanding their military forces: a solid core of 85,000 army regulars and conscripts, with a trained reserve of about twice that number, and a 20,000 man airforce, equipped with F-86 jet fighters and more modern F-5 Northrops. Primary attention, however, is being paid to paramilitary and counter-insurgency forces, numbering an additional 45,000 men. But effective counter-insurgency tactics are not just military, but political and psychological in nature. It is in these areas precisely that the present Thai defence posture seems weak—as it, indeed, is still weak in South Vietnam. Meanwhile the U.S. seems quite prepared to expand its own military support effort in Thailand as fast as the Thai desire. In a joint communiqué, on February 15, 1966, signed shortly before he left Bangkok, U.S. Vice-President Hubert Humphrey declared that America was determined to help Thailand defend herself against Communist aggression. In a number of American political and intellectual circles this assurance was sharply criticised, not because of any disagreement with the principles of a defence against Communist aggression, but because the assurance was given—as so often in the past—to an Asian regime, highly autocratic in character, and felt to be out of touch with the needs and aspirations of large segments of its own citizenry. In these quarters America's predilection of supporting dictatorial regimes in the name of anti-Communism has been the Achilles heel of U.S. policy since World War II. Whether such criticism is justified or not, the relative sensitivity of recent American administrations to it may well ultimately produce a quiet American insistence that Thailand, as it resists the growing pressure of the Communist millstones, launch a programme of measured political and social reform as well, as the best long term insurance of its national independence.

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THAILAND TODAY

by John Audric

TOWARDS the end of the year 1959, I was sitting in the Bamboo Bar of Bangkok's Oriental Hotel, having a quiet drink with two Frenchmen, three Thai officers and two Englishmen, when an excitable young American joined us. Deeply agitated, he told us that Field Marshal Srisdi Dhanarajata, the Prime Minister, had discovered a Communist cell.

The news was greeted with loud but friendly laughter by the small party. The astonished American listened with obvious disbelief as one of the Frenchmen hurriedly explained that he would have to grow accustomed to hearing the same rumours at irregular intervals. It was nothing new, he assured him. Field Marshal Srisdi's predecessor, Pibul Songkram, also a Field Marshal and Thailand's strong man, who had been in and out of office for the past twenty years, had used the same ruse to keep alive American interest. It had always resulted in a prompt and generous increase in American aid. No one ever took the reports seriously. One of the Thai officers smilingly agreed. There was no danger of Communism in Thailand. The American left us, telling us very volubly that we were far too complaisant, and had our heads in the sand.

Seven years later, the rumours are more readily believed. Recently, the Prime Minister, Thanom Kittikachorn, took the unprecedented step of calling a meeting of representatives of all religious denominations in Thailand. These included Buddhist, which accounts for 90% of her twenty-six million population, Roman Catholic, Church of England, Presbyterian, Seventh Day Adventist, Islam, Hindu and Brahmin. He exhorted his audience of several thousands to unite in fighting Communism in Thailand. He said, "There is an ideology, Communism, which is trying to destroy all religions; it is a most dangerous ideology, and we should all combine to combat it. We should inform the people of the dangers of Communism."

In no country of South-East Asia, the Near, Middle and Far East is religious tolerance so liberal as in Thailand. It compares most favourably with that practised in the West. It was largely because of this tolerance that his address assumed such a lively importance. There was the air of a crusade about it. Alarm bells were at once ringing all over the country. Foreign religious missions have been well established in Thailand, some for centuries. They have built churches, schools and hospitals, not only in the capital, but in the jungle areas. The government has always adopted a most benevolent attitude towards the schools, with generous subsidies towards the salaries of the teachers, and on a *per capita* basis in connection with the pupils' fees, which incidentally are fixed by law. The pupils

include children from the upper classes, state officials, officers of the armed forces, as well as those of the poor. New schools are officially opened by cabinet ministers. However, it is of interest to record that conversions are few, and often lapse. The Thais appear quite content with Buddhism.

This year, the police and the army have joined forces in a concerted attack on Communist terrorists. Such an alliance would have been unheard of ten years ago, for they were bitter foes, and throughout the country all awaited the dreaded clash between Police General Phao Sriyanond's police army, which was equipped with artillery, tanks and paratroop divisions — ostensibly for frontier patrols and to suppress smuggling — and the army led by Pibul Songkram. Field Marshal Sriadi Dhanarajata brilliantly outmanoeuvred both of them, and seized power as leader of the Revolutionary Party. It was another bloodless coup in this Land of Coups.

There is strong evidence of Communist subversion in fifteen of her north-eastern provinces. Here, the government has never been able to deal effectively with the large and militant Vietnamese minority. There is also Communist infiltration in the Moslem Malay provinces of the south, where it has been established that guerillas are trained, as well as in Laos from which country infiltration is regular and systematic.

A special defence corps, which includes the army, police and trained detachments of the U.S. Navy and Air Force is patrolling all suspicious areas. Special attention is being given to the north-eastern province of Nakorn Phanom, about four hundred miles from Bangkok, where most of the villages are under Communist control. These agents are trained in Laos, and slip undetected across the Mekong River.

A vigilant watch is being maintained at universities and schools, in the naval and military academies — particularly the former, for successive heads of state have been army men and distrust the navy, for it has been involved in several coups. "Watchers" or spies have been placed in schools for Chinese students. The Bangkok government is well aware of the danger of these schools through Kuomintang, Communist and other Chinese factions, and with a Chinese minority of some three and a half millions it is taking no chances.

The Chinese government has made no secret of its intention to *liberate* Thailand. Twelve years ago, it set up, in the southern Chinese province of Yunnan, the "Thai Autonomous Government". It was here that over two hundred thousand Thais remained when there was a mass migration into Burma, Laos and Siam a thousand years ago. This puppet government has some appeal to Thai visionaries who dream of a mighty federation of all Thais in South-east Asia. At its head is the discredited Pridi Phanomyong, the brilliant regent of Thailand during the Japanese occupation, who was so helpful to the allied cause. He was suspected of complicity in the murder of the king, Amanda Mahidol, and following the failure of a later coup, went into exile. Another movement, also controlled

from Peking, is the Democratic Front. One of its objects is to drive out American imperialists.

Thailand is the oldest independent state in South-east Asia, and is a rich and prosperous country, which could easily support a much larger population. The average food consumption is comparatively high. Her production of rice is not only sufficient for her own needs, but places her first among the rice exporting nations of the world. She is one of the principal tin producing countries, and has large reserves of teak, wolfram, antimony, copper, iron and manganese.

Eighty-five per cent of her people earn their living on the land. In the poorer provinces, particularly the North and North-East, the conditions are deplorable. The small farmer is not as well off as his opposite number in the Philippines or Japan and, with timber in abundance, the peasants still live in dwellings of bamboo and thatch. What is urgently needed is a vigorous overhaul of her agricultural policy, improved technical skills, communications, water supply and housing. The rice yield per acre is higher in South Vietnam and Indonesia, and three times as high in Japan. All this combines to make the work of the Communist agitator much easier.

Now for the first time, her tourist industry is booming. When I first went there ten years ago it did not exist, and no one in Bangkok seemed to care. Now new hotels are springing up all over Bangkok and the provinces.

Thailand has always been pre-dominantly pro-British. There are always about a thousand students over here, but recently she has been moving more closely towards America, just as she has been losing faith in SEATO. America has for years poured vast sums of money into the country, particularly into the troubled north and north-east. She sends annually hundreds of Thai doctors, nurses, teachers and technicians to study free in American universities and hospitals, and maintains an army of 15,000 troops in Thailand.

The monarchy is stable. The king, Phumipol Aduldej, and his lovely queen, Sirikit, are well liked. Buddhism exercises a strong influence upon the masses, but is never oppressive. The many coups have been bloodless on account of the Thais' abhorrence of bloodshed.

South-east Asia has a land area of over 1,600,000 square miles, and since much of it is insular, it covers a large expanse of ocean, besides lying across important trade routes, and the main sea and air routes between the Pacific and the Indian oceans. Thailand occupies a central strategic position in this region, and would be a rich prize in a Communist take-over. However, her ministers take comfort in the belief in the West that should the Communists gain further control of South-east Asia the prestige of the West would suffer a blow from which it would not

easily recover. Moreover, India would be threatened and the danger to Australia would be grave.

She realises that she can no longer play a neutral role and must align herself with the West. She has this year given the first tangible signs of a departure from her neutralist policy by at last yielding to the pleas of South Vietnam to come to her assistance. Premier Nguyen Cao Ky of Vietnam did not return empty handed from his mission to Bangkok, and Thailand's promised help has allied her more closely than at any time in the past twenty years with American policy.

[John Audric recently spent four years in Thailand as adviser on education, and is the author of a book, *Siam—Land of Temples*].

HISTORY

GERMANY'S FIVE WARS IN ONE CENTURY

by George Bilainkin

LORD Vansittart, the great British authority on Germany, often referred in his home in Denham to the astounding effects on history of Prussia's Common Market of precisely one century ago, then called Zollverein. He made me study the period; he was convinced this Customs Union was meant to produce a relentless, expanding, ambitious German Empire, sturdiest of all on the continent.

We all know some results of Germany's ambitions. Did Harold Macmillan, watching the consequences in Strasbourg, soon after World War II, not tell Dr. Hugh Dalton, M.P., "Europe is finished; if I were younger, I'd emigrate to the New World today"?

Today's most enthusiastic "Marketeer" in England, Mr. Edward Heath, had an official predecessor in favour of a Zollverein, John Ward, C.B., *chargé d'affaires* in one of Britain's six embassies scattered over the various states in Germany. Ward addressed businessmen in Newcastle on October 24, 1864, and confided to them that the Zollverein had been signed by the Prussians ostensibly for economic reasons, and partly for political. Ward invited comments from Northerners, also the views of several other cities in the kingdom. He asked them what the British Government should seek to do, deferentially, (exactly as in 1966) "if any opening for drawing attention to it should arise," to secure lower tariffs. The John Ward cavalcade followed the signing, a century ago, of the then Adenauer-de Gaulle accord, i.e. a treaty between Germany and France initialled on August 2, 1863.

Ward confessed that when he and the British Ambassador approached them the Germans at once asked, "Have *you* anything to concede to us"? The Britons replied that England, having a liberal tariff for all nations, could not give any more to Germany or to another nation either. Ward did not, however, omit the significant news that Germany had oddly broken negotiations for the Zollverein with her special friend, Austria, and, was now "approaching" Russia. (It was all to be repeated by Hitler and Stalin in April 1939).

As Mr. William Edwards wrote, in *Notes on British History*, in 1933, "The Zollverein was the foundation of the German Empire".

Austria was to be useful, as a purely temporary, expendable ally, in the first of Prussia's group of wars, now against Denmark. The British Government, Palmerston and Lord John Russell, had desired the Queen to say in the speech from the Throne that, if war came, Denmark would not stand alone. But the Queen, whose husband was German, was "sympathetic" to Prussia, and impertinently deleted the ministers' words of comfort for the Danes.

The Danish monarchy now consisted of four parts, the kingdom "proper", and the Duchies of Schleswig, Holstein and Luxembourg. The respective populations and areas were: 1,600,500, 14,730 sq. miles: 409,000 Frisians, Danes and Germans; 3,530 sq. miles: 544,000 Germans; 3,280 sq. miles; and the last, for "ever" incorporated in 1875 by Letters Patent, 52,147 inhabitants on 407 sq. miles.

In 1848 the Germans "organised" a local rising against Denmark's rule, and after three years' hostilities, signed a peace treaty in Berlin on July 2, 1850. They undertook to withdraw their troops but, after the territory's "pacification", predictably refused to do so.

Danish sovereignty was restored, however, to Germany's considerable annoyance. As a correspondent in *The Times* of London declared at the time, "... one of those acts of lawless aggression on the part of Germany with which we have unfortunately become too familiar."

In January 1864, Denmark realised she would be attacked, for she was feeble. But she relied on aid from the Western Powers. Had Lord Palmerston not said that, in the event of war, Denmark would not find herself alone? He forgot, however, the hidden power of the pro-German Queen Victoria. Unwisely, or boastfully, he induced the Danes to believe the British and French would not permit the violation of the Treaty of London of 1852.

But, of course the British did not move, neither did the French, who were satisfied with a pleasant trade agreement signed with Germany a few months earlier. Then drama: a brief ultimatum was rejected by the Danes. On February 1, Field Marshal von Wrangel marched into Denmark and announced, "Our troops — Austrians and Prussians — come as friends; as friends you will receive them. The King of Denmark has been vainly summoned to loose his bond. We come to protect your rights. These have been violated by the King of Denmark, on November 18, 1863, by which, in contravention of the agreement of 1852, the Duchy had been incorporated with his kingdom".

Soon the Danes learnt the sort of "friendship" to be expected from Prussia. The 5,000 inhabitants of Viborg were told to hand over: 19,000 lb. of bread, 30,000 lb. of oats, 380 lb. of roasted coffee, 270 lb. of rice, 380 bottles of wine, 1,200 bottles of brandy, 3,000 cigars, 1,300 lb. of tobacco, 25,000 lb. of hay, and 11,000 of straw. Inside twenty-four hours the "friends" were told similar amounts would be required daily, till further notice, with the addition of 11,000 lb. of fresh beef and 500 lb. of bacon.

Germany's victory was, as was to be expected with a 'neutral' Britain, complete. The humbling treaty of peace was signed in the powerful ally's capital, Vienna, on October 1. Austria and Prussia had secured the cession of Schleswig and Holstein.

But, sadly the allies fell out. Differences arose with Austria over the Zollverein, for Austria favoured protection. Promptly the Germans signed a secret treaty with Italy. They planned to assault Germany's faithful ally, Austria; moreover Victor Emmanul loyally promised not to lay down

arms, till Germany had secured "legal" possession of the Elbe Duchies.

There was "friendly" chatter for the peoples (of the 1966 kind) about disarmament. Indeed, as late as April 26, 1866, the Austrian government was telling its ambassador in Berlin that the Emperor had heard, "with sincere satisfaction", news of Prussia's wish for simultaneous disarmament of the two Powers.

But Germany's wily Bismarck was without nerves. The British, whom he might have feared, were busy; they had in 1863 burnt down the entire Japanese city of Kagoshima (population of 180,000) as they were not satisfied with the £500,000 indemnity paid for the murder of one Shanghai merchant; moreover, in the third opium war, against the Chinese, in 1860, Lord Elgin burned the magnificent, vast summer palace of the Emperor in Peking. Lord Russell had also promised help to the Poles, who had risen in 1863 in protest against the cruelty of the Tsarist police in enforcing conscription. Unfortunately, the British sent little or no succour, beyond words.

Bismarck, thereupon, boldly promised he would fight till Italy had obtained Venetia from poor Austria, Prussia's loyal ally of yesterday. Denmark, in the biting words of her saddened king, had been shamefully deserted: "All Europe leaves us, without assistance".

In 1866 Britain had thirty four embassies and legations in the world, and no fewer than six of them in Germany, Würtemberg, Saxony, Prussia, Hanse, and so on. On May 1, Prussian troops crossed into Schleswig, and Austrian troops retreated. The "Seven Weeks' War" began formally on June 18. The biggest "meeting" of troops prior to the abattoir affairs of the first World War, was staged at Sadowa, on July 3, 1866, with a quarter of a million men.

As was to be expected, the Germans triumphed again. By the Treaty of Prague, on August 23, Bismarck secured the cession of Schleswig by Austria to Prussia, with the gracious promise, tongue in cheek, of a plebiscite for the citizens which was, of course, not serious and was never held. (The "treaty" had the air of Hitler's toying with Czechoslovakia in 1938). In fact, the Treaty of October 11, 1878, abrogated the need for the Germans to go through the motions of a plebiscite.

Prussia had prettily arranged for the Italians to attack Austria, her friend and predatory ally. Bismarck's plan for the expansion of Germany, under a Hohenzollern, was splendidly laid. Weak little Denmark's duchies were planned as the ideal pretext. Italy obtained her Venetia from Austria and Prussia stood to pick up the victuals on the plate! The victuals were in the shape of Schleswig and Holstein, Hanover and Frankfurt on Main, Hesse and Cassell — fairly comfortable prizes.

The French were now no longer so important to Germany. Thus, Bismarck played a sort of Zinovieff letter gimmick on the French, by publishing the famous false Ems "telegram", from the King of Prussia, of an "account" of his interview with the French Ambassador. He crudely altered the text from what had been a correct message, making it highly provocative. The pretext? A cock and bull affair about the nomination

of a Hohenzollern to the throne of Spain, where there had been a revolution.

Admirably organised as usual, the Germans now swiftly invaded France. On August 6, 1870, Emperor Frederick I (then Crown Prince) defeated McMahon at Worth. On September 1, Emperor Napoleon III and McMahon were routed and compelled to surrender at Sedan, while trying to relieve Metz. Three days later Napoleon was deposed; a fortnight later Paris was invested. On October 27 came shameful surrender, through treachery or incompetence. It was followed by Balaine, surrendering at Metz, with 180,000 men. Paris bowed to the Germans on January 28, 1871. Bordeaux again secured terms of peace for the surrender to Germany of Alsace, Lorraine, Strasburg and Metz, with the payment of £200,000,000 as indemnity. For two days the Champs Elysées were occupied by 30,000 German troops, "as a sign of conquest". In March the smashed Napoleon took shelter in England.

The Germans again broke their agreement. They next invaded Belgium, in 1914, and broke their pact of non-aggression for ten years with Poland. They invaded Poland's sea province on September 1, 1939.

In June 1941 the Germans, breaking their ten-year pact with Stalin, invaded and shook Russia on a frontier of 2,000 to 3,000 miles. But, in Russia, as Churchill often declared in public, the Germans were to be held, to be defeated, and eventually to be routed with staggering losses.

Only history illumines today, and tomorrow.

[George Bilainkin is one of our most notable diplomatic correspondents, having fulfilled his role at the highest levels. He foresaw with remarkable prescience the strategy Hitler was to adopt — and foretold the attack on Britain through the Corridor in March, 1934. His latest volume, *Destination Tokyo*, (Odhams), appeared at the beginning of last year.]

THE HELLENIC FACTOR IN THE EASTERN PROBLEM

PART I

by William Ewart Gladstone

Editor's Introduction:

The following article was published in 1876. Long a contributor to the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, Gladstone's prodigious energies were matched by his exceptional scholarship. His frequent publications on Theological, Classical and Political themes offer a refreshing and rewarding insight of a statesman 'at thought'. The article we reproduce here was written at a time when Gladstone had temporarily withdrawn from public life.

His first Administration (formed 1868) had carried the Dis-Establishment of the Irish Church, and, later, the Irish Land Act. Other farsighted legislation had also been sketched in. But the Government ultimately foundered in the election of 1874 on the twin boulders of Church hostility and non-conformist disappointment.

The electoral burden of the Alabama indemnity, and the closing of the Dardanelles (the one small fruit gathered at the Crimean War) enabled Disraeli to enter the contest with an ample supply of brickbats. His accurate aim was rewarded with a large Tory majority by an electorate who appeared to admire the marksman more than they sympathised with the target.

So Gladstone took himself to Hawarden and the riches of its library. As the great man's pen scratched on, he was quite unaware that just three years would see, in 1879, the dawn of his finest hour. There awaited him the Midlothian campaign and the most arduous fifteen years of his life.

But Gladstone could not know. And there were papers to write and ideals to express; the Bulgarian uprising and the Turkish suppression were yet to come. From the pages of the following article will be heard a gentle rattle of the pebbles that became a landslide.

PROBABLY for the first time during two thousand years, the silence of the Pnyx at Athens was broken a few weeks ago by the stir of an assembly comprising, as we are told, about ten thousand persons.* It had been preceded elsewhere, for example in Zante, by a similar and not much smaller meeting. It is interesting for us Englishmen to observe both the Greeks and the Romans of to-day following, like ourselves, the traditions of their remote forefathers, and handling matters of prime public interest in public assembly. In the millennium preceding the long term which I began by naming, such a proceeding would have been regular and familiar in any part of Greece.

The object of this rather notable gathering was to put forward a claim on behalf of the Hellenic provinces still in servitude, and not permitted even to speak authentically for themselves. The claim is for an equal share in the emancipation, which has been demanded in various quarters on behalf the Slavonic subjects of the Ottoman Power. The meeting was first addressed by the Professor of History in the University of Athens, who advanced this among his claims to speak on the occasion — that he had seen his brother and his brother-in-law beheaded, his father and his uncle hung. He noticed the general grounds, on which those of his own race are entitled to no less favourable consideration than their brethren in misfortune farther north. He noticed also the great distinction between them: "The Slavs have risen this year, the Greeks have not." And the

*Compte Rendu de l'Assemblée. &c. Athènes. 1876.

distinction is most important. Repudiating heartily the doctrines of the supreme right of overbearing might, which still appear to find some countenance among us, I must still admit a material difference between those who show that their enfranchisement is required for the general tranquility and those who do not. It is much, if right be done in the first-mentioned class of cases; for Human Justice is ever lagging after Wrong, as the Prayers of Homer came limping after Sin.* Even to the great Healer, during his earthly walk, the "sick-folk" were brought. Gratuitously to search out all the woe of those who suffer in silence and inaction, desirable as it might be, is scarcely within the conditions of human strength.

But this is not disputed by the Greeks of, or beyond, the Kingdom. It appears to be met by a plea of fact which, if it can be made good, is relevant and important. It is thus stated by Professor Papparrhigopoulos:—

"The Powers have made use of every means to repress the disposition of the Greeks to war, by promising that the Greek nation, which for the time refrained from complicating the situation, should at that settlement obtain the same advantages as the Slavs."†

Professor Kokkinos, following in the discussion, says that free Greece, loyal to the Powers of Europe, had encouraged their brethren still in servitude to rely on those Powers, and that Europe had praised the prudence and patience‡ which were exhibited accordingly. The Minister Coumoundouros, in reply to a deputation appointed by the assembly, encourages them to hope that the enlightenment of the Porte, and the humanity of Europe, will not drive them to embrace the belief that the gates of Justice may be shattered, but opened never.§

Of the steps thus alleged to have been taken by the European Governments, the public, and also the Parliament, of this country are, I apprehend, up to this time in ignorance. It does not appear to me that such steps, if taken, were necessarily wrong, or that, in the midst of the existing complications, it must have been wrong to postpone a statement of their nature. We have indeed, in the Parliamentary Papers of 1876,|| a communication from the Consul at Canea, affirming the existence of general and deep-seated discontent in Crete, together with the draft of a large measure of change proposed by the Christians; but there is no indication of opinion, or account of any steps taken, at the Foreign Office.

I have thus stated the claim put forward by the Greeks themselves to a hearing at the Conference of the Powers on Eastern affairs, if such a Conference should be held. There are signs, which render it more or less

* Il. ix. 498.

† *Compte Rendu*, p.6.

‡ *Ibid.* p.14.

§ *Compte Rendu*, p.22.

• | No. 3, p.284.

probable that they may proceed to substantiate their claim by *voies de fait*. In any alternative it is not wise to attempt to get past the present disturbance without giving their existence even a thought.

"It will but skin and film the ulcerous place."*

For months the Christians of Turkey, other than Slav, have been out of sight and out of mind. It certainly is not too early to examine a little into their cases.

There are four Christian races under the dominion of the Porte. The question of the Slavs is going to the Conference, or the sword. The case of the Wallachs of Roumania is happily disposed of; one of the greatest and best results of the Crimean War. The case of the Armenians, who, like the Wallachs, are stated to be four millions, is presented argumentatively in a *Mémoire*† dated October, 1876, and laid before each of the Great Powers. The more proximate case of the Hellenic provinces of European Turkey is that which I shall now endeavour to unfold. And this not only because it is the portion of the house next to the present conflagration, and most likely to be caught by it; but also because the history of the proceedings, through which the Kingdom of free Greece was established, affords most interesting precedents, and an admirable guidance for any Government, or representative of a Government, desirous to deal with the great Eastern problem in the spirit of the best traditions of his country. On their title to be dealt with by the Conference I do not presume absolutely to pronounce. We may see applied to these populations the maxim—

"The voice of any people is the sword
That guards them; or the sword that beats them down."‡

I cordially hope that it will be deemed wise and just to consider their case. But without prejudging the point, I proceed to sketch in outline the most material parts of an interesting history.

In common with the Italians, but in a still more conspicuous degree, the Greeks have been remarkable among men alike for the favours and the spite of fortune. And it is no wonder if, amidst many difficulties and discouragements, and even such discouragements as arise from defects and vices of their own, they cling to the belief that the severity of their trials is in truth a presage of a happy and distinguished future, acting like the flame of the furnace on the metal which is to issue from it. The fall of the race was indeed from so great a height, and to such a depth of misery, as

* Hamlet iii. 4.

† Mémoire sur la situation actuelle des Arméniens et sur leur avenir. Dated from 74, Lancaster Gate, London.

‡ Tennyson's Harold.

is without parallel in history. The first stage of their descent was when they came under the Roman dominion. But *Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit*. This first reverse was mitigated by the majesty of the Power to which they succumbed, and by a continuous intellectual reign; such that, when Christianity went forth into the world, no sooner had it moved outwards from its cradle in Jerusalem, than it assumed the aspect of a Greek religion. That aspect it bore for centuries. In the Greek tongue, and by minds in which the Greek element predominated, was moulded that Creed, which still remains the intellectual basis of the Christian system. In the second century, it was still the ruling Christian tongue in Rome, where Pope Victor was the first who wrote in Latin on the business of the Church.* Perhaps the greatest measure, ever accomplished by a single man at a single stroke, was the foundation of Constantinople; whose empire survived, by a thousand years, that of the elder Rome. Here, too Greek influences acquired ascendancy: and we ought to wonder, not so much at the final fall of the great city, as at its long survival; a survival, only brought to its term by the appearance on the stage of foes far more formidable than those, before whom Italy and its proud capital had licked the dust.

But, all this time, *numerosa parabat excelsæ turris tabulata*. When still the exclusive mistress of the most refined learning of the world, she was called to bear, in common with other not yet patrician races, the fearful weight of the Ottoman yoke. By the far-sighted cruelty of Mohammed II, the aristocracy of the Greek lands was completely swept away. They exhibited, indeed, no case like that of the general apostasy of the landholders in Bosnia: the repetition of this infamy on a smaller scale in Crete took place at a much later period. Greeks were not only deprived of their natural leaders; they were assailed at every point, and in the very citadel of the family life, by the terrible exaction of the children-tribute. Not only was the system indicated by that phrase a most cruel and wicked one on the part of the conquerors who invented it, but it carried with it an amount of degradation to the sufferers who bore it, such, perhaps, as never was inflicted even on African slaves. Endured at first in the stupidity of terror, it laid wide and deep, during the two centuries for which it lasted, the foundations of baseness, and it is probably not too much to say that two centuries since its cessation† have not yet everywhere effaced its effects. Nor is effeminacy, especially where thus engendered, a guarantee for humanity. The fathers who gave over the bodies and souls of their children to the tyrant were, thus far, sunk into the region of the brutes, and acquired of necessity something of that habit of mind which is as ready upon occasion to enforce the law of violence, as to cringe before it.

* Döllinger, Hippolytus und Kallistus, chap. i. p.28. Plummer's Translation, p.25.

† Finlay's Greece, from 1453 to 1821, pp.194, 195.

While such was the condition of the Greek race, considered on the side of their Ottoman masters, their horizon was not a whit less black in every other quarter. There is no chapter of history more disgraceful to Western Christendom, than that which exhibits the conduct of its various Governments with respect to the entrance of Turkish rule into Europe, and its continuance there. It made, indeed, vigorous and even noble efforts to repel the invaders; but this was when the Turks, having overrun that portion of the South of Europe which adhered to the Oriental Church, began at length to menace, and to some extent to occupy, European ground within the precinct of the Latin Communion. These efforts were ultimately successful; but it was only towards the close of the seventeenth century, that the danger could be said to have passed away from Western Europe. And it was during the same period, which witnessed the great overthrow of the Turks at Vienna (1685) and Peterwaradin (1717), that they were allowed to add to their empire by wresting Crete from the Venetians, and by finally recovering the Morea. The efforts made by Venice were remarkable as proceeding from so small a State, confident, only in maritime resources; but they were neither liberating nor crusading efforts, so far as the Christian populations were concerned. They were commercial and territorial; and if the civil yoke which they imposed were lighter than that which they removed, it was sometimes found that they carried with them a new stumbling-block in the shape of religious rivalry,* whereas the Turks were, as a rule, in regard to questions between one form of Christianity and another, supremely impartial. At all events we find that, when the long war waged in Crete ended in 1669 with its surrender to the Porte, the Greek population of the island, who might have given the victory to Venice, did not think it worth their while† to bestir themselves for the purpose. In general, either Europe was indifferent to the subjugation of Eastern Christendom, or at any rate, governed by their selfish jealousies, the Powers could not agree on the division of so rich a spoil,‡ and therefore they suffered a very unnatural oppression to endure.

But even political jealousy was not so keen and sharp-eyed an enemy as ecclesiastical ambition. Of this we have the most extraordinary proof in the letter addressed by Pope Pius II to Mahomet II shortly after the capture of Constantinople. The Pontiff exhorts the victorious Sultan (1461) to embrace Christianity, and not only promises, upon that condition, to confer on him, by virtue of his own apostolical authority, the legitimate sovereignty of all the countries he had conquered from the Greeks, but engages to use him for the re-establishment over those countries of the supremacy of the Papal Chair. *Tuum brachium*, he says, *in eos imploraremus, qui jura Ecclesiæ Romanæ nonnunquam usurpant, et contra*

* Gordon's History of the Greek Revolution, i. p.9.

† Finlay's Greece. p.132.

‡ Pichler, Geschichte der Kirchlichen Trunnung, i. 500.

matrem suam cornua erigunt.* Such was the consolation administered, on the Christian side and from the highest quarter, to those crushed under the calamity of Ottoman domination. It was their peculiar fate to be smitten on one cheek because they were Christians, and on the other because they were not Latin Christians. Had it not been, says Dr. Pichler, the learned historian of the Schism, for the religious division of East and West, the Turks never could have established their dominion in Europe.† Finlay tells us that Greeks, prosecuting their calling as merchants in the West, used actually to assume the disguise of Turks, in order to secure for themselves better treatment than they could have received as Eastern Christians.‡ And yet we learn from the same author, that they suffered heavily for their supposed identity of religious profession with the Latins. The Moors, expelled from Spain, and taking refuge in the East, might not unnaturally pay off, when they found themselves in the ascendant, some of their old scores; part, at least, of what they had suffered from the victorious Christians of Spain. But the Jews also migrated in large numbers at the same time to the same quarter, and took a very high social position in the East as merchants, bankers, and physicians.

"They were eager," says Finlay, "to display their gratitude to the Ottomans, and the inhuman cruelties they had suffered from the Inquisition made them irreconcilable enemies of the Christians."§

Nor was this all. The Turks did not long enjoy a maritime superiority corresponding with their military power by land. They had not nautical in the same high degree as soldierly aptitudes, and they were greatly dependent for manning their ships on the Greeks, of whom they had 25,000 in the fleet defeated at Lepanto. Therefore the seas afforded the means of constant irregular attack on Turkey. They were covered with pirates; and the religious orders of St. John and St. Stephen found it a meritorious as well as profitable occupation to pursue buccaneering practices on the coasts of the countries and islands, which were mainly inhabited by the Greek race; as in so doing they were assailing the territories of the infidel, and diminishing his power. The Greeks were commanded into Turkish, and kidnapped into Christian, galleys. Barbary competed in these lawless practices. Devastation was spread over the coasts of Greece, which often became uninhabitable;|| and this plague was not extirpated, until the epoch of political redemption came.

Nor was this singular complication of calamities materially relieved by the fact, that Greek intelligence had been largely drawn upon to bring up

* Pichler, i. 501.

† Ibid. i. 498.

‡ Finlay's Greece, p.186.

§ Ibid. p.132.

|| Ibid. pp.106-118.

to par the scantier supply of Turkish brains. Among the Viziers and other governing Turks no small numbers were of Greek extraction or mixed blood, but no trace of this relationship seems easily perceivable in their conduct. Still more remarkable was the creation of the class of Phanariots, so called from the Phanar, a quarter of Constantinople which they inhabited; an artificial aristocracy,* in whom selfish interests left little room for the growth of traditional feelings, so that their services to themselves were boundless, but to their nation rare. The opening for promotion tended to stir the desire for education so congenial to Hellenes, but as tax-gatherers the official Greeks were often the instruments of tyranny in detail; and a numerous body, possessed of influence, while on the whole they used it somewhat to alleviate oppression, at least in Greece, yet acquired an interest in supporting that Ottoman domination, upon which they personally thrive.†

To the Greek race at large, these calamities were not only of an afflicting, but also of a most corrupting character. The song of Homer witnesses that the mild slavery of the heroic ages took away half the manhood of a man.‡ But the slavery (for this it really was) imposed by the Ottoman Turk, not only substituting will for law, but mutilating the sacred structure of the family, and clothing the excesses of tyrannical power with the awful sanctions of religion, was such as to take away even half the remaining virtue of a slave. It seems indisputable that the effect was to corrode very seriously the character of the race.§ The fetter that eats into the flesh eats also into the soul. God made man free, yet doubtless in foresight of the mischiefs that would result from the abuse of freedom. The abuse of it is fault and guilt, but the loss of it is mutilation. Under Ottoman rule, and in exact proportion as it was unqualified and unresisted, together with intellectual, moral, and domestic life, the sense of nationality, and the desire of recovery, sank to the lowest ebb.

One treasure only remained to the Greek through the long night of his desolation; it was "the pearl of great price." Setting aside the involuntary victims of the children-tribute, only a most insignificant minority of the Christian races, or at least of the greater part of them, submitting to purchase by apostasy|| immunity from suffering, with free access to the pleasures and advantages of life; especially to that most intoxicating and corrupting pleasure, the power of simple domineering over our fellow-creatures. That faith, which ought to bear fruit in the forms of all things fair and noble and humane, shrank into itself, as it often shrinks in cases less unhappy; and slept through the icy winter of many generations. But a twinkling light still marked the habitation it had not deserted; and it

* "A fictitious and servile noblesse."—Gordon, *Greek Revolution*, i. p.34.

† Ibid. 293-296.

‡ Od. xvii. 322.

§ Gordon's *History of the Greek Revolution*, i. 32, 33.

|| Ibid. i. 33.

abode its time, bearing within itself the capacity and promise of a resurrection to come. While we admit and deplore the deep gloom of ignorance, and the widespread ravages of demoralisation, let there also be a word of tribute rendered to the virtue of one heroic endurance and persistency, which is without parallel in the history of Christendom.

If we look to the means by which this great result was achieved, I cannot but assign the utmost value to the fact that even the popular services of the Eastern Church appear to be profusely charged with matter directly drawn from Scripture, and that access was thus given to a fountain of living waters, even where the voice of the preacher was unheard, and books were almost unknown. Thus the ministration of the Christian rites was kept in some relation with that action of the human intelligence, which they encourage and presuppose. But I think that the impartial student of history must also admit that, in these dismal circumstances, the firmly knit organisation of the Christian clergy rendered an inestimable service, in helping the great work of conservation. And it is not without interest to remark how many circumstances favour the belief that in his work the largest share belonged not to the monk in his cloister, or the bishop on his throne, but to the secular, or, as they are now called, the working clergy. The institution of marriage made and kept them citizens as fully as the members of their flocks: and "chill poverty," if it "repressed their noble rage," removed them from the temptations, to which the higher clergy were exposed by their often close and questionable relations with Constantinople. Mr. Finlay, who has exposed the results of this contact with, to say the least, an unsparing hand, has nevertheless placed upon record the following remarkable judgment:—

"The parish priests had an influence on the fate of Greece quite incommensurate with their social rank. The reverence of the peasantry for their Church was increased by the feeling that their own misfortunes were shared by the secular clergy To their conduct we must surely attribute the confidence, which the agricultural population retained in the promises of the Gospel, and their firm persistence in a persecuted faith. The grace of God operated by human means to preserve Christianity under the domination of the Ottomans."*

Let us now consider how the door of hope was opened, and the opening gradually widened, for the race. The decay and extinction of the children-tribute, in the seventeenth century, is to be considered as the removal of an insurmountable obstacle to all recovery. The contact with Venice, even in political subordination, maintained variously at various times, and never wholly lost in the (so-called) Ionian Islands until the extinction of the long-lived Republic, may at least have tended to maintain some sense of a common life, and common interests, with the rest of Christendom. The gradual loss by the Turks of their military supremacy was at least a

* Finlay's Greece, p.181.

negative advantage, a remote source of hope, to those whom they held in servitude. Some admissions, too, must be made on behalf of Turkey. Whether to avoid trouble, or for whatever reason, in certain districts, as in the Armatoliks, in Maina, in Sphakia, a more or less wild local independence was permitted to subsist. And candour compels us to confess that the gradual inroads of Russia, with its rising power, upon the Ottoman Empire, and its active interference in the Danubian Principalities, suggested in idea the figure of a deliverer rising on the far horizon.

In the peculiar case of Chios, the large principles of local self-government, established under the Genoese trading company of the Giustiniani, were respected by the Sultans after the conquest of the island in 1566. It became the home of comparative security and prosperity. It retained this character until the epoch of the Greek Revolution, when all, or nearly all, was quenched in blood by a massacre even more sanguinary, though apparently in some respects less fiendish, than the Bulgarian massacres of the present year. By this condition of relative freedom, continued through generations, the inhabitants of the island rose to a superior level of intelligence; and it is indeed a remarkable fact, that Chios has supplied the chief part of those mercantile families, so full of intelligence, enterprise, and shrewdness, who have given in our day to Grecian commerce its very prominent and powerful position in the West, as well as in the East, of Europe. What a lesson, on the comparative results of servitude on the one hand, and even a very modest share of freedom with order on the other!

When the Morea returned, by the Peace of Passarowitz in 1718, under Turkish dominion, the cessation of the children-tribute had for some time removed a powerful check upon the growth of the population, and the system came at least partially into vogue of commuting the personal services of the *rayah*, and exactions in kind, for money payments of fixed amount.* In the eighteenth century, and the nineteenth down to the time of the Revolution, the population of the Morea would appear to have increased from 200,000 (1701)† to twice that number.

The consequence of this rising energy was soon exhibited in the activity of Russian influence, and in the readiness with which welcome was accorded to the rather selfish plans of Catherine II. In 1770, her agents procured a revolt in the Peloponnesos and in Crete, but with the avowed intention of bringing them under the crown of the Empress.‡ The result, as might be expected, was discouraging; and in the peace of Kainardji, which did so much to extend Russian power and influence over the

* Finlay's Greece, p.281.

† Ibid. p.237.

‡ Ibid. p.308.

Christians of Turkey in general, no other care was taken of the Greeks than the insertion of a clause of amnesty, which was left to execute itself; a process which requires no exposition in detail.* They shared, however, in principle, and they had qualities enabling them to turn to peculiar account, the strange but very valuable privileges of the *Barat*, under which Ottoman subjects, residing in Ottoman territory, obtained a charter of denaturalisation, and the privileges of the subjects of some friendly power, to whom their allegiance was transferred.† But the time soon arrived when the Greeks began to feel the moral influence of the French Revolution, of growing commerce, and of the improvements effected in their language by progressive approximations to the ancient standard. By the time of the Treaty of Vienna, they had so far imbibed the spirit and sense of nationality, that it is said disappointment was felt on its being found that nothing was done for the Greek race. The influence of the mischievous combination, which daringly assumed the name of the Holy Alliance, was undisguisedly adverse to them. The Congress of Laybach, at the outset of the Revolution, declared its hostility to every struggle for freedom. The Congress of Verona,‡ which followed closely upon the great massacre of Chios, was not roused by sympathy or horror to authorise any positive measure or policy against Sultan Mahmoud; and the religious sympathies of the Emperor Alexander were upon the whole overborne, in the direction of Russian policy, by his horror of democracy.

But the opinion and sense of communities had now a larger influence than formerly on the course of affairs, and even on the action of Governments. The Greeks were advancing in education and in wealth, while the process of decay had visibly attacked the proud Empire of the Ottomans. Courage had revived among them, fostered partially by piracy and *brigandage*, but also by the formation of regular military bands, composed from the *armatoli*, or local Christian militia, who, in the strange and anomalous condition of the Turkish Empire, had been allowed to exercise great power in parts of the peninsula, until in later times the centralising operations of the Sultans, endeavouring to circumscribe their action, threw them into an attitude of resistance to the Government, and sometimes into habits of absolute rapine. From the materials thus supplied, several regular corps had been constructed in connection with various Governments. On the sea, there had been formed a race of hardy mariners, who manned the Greek trading ships, and knew how to work the guns, that they carried for

* Gordon, i. 31.

† Finlay's History of the Greek Revolution, i. 131.

‡ Ibid. ii. 162.

defence against the piracy still infesting their coasts. All these separate materials were brought into the possibility of combination by the *Philikè Hetairia*;* a secret society of considerable value, in whose bosom lay the seeds of the revolution, waiting the day when they should burst from the surface. This combination grew out of or replaced a literary institution called the *Philomuse Society*, which, like the agricultural gatherings at a more recent period in Italy, appears to have cloaked its aims under a title calculated to avert suspicion. The *Hetairia* had a decided relation to Russian influence, as well as to Greek independence, but to influence of a popular kind, such as we have witnessed in very energetic operation during the present year. All the European Governments were alike hostile at the time. Still in the case of Russia there was this difference, that the Hellenes might not irrationally regard her as the natural enemy of their enemy. The ramifications of this society were wide, and its uses, at least its preliminary uses, would seem to have been considerable.†

It was not, however, by the advised counsel of the conspirators that the time of the outbreak was finally determined; but by the war between Sultan Mahmoud and his formidable vassal, Ali Pacha of Joannina in Albania, which appeared to offer an opportunity for action too tempting to be slighted. It was in the year 1821, and in the region of the Principalities, that the movement began; but it was essentially Greek,‡ and could only live and thrive on its own soil. In Southern Greece it commenced, with fatal energy, in a widespread massacre of the dispersed Mussulman population. It rose to nobler efforts, and to great exploits; but I am not required to attempt, for the present purpose, the details of military history. It offers in detail a chequered picture of patriotism and corruption, desperate valour and weak irresolution, honour and treachery, resistance to the Turk and feud one with another. It records are stained with many acts of cruelty. And yet who can doubt that it was upon the whole a noble stroke, struck for freedom and for justice, by a people who, feeble in numbers and resources, were casting off the vile slough of servitude, who derived their strength from right, and whose worst acts were really in the main due to the masters, who had saddled them not only with a cruel, but with a most demoralising, yoke? Among the propositions, which seem to be applicable to the facts collectively, are these: first, that it lay beyond the power of Turkey to put down the

* Gordon, i. 42; Finlay, i. 120.

† Finlay and Gordon seem to differ in their estimates of the efficiency of the *Hetairia*.

‡ Finlay, i. 169.

rebellion, without the aid of Ibrahim's ability and of the Egyptian forces: * Secondly, that gratitude for what Greece had once been and done produced much foreign aid, especially in the noble forms of individual devotion, as from Byron, Church, Gordon, Hastings, and others: thirdly, that the efforts made would have been ineffectual to achieve a complete deliverance, without foreign assistance of another sort.

Every traveller in Greece and its islands will speedily learn that upon the list of virtues obliterated from, or rather impaired in, the general Hellenic mind, the sense of gratitude is not included. Nowhere is it more lively.

One of the most brilliant names of our political history is also one of the names dearest to the heart of Greece. It is the name of George Canning. Let us now see by what wise and bold action that place in the fond and tenacious memory of a country and a race was obtained.

The war of the Revolution reached at first very widely over the range of territories inhabited by the Hellenic race, from Macedonia to Crete; but after a time came to be contracted, as far as land operations were concerned, within limits narrower than those of the historical Greek Peninsula. The moderate capacity and indifferent morality, but too observable among the Greek leaders, convinced the acute and penetrating mind of Lord Byron that the difficulties of the enterprise were vast. In August, 1824, before Ibrahim with his Egyptian forces had taken part in the quarrel, the Greek Government entreated England to take up the cause of independence, and frustrate the schemes of Russia.† Mr. Canning received this letter on November 4th, and answered it on the 1st of December. In his reply he only promised that Great Britain would mediate, on the request of Greece, with the assent of the Sultan, a friendly sovereign who had given to this country no cause of complaint. The chief importance of this answer lay, first, in the fact that it included the recognition of a government authorised to act for the Greeks, and thus of their latent right to form themselves into a state: secondly, that it indicated a step on which, when taken by them, he would be prepared to found further proceedings. He had indeed already, in 1823, by a recognition of the Turkish blockade of the Greek ports, given to the insurgents the character of belligerents. But it seems plain on grounds of common sense, although in 1861 the question came to be clouded by prepossessions, that a measure of this nature is properly determined by considerations of fact, rather than of principle.

* Gordon, ii. 171.

† Finlay's Greek Revolution, ii. 166; Gordon, ii. 283.

In August, 1825, the military pressure, through the invasion of the Peloponnesos by the Egyptian force, had become severe: and an act, as formal and authoritative as the condition of a State still in embryo would permit, then declared that "the Greek nation places the sacred deposit of its liberty, independence, and political existence, under the absolute protection of Great Britain."

Mr. Canning at once perceived the full significance of the step; and entered upon perhaps the boldest and wisest policy which has been exhibited by a British Minister during the present century. It did not consist in empty but offensive vaunts of the national resources, or loud proclamations of devotion to British interests, of which Britons, like other nations in their own cases respectively, have little need to be reminded. Neither did it rest on those guilty appeals to national fears and animosities, which it is too much to expect that the body of a people can withstand when they come to them with the sanction of authority. On the contrary, its leading characteristic was a generous confidence in the good sense, and love of liberty, which belonged to his countrymen, and a brave and almost chivalrous belief that they would go right if their leaders did not lead them wrong. Before Mr. Canning took office in 1822, the British Government viewed the Greek rebellion with an evil eye, from jealousy of Russia. According to Finlay,* its aversion was greater than that of "any other Christian Government." Its nearest representative, Sir Thomas Maitland, well known in the Ionian Islands as King Tom, after breaking faith with the people there by the establishment of a government virtually absolute in his own hands, endeavoured (but in vain) to detect by the low use of espionage the plans, yet in embryo, of the Revolution. Nor had any individual more temptation to indulge feelings of hostility to the despotic governments of Europe, than a Minister, who was more hateful in their eyes than any Secretary of State who before or since has held the seals of the Foreign Office. But he saw that the true method of preventing the growth of an exorbitant influence, of disarming Russian intrigue, and shutting out the power of mischief, was for England to assume boldly her own appropriate office as the champion of freedom, and thus to present her figure in the eyes of those who were struggling to attain the precious boon. Invested with a sole authority by the address of the Greeks, and thereupon at once tendering, through Mr. Stratford Canning, his distinguished cousin, the mediation of England to the Porte, he at the same time sought to associate with himself as partner in his office that Power, who, as he well knew, had it in her hands either to make or mar his work. The circumstances were in some respects propitious. Alexander, who had been perplexed with perpetual balancing between his Orthodox sympathies

* Greek Revolution, ii. 161; Gordon, i. 315. The majority of Mr. Canning's Cabinet did not sympathise with him: but he had the advantage of a thoroughly loyal chief in Lord Liverpool.

and his despotic covenants or leanings, died before the close of 1825: and Nicholas, his successor, expended the firstfruits of his young imperial energies in repelling the mediation of England as to his own quarrel with the Porte, but also in accepting, with all the energy of his nature, that partnership in the patronage of the struggling Greeks, which was tendered to him by the Duke of Wellington on the part of the British Government. In Greece itself, the effect is described by Tricoupi in few words: all Greece became English.

Had Mr. Canning been a man of infirm purpose, or of narrow and peddling mind, he might readily have found excuses for disclaiming special concern in the quarrel between the Sultan and his subjects. The party by which Lord Liverpool's Government was supported did not sympathise with that or with any revolt. The Philhellenes of England were but a sect, limited in numbers and in influence. But, above all, there had been then no ground to fear lest Russia, by an affected or real protection, should shut out this country from her proper office. Russia had surrendered herself in the main, to the debasing influence of Metternich. She had in 1823, in the character of an advocate for the Greek cause, produced a plan for dividing the country into three hospodariates, to be governed by native rulers, with the fortresses in the hands of Ottoman garrisons; and had even alleged, as a ground for its adoption, that it highly favoured the principal families, and would detach them from the interests of the insurrection. Its single merit was, that it covered the entire range of the Hellenic lands; but it seemed to give ground for the accusation of Finlay, that its aim was to keep Greek feeling in a state of chronic irritation, and thus to perpetuate the need of Russian intervention. At the outset of the war, the attitude of this great State had been one of undisguised hostility. It not only dismissed Hysilantes, who commanded in the Principalities, from the Russian army, and gave the necessary consent for the entry of Turkish troops into those provinces to put down the insurrection, but it ejected from Russian territory, under circumstances of great severity, a hundred and fifty Greeks, who were refused admission into Austria, and into the Sardinia of *that* day, and who only by means of private alms were enabled to return to their country. But Russia had also controversies of its own with the Porte, arising out of the articles of the Treaty of Bukharest (1812), and indirectly those controversies favoured the cause of the insurrection, by requiring Turkish troops to be moved upon the northern frontier of the empire.

It was under these circumstances that Mr. Canning made his far-sighted appeal to the Czar. And it was by the concurrence of the two countries that the work received an impetus such as to secure success. In the month of April, 1826, an important protocol was signed at St. Petersburg, of which the leading terms are as follows. Greece shall be a tributary State, governed by authorities of its own choice, but with a certain influence reserved to the Porte in their appointment. The Greek people shall have the exclusive direction of their foreign relations. The lands of Turkish proprietors shall be purchased by the State. The Second article provides for an offer of mediation with the Porte; and the Third for the prosecution

of the plan already declared, should the Porte refuse the offer. The delimitation of territory is reserved. The two Governments renounce, by a happy covenant, imitated in 1840, and again at the outbreak of the Crimean War, all exclusive advantages, and all territorial aggrandisement. Lastly, the concurrence of the other three Great Powers is to be invited. This protocol was followed, through the aid of British and French influence, by the Treaty of Akerman, which settled the outstanding differences between Russia and the Porte, made further provision respecting the Principalities, and re-established in principle the autonomy of Servia.

The offer of mediation agreed on in the protocol was refused by the Porte, which now relied on its military successes, and which had not to deal with an united Europe; though the France of the Bourbons, much to its honour, had associated itself with the Courts of England and of Russia. The refusal brought about the signature, in July, 1827, of the Treaty of London. This treaty was the great ornament of the too short-lived administration of Mr. Canning, as the policy, which it brought to decisive effect, was the crown of all his diplomacy. It provided for a renewed offer of good offices to the Porte, and for compulsory measures to give practical effect, in case of a renewed refusal, to the protocol of 1826. But, after not many days, Mr. Canning was no more.

Then followed in rapid succession the declaration of a compulsory armistice, the consequent destruction of the Turkish fleet by the battle of Navarino in November, the dismissal of the Ambassadors from Constantinople, the war declared in April, 1828, on Russian grounds, by the Czar, and the advance of his conquering armies to the conquest of Adrianople in August, 1829. At that point the Emperor Nicholas perceived from many signs, and doubtless among them from the attitude of England, the prudence of a halt. But to him and to his country, aided by the good offices of Prussia, redounded the final honour of including in the Russian Treaty of Peace the provisions of July, 1827. The tenth article of the Treaty of Adrianople is the international charter of the independent existence of Greece.* Though the Sultan had vaguely agreed to the concession before the Treaty, at the instance of England and France, yet his willingness to comply may be set down, in the main, to the formidable nearness of the Russian army.

A British subject can, as such, find little pleasure in tracing the later stages of the history. It is indeed easy to understand why in 1829, with Constantinople opened to the Russian armies, the British Government should have been disturbed; but it is not so easy either to comprehend or to justify the rapid change of tone and feeling which followed the accession of the Duke of Wellington to power in January, 1828; and which stigmatised

* Finlay, *Greek Revolution*, ii. 222 ;

the battle of Navarino, in the Royal speech at the commencement of the session, as an untoward, though it was certainly an unexpected, event. An error, not perhaps more striking, but yet more grievous in its consequences, was the narrow amount of territory accorded to the new Kingdom, as if to abate at once the high hopes and rebuke the noble daring of its people, and to condemn the infant State to a deplorable weakness and perpetual tutelage.

Finlay says with truth that the Revolution of Greece was the people's revolution. They exhibited a tenacity and valour, not less than that of the American colonists in their famous revolt, which some despotic sovereigns showed themselves very ready to assist. We need not resent that assistance. It brought to a sharper and speedier crisis a war, which would otherwise have been interminable, between the two most tenacious and self-reliant races in the world. The same service was done to Turkey by the Three Powers; and from higher motives. Their abstinence would not have replaced the Sultan in a real sovereignty. Fortresses taken, armies discomfited, would have seemed to be, but would not have been, the end. The mountain and the flood would have given refuge to their hardy children, and the contest would have been dispersedly but resolutely maintained by a race, to whom as yet, except in the Black Mountain, no equals in valour have appeared among the enslaved populations of the East. But if this was a notable resemblance, there was another yet more notable contrast, between the cases of America and Greece. The populations directly interested were not very different in number. Of quick and shrewd intellect there certainly was no lack in either. But the solid statesmen, the upright and noble leaders, who sprang forth in abundance to meet the need in the one case, were sadly wanting in the other. The colonists of America had been reared under a system essentially free, and they rose in resentment against an invasion of freedom but partial and comparatively slight; the revolted Hellenic population had for four centuries been crushed and ground down under a system, far from uniform in a thousand points, yet uniform only in this, that it was fatal to the growth of the highest excellence. It is in and by freedom only, that adequate preparation for fuller freedom can be made.

To be concluded

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MALCOLM X

The Autobiography of Malcolm X. With the assistance of Alex Haley. Hutchinson. 45s.

Malcolm X was truly a child of his time; that is to say, of the degrading poverty and misery of the depression, and the historical situation of the American Negro. His father, a Baptist minister and a follower of Marcus Garvey, was murdered by a white racialist group called the Black Legion in Lansing, Michigan, and his mother was committed to a mental home shortly afterwards. After a period in reform school, Malcolm went to live with his half sister in Boston. From there he moved on to Harlem where he spent the war years evading the draft and becoming a highly competent hustler. In 1945, at the age of twenty, he was sentenced to ten years in jail on housebreaking charges. During his term in prison he learned of Elijah Muhammad's Nation of Islam movement and on his release became an active member. For more than ten years he was the Nation's most effective missionary and spokesman, helping to push up membership from 400 to just under half a million. In 1963 relations between Malcolm and Muhammad became strained; he was suspended after making his notorious 'chickens coming home to roost' statement on President Kennedy's assassination. He then set up a rival organisation, but was shot down while addressing a meeting in a Harlem ballroom on February 21st, 1965. There seems little doubt that the Black Muslims were behind the murder, as Malcolm had predicted.

The Nation of Islam was a bizarre religion. It had very little in common with Islam, as Malcolm himself found on his trip to Mecca and the Middle East. Elijah Muhammad was the prophet who was going to save the black race from the white devil race, and Malcolm X was his chief spokesman. The Black Muslims saw integration as just another white man's trick to enable him to weaken the black race and remain in effective control. They wanted more than civil rights; Muhammad often demanded a separate state for Negroes. In their search for a non-American identity, they saw all the non-white people of the world as one race, fighting against the white man. This led to a perverted reading of history in order to justify their position—but, with distressing accuracy, Malcolm cites the leading role that Christianity played in the history of slavery and the degradation of the American Negro.

After Mecca, Malcolm modified his views somewhat, mainly through his contact with white Muslims and a deeper understanding of the real Islam, and came to adopt a less racist but still militant position. In Selma, Alabama, he told Mrs. Martin Luther King that he 'was trying to present an alternative; that it might be easier for whites to accept Martin's proposals after hearing him (Malcolm)'. What Malcolm's new organisation wanted was to stir the Negroes into taking more militant action to eliminate the 'political oppression, the economic exploitation and social degradation suffered daily'.

This is a painful, distressing and humiliating book for white people to read, but it is important that they do read it. It has little of the sedate detachment of other books on the same subject; but more the urgency and nervous tension of a direct conversation with Malcolm X. Compared with these virtues, its weaknesses are minimal—the *simplicite* view of history and the generalisations, not all of which have the ring of truth about them, Alex Haley contributes a Foreword.

For Malcolm, the American Negroes were Negroes first and Americans afterwards, while the reverse is true of Martin Luther King. Certainly, one could not imagine Luther King saying this: "I can't turn around without hearing about some 'civil rights advance'! White people seem to think the black man ought to be shouting 'hallelujah'! Four hundred years the white man has had his foot-long knife in the black man's back—and now the white man starts to wiggle the knife out, maybe six inches! The black man's supposed to be grateful? Why, if the white man jerked the knife out, it's still going to leave a scar!"

ANTHONY ADAIR

CONTROL OF THE EXECUTIVE

Parliament and Mumbo-Jumbo. Allen and Unwin. 30s. Emrys Hughes.

This is a controversial and welcome volume from Mr. Emrys Hughes, who writes with the experience of more than twenty years as a M.P. It comes appropriately at a time when both inside and outside the House of Commons there is a mounting demand for Parliamentary reform. Apart from electoral reform, there is the fundamental need to make the House an efficient and effective instrument for controlling the Government. Mr. Hughes exposes without any difficulty some of the archaic practices and ritual, the Mumbo-Jumbo, which clutter up and delay Parliamentary business. The Queen's Speech is an obvious target. He wants to end "all this time wasting routine based on the fiction that in these days real power rests with the monarchy. It doesn't." He has no use for the hereditary principle and would abolish the House of Lords. So far as minor and technical revision of Commons' Bills may be required, this could be done by a Committee of the House.

Mr. Hughes' main proposals are largely taken from local government. He wants for example annual elections of one-fifth of the House of Commons, evenly distributed over the country, and the Prime Minister would lose the right of dissolution. This, he argues, would make government policy more responsible to the public will. On the other hand, of course, it could keep in a government with a very large majority against the electorate's will. Mr. Hughes goes a stage further and would require the House to elect all Cabinet Ministers. This is to avoid "a Prime Minister's political necessities of appointing people because of their place in the political world". The author is on much firmer ground when he discusses the creation of specialist committees of members to watch and investigate the implementation of government policy in particular government Departments, with the power to examine Ministers and to call for documents. The fact that it may approximate to the committee system in the American Congress is no disadvantage. The idea of Committee investigation here is, of course, not new. As Mr. Hughes shows in a lengthy account it has been already considered in Select Committees; and it is attracting more and more support both in and out of Parliament. It is, indeed, essential if we are to restore a parliamentary democracy in control of the Executive.

It is odd that in this book, concerned so much with giving effect to the democratic will, that proportional representation is sidestepped.

A. G. DE MONTMORENCY

A SURVEY OF THE BUILDING INDUSTRY

The British Building Industry: Four studies in response and resistance to change. Marian Bowley. Cambridge University Press. 70s.

Professor Bowley's wide-ranging study of the building industry is chiefly concerned with the industry's organisational structure in relation to efficiency and the extent to which it is capable of adopting new techniques rapidly. The book is divided into four studies: the development of modern building; non-traditional building (here the author considers the relative failure of government housing

programmes in the use of these techniques); the nature of economic rationality in building design, and the problems of adaptation by the industry and its related professions in the face of economic, social and technological change.

Professor Bowley is highly critical of the so-called resistance to change within the industry. Her conclusion is that at important stages in the building process there appears to be an extraordinary lack either of effective stimulus to enterprise and efficiency, or of penalties for their absence, a remarkable lack of co-operation between the various people involved in the design and erection of buildings, and an absence of informed, rational choice by building owners.

Builders are likely to agree with some of these views, such as the need for more innovation and wider opportunities for informed consumer choice. But they have not been solely responsible for the absence of efficient marketing. Land scarcity, official restrictions (e.g. the effects of the Town and Country Planning Act) and government policy in relation to mortgages have played their part. The industry has suffered from a kind of strangulation, rather than from weaknesses inherent in the lack of concentration. The very large number of builders of all sizes has been necessary in an age of greater specialisation. Local builders, on the other hand, have the merit at least of being close to their markets and understanding local requirements. Limited consumer choice, however undesirable, is largely attributable to the limited number of building projects which any town or urban council will permit at any one time, and the consumer's decision, for a variety of reasons, to choose to live in a specific area.

Nevertheless, there are many excellent recommendations in this important study of an industry which has been handicapped by more external forces than most. It will welcome this report and undoubtedly adopt some of its findings, while examining others with a new urgency.

WILFRED ALTMAN

THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND

The French Resistance. Blake Ehrlich. Chapman & Hall. 30s.

It was the war within a war; declared on the day of the Franco-German armistice, June 25th, 1940, and ending only after the liberation of Paris in August 1944. And this is the first integrated account of the five-year underground battle of the French Resistance.

The book opens with a record, in diary form, of the first two weeks of occupation. Matter-of-fact, almost clinical, entries recording the chaos, the terror, the scrambling panic, soon to subside into a stunned silence of closed schools, deserted bars and restaurants and shuttered shops. An ominous silence, broken at last by the roar of motorcycles and the creaking rumble of tanks as the first German column moves with practised mechanical deadliness into Paris. And it is these same background noises of conquest, accompanied by the arrogant stamp of marching jack-boots and the shaming ring of guttural voices, that sound a clarion call to resistance.

Here and there, one by one, small groups arise. France lies bleeding, but pride still beats in her wounded heart. There are men and women who refuse to accept defeat. Those whose ears are deaf to the bleatings of the puppet Marshal Pétain. Those who are dedicated to the ideal of liberation.

Mr. Ehrlich's main concern is to tell the story of how those men and women gradually succeeded in organising themselves into effective groups. The story of all the sacrifices made, the suffering endured, the heroism displayed, by these indomitable. Vividly written, meticulously documented, this book re-creates the anguish and excitement of a dark period in France's chequered history. But under cover of that darkness the forces of resistance are busy as moles. Escapes are organised. English soldiers left stranded by the collapse, Frenchmen on the run from POW.

camps, Jews and other anti-Nazi fugitives are hidden, fed and sheltered. Espionage and counter-espionage networks are established. Acts of sabotage are planned and carried out. In every conceivable way the occupiers are deftly, slyly, harried.

Wisely, the author does not attempt to gloss over the frictions that arose—between resistance groups and de Gaulle's provisional government, and between both and the Allied Forces—to bedevil, at times, the operation to which all were nominally devoted. He gives, too, appropriate weight and tribute to the part played by the Communists, officially regarded as strictly fringe comrades in arms up to the time of the German attack on the Soviet Union.

Of particular interest is a chapter in which is described the day-to-day, life-in-the-living details of existence as seen through the eyes of the ordinary inhabitants of an ordinary Parisian street in the shadow of the swastika. "A pagan, glacial hell, a frozen and deserted landscape. Not burning and bubbling, but numbing and silent, with slow, icy devastation." That was the rue du Bossu—and that was the Paris of twenty-five years ago. And, but for that small, unquenchable, unextinguishable flame of hope, guarded by the scorched hands of the Resistance, the great thaw would almost certainly have been disastrously delayed. Mr. Ehrlich has well celebrated the achievement that helped to exchange the cramping crooked cross for the free-blowing Cross of Lorraine.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

THE ENIGMA OF SWIFT

Jonathan Swift. Nigel Dennis. Weidenfeld & Nicholson. 21s.

Many and various have been the biographical and critical studies of the greatest of English satirists, Jonathan Swift (1667-1745). He remains the supreme enigma, both in his family origins and personal life and in his social and political thought and expression: the whole man and his writings pose insoluble problems. Mr. Nigel Dennis is the latest would-be elucidator of the mystery of the Dean's life and work, and if he largely fails it is, I believe, because he regards certain well-known facts or conjectures about Swift's family origins and personal life and associations as irrelevant. Early on in his book he lists the points of family origin: his birth in Dublin seven months after his father's death, his spiriting away to England by a nurse for four years (unchallenged by his mother), his wardship for many educational years under an uncle who was in close contact with the Irish Master of the Rolls, Sir John Temple, and his eventual easy introduction into the household of Sir John's son, Sir William Temple, at Moor Park, Farnham. Was Swift the illegitimate son of either Sir John or Sir William Temple? But, if so, that would invalidate his proud claim to be grandson of Thomas Swift, Vicar of Goodrich, Herefordshire, Cavalier supporter of Charles I. Swift's early biographers have much to say on this, and explain why he received such a good education and was introduced to Court society by Sir William Temple. But Mr. Dennis, while admitting that the explanation may be perfectly correct, dismisses it as "unimportant" because Swift himself firmly believed in his family tree and shaped his views on politics and religion accordingly.

In a similar lighthearted way Mr. Dennis refers to "that astonishing world of legend and hearsay that has made both Hester Johnson ('Stella') and Swift illegitimate Temples, engaged them in a secret marriage, denied them that marriage because they were uncle and niece, or brother and sister, and so on."

If it were only possible to ignore the reports by Swift's friend and biographer Dr. Delaney as lightly as that! But this tendency on Mr. Dennis's part to dismiss as unsubstantiated gossip matters which, many believe, hold the key to Swift's devious complexity of mind and character leaves the way clear for his cogent analysis of

Swift's dealings with politicians and the Court and the many tracts and papers that resulted in his ambitious quest for preferment.

One thing I am particularly grateful for in this book is Mr. Dennis's rejection of the usual suggestion that Esther Vanhomrigh ('Vanessa') bequeathed the bulk of her fortune to the philosopher George Berkeley in order to spite Swift, the object of her despairing passion—when Swift was trying hard to obtain money for him elsewhere, and Vanessa was probably aware of that.

Swift cannot be seen clearly except (1) against the background of his strange infancy, childhood and youth, fraught, as I believe, with hurtful suggestions of his dependence on favours received but not to be expected; (2) in relation to 'Stella', whom he moulded into a loving subservience, and (3) as a deliberate philanderer and exploiter of 'Vanessa's' self-consuming devotion. Secrecy and evasion became his twin principles in the conduct of his professional and public life. Without these he would have been a better man; with them he remains a writer of genius beyond comparison in our literature. Mr. Dennis explains the writer: I wish he had more closely studied and analysed the man.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

THE WORLD RECONSTRUCTOR

The Life and Thought of H. G. Wells. J. Kagarlitski. Translation from the Russian by Moura Budberg. Sidgwick & Jackson. 35s.

H. G. Wells Journalism and Prophecy 1893-1946. An Anthology Compiled and Edited by W. Warren Wagar. The Bodley Head. 42s.

For years critics have struggled to net the Wellsian octopus, to classify and label the creature. There are many reasons why Well's works elude these attempts. There is his encyclopaedic range of activity as novelist, scientist, journalist and political propagandist. He is for ever revising his ideas in response to developments over the 50 years of his prolific writing career. He was a man of the Left, and with Shaw he argued for Socialism against the imperialism of Kipling before 1914; like some English Condorcet he was constantly *hors de loi* so far as left wing political groups were concerned. Falling out with Fabians and Marxists alike he became a one man pressure group, a great influential schoolmaster of the English Left between the World Wars, often unacknowledged by those pupils who clutched most hungrily at his ideas.

Two recently published works concentrate on interpreting Well's political and social thought. An American historian, Mr. Warren Wagar, has brilliantly selected and introduced an anthology of Wellsian journalism and prophecy which adequately fulfils his modest claim to offer 'a glimpse into that brisk, seething brain: a personal record of the Era of the World Wars'. While he includes excerpts on 'The Triumph of Suburbia' from 'Anticipations' and the tragically accurate prophecy of tanks, trench warfare, and atomic bombs, the greater part of the anthology deals with his analysis of the world situation, the weaknesses of the Treaty of Versailles and the League, the psychological nature of fascism, and (of special interest to Mr. Wagar) Wellsian schemes for World Federation.

The work by the Soviet critic, J. Kagarlitski, is a valuable complementary study combining a brief biographical sketch with a full and illuminating interpretation of Well's novels, particularly those scientific fantasies which Stephen Spender has described as 'the feverish poetry of an inspired but literal minded man'.

Both works throw some light on Wells's reaction to Marxist-Leninism and the Russian Revolution. Mr. Kagarlitski explains that in *New Worlds for Old* (1908), 'Wells pays tribute to Marx and admits he had borrowed many of his ideas from him.' Mr. Wagar gives us Wells's account of his meeting and conversation with Lenin, his impressions of revolutionary Petrograd, and his later conversation with

Stalin. Had not Lenin, through the Bolshevik Revolution, achieved the very aim for which Wells had argued, the take over of the state by an expert political elite to impose scientific socialism from above? True Lenin had juggled with terms and called his managerial revolution 'dictatorship of the proletariat', but the new elite was really, after all, a party technocracy. It is true that, in a sense, Lenin's revolution was the realisation of a Wellsian dream. Yet Mr. Kagaritski aptly quotes the fantasy of *The Holy Terror* (1939) to demonstrate Wells's awareness of the danger inherent in the absolute power of the political elite. In the last analysis Wells believed that the loss of individual freedom is too great a price to pay for socialism imposed from above.

These writers show that it is quite wrong to dismiss Wells as a naive believer in the inevitability of human progress, and that his noblest writings grew out of his awareness of our capacity to destroy ourselves.

PAUL WILKINSON

THE ART OF D. H. LAWRENCE

The Art of D. H. Lawrence. Keith Sagar. Cambridge University Press. 45s.

A formidable library of biography and criticism has evolved about the life and writings of D. H. Lawrence since his death in 1930. The latest estimate comes from Dr. Keith Sagar of Manchester University, in a well-patterned volume of eleven chapters. He divides Lawrence's life and work into four phases:

- (1) 1906-11: a period of gradual discovery and growth;
- (2) 1912-16: the first phase of mature achievement;
- (3) 1917-24: a period of moral and artistic uncertainty or even perversity;
- (4) 1925-30: regeneration to a new art and vision.

Lawrence, in one of his more optimistic comments on humanity, once spoke of man as a thought-adventurer; and every reader of his works—novels, short stories, poems, plays, criticisms, essays and miscellaneous writings—knows how truly the description applied to himself. The claim is implicit in Dr. Sagar's handling of his subject, for the book fairly bristles with quotations which demonstrate not only the restless intellectual energy but the impulsive spiritual and physical enquiry and the passionately variable moods which are seen in the extraordinary range of Lawrence's achievement.

A welcome feature of Dr. Sagar's study is that each of the eleven chapters is prefaced with a full chronology dating the works of the years in question. This is a novel method, and it enables us to trace the growth of Lawrence's mind, his thought-adventuring. Thus we are introduced to his first novel, 'The White Peacock' (which Ford Madox Hueffer said 'had every fault that the English novel can have'), and consider in succession, 'Sons and Lovers' (his masterpiece), the controversial and once-banned novel 'The Rainbow' and the almost equally controversial 'Women in Love', before passing into the middle period which yielded 'Aaron's Rod', 'The Lost Girl', 'The Plumed Serpent' and 'The Women Who Rode Away'. Finally, among the novels, a remarkably perceptive and balanced consideration is given to 'Lady Chatterley's Lover'. These are the peaks that stand out in Dr. Sagar's survey, but full attention is given to some of the shorter novels, short stories and, in particular, to the dazzlingly individual books of poems by which Lawrence so greatly affected the poetic scene in the 'thirties and 'forties.

Lawrence was an enthusiast in living, who loved and quarrelled easily. He believed in the thought-adventure, but more so in the physical and emotional life of man. This led him to say many glorious things, and many silly ones; self-assertion became a gospel with him—and dogmatism in his literary and art judgments, witness

the controversy aroused by Galsworthy's letter to Pinker about 'The Rainbow', which included:

"I much prefer a frankly pornographic book to one like this. That at all events achieves what it sets out to do; and does not leave on one the painful impression of a man tragically obsessed to the ruin of his gifts."

Lawrence had only contempt for this judgment and Dr. Sagar agrees with him:

"the art of 'The Rainbow' is very far from 'undisciplined shallow fervour' . . . what Galsworthy took for brittle surface brilliance is, in fact, the very life of the novel."

Many readers will gratefully recognise their debt to Dr. Sagar for his insight into the writings of this complex genius who wrote out of his very heart and life-blood. As Frieda Lawrence said: "What he had felt and known he gave in his writing to his fellowmen, the splendour of living, the hope of more and more life he had given them, a heroic and immeasurable gift."

There are several previously unpublished photographs and an extensive bibliography.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

COLLECTOR'S CHOICE

The International Antiques Yearbook, 1966-67. Edited by Philip Wilson. Studio Vista. 21s.

It is a commonplace of the art market today that, so far as pieces of any real quality are concerned, there is an ever increasing demand for a constantly diminishing number of objects available. As Mr. Gerald Reitlinger, whose survey of sale room prices is one of the best things in the present volume, puts it: "the year 1965 has seen a sudden shortage of stock in the art shops of the world, and with much moaning at the badness of the times, a rapid change in the price labels". In these circumstances the yearbook provides a particularly useful function. It contains a comprehensive account of the principle British and Continental dealers, together with details of their specialities and a useful supporting section of maps. This year, for the first time, it also carries an American supplement. Other points in favour are the facts given about various antique fairs, a bibliography of recently published books and periodicals, extensive illustrations and a number of interesting articles. My only caveat is in regard to Mr. Simon Fleet's dreadfully depressing account of the decorative antiquities of tomorrow. If the selection of fish tusks, horses' skulls, tortoise shells, stringless harps, retired vacuum cleaners, bus ticket holders and boots that he advocates is really to be the *decor* of the future, then Heaven help us all. The guide itself I would warmly recommend to anyone interested in the subject. It is more easily obtainable and more manageable than its only real rival, *Guide Emer*; and for the English or American reader in particular it should prove an invaluable aid to field work.

ERNLE MONEY

A HANDBOOK OF SEXUAL CRIMINOLOGY

An Outline of Sexual Criminology. Nigel Morland. Tallis Press. 5s.

In an age when perversicacious gonadal urge expresses itself in widely disseminated sexual liberality of thought, word and deed, it is surprising to realise the naivete that still exists just behind the most sophisticated facade. When, for instance, the recent Moors murder case surfaced, its unpleasant revelations evoked astonishing bewilderment in the most unexpected quarters. It was, perhaps, understandable, for although the average man may relish a covert peep into the taking ways of Cynthia Chatterley (rather boring) or the diary of Fanny Hill (rather better), he may well find the recondite paths beaten by de Sade, signposted and milestoned by Hirschfeld,

Krafft-Ebing, Kinsey and the rest, little to his taste.

And yet, as the sex crime figures mount, he is more and more frequently finding himself confronted with—and confounded by—accounts in his newspapers, whose implications remain not so much ungrasped as simply unrecognised.

Most of us like to regard ourselves as intelligent, well-rounded people, and it is to fill the gap in our knowledge of the darker ways of sex, to “act as a permanent footnote to the stories in your daily newspaper”, that Nigel Morland has written this handbook of sexual criminology. This is no substitute for the standard textbooks—indeed, it is not intended as such—and its bias is practical rather than theoretical. Mr. Morland exhibits the sexual criminal, explains the way in which he breaks the law, how he is caught and how the charge is made to stick. He tells us what the aberrant *does*, the mechanics of it; but the ways remain dark so far as any profound psychological or psychiatric evaluation of the probable causation of the urges of the deviant drive is concerned.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

NOTICES

Learning and Discerning in Higher Education (Spek. 6. 6d.). This is the latest volume in the *Here and Now* series which is concerned with Christian relevance to modern society and institutions. Dr. D. M. W. Trapnell takes a basic view of educational purpose and is somewhat depressing. He analyses three important schools of thought. There is first the purely English Christian-Classical tradition, still to be found strongly in public schools and the older universities. He contrasts this with the liberal and scientific traditions determined to remain uncommitted on religious issues. We are, he concludes, in a Dark Age, “because there has taken place an almost complete loss of contact with the Jewish-Christian cultural root”. It is a penetrating study by the Headmaster of Denstone College, who inevitably pays a great deal of attention to the public school Christian and moral approach, but not to the social aspect.

Daredevils of Sassoun (Allen and Unwin. 30s.). This English version of the Armenian national epic has been produced by Professor Leon Surmeliön of California State College, himself of Armenian descent and a novelist. This folk story, with its giant heroes and mystic qualities, “is a symbolic action dramatising the Arab-Armenian wars during the Middle Ages”, although its

roots are much earlier. It was handed down orally until it was put into writing by Bishop Garegin Servantstian in 1873. Since then, some fifty other variants have been preserved. Its revival has been widespread in Soviet Russia. In this volume, writes Professor Surmeliön, “I have approached the subject as an Armenian poet, determined, nevertheless, not to make this a ‘literary treatment’ of the epic. It is the first attempt to produce not only the English, but also a poetic, version of Sassoun in its entirety”. It is not written in verse, except the songs, but has a poetic quality essential to writing down great folk tales.

Daffodils, Tulips, and Other Hardy Bulbs (Gifford 25s.) This is a delightful and instructive book from Mr. Michael Jefferson-Brown, a leading grower of bulbs. He has separate chapters on Daffodils, Tulips, Crocuses and a final chapter on other hardy bulbs, including Alliums, Camassias, Chionodoxas, Colchiums, Fritillarias, Galanthus, Gladioli, Hyacinths, Irises, Lilies and others. Most of the book is concerned with the characteristics of different varieties and should prove of much help and interest to the keen bulb gardener. There is also some advice on raising bulbs from seed and growing bulbs under unheated glass. There are thirty-three illustrations, including a few in colour.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

CENTENARY YEAR

AUGUST 1966

**FRANCE'S POLITICAL
LIFE**

Gene de Castro

**BISHOP STEPHEN
NEILL**

Cecil Northcott

**THE DEAD SEA
SCROLLS AND
THE BIBLE**

Norman Bentwich

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IN SCIENCE**

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WORLD VISTAS

FRANCE'S POLITICAL LIFE

by Gene de Castro

THE political scene in France had some hard shocks during the month of May. François Mitterand, the leader of the left Federation started it when he formed his shadow cabinet on May 5th, and left out the extreme left, that is to say the Communists. Jean Lecanuet of the Democratic Centre Party was satisfied. He led a minority which helped to deprive de Gaulle of some of his votes in the presidential elections of last December.

The extreme left wing has a firm belief that under no circumstances should any alliances be made with the Centrists. During the presidential elections Mitterand played along with the Communists, and it is said that six out of ten of his votes were due to the Communists. The aim of the left has been to form a Common Front which reminds one very much of the Popular Front organized in 1936, and from which the French people gained many social reforms.

But there are certain rather sharp differences. If history is repeating itself, it is doing so on quite another level. In 1936 there had already been Fascism in Italy for 13 years, and Nazism in Germany for three years. Fascist groups had started in France. "If God is not German, then he is Italian," was a French Fascist cry of those days. They wore brown and black shirts. The *Action Française* can be recalled. The Popular Front was the direct opposition to these groups, and was surprisingly effective. In May, 1936, the Socialists, Communists and Radicals won their big victory. The left had 337 deputies out of 559.

The idea of the Common Front of the Socialist Federation of today is to destroy de Gaulle's total power. But the Front has been weakened by Mitterand's shadow cabinet. One left wing writer stated that the shadow cabinet, far from advancing the cause of the left, would make their opponents laugh. President de Gaulle aided this tendency considerably when he and his government indicated to Washington that they would be greatly pleased if the US would withdraw its troops from France, and close its bases as soon as possible. This is exactly what the Communists wanted and had been advocating since 1948. But the Socialists and the Radicals did not take this stand. Mitterand only wants to transform the NATO and Warsaw Pacts.

During the last presidential elections Mitterand said, "I am the only candidate from the left and for the real opposition. The rest is the right: Tixier-Vigancour, Antier Marcilhacy, Lecanuet, and de Gaulle. They are all varieties of the same species. There are differences between them, but scratch well, and you will find a common base."

As of today, a Centrist such as Lecanuet is not so unhappy. Mitterand



is hoping that he can put the Gaullists into a minority by attracting the centre without the taint of Communism for the forthcoming legislative elections. He may have made a colossal mistake. The Socialists and Radicals can get only 20% of the votes. But Mitterand dreams of May 16, 1877 when Marshal de Mac-Mahon could not govern when he found himself with a minority. In Communist terminology, Mitterand may find himself classified as an "opportunist".

The Gaullists have had at least one laugh. Mitterand was on the television programme "Face to Face" on May 9th. The result was ambiguous. It would seem that one of the few persons really satisfied was Mitterand's son, 17-year-old Jean-Christophe, who replied to his father's query as to how he had done, "Very good, papa, for once you made me confident."

Then to be counted are those who were actually selected for the shadow cabinet. Gaston Defferre, for instance, the socialist mayor of Marseilles who is only too willing "to discuss" with the Centrist Lecanuet. But for the extreme left this is an impossibility. They consider the centre to be a form of the right, and for them the left and the right must be in total opposition. Otherwise, in theory and in actuality, that part of the left near Lecanuet can be tempted to the right.

There have been many press comments. The right wing *Aurore* has approved of Mitterand's action, but regretted that it represented only the Left Federation (20%), and as such gave it little hope, unless the "socialists of the centre" could be brought in. The socialist *Combat* admitted that Mitterand's objective was to bring in the Centre Socialists, but stated at the same time that the shadow cabinet was one of the crudest to be feared. The Gaullist, *Paris Jour*, which has reason to fear a unified left commented that the Communists could not benefit from the new method regardless of whether Mitterand wanted to shake them off or rot. The independent *Le Monde* asked how it could succeed when it represented only a minority in a minority. The *East Republican* said that a shadow cabinet should have new ideas, and a majority in agreement with the objectives. It is unlikely that the French people have the ideas as represented by the shadow cabinet. The Catholic *La Croix* classified it as a step backwards.

While this is going on, the strike movement in France is sky-rocketing, and politicians of all kinds are looking on developments with awe: the Communists and those fluctuating to the right of extreme left with the greatest of pleasure and plans for the future — which are materialising. Those more towards the centre go on strike anyway with the logical attitude that one day they may force the government to grant them their claims for a forty-hour week, an improvement on sub-standard minimum wages, and longer holidays for workers under 18. The more to the centre the striker is, the weaker his political convictions. But he will follow the others, and should the sun be shining when the marches and demonstrations take place, taking into consideration the French character, a good time can be had by all. This is also aided by the young age of many of the present day workers who are a result of the population-

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explosion of the post war period. An opportunity is found to sing somewhat sarcastic songs about the President and the Prime Minister, which are so effective it seems that export song writers have worked on them.

As far as the workers on the right are concerned, the younger members are going over to the larger Socialist and Communist dominated unions. For those who do not care for the strikes, or who do not need to strike, there is a growing tendency to take it easy in the city, or leave for the country if they can get there. A city such as Paris can all but be paralysed when almost all the suburban railways stop, when the Metro is cut by 50%, and nobody knows how the buses are going to run. The union leaders take great care that there is no electricity in the business districts of Paris. As far as the factories are concerned, there is no point in them opening their doors.

This is what happened on May 17th.

The Communist newspaper, *L'Humanité*, claimed that 200,000 marched that day between the Bastille and Place de la Republique. They thought it worth the trouble to add a couple of pages and print photographs of a size seldom seen in a newspaper. The non-Communist newspapers claimed that 35,000 marched, a figure said to have been issued by the Police Department. Whatever it was, it was more than 35,000. The mass moved

forward for two hours without stopping.

This movement caused great distress amongst Gaullist circles. At the same time it surprised the left-wingers, who had predicted a success, but not quite such a big one. It turned out to be one of the greatest shocks of the Gaullist era. The school teachers, who noted a 90% following, are anxiously putting pressure on the unions for the next Big Day. The supply of electricity was cut by 50%, the railways by 75%. The figure given for the post and telegraph services was 55%.

In France one's political stature in a left wing demonstration is proved by being in the front line at the head of the march. At times this arrangement can lead to certain conflicts. The march of May 17th was led by well-known Communists and left-wing union leaders. François Mitterand was not invited to come, a reason for this being that the strike movement is not officially political. The real reason was that the Communists and Communist-led unions had the matter well in hand, and did not want a person whom they felt had betrayed them by making indirect overtures to the Centrist Leader, Lecanuet, to show his face.

Nevertheless, the news of a forthcoming publicity photograph reached the socialist, shadow cabinet minister, Edouard Depreux, who worked his way to the front to get into the picture. This displeased the secretary general of the Communist Party, Waldeck Rochet, who had only to snap his fingers for his assistants to put things in order.

In the meantime, the political lack of unity in the left is forcing the Communists to increase propaganda pressure. They published their unity programme in one whole page of *L'Humanité*. The editor of the weekly, *L'Express*, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, published a strongly critical editorial. Immediately afterwards, Laurent Salini of *L'Humanité* retaliated in similar terms.

Monsieur Servan-Schreiber asked how it was possible for the Communists to demand the nationalisation of the big monopolies when there were not any in France. The railways, electricity, gas, post, etc., were all nationalised, were they not? Monsieur Salini asked how could this be when even on page 43 of the same *L'Express* was the story of the huge Ugine-Kuhlman chemical product merger? Monsieur Servan-Schreiber accused the Communists of demanding the impossible when they asked for an expansion of the economy which under their conditions can only be achieved by stopping investments. Monsieur Salini was somewhat sarcastic on this point, and said this stunt had been tried before. He went so far as to suggest that Monsieur Servan-Schreiber might read some of the texts or attend some of the meetings concerning the matter. Monsieur Servan-Schreiber was looking for the same kind of arrangement as François Mitterand: an easy way out with the centre groups that would cause more economic conflicts, and at the same time please the Gaullists.

Meanwhile President de Gaulle is having his own problems. Since his entourage has recently been shrinking, what to do when invited to one of his receptions has become a problem. The Centrist, Lecanuet, went to one, but to be on the safe side announced immediately afterwards that there

was nothing political in his presence. It was duly reported that he discussed football. The only political party that is not divided on the subject is the Communist Party. Their members sing, "Charles de Gaulle are you sleeping?"

In the recently held 50th anniversary of the Battle of Verdun, frightening statistics came to light. The government had expected hundreds of thousands to attend the ceremony. It seems only 20,000 arrived. One restaurant ready to serve 800, served seven. One ready for 5,000 got 200, and so on.

The Gaullists are stealthily preparing the legislative elections, originally intended for March, 1967, but for Gaullist political reasons may be moved up to next October. One thing that is difficult for de Gaulle's UNR is the result of the signing of the Brussels' Agreement for the Common Market. This has been put over in the name of glory for the nation. What they know only too well is that it is going to make things rather difficult. There will be an increase in the price of foodstuffs of between 5% and 26%. There will be a greater reluctance than ever to increase wages, and a greater desire than ever to strike for wage increases. When all customs frontiers disappear for the Six, cars and television sets will all sell at the same price. French industrialists do not look on this scene with great enthusiasm. They were hoping for a delay until 1970. Herein lies one of the reasons for the large mergers taking place. Cost prices will have to be cut down.

President de Gaulle's UNR is beginning to crack. Giscard d'Estaing of the Independent Republicans has said he is not afraid to stand alone, meaning that he will not necessarily support de Gaulle's party. Pompidou's Committee has been having trouble with recalcitrants, Messrs. Louis Joxe, Edgar Pisani, and Edgar Faure stayed at a meeting only half an hour. Maurice Schumann said he would not attend any more.

President de Gaulle is worried.

[Gene de Castro read English Literature at the University of Miami, is teacher of English, leader of discussion groups. Resident in France since 1963.]

RELIGION

BISHOP STEPHEN NEILL

by Cecil Northcott

IN the making of a European community there are a very varied number of contributing streams and one that is often overlooked is the contribution of the Christian Churches. They have contacts with Europe that are denied to politicians and economists and their contacts go much deeper, and last longer than most.

These contacts are seen at their best in certain personalities. On the British side the late Bishop of Chichester, Dr. George Bell, was a rare example of an Englishman who was also a European. In France there is Dr. Marc Boegner, and in Germany Otto Dibelius and Martin Niemöller.

But another man from the British Isles, Bishop Stephen Neill, has also become a thorough European and a foreshadowing of the kind of personality that we must expect in the new Europe. His recent appointment to be a Professor at Hamburg University is a further step in the interchange of people which we should be prepared to hope for in a common market of ideas.

For the last twenty years Bishop Neill — consecrated a bishop in Anglican orders in India in 1938 — has become a naturalised citizen of the whole world but during that time his best and most intensive work has been done in Europe, and it is as a European, and a present dweller in Germany, that I write of him.

Carrying his 65 years with grace and ease Stephen Neill is an example of Christian transplantation across the continents and oceans. He is a genuine world citizen without barriers of race, ecclesiastical transition or culture. If there is a world Common Market of the Christian Church — and the church has some right to think of itself in these terms — then Stephen Neill stands amongst the Market's hierarchy.

Stephen Charles Neill was born in Belfast on December 31 1900, the son of parents deeply interested in the missionary work of the Christian Church. He was educated at Dean Close School, Cheltenham, and at Trinity College Cambridge. At Cambridge his academic successes became a legend in his own time with double first class honours in the Classical and Theological Triposes which laid the foundations for his exact and wide ranging scholarship. It used to be said at Cambridge that if it was known that Stephen Neill was a candidate for any university prize then no other candidate would compete. His Cambridge career was crowned by his election to a Fellowship of Trinity College, usually considered to be the highest recognition of English scholarship.

But while academic and university life appealed to Stephen Neill and a brilliant career in that field lay open to him, the appeal of foreign service in the name of Christ appealed even more. In 1924 the Church Missionary

Society sent him to South India to work in the Tinnevely and Travancore areas as a district missionary and then as Warden of Bishop's College. It was here that his astonishing linguistic gifts were developed in his preaching and teaching in Tamil. His mastery of Tamil quickly won for him a special place in the affections of Tamil speaking people and particularly of students. He travelled to the most remote parts of Tinnevely, and loved to be in the villages amongst the simple people most of all. In 1938 he was elected Bishop of Tinnevely by an electoral body which was 96 per cent Indian and 4 per cent European. This placed an immense responsibility on the bishop's shoulders with a diocese of 130,000 Christians living mainly in 1,453 villages. Through the strains and problems of the second world war Bishop Neill led his diocese gradually towards the church unity which is now the Church of South India. For ten years he was on the Joint Committee on Church Union in South India and gained a first hand insight into the problems and perplexities of church union negotiations.

By 1944 the strain of his twenty years in India was telling on his health and Bishop Neill went back to Cambridge as Chaplain of Trinity College and Lecturer in Theology. He gave a series of famous "open lectures" on theology to the University and in 1947 led an evangelistic mission to Oxford University. The great success of this mission was largely due to Bishop Neill's lucid presentation of the Christian faith in a manner that appealed to students. He repeated the success in Toronto in 1949 and since then has conducted missions at Yale, Harvard, Berkeley and Princeton Universities.

It was inevitable that Bishop Neill should be drawn into the ecumenical movement as thinker, historian and administrator. In all three roles he has given notable service to the ecumenical movement in general and to the World Council of Churches in particular. He joined the staff of the World Council in 1947 as Director of the Study Department and also held episcopal rank in England as Assistant Bishop to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was involved in all the preparations for the first assembly of the World Council at Amsterdam in 1948 as Associate General Secretary, with special responsibility for the Evangelism Secretariat until 1951.

After this period of administration in the World Council Bishop Neill's own ecumenical career broadened into a remarkable series of "special undertakings" which his gifts as scholar, linguist and writer fitted him for most aptly. First came his editorship (with Miss Ruth Rouse) of the *History of the Ecumenical Movement* published in 1954 to which many scholars contributed. But the planning, editing and revising had to be done largely by Bishop Neill.

Then came the challenge in 1953 of *World Christian Books*. As the result of a foreign tour by Canon George Appleton, now Archbishop of Perth, then Secretary of the Literature Council of the Conference of British Missionary Societies, the suggestion was put forward by Canon Appleton that a big new co-operative publishing venture should be started by the mission forces of the world. Bishop Neill was invited to be the

planner and editor of a series of books "to cover the whole range of the Christian faith in the modern world". Bishop Neill with astonishing speed assembled his first writers with their manuscripts in simple English and in 1954 *World Christian Books* was launched with its first volume by Bishop Neill himself entitled *The Christian's God*. Sponsored by the World Council of Churches and published in London by the United Society for Christian Literature and the Lutterworth Press, *World Christian Books* by 1965 had over fifty volumes on its list, had sold nearly a million copies in English alone and had been translated into 35 languages.

From 1953 to 1962 Bishop Stephen Neill guided this great literary venture and made it synonymous with his own name. He himself wrote five of the books and it is no secret that his skill as advisor and editor helped other writers to do their own writing. During this period he travelled a great deal in the lands of the "younger churches" and so helped to find authors as well as to extend the circulation of the series.

The wide range of *World Christian Books* is indicated in the list of titles. They begin most appropriately with a book by Bishop Neill entitled *The Christian's God* which has gone into many translations. This book set the standard for all the rest. He is convinced that any series of books which pretends to be about the Christian faith must be deeply Christian from the start and not afraid to state the Christian case. This for Bishop Neill means the Bible and the Church and his list of authors shows how wide his own mind ranges.

He chose as his second author in the series the Indian Bishop V. S. Azariah. It appeared to be rather a doubtful choice because the subject was 'Christian Giving'. It so happened that Bishop Azariah had instilled into his Indian congregations the ideas of stewardship and systematic giving and his methods came as refreshing suggestions to western churchmen who needed new stimulus for their own financial planning. It was a shrewd editorial venture and the result is that Bishop Azariah's book has grown into a classic of practical Christianity.

The same editorial judgment is seen in the fourth book in the series of *World Christian Books* — Dr. Charles Raven's *Christianity and Science*.

When this manuscript was seen by the publishers they were aghast at the amount of scientific jargon crammed into less than a hundred pages. It all looked too complicated for the readers in Asia and Africa, but Bishop Neill persisted in his view that the book would be a success, and so it has proved.

Bishop Neill's constant travels have helped very greatly in securing authors for his series of books. He believes that an editor should move around the world meeting people as well as ideas, and in Neill's case the skilful marriage of people, places and proposals has resulted in some lively contributions to his series.

I once asked Bishop Neill where he is domiciled. It is a question, I gathered, that the income tax authorities are often bothered about and one which Bishop Neill himself finds it difficult to settle. With an apartment in Geneva, a *pied à terre* in London, and a permanent job in Hamburg, he

is an elusive person to attach to any country. Something of the wanderlust of his native Irish must lie within his make-up. In any case he would not despise the United States and Canada as a possible fourth domicile for in those lands of the North Atlantic he is most popular as a lecturer and preacher. Travel comes naturally and without fuss — and there is always the manuscript in the bag which needs editing or re-writing.

In Geneva and London he has been known to do a lot of travelling by scooter. He says that in the traffic of London the scooter is an ideal method of transportation, and that even a trans-European expedition by scooter is not an impossibility. He once steered his scooter all the way across France from Geneva to the Channel coast with his luggage strapped on the back. He has solved the problem of a bishop's robes by having them made of nylon so that they wash easily. He rather enjoys being known as the 'drip-dry' bishop because of his eagerness to do his own washing as long as it will dry easily and needs no ironing.

In the immediate post war years he set off across the Alps to live and work with his Waldensian friends in their valley of Torre Pelice in the Alps near Turin. He was fascinated by the Waldensian tradition in faith and integrity in face of many religious problems in Italy. They were then building their memorial youth village of Agape, and during one summer Bishop Neill worked as a labourer digging out the foundations and helping to cart the stones for the new village.

His admiration for the Waldensians spread also to their scholars and writers and he helped their most distinguished scholar Dr. Giovanni Miegge to acquire a world reputation as an authority on Roman Catholicism.

Bishop Neill's services to the ecumenical movement have been most varied. In 1949 he went to the Far East to help plan the East Asia Conference which has since developed into the permanent organisation of the East Asia Christian Conference. In 1950 he carried out for the International Missionary Council the most important assignment of a survey of the training of the Christian Ministry in East and West Africa — in Kenya, Uganda, Nigeria, Ghana and Sierra Leone and wrote a report which is a model of its kind. In 1952 he produced for the Lund Faith and Order Conference a factual account of 39 instances of union movements between the churches of differing traditions entitled *Towards Church Union 1937-1952*. Whenever a specialised ecumenical job has needed to be done Bishop Neill has stepped in to do it with efficiency and knowledge. He has become an ecumenical movement in himself able to preach and lecture fluently in French and German and if necessary in Italian and Spanish. In all those languages he has been a reliable translator.

These ecumenical gifts are nowhere better displayed than in the thirty books which Bishop Neill has written. Each of them arises out of personal experience and the insights of a remarkable man who sees the vision of the Great Church to be and dedicates all his grace and ability to its service. Apart from *A History of the Ecumenical Movement* (1954) the following books may be specially mentioned as indicating the range of Bishop Neill's interests — *The Christian Society* (1952) a concise judgment of what

constitutes a Christian community; *The Unfinished Task* (1957) a masterly summing up of the modern missionary enterprise; *Anglicanism* (1958) a brilliant survey of the Anglican world communion; *Christian Holiness* (1960) a devotional book of rare quality.

Bishop Neill's accession to the Professorship of Missions at Hamburg is a recognition of his great gifts and capacities. He brings to the professorship an eminence and learning which few other men of his time possess, and his readiness to take the position is another instance of his willingness to serve the whole Church of Christ wherever he may best do it.

But no picture of Stephen Neill would be complete without a mention of his wide erudition in all the fields of Christian truth. I have sat with him on many committees and have always been amazed at his detailed knowledge of the subject in hand. I once heard a friend of his remark; 'When you start arguing with Stephen you know that in the end he is bound to be right'. It is an intimidating experience for the unwary and unprepared but at least you have the satisfaction of knowing that on the whole Stephen Neill's view is at least academically correct: he may not be a good manager of people, and perhaps is at his best in his own individual performance. He may not be a good team member, or team manager — but as a solo performer there are few to equal him in the fields he has made his own.

His output of books is an example of his own intensive application and hard work. Not one of his books is without significance and four of them, *A History of the Ecumenical Movement*, *Anglicanism*, and *Christian Holiness*, and the *Christian's God* are likely to be permanent contributions to Christian literature, while his latest book *Colonialism and Christian Missions* (1966) is further evidence of his erudition and scholarship.

[Rev. Cecil Northcott is Editor of the Lutterworth Press. Among his publications are *Religious Liberty*, *Venturers of Faith* and *Christianity in Africa*.]

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD

by Hugh A. L. Rice

TO die "in harness" at the age of 92, after having occupied one and the same bishopric for 57 years, must surely constitute a record, not only within the bounds of the Church of England but anywhere else in Christendom. This was, however, the remarkable achievement of Thomas Wilson, forty-ninth Bishop of Sodor and Man, who was born at Burton in Cheshire on the 20th December, 1663.

Wilson was the sixth of seven children of middle-class parents and the nephew of Richard Sherlock, one of the most respected of the later Caroline parochial clergy. The young Thomas received his early education at the King's School, Chester, and from there proceeded, as his uncle had done, to Trinity College, Dublin, which he entered as a Sizar at the end of May, 1682. Among his contemporaries was Jonathan Swift who had entered the College in the previous month.

Wilson originally intended to follow a medical career and his earliest studies were directed towards this end. At Trinity, however, he came under the influence of a fellow-student, Michael Hewetson (subsequently to become Archbishop of Armagh), who turned his thoughts and aspirations instead in the direction of Holy Orders. As a consequence, having taken his Bachelor of Arts degree in February 1686, he was admitted to the diaconate by William Moreton, Bishop of Kildare, on St. Peter's Day in that same year, while still six months short of the canonical age.

Although he had received his university training and his Deacon's Orders in Ireland, it was in England that Wilson sought and found his first curacy — in his uncle Sherlock's parish of Winwick, where he was given the oversight of the outlying chapelry of Newchurch Kenyon. Here, under his uncle's guidance, he learnt the elements of the priestly and pastoral calling, and laid the foundations of that deep spirituality which was later to distinguish him in the midst of a prevailing general mediocrity.

Wilson was ordained priest on October 20th, 1689, by Nicholas Strafford, Bishop of Chester, and three years later he was appointed domestic chaplain to the ninth Earl of Derby and tutor to his son James, Lord Strange. His stipend was the beggarly one of £30 per annum, but no doubt his board and lodging were provided and his needs were few. Throughout his life his personal habits were simple to the point of austerity, and to the end he fastened his shoes with leathern thongs in place of the silver buckles then commonly worn by the clergy. When, in 1693, he was appointed Master of the Almshouses at Lathom, Wilson's stipend was augmented by a further £20 a year and, considering himself now to be in a state of comparative affluence, he took a solemn vow to set apart one-fifth of his total income for pious purposes such as the relief of the poor. This was later increased to a third, and then to a half, of his total income. The moneys thus devoted he designated his "poor drawer".

In 1693 Lord Derby tried hard to persuade Wilson to accept, in addition to his existing appointment, the valuable living of Badsworth in the East Riding of Yorkshire, but since this would have entailed the then very common but, to Wilson, obnoxious consequence of non-residence, he firmly declined his patron's offer. Four years later Lord Derby offered his chaplain the vacant Bishopric of Sodor and Man, to which, as Lord of Man, he had the right of appointment.

Not even St. Ambrose can have been more unwilling to be raised to the episcopate than Wilson was, but, pleading the spiritual needs of the island which had been without a bishop for four years, Lord Derby at length succeeded in overcoming his reluctance and he accepted. The bishopric was only worth £300 a year — which is possibly why it had been vacant for so long and also, perhaps, why Wilson was persuaded to accept it!

He was consecrated at the Savoy Chapel in London on the 16th January, 1698, by Archbishop Sharp of York, and reached his island diocese some three months later. Except for a few brief visits to London and Cheshire, he was to remain there for the rest of his long life. On April 11th he was enthroned in the ruined cathedral of St. German's, at Peel, and his long and faithful apostolate had begun.

He found his so-called palace, Bishop's Court, like his cathedral, in a semi-ruinous state, and at once he set about the task of restoring it. The cost of this was some £1,400 — all but £200 of which came out of his own purse. He then turned his attention to the equally neglected grounds of his episcopal residence, the bare slopes of which he converted into well-wooded glens by the judicious planting of shrubs and trees.

Wilson discovered on arrival that there was no qualified physician on the island, so he proceeded to brush up his discarded medical knowledge, which was no doubt fairly rudimentary. He opened a surgery-cum-dispensary, where he attended as best he could to the physical ailments of his flock and dispensed such simple medicines as he had at his disposal. Later, when a qualified doctor arrived on the island, Wilson handed over to him his "practice" as well as his store of drugs. The newcomer's name was Thomas Crutwell and he soon became a fervent admirer of the Bishop. Subsequently he abandoned the profession of medicine and took Holy Orders. Later still, he wrote the first biography of Bishop Wilson, which was published in 1781.

There was plenty of scope for Wilson's abundant energies in his small compact diocese. There were new churches to be built, and old ones to be repaired or extended to meet the needs of a steadily growing population. He at once applied himself to these tasks and likewise proceeded to tackle the problem of providing parish schools, in which he urged his clergy to teach frequently and regularly. He also gave his wholehearted support to Dr. Bray's scheme for providing parochial libraries and caused several to be set up in various parts of the island.

Realising the urgent need for books in the ancient Manx language — at that time still widely known and spoken — Wilson first learnt Manx himself and then, in 1707, wrote and published his *Principles and Duties*

of Christianity — in English and Manx. This work, which is sometimes known as "The Manx Catechism", was actually the first book ever to be published in that ancient tongue. It was followed by *A Further Instruction* and by a devotional and doctrinal exposition of the Holy Eucharist. He then set himself the formidable task of translating the Bible into Manx. St. Matthew's Gospel was brought out in 1722, but although the other gospels and the Acts were translated under his supervision, they were not in fact published until after his death.

It was characteristic of Wilson that, besides his "poor drawer" in his desk, he also had a "poor chest" in his barn, which was always kept filled with grain so that none because of poverty might be deprived of their daily bread. He also had always by him a supply of spectacles, so that the older and poorer folk, as their eyesight began to fail, might still be able to read their Bibles and Prayer Books and, as he put it, "use their glasses to help them thread a needle and mend their cloaks."

What of Wilson as a bishop? At a time when in England and Wales the ancient Convocations of the Church were suffering an enforced silence at the dictates of the secular power, Wilson revived the admirable custom of calling his clergy together in Synod, annually or even more frequently, for direction, consultation and mutual encouragement. At these Synods, too, he would discuss with his priests the qualities of the men whose names had come before him as candidates for ordination. No man was finally accepted until a majority of the Synod had signified approval.

The duty of training and preparing men for ordination was one which Wilson undertook personally and with a conscientiousness by no means common at that period. There were, of course, no theological colleges, but the Manx candidates were taken to live for a year in the Bishop's household, where he was himself able to supervise their studies. Whenever he was at home, he delighted in joining them at their daily reading of the Greek New Testament.

Pastorally, Wilson was most assiduous in visiting the parishes of his island diocese, and his biographer Crutwell tells us that "except on occasions of sickness, he never failed on a Sunday to expound the Scripture, to preach the Gospel or administer the Sacrament, at some one or other of the churches of his diocese". Happy, indeed, the diocese which is small enough and compact enough for its Bishop to be thus a real Father-in-God to his people. The mere size of the majority of modern Anglican dioceses effectively precludes their bishops from visiting most parishes apart from confirmations and the institution of new incumbents.

Wilson's own household at Bishop's Court, Kirk Michael, was everything that an episcopal household should be. Every morning, at six o'clock in the summer and at seven in the winter, the entire family and domestic staff assembled in chapel for prayer, taken either by the Bishop himself or by one of the resident candidates for ordination. Evening prayers took place with equal regularity. At the appointed time a servant would appear and announce, with a respectful bow, "My Lord, all things are ready". Immediately, the Bishop would leave whatever he was doing, or excuse

himself from the company he was in, and betake himself to prayer.

The activity for which Bishop Wilson is most famous, but which brought him a measure of opposition in his lifetime, was that of restoring in his diocese the ancient discipline of the Church which the Prayer Book, in the introduction to the Communion Service, speaks of as being so highly desirable. In the Isle of Man the ancient ecclesiastical courts, which elsewhere had ceased to exist or had been diverted from their original purposes, still existed and functioned. The Chapter Courts, presided over by one of the Vicars-General, sat half-yearly to receive presentments, from the parochial clergy and churchwardens, of persons accused of moral and other offences. Appeals from these Courts lay with the Consistory or Bishop's Court, which also dealt with probate of wills and the discipline of the clergy. The Final Court of Appeal was the Archbishop of York, as Metropolitan.

The ancient statutes which governed the proceedings of these courts and under which presentments of offenders were made were, by Wilson's time, generally inadequate to meet the needs of the day, and soon after his arrival as Bishop he drew up a set of "Ecclesiastical Constitutions". These were agreed to by the clergy in Synod, ratified by the Governor and Council of the Island, confirmed by the Earl of Derby, and promulgated on Tynwald Hill on June 6th, 1704. It was in reference to these Constitutions that a future Lord Chancellor, Sir Peter King, remarked: "If the ancient discipline of the Church were lost, it might be found in all its purity in the Isle of Man."

The Constitutions covered a wide range of offences, and applied to clergy and laity alike with strict impartiality. Strictness indeed, not to say severity, was the hallmark of many of the sentences imposed by the ecclesiastical courts and where necessary given effect to by the secular arm. A certain John Robinson, for slandering a Deemster, was sentenced to a term of imprisonment, after which he was to make public acknowledgment of his fault in three different churches on successive Sundays, by laying his finger on his mouth and saying, "Tongue, thou hast lied." Another convicted offender was called upon to present himself on nine consecutive Sundays at nine different churches, to do public penance and receive from each of the respective incumbents a certificate to show that this had been done. A deacon was suspended for three years for marrying minors without obtaining their parents' consent, and a similar sentence was imposed upon a priest for letting off guns at night and disturbing the citizens of Castletown!

There were other occasions when the sentences imposed appear, by present-day standards, to savour of a severity bordering upon brutality — as in the case of Kath Kinred, a prostitute, who for persistent flaunting of her immoral ways was sentenced to be dragged behind a boat in the sea. One can only read of such a ferocious punishment with bewildering repugnance. How could so loving and humane a man as Wilson ever have brought himself to impose or sanction such a penalty? It is difficult for us today to find an answer to the question. The fact that the sentence was passed and carried out must undoubtedly constitute a blemish upon an

otherwise noble and unsullied record. It is at least some small consolation to learn that after two such punishments the wretched woman mended her ways and was received back by Wilson into full communion and Church membership. There is no record of her having been any the worse physically as a result of her ordeals, nor that public opinion was unduly perturbed by them. The people of those times seem to have been made of sterner stuff than ourselves — less sensitive to bodily pain and discomfort, less easily stirred to expressions of shocked indignation.

Wilson's disciplinary system eventually brought him into conflict, not with public opinion which invariably seems to have been on his side, but with the civil authorities of the island. He was never a respecter of persons, and in 1721 he fell foul of the Governor of the Island, Alexander Horne. Wilson had felt it his duty to excommunicate, for making slanderous statements, no less a person than the Governor's wife. The Governor's chaplain, more accommodating than his bishop, admitted her to communion, whereupon Wilson suspended him from his priestly functions. Horne demanded that the suspension be withdrawn, and when Wilson declined to withdraw it fined him £50. It is at least doubtful whether Wilson had £50, but in any case he refused to pay the fine and was imprisoned in Rushen Castle, together with his two Vicars-General who had been associated with him in passing the sentence of excommunication.

If it had been Horne's intention to discredit the Bishop or to diminish his influence in the island, he was soon seen to have miscalculated seriously. Public sympathy was entirely with Wilson and crowds gathered daily outside the windows of his cell to implore his blessing. Only by using his influence with them to the full was the Bishop able to dissuade the indignant islanders from storming the Castle and possibly attacking the Governor.

Wilson appealed to the Crown, and after two months in prison he was released by order of King George I. Afterwards he used to remark humorously that never was his diocese so well governed as when he was in prison. Nevertheless, the experience left its permanent mark upon him. The dampness of his cell so affected his fingers that he could never again hold a pen in them.

Ten years earlier, Queen Anne had offered to translate Wilson to a more lucrative bishopric — an offer which he had respectfully refused. Three years after his imprisonment George I offered to appoint him to the vacant see of Exeter, by way of compensation for what he had suffered. Once again, however, he declined to move. Nothing would induce him to leave the Manx people who had stood by him so loyally in his misfortune and whom he had come to love with a deep and sincere affection.

Wilson may have confined his activities to his island see but he could not prevent his fame from spreading afield. On the rare occasions when he visited London, the crowds would surround him in the streets beseeching him to bless them. When he was received at Court King George II, not an unduly pious monarch, was so impressed by Wilson's transparent goodness that he asked to be specially remembered in the Bishop's prayers.

He was also received by Queen Caroline at a levée attended by several

other prelates. As he entered the room, the Queen turned to these dignitaries with the often-quoted remark, "See, my Lords, a bishop who does not seek a translation". Wilson's reply is equally historic. "No, and it please your Majesty, I will not leave my wife in her old age because she is poor."

Wilson's actual wife had died only a few years after their marriage, and of his four children only one outlived him — his son Thomas, who was ordained and became a Royal Chaplain and Prebendary of Westminster.

Not long before he died, Wilson received a letter from the French Cardinal Fleury, remarking that he believed that they must be the two oldest Bishops in Christendom — and the two poorest — and inviting him to France for a visit. This generous invitation Wilson was unable to accept, but the manner of his reply is said so to have delighted the Cardinal that he obtained from Louis XV an order forbidding French privateers to attack the Isle of Man.

From 1750, his eighty-seventh year, Wilson was crippled with gout, but no thought of retirement seems to have occurred to him. For five more years he laboured devotedly on until, on March 7th, 1755, he was called to a higher service. He strongly objected to burials inside churches and so his grave was dug at the east end of Kirk Michael churchyard. His coffin was made from the wood of an elm tree which he himself had planted soon after his arrival on the island. A few years before his death he had had it felled and sawn into planks for this very purpose.

So, full of years and mourned by the Manx people among whom he had lived and laboured for so long, the faithful shepherd of souls was laid to a rest he had richly earned. A square marble monument marks the spot and perpetuates the memory of one who will ever hold an honoured place not only in the annals of the See of Sodor and Man and of the Anglican communion, but throughout the even wider confines of the whole Christian world.

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THE ARCHEOLOGISTS

LEPTIS MAGNA — PUSHING BACK THE SANDS OF TIME

by Eric Read

TO stand on the threshold of Leptis Magna and take one step forward beneath the arch of Septimus Severus is to step back in time two thousand years. Even before that the Phoenicians had a city on the spot. But the excitement of Leptis Magna lies not so much in any one building as in the fact that so much of the city's layout remains to show us how its inhabitants lived two thousand years ago.

It is still possible to twist an ankle in a rut made by the wheels of Roman chariots; to lean idly against a mighty granite column and rub your shoulder blades where some ancient Roman slave boy waited for his master; to stand in the Forum or on the Basilica floor and argue where the merchants bargained for their merchandise.

All that remains of the ancient Phoenician city is a few graves beneath the stage of the Roman Theatre. These were laid to rest about 500 BC. Yet we know that a city probably stood on the site five hundred years before that. But of the Roman city, the market (8 BC) Theatre (AD 1) the Chalcedium (AD 11-12) remain as alive and pulsating as any antiquity can.

The Emporia of Roman Africa were the three cities of Sabratha, Oea and Leptis Magna. The old city of Oea was on the site where now stands modern Tripoli, to the west some fifty miles are the ruins of Sabratha and seventy miles to the east are the magnificent remains of Leptis Magna. Leptis, or Lepcis was called Magna to distinguish it from the other city of Lepcis which once stood near the modern town of Sousse.

For many years the city kept its Phoenician laws and customs. The language only changed through intermarriage with the Africans. Under the patronage of Carthage the city held out against the pressure from the King of Numidia, as present day Algeria was then known. It later survived when Carthage itself was destroyed by the Romans. Only when Rome went to war against Numidia did Leptis Magna become part of the Roman Empire.

From the enormous annual tribute of oil demanded by Rome in the way of taxes it is clear that the area must have been profusely cultivated by olive groves at the time. (Mussolini re-cultivated vast areas and the visitor passes through many miles of olive trees on his way from Tripoli.)

Before it became part of the Roman Empire it is probable that Leptis occupied only a small area just to the west of the harbour entrance near Wadi Lebda. Under the Romans the town was rapidly extended and built

up both for its own agricultural value, notably the olive groves, and the fact that it was on the shortest route from Central Africa to the Mediterranean. It was along this route that the rare ivory, gold and other valuable products travelled on their way to Rome.

As the visitor wanders through the excavated streets today, treading the original paving stones, it is possible to visualise clearly the growth of this great city. It attained the peak of its magnificence under the Emperor Septimus Severus who was himself born in the city in 146 AD and became Emperor in 193. Oddly enough he died later at York in England, in 211 at the age of 65 — a strange and distant journey for an Emperor to have made.

Under his rule his native town was enriched with buildings comparable with anything in the Roman Empire. A magnificent colonnaded street, the Nymphaem, the New Forum, a splendid Basilica and the Great Harbour which he built around an enormous excavation at the entrance to the Wadi Lebda. Still standing are the columns of a triumphal arch built in his honour. It stands at the end of the *Cardo*, or main axial street of the city. It is at this same entrance the visitor takes his first step back in time as he looks along the *Cardo* beside the columns and portal of Septimus Severus's arch to the distant Arch of Trajan. It is interesting that antiquarian architects detect signs that the Severus arch was built in haste!

Following this period of magnificence and the fall of the Severan dynasty in 235 a sharp decline set in. Yet the city struggled on, if with less empirical grandeur. In the fourth century, in common with the practices of the time, a fortified city wall was built. It is probable that this wall was at least partly instrumental in saving the city from the people of the hinterland when they sacked Sabratha in that century and again a century later.

There is no doubt, however, that its trade must have seriously suffered during this period. Eventually, in 455, the city was completely sacked by the barbarian hordes from Europe.

The grave decline was on. For the next seventy-six years, until 531, Leptis Magna lay derelict and sandswept with the swirling coastal winds gradually bringing the encroaching sands further up the sides of the buildings. Then, suddenly, Roman troops from their Byzantine capital at Constantinople re-occupied the city. The Emperor Justinian, 527-565, surrounded the oldest part of the town, next to the harbour area, by a new wall. Parts of the wall, the Byzantine wall, are still to be seen. Justinian continued to restore the town, although not to its previous magnificent standard, even erecting new churches and other buildings.

But gradually historical records begin to peter out, like a fitful, flickering light. One hundred years later the Moslem Arabs used the town as their centre in the ensuing long struggle with the native Berbers. The last mention of the town was in the 12th century, when even its name was lost, it being referred to then as Lebda.

One can imagine that for the next five hundred years only the nomadic Arabs occasionally passed that way, perhaps sheltering from a sand storm beneath the crumbling walls as the sand swept in from the desert and yearly covered more and more of its past beauty. The town of Homs sprang up, and still exists, just a few miles to the west.

For hundreds of years the derelict ruins were used almost as a quarry. Anyone with either the effort or the inclination could carry away as much of it as they could unearth. Particularly valuable were the marble and granite columns. As many as six hundred of these and a large number of statues were taken to France for the Palace of Versailles in the reign of Louis XIV. Even England's George IV had a number removed to build a "ruin" at Virginia Water, not far from his castle at Windsor. These, too, are still standing.

It was not until the Italians occupied Tripoli in 1911 that this vandalism was arrested. At the same time serious excavating began to restore the outline of this ancient city. This was continued until 1942 and is now being continued by the Libyan Government.

As one wanders round this unearthed city of 2000 years ago, through the same streets, preserved from the weather by the sands of the ages, it is impossible to irradicate the feeling that these people will still live on, or moved out merely months ago as the result of some great tragedy. The signs of their existence are so real, so everyday, so lingering.

It is possible to stand in the theatre and whisper a verse to the surrounding terraces and hear it echo back, to move through the Forum or Market Place and imagine the jostling and arguments over prices when Roman coins changed hands as hard cash instead of museum pieces.

Splendid statues, more noted for their photographic likeness than their artistic beauty, stand around in profusion. Many others, temporarily removed, remain to be replaced when their plinths have been renewed. Large slabs of marble, used internally and externally and fixed to the brick face by bronze fastenings, are being gathered from the wayside sand.

The principal material used was a hard limestone to which a high finish was given and then left exposed. The walls of the New Forum, for instance, were left like this. Large, single blocks of granite for some of the columns were imported from Egypt. Coloured marble was brought in from Italy, Greece and Asia Minor. Stones were quarried from a site still existing in the desert to the south.

The centre of civic life in Leptis Magna, as in other Roman towns, was located in the Forum. Inaccessible to traffic, it was here that most of the noble buildings were situated, where people gathered to hear the latest gossip, to meet their friends, where business was conducted.

There were busts of notable dignitaries, splendid buildings, law courts where the magistrates held their annual munipale senate. The Basilica, an extension of the Forum, was a large covered area where the crowds could shelter from the weather or the heat of the summer. For those idle

for a moment there was casual entertainment in listening to the trials or the arguments of merchants. By the very nature or tempo of their lives, this was the centre of the city life.

In addition to the Forum and Basilica great crowds would flock to the baths (cold, tepid or hot). A thin coating of olive oil took the place of soap. Any left on when it was time again to dress was removed with metal scrapers! The wealthier citizens took their slaves to scrub their backs or hired bath attendants to massage them out of their lethargy. Apart from the hygienic necessity of the bath the Baths, too, became a place where one expected to meet friends and exchange gossip and the latest news from abroad.

At first a visitor wonders at the rather splendid style of the public latrines. But in those ancient times only the noblest of noble houses boasted such conveniences. The whole town flocked to them as the only available resources. They are still more habitable than many in modern Europe. There was an amiable lack of privacy, the only distinction being between the sexes.

Life in Leptis Magna was conducted as nearly as possible on the Roman way of life. The Theatre, despite modern popular belief, was more in keeping with our own music halls at the turn of this twentieth century, with popular tastes as critically low as popular tastes always will be. Pantomime came into its own and the visits of famous Pantomimi were afforded the sort of welcome reserved in our days for filmstars. Pantomime, like the tragedies, followed the pattern of Greek mythology. It is comforting to know even in those days the sensuous, exciting music accompanying the pantomime was abhorred by the ancient moralists as degrading and debasing.

Leptis Magna had its own permanent stone race course. Up to twelve four-horse chariots would hurl themselves seven times round the anti-clockwise course. A spurt of water from the seven dolphin fountains was turned off to denote each lap of the race. Crashes were frequent and often deliberate. One imagines that they must also have been fatal with the hooves of nearly half a hundred horses.

The great popularity of the baths, the myriads of fountains, not to mention the latrines, presented a great problem of water supply. This was met by damming the Wadi Lebda and collecting the water in large reservoirs. These can still be seen to the south of the modern road. Portions of the aquaduct still stand which joined these supplies to tanks just south of the baths. There are a number of wells to be found in the city and even some of the lead piping used at the fountains.

All in all, if it is possible to recapture the way of life of a departed people by visiting the ruins of their city then this is possible in Leptis Magna. No other place, derelict and deserted for so many centuries, can pulsate so strongly with the life they have left behind.

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The numerous busts in public places have the faces of men you will see again. Once they walked in the Forum, sat laughing in the Theatre or idled in the baths. But their images are spread throughout the world we know today. Men with the faces of gamblers betting on the chariot races, serious faces of the magistrates, rotund, beaming faces of the fortunate ones. To see this ancient city, itself two thousand years old, built over the ruins of a still older settlement, buried for centuries beneath the desert sands and now being brought to the surface to shine in the burning sun is to know that man is not without a purpose. To stand amongst it all is to excite the imagination into believing that we too can leave behind such memorials of our days for future generations to cherish.

[Lieutenant Commander Read travelled extensively in the Near and Far East while serving with the Royal Navy. On his retirement he became a freelance writer.]

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS AND THE BIBLE

by Norman Bentwich

THE British Museum (together with museums in three other major British cities) organised during the first half of this year what was probably the most successful special exhibition in its annals. It was the Scrolls of Jordan from the Wilderness of the Dead Sea, which were brought to England from America, with the cooperation of the Government of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan and the Smithsonian Institute of Washington. It was an attempt to show not only the most ancient Hebrew Scrolls and fragments of the Bible, that have been incredibly preserved, but also to illustrate the physical conditions in which they were found, and the impact they have made on our knowledge of the Bible. The exhibition illustrated also the religious conditions in the three centuries before, and the first century of, the Christian era, when the Jews were struggling with the Hellenistic Empires and the Romans, and the Christians were beginning to formulate their revolutionary creed.

The whole world has suddenly become archaeology minded. It is significant that, at the same time as the thousands were flocking to the British Museum to get a glimpse of the sensational discovery of antiquity in the Holy Land, hundreds daily were visiting another exhibition, The World of the Bible, in the Victoria and Albert Museum of London, to gaze at the record of the hundred years of survey and exploration of Palestine sites carried out by the British Palestine Exploration Fund. That work began with the searching for the old walls and gates of Biblical Jerusalem, and ends with the latest scientific excavations of the same area by Miss Kenyon and the Dominican Fathers.

What is it that draws the masses to the Exhibition of the Scrolls and excites them? It is partly the dramatic circumstances of the finding of the Scrolls by Arab nomad shepherds in remote and almost inaccessible caves, where they had lain 1900 years. But partly it is the interest of the intelligent man of the street in the Bible text, and particularly in anything which throws light on the origins of Christianity. Of that connection the Scrolls of Biblical and apocryphal books, and the thousands of fragments, which the Bedu Arabs and the scholarly archaeologists in competition have lighted on in neighbouring caves, are abundant and visible evidence. For the first time the original documents written on parchment, leather and papyrus have been made visible to the British people. One important part of the Scrolls, indeed, was missing from the exhibition. It was any selection from, or even reference to, the first find of seven texts, some complete and some nearly complete, which were taken by the shepherds from caves close to the Dead Sea early in 1947, and brought by them to a cobbler in Bethlehem who was on the side a dealer in antiquities. Hoping that they might be a real antiquity, the cobbler took a few fragments from them, and offered two of the scrolls to the Professor of Archaeology at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, Dr. Sukeaik, who was the father of the present

Professor and former Chief-of-Staff of the Israel Forces, Yigael Yadin. Sukenik had the right intuition, and bought the two scrolls, but was prevented from purchasing the other five, because of the outbreak of Civil War between Arabs, Jews and English, which cut off communications. Years later, by what seemed act of Providence, his son was able to buy in America the five for the people of Israel. These seven Scrolls include two Codices of the Book of Isaiah, a book of Apocryphal Psalms, an apocalyptic commentary on Habakkuk, another apocalyptic work about the final battle between the Good and Evil Forces, an embroidered story in Aramaic of part of the Book of Genesis, and finally, and most challenging of all, a copy of the Rules of the monastic Order who lived a life of extreme piety by the shore of the Dead Sea, and were responsible for writing and hiding these holy Books during the fatal conflict with the Romans.

These Scrolls, and many more documents found by Israelis in caves that are hollowed in the cliffs of their part of the wilderness and fantastic mountain range below sea level, are now housed in a remarkable underground shrine attached to the National Museum of Israel in Jewish Jerusalem. Political feeling unhappily is still so strong that the Jordan authorities did not refer to the existence of scrolls in Israel; and Israel archaeologists are unable to visit the Rockefeller Museum of Antiquities in Arab Jerusalem, where the greatest part of the treasure is permanently kept. Albeit the Ambassador of Jordan, in opening the Exhibition at the British Museum, did say a graceful word that he hoped that the common interest in Antiquity would bring the peoples together in harmony.

The spectacular exhibits in the King's Library of the British Museum were scrolls of Biblical books which the paleologists—i.e. masters of ancient handwritings—date in the third, second and first century B.C. Most are in Hebrew, but some in Aramaic, and some in Greek. The oldest Greek translation of the Hebrew Bible, which we know as the Septuagint, was made not later than the third century B.C.; and fragments of the Greek version of Leviticus which were exhibited are the oldest known manuscript of that Scripture. Older by 150 years is a Hebrew Scroll of part of Exodus. The archaic writing is a script dated at about 250 B.C.

Among the most complete Bible texts is a Scroll of the Psalms—of the first century of the Christian era. It includes seven Psalms which are not in our Bible: and the scribe notes that David composed 4050 psalms and songs. That suggests that there is much more to find.

The human, as distinct from the scholarly, interest is greatest in the Manual of Discipline of the brotherhood who lived in Qumran, the settlement on the lower ledges of the cliff by the Sea, and in the adjoining oasis of Feshker, where a spring of fresh, if brackish, water gushes out and makes cultivation possible. Most scholars accept the identification of the sect or Order with the Essenes described by the Jewish historian Josephus and the Roman historian Pliny, both of the first century. We know now much more about their origin, their way of life, and their visions. They were Jewish Puritans who broke away from the main body of the Pharisees

in the second century B.C., when the Maccabee princes had themselves appointed high-priests. They retired from the turbulent civil society which the Roman overlordship provoked, and they were the fore-runners of the communal life of the early Ecclesia of the Hebrew Christians. They anticipated, too, the followers of Jesus in the expectation of the coming of the Messiah—or rather two Messiahs, priestly and royal—who would lead the children of light, "God's elect", to victory against the forces of darkness.

Their founder, the Teacher of Righteousness, was put to death by a Wicked Priest; and the latest date for his martyrdom is 100 years before the birth of Jesus. Dr. Allegro, one of the team of scholars working in Jerusalem on the Scrolls, has been conspicuous in urging his colleagues to examine the parallels and the differences between the Qumran sect and the Christians, between the literature of the Scrolls and the Gospel stories. In spite of the immense output of books and articles, that has not yet been done authoritatively. Constructive interpretation has proved more difficult than exegesis and reconstruction of texts. Yet certain broad lessons have been generally acknowledged. We have here on the one hand many texts of the Hebrew Bible older by near 1,000 years than the oldest which were known before, and little different from the traditional texts. The Dead Sea sect, on the other hand, held beliefs and practiced a way of life remarkably similar to those of the early Christians in the Holy Land. Their original literature may be regarded as a link between the Old and New Testament. The study of the documents has thrown many gleams of light on the most critical period of the history of antiquity from the point of view of religion. It may inspire a Reformation of Christian doctrine, just as the study of the original Hebrew Bible inspired the Protestant Reformation.

Twenty miles South of the site of the Qumran Monastery and the Caves of the Scrolls, in the heart of a massive mountain, Masada, towering over the Sea, Israel archaeologists have been digging for the last two years, and have discovered spectacular buildings designed by Herod the Great for his Retreat. They have discovered also the moving records of the last heroic struggle of the religious Zealots—including some of the Qumran sect—against the Romans after the destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple. Of that desperate resistance we had the written record of Josephus. But it was left to our own day for the skill of the excavators to recover the whole scene as it was when the Zealot defenders put an end to their life rather than surrender to the Roman legionaries. We can see the cisterns and the chambers of the hot baths, the store-rooms and food left in them, the arrow-heads and stone balls from the battering rams, the ramp by which the Romans climbed to storm the last defences, and finally, pottery sherds inscribed with the names of Zealot leaders which, without stretching conjecture too far, we may judge to be the lots cast for the survivor who should give the coup de grace.

The close connection between the Qumran sect and the Masada resisters was most manifest in the finding in the synagogue precinct of fragments of prayers and of Biblical books, and a copy of the Rules of the Order.

That confirms the statement of Josephus that Essene pietists were among the implacable leaders of the Resistance. For the time being digging has ceased at Masada. Professor Yadin is composing the comprehensive report of his work, and the mountain-top has been transformed to a national monument, accessible to all who are sound of body and limb, and no longer requiring a rock-climbing agility to climb to the summit.

Masada is a physical symbol of Israel's restoration as an independent nation, and of the continuity of its history from the Roman wars to the War of Independence, 1948. Qumran may achieve an equal fame if, from its buried literature and its monastic cells, the challenging parallel of a Teacher of Righteousness, and the faith in the Messiah who will usher in the Kingdom of God on earth, is brought into perspective with the Christian story. Certainly a significant addition has been made to our knowledge and understanding the Jewish political, social and religious movements in the most decisive period of antiquity. By an irony of Nature and an act of Providence the extraordinary atmosphere of the lifeless Dead Sea region and its caves has preserved a living message for 2,000 years, and has rendered to the Jewish and Arab peoples of Israel and Jordan undreamt of records of their past history.

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GHOST CITY

by T. J. Brady

IT was a reference to it by Ethel Mannin in a travel book which brought Fatehpur Sikri back into my mind. During her stay in India, she had missed seeing this deserted city, and had regretted ever since her failure to do so. I was more fortunate.

Fatehpur Sikri probably suffers, to some extent, from its proximity to Agra and the Taj Mahal. The Taj is such a theatrically unforgettable monument that it overshadows the quiet charm of Fatehpur Sikri. Akbar, the great Moghul Emperor, built the city in 1569 and within 50 years it was abandoned. What was once a bustling city is now a silent one, situated in a pleasant rural setting. It is probably the absence of a completely satisfying explanation for its abandonment which is so intriguing, and provides additional interest for a visit.

The round trip from Delhi to the Taj Mahal and Fatehpur Sikri is about 300 miles. The effort was well repaid by the enchanting beauty of the landscape en route in the hazy light of morning. Misty sunshine shed a beauty on the passing villages which would dissolve in the harsher and more clinical light of the risen sun. Smoke curled upwards from the crowded hovels as morning meals were prepared and here and there along the roadside some villagers were seen to be busy at their ritual morning ablutions.

Fatehpur Sikri became visible on the skyline after a few hours driving. It stands on a rocky eminence, forming a rectangle about two miles long and a mile wide. The main cluster of royal palaces occupies a central position on a level part of the ridge; at a lower level were once numerous lesser buildings, and the people's dwellings, but these have disappeared. The buildings which do remain are in an excellent state of preservation.

Before Fatehpur Sikri was founded the Moghul capital was Agra. There is an interesting story about Akbar's decision to establish a new capital. The Emperor was at the time without an heir, his male children having died at birth or in infancy. In the hope of having a son he sought the blessing of a holy man, Shaikh Salim Chishti. The Emperor was soon blessed with an heir, Jahangir, who later succeeded him, and in gratitude, Akbar decided to move his capital to the site where the holy man lived. A handsome mausoleum in the Great Mosque at Fatehpur Sikri marks the tomb of this Muslim Saint, which is still tended by his descendants. To this day it is a popular place of pilgrimage for childless women.

Contemporary evidence is available of the glory that was Fatehpur Sikri. Some English merchants visited the city during the reign of Elizabeth I. One of them stayed behind to work for the Great Moghul Emperor.

and was provided, while so employed, with "a house, five slaves, a horse and every day 6/- in money". Another returned to England after many wanderings, and furnished an account of contemporary India. He described Fatehpur Sikri as a very great city, much greater than London, and very populous. All the way between Fatehpur Sikri and Agra — a distance of over 20 miles — was a market of victuals and other things and as many people as in a town market.

It is far from being a continuous market to-day, and there is no sign of "the gilded carriages covered with silk and fine cloth" which we are told traversed it in bygone days. Villages are scattered along the route with an occasional weaver of ropes and straw mats squatting by the roadside.

On entering the deserted city, the magnificence of Moghul architecture is apparent on all sides. As the visitor wanders around the great red courtyards and the similar-hued buildings it becomes easy to accept that Fatehpur Sikri was at one time no mean city. The overall silence is broken only by the occasional parties of tourists, and workmen who hammer assiduously at some piece of stone as part of the restoration or reconstruction work always in progress. The vastness of the courtyards and of the royal palaces is enhanced by the absence of crowds. It is as if everybody had disappeared indoors for a siesta leaving only a few stragglers in the streets. But in Fatehpur Sikri the siesta has never ended.

The vigour and beauty of the derelict buildings show clearly that the greatest artists in India must have been employed by Akbar. One is struck by the size of the Hall of Public Audience (Diwan-i-Am) which measures over 350 feet in length. In the centre of an open courtyard is the Hall of Judgment where justice was dispensed by the Emperor to his assembled subjects. Akbar we are told, attracted musicians, artists, and philosophers to his court and often guided theological discussions in this great hall. At a time when Europe was locked in religious struggles, he preached toleration between Hindu and Muslim and sought to establish a nation in which both would live in harmony.

In various ways the Emperor gave expression to his philosophy of toleration. He had non-Muslim wives, and it was because of his Rajput wives and some of his court theologians and advisers that the Emperor adopted many traditional practices of his Hindu subjects. He believed for example in astrology and it was the duty of his Hindu astrologer to cast a daily horoscope for the Imperial ventures. The astrologer also advised daily on the colour scheme of the Emperor's robes and the jewellery to be worn. We are told that the favourite colours were yellow, purple and violet.

In parts of the new city both Hindu and Muslim architecture and decor were used in combination. In the Panch Mahal, stands a Buddhist type building, consisting of five storeys, with columns at each level; some of these columns are in the Hindu style and others clearly Moghul in character. In

Jodh Bai's palace (she was the wife of Jahangir, son of Akbar) there is a mixture of architectural styles. Some balconies, and archways reflect the Hindu style and the domed turrets are of Moghul origin. In another building one can see the remains of both Moghul and Hindu paintings.

Days could be spent exploring the various buildings, the Hall of Private Audience (Diwan-i-Khas), Jodh Bai's Palace, the Panch Mahal, Birbal's House, the Turkish Sultana's House and Maryam's House and others. How some of them were used is a lost secret. Fragmentary pieces of information are available here and there which if they do not clear up the mystery provide at least a spur to the imagination. One building is, for instance, called Ankh Michauli which means blind man's buff. The reason for the name is not clear, but one explanation is that Akbar amused himself here playing hide and seek with the beauties of his harem. He also played chess on a grand scale. To the west of the Hall of Public Audience is a large courtyard (Pach Chishti), laid out in squares, where he is supposed to have played chess with slave girls as chessmen.

On leaving Fatehpur Sikri, the visitor comes upon a tiny village which houses a little community of guides and workmen, all that is left of the teeming thousands of the past. Here 20th century squalor replaces the architectural splendours of the 16th century.

My reflections on this sad contrast were raucously interrupted by some shouts as I descended the steps of Akbar's wonderful monumental Gate of Victory—"the noblest portal in India". Our guide explained by pointing to some youths perched on a high rock nearby, who wanted some rupees to dive into the pool below. I looked up at the dizzy height—well over a hundred feet—whence the shouts came and then glanced below at the tiny rock-surrounded pool. The slightest miscalculation by a diver and he would be dashed to pieces on these rocks. I was shocked at the terrible risks being taken for just a few rupees. These were quickly promised and given—but to prevent rather than to encourage a diving display.

It is difficult to find any really convincing explanation for the decline and depopulation of Fatehpur Sikri. When it was built originally the city was bordered on one side by a large artificial lake designed to provide a water supply. One explanation points to a failure of the water source and drying up of the lake. This occurred soon after the completion of the city and brought an end to Akbar's dream capital. In the days of the Moghuls, building activity was one of the easiest methods of reducing unemployment and the city was in the nature of a welfare project which provided work for the needy. Caprice or unemployment scheme? It is doubtful whether we shall ever know the complete story.

A recent book on India suggested that the Emperor tip-toed out of the city so that the Muslim Saint could sleep undisturbed in the Great Mosque. Today at Fatehpur Sikri there is certainly little to disturb his slumber.

CENTENARY REPRINT

THE HELLENIC FACTOR IN THE EASTERN PROBLEM.

Part II

by William Ewart Gladstone

THE uneasiness of Greece in its provisional condition, under Capodistrias as the President of a republican Government, was extreme; and diplomacy still did it a service, greater than perhaps it knew, in offering, or promoting the offer of, its crown Prince Leopold* of Saxe Coburg, first among the statesman-kings of his day, or perhaps his century. He accepted the Hellenic throne; but the intrigues of Capodistrias, in representing difficulties, and also in creating them, appear to have so far darkened the prospect as to have brought about his resignation. With that resignation passed away the hope of a brilliant infancy for Greece. The small number of princes, disposable for such a purpose as filling the Hellenic throne, was probably further reduced by the jealousies of reigning families and their States; and though the average capacity of the members of royal houses may be considerably above that of the community at large, but a very small part, out of a very small total, can be expected to rise to the standard of faculty and character required in order to meet the arduous calls of the situation. King Otho was neither a depraved nor a neglectful sovereign. But he had no conception of free government; the stage on which he had to act admitted only of its exhibition in Lilliputian proportions: there were no indigenous statesmen suited to supply his deficiencies. Strangers were brought in for ministers; the spirit of faction, and, worst of all, of foreign faction, prevailed at the centre; absolutism was the medicine applied to the infirmities of the country; weakness and disorder were the result. And when a Constitution was established in 1843, it was alike premature and defective, both in itself, and in that it had to be worked by a sovereign incapable of comprehending it. In 1862 the patience of the people was finally exhausted, and King Otho disappeared. Perhaps it is only as from that year, that free Greece ought to be considered as put upon its trial. And even when the stage was thus cleared, and a sovereign of promise was at length secured for the country, it was the promise of boyhood only, and more years had to pass before the young King George attained the years of action.

This outline, so general and so slight, would require, of course, correction as well as development if made applicable to details. But some review of the past is necessary, in order to secure a fair chance of judging rightly of the present. And here we encounter a school of thought, whose maxim it is that the emancipation of Greece has resulted in a total failure. Let me now first show that competent judges have not thought so, and afterwards ask, whether this sentence of sweeping condemnation is warranted by the facts.

* Finlay, ii. 224.

The Seven Islands, which bore the name of the Septinsular Republic, are scattered along the coast from Epirus to the extreme south of the Morea. They are independent in thought and feeling of one another, and in the partition of the offices of government, under the British Protection, a keen rivalry prevails. No one probably will be found to hold, that that chapter of our history is worthy of its general strain. Sometimes, when we preached constitutional doctrine to Continental sovereigns, the case of the Ionian Islands was cast in our teeth. It was at one time my duty to study carefully the history of the connection, and I must say that, though the general intentions of the Protecting Power were good, the reproach was in various respects well deserved; even down to a period, when King Tom and his system had been apparently repudiated. To share a common subordination is not a principle of common life. The islands had no other principle, except one, that of their Hellenic nationality. And this, which was a reality and an honour, some Englishmen were led absurdly to deny, because the Italian language was in use among the ruling class, with a very limited infusion, if any, of Italian blood. Why did we not, on the establishment of a free Greece, seize the opportunity of putting an end to a relation manifestly provisional, and relieving them and ourselves from a position false from the root upwards, by allowing them to take their natural place as part of the newly constituted State?

The question appears a reasonable one; yet we have no reason to suppose that even Mr. Canning contemplated such a measure. It is probable, that he found himself bound hand and foot by a military tradition, supposed to draw its origin from the great Napoleon. If Napoleon did indeed teach, as is said, the great military value of Corfu, it would be interesting to observe at what period of his career he promulgated the doctrine. Was it after, or was it before, six or eight thousand of his veteran troops under Berthier were neutralised, for all the years from the French conquest to his abdication, by a couple (I believe) of small British vessels? Even in the times of sailing ships, and of an artillery which has since been not so much improved as transformed, and with reference also to the monopolising schemes of an aggressive power, it may be asked, what element of strength did Corfu secure for a possessor who had not the command of the sea? and what real addition did it make to the military resources of one who had it? Of the military burden, for a country like this, of maintaining garrisons of six or eight thousand men, whether in Corfu or in the islands collectively, it is needless that I should speak.

No man was more keenly sensitive than Lord Palmerston on subjects connected with military power, or more alive to the defective state and qualified progress of free Greece. Yet, in 1862, when first the prospect of free government in an effective form was opened for that country, he with

* These troops returned to France in 1814; and I found it currently stated in the islands, though I have never been able to ascertain the facts, that they were among the very first to join his standard on the arduous occasion of his return from Elba.

Lord Russell proposed, and his Cabinet promptly agreed, to make arrangements for the surrender of the Protectorate, and the incorporation of the Seven Islands with the continental State. This was a practical witness to the judgment passed by that Cabinet, and especially of Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell, on the hopefulness of the future for Greece. Had they not had confidence in her prospects, they could not have deemed it wise and right to promote the transfer of the Ionian population from British protection to the rule of the Young King.

But this was not all. It is within my knowledge that they were most desirous, even at that late period, to retrieve the error committed at the inception of the Hellenic State by the deplorable restriction of its territory. In no spirit of unfriendliness to the Porte, they wished for the assignment of Thessaly and Epiros to Greece, subject to the conditions of sovereignty and tribute. Our own surrender of the Protectorate gave us, in a measure, occasion to consider what arrangements might be most conducive to the general tranquility of the East. Happy would it have been for all concerned if these opinions could have taken practical effect. But even with Governments the most advanced in civilisation, the standard of wisdom as to territorial questions is not uniformly high. As gold for individuals, so land has for State, a meretricious fascination.

Nothing could at that time have been gained by a public discussion of the subject. Indeed, it would have been ungenerous to Turkey, then, as was still hoped, seriously engaged in giving effect to the reforms she had so solemnly promised in 1856, to disturb the slumbering Eastern Question by mooted a plan of which a refusal, if made known, would have placed her in an invidious position. The position is now wholly different. She has herself trodden under foot those promises, bought from her with such an effusion of Western blood and treasure. She has completely liberated for free discussion both friends and foes, and also such as, disclaiming either enmity or admiration, believe that her best chance of continuing to hold a position in Europe depends upon the speedy adoption of large and liberal arrangements for the virtual self-management of internal affairs in some or all of her European provinces. But I deem it also important to redeem, during the lifetime of his fellow-labourer, Earl Russell, the memory of Lord Palmerston from the wrong done it by those, who believe or argue that, if now alive, he would have been found to plead the obligation of maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman Power as paramount to the duty of granting to her afflicted subjects simple, broad, and effective guarantees for their personal and civil liberties.

Mr. Finlay, publishing in 1861 the History of the Greek Revolution, has complained that the progress of the country in industry and population had not then answered to the expectations formed of it. But he has nowhere uttered a word to imply that its emancipation was other than a great good conferred upon the Hellenic race, as well as a gain for Europe by the extinction of a flaming element of discord. I have adverted at various points to the faults, in Greece and out of it, which have restricted, but not destroyed, the fruits of the Canning policy. Yet let us not conceal from

ourselves, that real and most important progress has, after all, been achieved.

At the time of the Revolution, not only did the whole dominant class, or rather the collected fragments of a dominant class, present, as their leading features, weakness, selfishness, and venality, but the people was partially barbarized, both by servitude, and by the professions of the pirate and clopht; so that the war which they waged was terribly defaced by acts of cruelty. But the revolutions which they made, and justly made, in 1843 and in 1862, did them honour by their freedom from the taint of blood. Greece, internally considered, is now an element, not of disturbance, but of stability, in the Levant. As the country does not molest Europe, so the people, always sound at heart, do not molest the Government; but obey the laws, which, indeed, are borne better, perhaps, than they deserve. The evil of transitory ministries and shifting majorities is but a secondary symptom; and has often found its parallel in our own substantially well-governed, and always orderly, Australian colonies. Brigandage has, indeed, been greatly favoured both by the nature of the country, and by the strong countenance it received from traditions anterior to the Revolution, when it wore the guise of patriotism. But it had long since become occasional and limited, at the time when England was shocked and harrowed by a deplorable but single outrage, of a kind from which Italy has been but lately purged, and Sicily, we must fear, is not yet purged altogether. The venality, unblushing and almost universal among public men at Constantinople, hides its head in Athens, much as it did in England under Sir Robert Walpole. Recently detected in the gross transactions between certain ministers and certain bishops, it was brought to trial, and severely punished by the regular unbiassed action of the Courts. In this small and almost municipal State, the independence of the Judiciary appears to be placed beyond question; of itself an inestimable advantage. The higher Clergy live in harmony with the State, the lower with the people; and the correspondence of our Foreign Office would show instances of their liberal feeling, such as are likely to exercise a beneficial influence upon Eastern Christendom at large. Their union with the people at large makes them an important element of strength to the social fabric. It was indeed an union cemented by suffering. On Easter Day, in April, 1821, the Patriarch Gregorios* was arrested in his robes, after divine service, and hanged at the gate of his own palace in Constantinople. After three days he was cut down, and his body delivered to a rabble of low Jews, who dragged it through the streets, and threw it into the sea. Gordon enumerates about twenty Bishops, who were massacred or executed by the Turks in the early stages of the Revolution.† As for the priests, they suffered everywhere, and first of all.‡

The statistical record, moreover, of the progress of Greece, drawn from

* Gordon, i. 187. Finlay, i. 230.

† Gordon, i. 187, 188, 190, 194, 306.

‡ Ibid. i. 192.

public sources, is far from being wholly unsatisfactory.

The population, which stood in 1834 at 650,000, had risen in 1870 to 1,238,000; that is to say, it had nearly doubled in thirty-six years; a more rapid rate of increase than that of Great Britain, and far beyond the ordinary European rate. With the Ionian Islands, Greece must now contain a number of souls considerably beyond a million and a half.

In 1830, Greece had 110 schools, with 9,249 scholars. In 1860 it had 752 schools, with 52,860 scholars. The University of Athens, which in 1837 had 52 students, in 1866 could show 1,182.

The revenue, which was £275,000 in 1833, was £518,000 in 1845, and £1,283,000 in 1873; or probably about a million, after allowing for the Ionian Islands.

For the shipping and trade of Greece, the figures, though imperfect, are not unsatisfactory. The number of Greek seamen, augmented by the addition of the Ionian Islands, was in 1871 no less than 35,000. But before that annexation they were 24,000: or almost three times as many, in proportion to population, as those of the United Kingdom. The tonnage is over 400,000 for 1871. Before the union with the Ionian Islands, the imports and exports averaged for 1853-7, £1,546,000; but for 1858-62, £2,885,000. For 1867-71 they had risen to £4,662,000. That portion of Greek trade which is carried on with the United Kingdom, and which was in 1861 £923,000, had risen in 1871 to £2,332,000.

Neither, then, in a material, nor in a political and social view, is there any ground to regret the intervention of the Powers on behalf of Greece.

I will now resume the argument on the future of the Hellenic subjects of the Porte.

The title of the Armenians, and of the Hellenic provinces of the Ottoman Empire, to have their case considered at the approaching Conference, is not, as I have already stated, analogous to that of the Slavonic countries. For these have exhibited their claim in the most effective form, by rising against the Sultan, and by defeating, in two of them at least, his efforts to pacify them through desolation. Perhaps, in reason, the identity of grievance might be taken for granted; but the Hellenes may justly be put to the proof. Will their *locus standi* so far be admitted at the Conference, as to allow them the opportunity of making good their case? Without prejudice to the general merits, it is plain that this admission cannot be withheld, if they are able to sustain, by adequate proof, the statements which were boldly asserted at the meeting in the Pnyx, but for which the evidence has not been disclosed to the world. Let us suppose, now, the question to stand for decision, at a meeting of the Conference, whether its care is to extend to any other than the Slavonic provinces. I will proceed to state some reasons, which might well give bias to an Englishman in favour of the affirmative; and especially to an Englishman slightly tinctured with Russophobia, or the kindred, but more advanced, disease of Turcomania.

In the first place, it is the judgment of the Ottoman Government that the changes it may be required to make shall extend to all the provinces

of the empire. It will not be easy for that Government to claim that, when the immediate and primary case of the Slavs has been disposed of, the door shall be closed against others, whose equality of title she has herself asserted. Next as to Russia. It may be doubted whether her interests will render her anxious to widen the field of interposition. What generosity may prompt her to attempt, I dare not at present conjecture; but, as I believe she cannot always be exempt from the selfishness of which we ought sometimes to be very conscious in ourselves, so it has been well proved that the Emperor and his people are open, certainly not less than we are, to the generous emotion which has recently, and I believe effectively, thrilled through this island.

With some very limited exceptions on the Austrian frontier, I apprehend it to be beyond doubt, that the hopes of the Christians in European Turkey have been directed either to this country or to Russia. As between the two, there are a variety of circumstances which might conceivably direct their hopes either to the one or to the other. It is too often and too hastily assumed, that they all work in the same line, the line leading towards Russia. My own belief is that these populations would all prefer aid from England, if it were to be had: all, even including Slavs and Wallachs. It is true that they both are united to Russia by a double tie; the Slavs by those of religion and of race, the Wallachs by the tie of religion and perhaps of recollection; for, though Russia may have used them in her own interest as tools against the Porte, it was to her power that they owed those local immunities, which put them in a condition to become, after the Treaty of Paris, a free State. But both even of these races have other ties with England: first, in the possession or desire of popular institutions; secondly, in that they have not to fear from her, even as possible, either absorption or aggression. But the Wallachs are happily out of the question; and as to the Slavs, I feel that it is vain to pursue the discussion with special reference to England, after the course which affairs have taken in 1875 and 1876.

The present inquiry is as to the Hellenic races; and here the matter stands very differently. Only in a single point have they sympathies which would lead them by preference towards Russia: it is the point of religion. Were these countries within the Latin Church, community of religion might greatly weigh, for it would imply some antagonism to all other forms of Christianity. Within the Greek Church this is not so, because it is constituted on the original principle of local distribution, rejects the doctrine and practice of supremacy, and claims no jurisdiction beyond its own borders. Mr. Finlay speaks of the strong leaning of the Iolan population to Russia. This may have been true, and with very good reason for it, in the time of Sir Thomas Maitland; or in the Island which, according to Gordon, "groaned for years under the iron rod of a wretch, whose odious tyranny would have disgraced a Turkish Pacha." But, by degrees, the treatment of the islanders by the English was greatly altered for the better. Eighteen years ago, I was engaged in a mission to the Islands, and became convinced that the notion of the prevalence of Russian leanings

there was altogether visionary; that the desire of the people was to be Greeks in polity, as they were Greeks in blood and feeling, but that as long as they could not be politically Greeks they preferred an association with the British Crown to any other association whatsoever.

Since that time events most important in their bearing on the present inquiry have occurred in the department of ecclesiastical affairs. If, on the score of religion, there was then a qualified affinity with Russia, there is now a positive antagonism. The four or five millions of Bulgarians, who were then in their traditional intercommunion with the patriarchal see of Constantinople, are now severed from it by an ecclesiastical schism; and of that schism Russia is believed by the Hellenic race to have been, through its Ambassador, General Ignatieff, the most active and powerful fomentor. And this although it has been alleged that, a master of the *finesse* of diplomacy, and knowing the blind hostility of Ali Pacha to everything proposed or supported by Russia, he put the Porte on the side of the Bulgarians by advisedly taking himself the side of the Patriarch.

It is remarkable that so little has been said or heard on this important subject in the West. The reason is that its direct consequences have been purely negative. The hundred eyes and hundred hands of the Curia were directed from Rome to the Balkan Peninsula, in the hope of profiting by the quarrel; but in vain. It is hardly asserted that M. Bourée, the French Ambassador, supported with all the influence, if not with the wealth, of his country, the Papal operations; but in vain. The eighty or ninety millions of the Oriental Communions, though partially severed in communion, and even to a very small extent in doctrine, among themselves, form an united and impregnable phalanx as against the claims of the Papacy.

In the original outbreak of the Bulgarian quarrel, we may recognize on the part of that people a genuine aspiration of nationality. Under colour of obtaining more learned and competent men than could be found among an uneducated population, a practice had grown up, dating from about a century and a half ago, of appointing Greek Fanariote bishops to Bulgarian sees. The demand of Bulgaria was, to take into its own hands the appointment of its Bishops, and of a chief Prelate with the title of Exarch. If I am correctly informed, it happened in the course of this controversy, as of many others, that right changed sides as it went on. The Patriarch offered that the Church of Bulgaria, like that of Russia and of Greece, should become an independent national Church; but stipulated that, like them, it should be limited within local boundaries. On the Bulgarian side it was contended that wherever there were Bulgarians, constituting a local majority the jurisdiction of the national Church should extend. This claim directly traverses the principle of local distribution, on which the Oriental Church claims, in conformity with the Ante-Nicene Church, to be founded. The claim was refused. Excommunication followed. The Russian Church declined to support the sentence of the See of Constantinople. Another of the Patriarchs took the same view, and was deposed. Russia, having the means in her power, took an active part

against the successor who was appointed. In a word, although the religion of the Bulgarians remains in doctrine and rites precisely what it was before, the tranquil East has been thrown into the abyss of ecclesiastical disturbance; and with a chief share in producing such a state of things the Russian influence is, whether justly or unjustly, credited. It is even stated that by confiscating the proceeds of estates in Bessarabia, Russia has deprived the Patriarch, and the Greek establishments in Roumenia, of a large part of their means of subsistence; not to mention the crowning allegation of this fierce Hellenizing adversary, which is that she desires to define an ecclesiastical Bulgaria reaching beyond the Balkans, in order that she may thus herself eventually control the mountain passes.

Now it is with Constantinople that the whole Hellenic race feels itself in matters of religion to be inseparably associated; it is in the strictest sense, notwithstanding the undue subserviency to the overweening pressure of the Porte which has at times and in certain respects lowered the dignity of that great See, an ecclesiastical centre to the Hellenic race, which resents every disparagement inflicted on it. So far therefore as religion is concerned, it is at this moment a ground of real and strong revulsion from Russia, not of attraction to it.

No full and accurate view of the questions connected with the Christian subjects of Turkey can be obtained without taking into count the dualism that subsists among them, as between Hellene and Slav. They are sharers in a common religion, and this bond of sympathy is primary. They are also sharers in their sufferings; but they are to some extent rivals in their dreams. Between them, they conceive themselves to have the heirship of Eastern Europe, and have some tendency to clash about the inheritance before the day of possession has arrived. The Slav is stronger in numbers: the Hellene feels that, during the long and rough night of the great calamity, the remaining genius of his race supplied the only lamps of light which flickered in the storm and in the gloom. As between Hellene and Turk, the Czar has borne the aspect of a champion: as between Hellene and Slav, he has rather the position of a possible adversary; and all the circumstances of the present moment accentuate and sharpen the outlines of that position. Only when the place of advocate has been altogether vacant, has the Hellenic race been disposed to give to Russia that position. The prospect of Russian predominance in the Levant is just as oppressive to their rising hopes, as that of a Greek Empire at Constantinople is distasteful even to the mighty and wide-ruling Emperor of all the Russias.†

I am arguing for others, rather than myself. I find abundant reasons, altogether apart from those which I have last advanced, for desiring that the opportunity of the present crisis should be used, after meeting its primary necessities, to act more broadly on ideas such as were unquestionably and strongly held by Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell in 1862, and

† The Greek conception of Russian policy is pointedly expressed by Tricoupi, in reference to the project of 1823. *Hellenikè Epanastasis*, iii. 189, chap. xii. Also iii. 263.

to arrange with the Porte for the concession to the Hellenic Provinces of all that may be found reasonable. I am firmly convinced that the antagonism of interests between them and the ruling Power, which many assert and assume, does not in truth exist. The condition of Turkey is bad as matters now are: what would it have been if the festering sore of the Greek Revolution had been permitted to pass, by neglect, into a gangrene? I believe that Suzerainty over a large range of country would then have been better for both parties, than independence in a very small one: but that either the one or the other was better than the doctrine that we have no more to do with a quarrel between the Sultan and his subjects than with any other similar quarrel, and than a practice in accordance with that doctrine. Why should we be alarmed at the sound of Suzerainty? It is a phrase of infinite elasticity. Even in the present Turkish Empire, Suzerainty exists in half-a-dozen different forms, as over Tunis, Egypt, Samos, Roumania, and Servia. What it implies is a practical self-management of all those internal affairs on which the condition of daily life depends, such as police and judiciary, with fixed terms of taxation, especially of direct and internal taxation, and with command over the levy of it. Where these points are agreed on, there is little left to quarrel about.

There is, therefore, for any who think in this way, ample ground for belief and action without reference to the position of this or that European power. But, in the minds of many, the actors have, as to the Eastern Question, a larger place than the acts. To them I desire to point out that, if they think it urgently required for England, in the face of Russia, to establish an independent position and influence in the Levant, by some more enduring means than vaunting menace or mere parade, or proclaiming schemes of the most unmitigated selfishness, they have now such an opportunity as never before was offered. Of that people who still fondle in their memories the names of Canning and of Byron, there are in the Levant we may safely say four millions, on whose affections we may take a standing hold, by giving a little friendly care at this juncture to the case of the Hellenic provinces. They want, not Russian institutions, but such a freedom as we enjoy. They want for their cause an advocate who is not likely to turn into an adversary; one whose temptations lie in other quarters; who cannot (as they fondly trust) ask anything from them, or in any possible contingency, through durable opposition of sympathies or interests, inflict anything upon them.*

The recollections of Lord Byron have been recently revived in England by a well-meant effort. Among them there is one peculiarly noble. It is that of his chivalrous devotion to the Greek cause; a devotion, of which

*In the *Times* of November 18, will be found a report, copied from the *Kölnische Zeitung*, of a conversation, held by the reporter, with General Ignatiell. The degree of reliance due to it may be a question. But the sentiments towards the Greek provinces ascribed to that diplomatist were of the cold and discouraging character, which I should have anticipated.

his unsparing munificence was far from being the most conspicuous feature. In the days which preceded the revolutionary war, when Greece lay cold and stark in her tomb, her history and her fate drew forth from him some precious utterances of immortal song:—

"They fell devoted, but undying:
The very gale their names seemed sighing:
The waters murmured of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and grey,
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay:
Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain;
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain:
The meanest rill, the mightiest river
Rolled mingling with their fame for ever:
Despite of every yoke she bears,
That land is glory's still and theirs."

These lines are from "The Siege of Corinth," published in 1816. More beautiful still, if more beautiful be possible, were the lines of 1813 in "The Giaour" from the image of a dead body, which began:—

"So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed."

And his ever-wakeful Muse stood ready to greet the first effort of resuscitation. In "The Age of Bronze," written in 1823, he hailed the revival thus:—

"'Tis the old aspiration breathed afresh
To kindle souls within degraded flesh,
Such, as repulsed the Persian from the shore
When Greece war—no! she still is Greece once more."

But Lord Byron brought to this great cause, the dawn of emancipation, for the East then all in grave-clothes, not only the enthusiasm of a poet, or the reckless daring of a rover. He treated the subject, which both shaped and absorbed the closing period of his life, with the strangest practical good sense, and with a profound insight, which has not been shamed by the results. It is not unnatural to suppose, that the knowledge of the lofty part he played may have been among the encouragements which brought into action the bold policy of Canning; nor to hope, that the contemplation of it may yet supply a guiding light to some British statesman called to open its capabilities, as well as to encounter its embarrassments,

"in una selva oscura
Che la diritta via era smarrita." ‡

‡ Dante Inf. i. 2.

THE ARTS

THE ARTIST ABROAD — DUSSELDORF

by Sheldon Williams

WOOLWORTH on the Kö is like a fabulous boutique, blown up to ten times the acceptable size. C & A, not far away, looks more like the White House in Bond Street than its more famous relative at Marble Arch. This is the spirit of Düsseldorf where everything—short of scheduled monuments—is new, new, new. Cars and women glitter. Food stands rigid in flavoured sour-cream sauces. More than two dozen local breweries help to keep the beer down to water prices. Düsseldorf with its city fly-overs, its skyscrapers, the glass pedestrian bridge spanning Heinrich-Heine-Allee is the most opulent example of German success. Landmarks remain. The Kö itself—appallingly one-way so that it becomes necessary to take the long route down the Oststrasse to get in at the wrong end—peacefully divides down the centre like it always did. The Hofgarten is undisturbed, in spite of underpasses to make it more accessible for those on foot. The black swans and the red squirrels couldn't care less. The Schloss Jägerhof's famous Klee Collection seems to have leapfrogged neatly the Nazi Era, as if Hitler's exhibition of depraved art had never taken place. Klee is respectable now—worldwide.

The Malkasten, an artist's co-operative, for all its 100 years of tradition, has been completely rebuilt—very chic in a modern unidentifiable way, but still set in its own corner of the Hofgarten, separated from the main park by Jacobistrasse.

Modern sculptors have their chance in Düsseldorf. Every square or corner boasts its bronze or carved stone. The effect is of being constantly at the centre of an international exhibition.

This very-up-to-the-minute city on the Rhine is supremely conscious of itself as a shopwindow of German recovery. Düsseldorfers really dress the part. Perhaps behind the sweep of their contemporary façade standards are not so high as outward appearances lead one to believe. Eat well in restaurants, and how are your friends from overseas to judge what the diet is like at home? One should not carp. It is a magnificent front.

Part of the magnificence is cultural. Concerts, as one might expect, abound. There is also a healthy theatre, playing to "Aunt Edna" and all audience strata. Düsseldorf is the home of the *KomMödchen*, sharpest of German political satire reviews. Then there are the galleries . . . Düsseldorf is well-supplied.

Quite apart from numerous picture shops with their supplies of quasi-old-masters—Kunst-Passage, Volmer, and the rest—there is a large number of art galleries in the London-Paris-Milan sense. The biggest is the Kunsthalle, a rambling old building in which the officers of (yet another)

Künstlerverein were camping out, prior to their move across the Heinrich-Heine-Allee where a massive pile has been raised for the new gallery.

The Kunsthalle has a go-ahead liberal policy. Modern art exhibitions range from a big show of André Verlon to more recent choices of artists like the metal sculptors Robert Müller and Tom Doyle. Müller is Swiss; his work was seen in the 1959 Documenta and at the 1960 Venice Biennale. He began as a pupil of Germaine Richier and was encouraged by her husband to make his initial studies in stone (an early example, "Head of a Man" 1946 [now in the collection of the Zürich Kunsthhaus] was included in the Düsseldorf Kunsthalle exhibition), but he formed an early preference for metal as his medium. Most of the works in the Kunsthalle retrospective were made in iron. From his first figurative sculptures, the artist moved rapidly out of a kind of evocation of the world of the Minnesänger, through a phase recalling archaic Greece, to spikey welded objects whose projecting sharp teeth seem to blend early Giacometti with a vision of Max Ernst working in a forge. This period was a prelude to his penultimate style, curved metal forms that give a paradoxically vegetal appearance to the iron. Recently (1963), he has become more complex. The nail-like teeth have become "coiled" to convey an element of machinery. "The Prow" and "Archangel" both have an avenging aspect—the former like a pistol, the latter a piston. Tom Doyle is from Jerry City, Ohio. His Irish ancestors were early settlers of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, which is one way of ensuring your name for posterity. Previously, his interest has been focussed upon America's past—especially the Civil War—but the works at the Kunsthalle are all the result of his recent stay in Kettwig-am-Ruhr where he has been able to pick up his career, freed (through the generosity of his patron Herr F. A. Scheidt) from the onus of teaching or taking some other job to supplement his earnings as a sculptor. It cannot, of course, be emphasised too strongly, how valuable in the worldly sense such patronage can be for a young artist who thus almost at the outset of his career finds himself free to work out his real destiny unencumbered. Doyle favours mixed media. Many of his pieces at the Kunsthalle were in combined iron and painted wood. His titles have a "pop" character—"Chet's Shop", "B.C. before 3 C", "Alley Oop". The work is quite different. These three examples have the same kind of hard-edge finish one expects in the painting of American stain artists frequently on view at the Kasmin Gallery, London. The Hamburg-born artist Eva Hesse, who now lives and works in New York, occupied the third gallery in the Kunsthalle. Her pictures ("Materialbilder") are built up with recognisable symbolism. Knitting needle penetrates wool on table. A clockface gets a large superimposed blind eye. Such artists are typical of the Kunsthalle's management, the Künstlerverein of Rhineland and Westphalia.

Vömel Gallery's policy tends in much the same direction—a series of exhibitions covering artists like Will Brüll (the sculptor), Georg Kolbe (sculptor's drawings and watercolours), Rudolf Belling (the famous expressionist sculptor), the Düsseldorf-born painter Hans Tisdall who lives in

London, and regular shows of important collections of Negro and Polynesian sculpture. Vömel concentrates on sculpture. In summer 1964 the gallery mounted a full-scale review of German sculpture between 1918-1939—wonderful works by Käthe Kollwitz, Lehmbruck, Barlach, Kolbe, Gerhard Marcks and Renée Sintenis—the great names of an art epoch little known in Britain. Belling's contribution to this assembly was an abstracted portrait of the pioneer modern art dealer Alfred Flechtheim, itself a piece of history as well as a strikingly inventive likeness. This bronze falls into three main areas—the sloping eyes beneath a saddle-brow, to which is connected the long aquiline nose which overlaps the flat U of the mouth. Except for the base, that is all. Vömel does not deal exclusively with German artists. A recent drawings exhibition listed—among the home producers—Alexander Calder (the American inventor of the mobile), France's André Beaudin, Giacometti, de Kermadec, the Catalan Manolo, Modigliani and Moholy-Nagy. It is exhibitions like these which are a source of fascination to visitors used, as they are, to a round of familiar local names, accepted masters, or each year's crop of "new" artists. Apart from the Germans, just to see Moholy-Nagy again is to experience a sharp twinge of nostalgia for those pre-war days when he was the acknowledged innovator amongst constructivists. Vömel himself is a stalwart amongst modern art dealers—a man in the same class as Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler. He understands the international art market, not just one tiny corner of it. Way out in Schützenstrasse, tucked behind a block of tenements in the Kölner Strasse, lay the Galerie Gunar*. Small and in careful modern taste, it could easily be in Paris, perhaps London or New York. It bears the unmistakable stamp of the international culture-front. Gunar, a young man, shows work by young painters. He inclines strongly towards the non-figurative. Bernd Voelke, who represented West Germany at the fourth Biennale for young artists in Paris, exhibits here. Voelke steers a mid-course between modern American stain painting and tachism. His colours are rich—plenty of contrast between sonorous dark tints and candy greens and reds—to match his near hard-edge manner. Concetto Pozzati comes nearer to the "pop" image, with graphically realist interpretations of fantastic muscles posed against striped awnings and repeat designs of bats or molars. Pozzati also uses the fashionable motif of appearing to blow up clippings of film frames so that his images follow each other up and down the canvas in stages of kinetic development. The Galerie Gunar regards itself as *avant garde*. Of all the galleries in Düsseldorf, it is the one with the least local flavour.

To reach the Galerie Hella Nebelung in parkland setting, take a stroll through Jan Wellem Platz into the Hofgarten, past the lake up to where the park ends at the Rätiger Tor. The gallery is actually in the Gatehouse. It has an unparalleled view across the water from which it is separated by a small sculpture garden. Frau Nebelung has turned what was earlier a

*1966 address: Düsseldorf, Mühlenstrasse 1.

private residence into a modern gallery. Sunswept rooms overlooking the lake sparkle and shimmer with "op" sculpture in shining perspex. This is a fine showplace for the luxuries of modern art—the mobiles, enamels, glass and mosaics which have now become the favourites of the *dernier cri*-ers. Nothing quite surpassed this setting of surprising elegance, but it is by no means the most important gallery in Düsseldorf.

Because of its reputation, its remarkable stock, and the quality of its director, that title should go to the Galerie Wilhelm Grosshennig (Heinrich-Heine-Allee). Grosshennig is a man of Fletchthelm's generation (he knew him well). Somehow, he managed to save from the Entartete Kunst era enough of the finest German expressionist art to make the foundations secure for a fascinating anthology. Those of us who have looked with ill-concealed impatience for the coming of Expressionism to Britain must rejoice that such artists are still treated in Germany, Austria and Switzerland with the respect they deserve.

The Leicester Galleries were regarded as bold in the Thirties(1) when they held an exhibition of Klee. It took the persuasion of Herbert Einstein and the enthusiasm of Lady Hulton to establish Klee in Britain. The Arts Council was regarded as out-of-step when it put on an exhibition of Christian Rohlf's at the turn of the Fifties. I suppose Marlborough still felt that they were taking a bit of a gamble with Nolde a year or so back, since when they have played safe with Schiele and Klimt. The first really big official exhibition of a single Expressionist was Beckmann at the Tate in 1965! Presumably, we shall have to wait through another decade or more to see retrospectives of Kirchner, Heckel, Hofer, Franz Marc, August Macke, Campendonck, Otto Dix, Schlemmer and Willi Baumeister. What strikes one immediately at the Galerie Grosshennig is that as soon as you enter the door, you may perhaps see a Beckmann ("Bar Creola") which is every bit as good as anything the Tate could produce during October/November 1965. Such a picture is fine enough to justify a whole exhibition, but in the case of Grosshennig's it is hung amongst its peers. The watercolour by Kirchner, "Fränzi und Marcella im Atelier", is one of the finest and most expensive from his hand. Kirchner is also represented by a suite of oil paintings. "Gerda mit Holzplastik" is a stunning example of 1911 showing a girl in a puce and green dress sitting near one of the artist's own sculptures. "Küstenlandschaft" combines the richest references to Gauguin's Tahitian landscapes with a touch of Kandinsky's earliest abstraction. As for the still life, "Entenstilleben", of 1912, is so fresh it could have been painted yesterday. The wild fowl are laid out almost vertically on a green tablecloth "below" a clutter of tea things.

A rare canvas from Oskar Schlemmer, the great Bauhaus theorist, points up the exquisite and definitive way in which the gallery has gone about making this exhibition totally representative. Schlemmer's profile-girls in "Begegnung im Raum" are seen in typical queue formation. The colours too are characteristic—predominant browns with the contrast provided by the steely blues of the girls' woollen jumpers. The parts of the room are

formally divided into regular rectangles. Heckel, hardly ever on view in London, glows like hot cinders in two canvasses, "Hängematte" (1909) and "Kinder" (1910). The happiness of the two girls and man on their hammocks is in sharp distinction from the sense of evil that invades the picture of the children. A naked blue girl lies on a vermillion sofa which she shares with a malevolent-looking boy, seated in his black suit. In the foreground an old man in a green-saucer hat gazes with round eyes out of the left-hand corner. Terrifying and very moving. The other Heckel, "Boot im Schlick", I thought was one of the few canvases below standard in such a galaxy. In any other show, it would be classed higher. Most of the German paintings belong to the first two decades of our century, but a late Feininger "Der Dürchstich" (1948), which must have been painted in America, demonstrates how well the best of these artists lasted. Without surrendering his own razor-sharp form of cubism, Feininger in his painting of the cutting shows a lone bird poised over the barren landscape, all carried out in palest serpentine and dark rust browns. There is a late "Gesteinshalde" of 1948 by Willi Baumeister which belongs to the artist's broken-colour and broken-image period.

Outside the local German contribution, the quality is just as overwhelming. Giacometti at the top of his form in a 1937 bust of Diego (the last cast out of six) and a bust of Yanaihara. The Picassos are devastating. Perhaps the best is an oil-and-pastel study of a Spanish Toreros in the Arena. This work of 1901 belongs to a rare group in which the young Picasso was still feeling his way through the influence he experienced from Nonell in Barcelona to his next point of departure under the dark star of Toulouse-Lautrec. Such Picassos appear very infrequently. This one is firmly authenticated. Not only is it signed "P. Ruiz-Picasso", there is also a note from Picasso himself on the back reading "This picture was painted by me, Picasso, Cannes 24.9.58".

Another "foreigner", Robert Delaunay—also something of a rarity—appears with one of his *simultaneiste* football series, "The Footballer", painted in Barcelona in 1917, full of "orphist" circles and broken rings in rich yellows, mauves and reds. This, a fairly large watercolour, 77 x 55½ cm., is a key-picture of Delaunay's career. The Henry Moore "Composition 1934", which always reminds of a chicken and an egg*, turns up here in bronze from an edition of nine casts. The smooth Archipenko figure is balanced by Laurens "Femme nue debout" in granite and also in terracotta. There are also two good works by Juan Gris. One could go on. The list of premier works from all parts is enormous. Such an exhibition—outside museums—would be hard to match anywhere in the world. Modern art has been made part of the modernity of Düsseldorf. Others towns and cities with the same pretensions could well follow this German provincial centre's example.

Food in Düsseldorf also tends to be rich, too rich for my palate, with

*Henry Moore immediately recognised this work from my description when I visited him in January 1966.

SCIENCE

THE BONAPARTES IN SCIENCE

by Maurice Schofield

JUST a few miles north of Worcester stands a stone mansion named "Thorngrove", a house noted in history as the birthplace of Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte. The house is now in private hands, while any relics of Louis Lucien or of his father have disappeared. And yet the place attracts much interest, for it serves as a reminder of the remarkable work of Louis Lucien in science, this leading in turn to recollecting varied links with science in the case of other Bonapartes. At Thorngrove Lucien *père* fitted up for his own use an observatory and telescope, purchased other scientific instruments, corresponded with Herschel, and made observations when helped in the "difficult" mathematics by his chaplain Père Maurice. As for young Louis Lucien, off he went from such a background to become member of leading scientific societies in Europe, to make also some striking contributions to chemistry which were far in advance of his day.

If any "Bonaparte tradition in science" is claimed by biographers as casual reference, then some full assessment should be made to support such a claim. The scientist, accustomed as he is to exact reports on any topic, is on his guard whenever the *littérateur* or historian adds science to the attainments of notable figures of the past. To the professional chemist the inclusion of dilettantes or dabblers in science is evidence of lack of discrimination by non-scientists. Here is young Shelley, for example, extolled as chemist. "What the hills were to the youth of Wordsworth, a chemical laboratory was to Shelley." Yet one searches through those accounts of brewing fiery liquids, of blowing up boundary fences or ruining carpets at Eton, to find no contribution to the authentic science.

In contrast is the case of Louis Lucien Bonaparte, nephew of "the man of destiny", one who successfully made his mark in chemistry as well as philology and dialectics. To glance through a list of more than two hundred works he wrote or edited is to wonder how he ever found time for chemistry. This member of the Bonaparte family has not won such recognition as that accorded Charles Lucien Jules Laurent, noted for his voluminous American ornithology, for works on zoology rather than for chemistry expected from a name like "Laurent". Yet Louis Lucien astonishes even the most critical chemist in one field he chose for his researches. The chemistry of the rare earths is a complex branch involving difficulty techniques in the laborious separation of elements with very similar characteristics. Rare earth chemistry gave rise to some rare tales, a laconic remark usually illustrated by the case of Baron von Welsbach with his discovery of the "flint" used in an everyday cigarette lighter. Welsbach conjured the gas-mantle when he noticed the brilliant light given by rare thorium in a gas flame. Yet the earth ceria, providing metallic cerium for his flint, brought a literally more striking discovery after Welsbach noted the need to dispose of factory dumps of the unwanted earth. (Manufacturers were

giving away a pound of ceria with every hundred pounds of thoria purchased.) The Welsbach story is an authentic frill in the history of chemistry; yet hardly as remarkable as a contribution in 1843 of Louis Lucien. In the *Gazetta Toscana della Scienza Medicofisiche* in that year was described his separation process for obtaining ceria, his use of various organic acids for the complex technique. One reads later of Louis Lucien's need to limit his work due to failing eyesight, and of the "illustrious author supplementing his philological studies by a return to chemistry". If only the spectroscope had been available to him in this rare earth chemistry, one wonders how much more he may have anticipated progress in the science. To round off the claim for exact authentic chemistry, other papers on some derivatives of the drug quinine came from Louis Lucien's surprising work of 1842-5.

Turning to other Bonapartes whose names have been linked with the advancement of science, the example of Napoleon the First is of far less significance even though he is held to have begun the "tradition". Chagrined by the many successes of Davy, Napoleon certainly spurred on French chemists and provided financial support for experimental work. He founded prizes to be awarded for discoveries in electrical science or "galvanism", prizes to anyone who advanced science as did Franklin and Volta. One such prize together with a medal was given to Davy. Such sponsoring of science had as main objective the improvement of France's economy and industries, as Napoleon's urgent call for a beet-sugar industry illustrates. The Emperor was a hard task master, not only in driving his scientists to win beet-sugar when cane-sugar supplies were cut off, but in the Egypt adventure. One may well read of his early close links with Berthollet, of his attending Berthollet's chemistry lectures and his sharing of the French chemist's faith in the applied sciences. Yet it was a shabby deed to send Berthollet with Monge to Italy to collect art treasures. Then, with the Egyptian venture, there came considerable activity by chemists, mineralogists and engineers, with an institute founded there and with Berthollet reading papers on such theoretical topics as chemical affinity. Yet Berthollet would have succeeded just as well and more so if left to his own resources in France. In 1807 with Laplace he founded the Société d'Arcueil, a group contributing the highlights of French science in transactions from 1807 to 1817. When Berthollet in 1814 voted for the downfall of Napoleon, one may regard it either as proof of his patriotism or as an assessment of the need for any further sponsoring of science by the Emperor.

After re-reading such contrasting examples of Louis Lucien and Napoleon the First, two other Bonapartes add to the contrast. The eldest son of Lucien Bonaparte, already referred to as Charles Lucien Jules Laurent, needs no re-assessment since his reputation has been acclaimed universally. Born in Paris in 1803 he had no taste for a political life, "preferring literary and scientific pursuits" as the biographers remark. He acquired considerable reputation as a naturalist and writer on ornithology, and became a member of the principal academies of science in Europe and

America. In contrast was that "vacillating monarch", Napoleon III, so strongly criticised by historians that his vigorous support for applied science is never given a true assessment. It may be argued that "little Louis" did precious little in the pure chemistry he studied in the Ham fortress, or in experiments when coached by the local pharmacist Monsieur Acar. But then little could be expected in a small rough laboratory rigged up at the end of a corridor in the prison. Nor can one rate Acar's qualifications in chemistry high enough to serve as inspired teacher of the science. Louis was too engrossed with military science as a result of early tutoring by Phillipe Le Bas in that dominating subject in France. His experimenting with Acar at Ham was thus concerned with mild explosives and percussion caps. But then came his other work there, with his full dissertation on France's beet-sugar industry, his *Analyse de la Question des Sucres* which carried on the industry begun by Napoleon I. In his period at Ham came other examples of Louis Napoleon's interests in varied topics. He included a study of electrical science, for example, with a paper on electromagnetism using Volta's pile being presented before the Academy by the eminent Arago. "With a little copper and zinc and acid I forget my sorrows" was his comment.

It is in his full sponsoring of applied science and technology that Louis Napoleon wins approval by critics in science. Before his period in the Ham fortress he visited manufacturing towns and industries in this country, seeing in Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool a source of Britain's prosperity and superior economy. In Birmingham his guide was the guardian of the Assay Office, appropriate in a town noted for working precious metals. Louis praised British textile and iron industries, while criticising French ironmasters as being too lethargic. In Britain Bessemer's steel-making process and studies of improved projectiles made little impression on the authorities until Bessemer had been given full facilities for demonstrating them in France. It was of course with an eye to military use that Napoleon III became enthusiastic over new developments in metal industries. "*On revient toujours à ses premières amours*" was his acknowledgment of this when turning again to military science. Even Louis Napoleon's most striking backing of a new industry, enabling France to father the first aluminium industry in the world, had this link with war — as so many advances in metal industries have been linked. The French chemist St. Claire Deville had discovered an expensive method producing aluminium by use of sodium metal for displacing it from aluminium compounds. It all sounded uneconomic to say the least; yet with Louis giving carte blanche to Deville the process was operated on a full scale. The new light metal was a craze, with the Emperor having dinner plate and cutlery made from this "silver from clay", and with the first article of aluminium of being a baby's rattle for the Prince Imperial. One idea of the Emperor for using aluminium was impracticable, however. The light metal was of little use for armour or for replacing heavy iron artillery which French armies had dragged over Europe. Other examples of such sponsoring of both pure and applied science added to the score. Louis

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

"DER ALTE"

Germany Revived. Professor C. R. Hiscocks. Victor Gollancz Ltd. 38s.

Twenty-one years ago, on V.E. night, an American Colonel and I strolled sedately around the Headquarters of a United States Army Headquarters at Bonn. The Germans were defeated, their country occupied, their economy in ruins, their buildings rubble, their Leader dead, their governmental machine collapsed. At this moment the future was obscure but neither the Colonel nor I would have predicted that well before twenty-one years had elapsed, Western Germany would have achieved the highest steel production, the largest population and the strongest economy of any European country except Soviet Russia, that she would have had her sovereignty restored and be making the largest European military contribution to N.A.T.O. Strangely enough, Bonn, this provincial city on the Rhine, was to be the Capital of Western Germany and a few miles away there was living a man, then comparatively unknown, who was to take a considerable part in making this transformation possible; this man was Dr. Konrad Adenauer, "Der Alte".

Germany Revived tells in 225 pages how all this recovery came about and sketches as well the Rise and Decline of Dr. Adenauer. I advise all who are interested in Europe to read it, for Germany has long been the Leopard in the European Park and the \$64,000 question is whether the Leopard has changed its spots. Professor Hiscocks appears to feel that on the whole the Leopard has done so. Germany, however, started late in the democratic stakes. Frederick the Great and Bismarck both set the evil example of divorcing ethical considerations from reasons of state, an example carried to a lunatic extent by the malignant genius, Hitler.

Dr. Adenauer held strong convictions about the future of Europe, about religion and about Communism. But, according to Professor Hiscocks, in spite of his substantial achievement in relation to German democracy, he had one great shortcoming overshadowing and, in the opinion of some, outweighing this contribution, in that he failed to educate the German people for their democratic responsibilities and moreover did not seem even to appreciate the need for attempting to do so. It is for Dr. Erhard and the other political leaders who now hold sway in Western Germany to fill this gap, no small order in view of Germany's lack of a democratic political tradition.

Professor Hiscocks has fairly presented the balance sheet of the German Federal Republic except for three items. In the first place he appears to me to have over-estimated the aid the Republic has given to the under-developed countries. In my view, until comparatively recently, a great part of the "aid" consisted of credits to German manufacturers and industrialists and such "aid", whilst it may well assist the under-developed countries, in itself is not nearly enough. Secondly, when commenting on the desire of many politically minded Germans to play a full part in the development of the Western European alliance and their dislike of a narrow nationalistic or even a Franco-German rôle, the Professor does not explain the Republic's strange inability to meet United States and British demands for equipment to be bought under the "offset" agreements against the costs of maintaining United States and British troops in Germany whilst buying large quantities of arms and equipment in France with whom there is no "offset" agreement. This is all the more surprising when it is remembered that, for example, in 1947 the British Government, stimulated perhaps by the efforts of the "Save Europe" movement,

introduced bread rationing in the United Kingdom so that grain could be made available to hungry Germans in the British zone.

The third item is still more curious. In spite of the position and power of the firm of Krupp for over a hundred years in German affairs, no mention of it is made in this book. I wonder why not?

OGMORE

THE ERA OF THE DICTATORS

Europe of the Dictators 1919-1945. Elizabeth Wiskemann. Collins. 8s. 6d.

Dr. Wiskemann's work is a little masterpiece. It is the twelfth and last volume in a series of paperbacks which cover European history since the close of the Middle Ages. Hers has been the hardest of all the tasks because no other period has been so crowded with epoch-making events. She is exceptionally fitted to undertake this survey for she spent her life travelling and studying the passing scene. She also possesses a style of great clarity. Even those of her readers who like myself have witnessed the unfolding of the drama from day to day will learn something from these pages. This book should find a place in all school libraries.

The chronological method available to the authors of previous volumes cannot be utilized in Dr. Wiskemann's survey, for world-shaking events such as the triumph of Communism in Russia and the Nazi revolution in Germany exerted a decisive influence in many countries. The record has, therefore, to be presented country by country and in certain cases more than one chapter is required to describe the experiences of certain lands.

Next to the enrichment of our knowledge the most arresting feature of the book is the author's judgment on controversial issues. The whole picture is inevitably painted in dark colours for in almost every country in Europe there has been war, civil war, invasions, mass-murders and political assassination of rulers and ministers. Of all the Great Powers England has suffered least, though we had the general strike of 1926 and the costly bombardment of the autumn of 1940. The author is severe on Neville Chamberlain whom she describes as "stubborn, vain, naive and ignorant". It is true that he acted more independently of his ministerial colleagues than most Premiers, and that he was completely untrained in the field of Foreign Affairs when he took office at a very critical moment. But I feel the charge of vanity is not deserved. I think it would be truer to say that his self-confidence was unusually strong and he felt the ultimate responsibility for momentous decisions rested on him alone. The author's verdict on his well-intentioned policy of appeasement is that of almost all her countrymen.

Turning to the Great Powers of Europe we are interested to learn her views on French rulers and policy. She is not afraid of forcible language as she speaks of the "terrifying decadence of France before and during the war". It is true that she had some wise statesmen, among them Briand, Herriot and Blum. Briand had urged the peoples of Europe: "*A Locarno . . . nous avons parlé européen. C'est une langue nouvelle qu'il faudra bien que l'on apprenne.*" But the French have never made a great success of parliamentary democracy and her military glory dating from Louis XIV had long departed.

I think we may say that Germany is the dominating figure on the European stage for a large part of the period covered in this closely packed volume. The free world had watched with sympathy and admiration the attempts of the Weimar era to break with the militarism of the past. Good material was available and Weimar Germany had had singular bad luck in the murder of Rathenau and the early death of Stresemann. But they found the problem too difficult for them to solve. I regard Hitler as the child of the Treaty of Versailles; we may almost say the child of Clemenceau, the main author of that unwisely severe settlement. No country with

Germany's glorious recent past could be expected to submit patiently to its defeat a moment longer than till it felt possible to revolt. The author, needless to say, shares the views of her countrymen about the diabolical cruelties of the Nazi regime and her narrative closes too soon for her to record the rebuilding of the bridges with the free world after 1945.

Good news seldom comes from Russia and in addition to the horrors of war and invasion, the unfortunate Russian people was subjected to the tyranny of Stalin, whom Dr. Wiskemann describes as the monster of the great purges. Among the other states of Europe there is the same sorry tale to tell. Poland wedged in between the Teutons and mighty Russia was used to sufferings of which she had her full share during the two World Wars. Scarcely less grievous is the record of Spain in the period covered in this volume. Spain was completely unfitted for parliamentary democracy. It was hardly surprising that Franco inaugurated three years of bloody civil war in order to achieve some measure of political stability at the cost of such few elements of liberty as were still to be found in that unhappy country.

Few portions of this thrilling narrative are more fascinating than that which describes the rise and fall of Mussolini. He has one important service to his credit, but only one, namely his treaty with the Vatican which finally healed the old quarrel about the temporal power of the Papacy. With that exception his record is one of the worst among his fellow-dictators. His rape of Abyssinia was one of the spectacular crimes of the twentieth century, and his belief that Hitler would win the Second World War proved to be completely unfounded. To English people, and I believe to many Italians, it was a poignant grief to witness the nations who had been such good friends shedding each others' blood. These pages remind us that his alliance with the Nazis proved of only temporary value for in the middle of the war he lost his authority and was dismissed by the king. Italy had never had her heart in the Second World War and she could never forget that she had fought on the British side in 1914.

The volume concludes with a brief survey of the cultural life of Europe during the period under review. It contains some very familiar names such as Thomas Mann and Rilke but there are also many figures who are not even names to the ordinary English reader. The book closes with a very useful bibliography.

We close these pages with an abiding sense of gratitude to the author who has seen so much history in the making and has reflected so deeply on its meaning.

G. P. GOOCH

PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT

The Kerensky Memoirs: Russia and History's Turning Point, Alexander Kerensky. Cassell, 42s.

Eye witness accounts of great events have a fascination which can overcome lack of historical balance and stylistic faults. That of Kerensky, who became successively Minister of Justice, Minister of War, and Prime Minister in the Russian Provisional Government, by the age of thirty-six, is no exception. His book, incorporating earlier memoirs, gives a revealing, emotional account of the transition from Tsardom to the Bolshevik Revolution.

An interesting comparison can be made between the upbringing of Kerensky and Vladimir Ulyanov. Lenin's father was Director of Primary Education in Simbirsk, where Kerensky's father taught, and where Kerensky was born in 1881. While Lenin deliberately rejected his elders' values, Kerensky assimilated traditional religious and nationalistic attitudes. As a university student he demonstrated against Tsarist autocracy, but he never developed a theory of revolution. 'We did not join the ranks of the revolutionaries as a result of a clandestine study of forbidden

doctrines. The regime itself forced us into revolutionary activity.'

Kerensky was continually swept along by the current of political unrest, but, in a revealing passage in his account of his university years, he claims a political outlook which is essentially anti-revolutionary. 'By nature I was never a positivist. Nietzsche, Spencer, and Marx all arrived, by different paths, at a sort of faith based on materialism. I could never adopt any such faith for myself. Material progress is the progress of things . . . But this does not mean . . . that human nature may progress in the same way. The absurdity of this belief has been shown by two terrible wars, by the experience of Bolshevism and Fascism'.

The memoirs are a catalogue of the failure to translate high moral principles into practice. Having stated his 'contention that the Great War was absolutely contrary to the national interests and aims of Russia in 1914', the outbreak of war sees a complete victory of heart over head: 'To the astonishment and indignation of the Marxists and other armchair socialists, the Russian worker, like his French and German counterpart, showed himself just as much a patriot as his "class enemies" . . . I worked on a plan of action for the war based on a reconciliation between the Tsar and the people.' Kerensky was not only leaping to the defence of the 'system', he was devising a scheme to patch it up! The rising against the Tsar's government on February 27th, 1917 was enthusiastically welcomed by Kerensky and his allies, though it was not planned or led by them. Indeed the Council of Elders of the Duma, against the advice of Nekrasov, Chkheidze and Kerensky 'decided on an unofficial session as originally planned . . . By failing to take the initiative, the Duma became a private body on a par with the Soviet of Workers' Deputies, which was then just beginning to emerge'. At this point Kerensky's instinct served him well and he made a popular gesture by welcoming the 'revolutionary' soldiers who came to the Duma, and by arresting Scheglovitov, the former Minister of Justice. By his very frankness Kerensky does not convince us that the Provisional Government really succeeded in imposing its authority. Prince Lvov employed poor Kerensky as a 'trouble-shooter' to tour the country haranguing mutinous groups. The sources of the Government's fatal inertia emerge: the determination of influential groups in the coalition to prosecute a shattering war; the constant challenge to the Government's authority by the Soviet of Workers' Deputies; the single-minded 'will to power' of the Bolsheviks. Theodore Dan, in his *Origins of Bolshevism* describes how 'at the first All-Russian Congress of Soviets, the head of the Provisional Government, Alexander Kerensky, said that in the existing desperately difficult conditions there was no one, of course, who would want to take the power into his own hands, a sharp reply from Lenin rang out in the silence: "There is!" In this "There is!" the will to power, not of Lenin alone but of all Bolshevism, rang out.'

A people can reach a pitch of desperation at which their capacity for patriotic self-sacrifice is exhausted, when what matters to a suffering people is not the ideological basis of a regime, but the elimination of the plagues of death in war, starvation, and destruction. The overwhelming majority of eye witnesses support the verdict that Russia had reached this crisis by 1917: the way was open to any group with the will to seize control, and having gained control, to impose revolutionary measures. Reading the sad record of inertia on the part of Kerensky and his colleagues one is inclined to accept Dan's analysis that Bolshevism was a necessary phase of ruthless but controlled assault on the citadel of Russian backwardness. To adapt Péguy's phrase, 'la révolution morale sera sociale, ou elle ne sera pas'. In such a situation political loyalties become inevitably polarized, the centre position of tolerance and compromise becomes untenable, 'he that is not with us is against us'. Alexander Kerensky was on the losing side.

PAUL WILKINSON

MASTER CRAFTSMAN

The Life of Eric Gill, Robert Speaight. Methuen, 63s.

Typographer, freethinker, idealist, sculptor, controversialist, erotician, craftsman-extraordinary, a Roman Catholic devout to the point of being uncomfortable; all these things could be carved on Eric Gill's tombstone. In fact, this many-faceted stonecutter has a simple inscription on his memorial at Speen in Buckinghamshire: "Pray for me. Eric Gill. Stone Carver 1882-1940".

Throughout his stormy life, Gill revelled in the role of Craftsman. He was a walking example of the leftist conception of the dignity of labour. An ideal brought to life. Robert Speaight knew Gill closely, and himself carves an authoritative portrait of this quirky, medieval throwback who was cast so unwillingly on the 20th century's stony and materialistic ground.

Gill is probably best known for the sculptures which adorn Broadcasting House, and the pure and elegant typeface which bears his name. He was obsessed with the ideal of the Master Craftsman, answerable only to himself and his art.

This vision coloured his life and his work. It was inevitable that he should found a community where people of like mind could live together in rustic simplicity, bound only by religious faith and their obligations to each other and their crafts. Equally inevitably, it did not work.

His simple life was also complicated by a scarlet streak of eroticism. Like many creative artists, he was possessed by an overpowering sex urge. In his case, he equated it with religion, to the endless discomfort of his pious friends and counsellors. Like Lawrence, Gill saw sex as a divine experience. Unlike Lawrence, he enjoyed it to the full, physically, joyfully, unabashedly.

Psychiatrists have analysed Gill's case as that of phallic obsession; a theory which helps to explain the strange sense of coldness in his drawings of the human figure (even when the figure is engaged in activities far from frigid).

Gill was, says Speaight, a 20th century medievalist, trying to live and work as though the Middle Ages had been miraculously prolonged. To the man in the 20th Century street, he was, quite simply, a crank.

But for a crank, Gill has left an indelible mark. Nothing is as impervious to time as an inscription on stone. Gill's views on birth control, monetary reform, pacifism and theology may have yellowed with time; superseded by opinions propagated by the very type he moulded. But the epitaph remains inviolable. Eric Gill. Stone Carver.

PERROTT PHILLIPS

THE BANKERS' BANK

The Bank of England: A History from its Foundation in 1694. By John Giuseppe.

Foreword by the Earl of Cromer. Evans Bros. Ltd. 55s.

Mr. Giuseppe, who was closely connected with the archives of the Bank of England for many years, has written a fascinating history of the Bank. He has the historian's dedication and flair for isolating the significant, and the affection of a devoted student for his favourite subject. The book appears at a propitious moment. The Bank has been playing a more crucial role in supporting sterling during recent moments of economic crisis; people are becoming more aware of its functions; it also has a new Governor.

Historically, the extraordinary thing is that it ever came to be called the Bank of England. Public demand in the 17th century was for a Bank of London, just as cities like Amsterdam and Hamburg had their own banks. One reason for its early national character may have been its role in assisting William III financially to wage war against the low countries.

In some ways the Bank has not changed greatly from the days when it began

operations in the Grocers Hall 28 years after the Great Fire of London. From its inception, Mr. Giuseppe tells us, it aimed at being "a state bank providing funds for the government, while being at the same time a competitive, profit-making enterprise whence the means for such advances might be found".

A number of schemes had been put forward to satisfy the demand for such a bank, and to raise the funds to start it. The scheme eventually brought before the Cabinet by Charles Montague, the then Chancellor, proposed that £1,200,000 be raised, to be lent to the government at 8 per cent on condition that the subscribers were incorporated and that £4,000 a year be allowed them for management expenses. "The Cabinet debated the matter at length and eventually agreed that a bill embodying the proposals should be submitted to Parliament. Then in the lopsided and off-hand fashion occasionally displayed by the English and their governments in the conduct of their affairs, these historic and far-reaching proposals somehow managed to get tagged on to an ordinary Finance Bill. The Act now always known as the Bank of England Act, 1694, actually bears this graphic to-the-point title:

An Act for granting to their Majesties several rates and duties upon tunnage of ships and vessels and upon beer, ale and other liquors: for securing certain recompenses and advantages in the said Act mentioned, to such persons as shall voluntarily advance the sum of £1,500,000 towards carrying on the War against France."

As a result, the author explains, the bank became known in its early years as the "Tunnage Bank", and acquired a certain association in the public mind with 'beer, ale and other liquors'.

But once established, it seemed to grow rapidly over the years, affected now and then only by national crises and the influence of successive Governors and Chancellors. Gladstone, for example, believed in progressively strengthening the Treasury's hands at the expense of the Bank. He also formed the Post Office Savings Bank in 1861, primarily to provide places of deposits for small savers.

The best-known, and in many ways, most respected but controversial governor was, of course, Montague Norman, elected first in 1920 and subsequently for a second, third, fourth and fifth term until he held the office for nearly a quarter of a century "with the confidence of the directors and of successive Chancellors of the Exchequer". His policy of high bank rate in the inter-war years, however, was in some quarters held responsible for the slump. Norman always hoped it would help to reduce the cost of living. Two living monuments which bear witness to his foresight, however, are the Finance Corporation for Industry and the Industrial and Commercial Finance Corporation. They were his brainchildren.

Although the Bank was nationalised in 1945, the change appeared to create nothing like the clean sweep predicted. The number of directors was drastically cut and three new ones appointed; only one a trade union leader, the ill-fated George Gibson. It still speaks out publicly, even if its views do not accord with and in fact displease the government of the day.

Mr. Giuseppe's history illustrates how the scope of its activities, just as its size, has changed dramatically over the years from the time it occupied premises probably no larger than the average branch of a joint-stock bank. Today it has become the bankers' bank, acting as banker to the government, managing its current financial business and the National Debt; it manages the Exchange Equalisation account, administers foreign exchange control, liaises with the rest of the Sterling area, and maintains a similar relationship with central banks outside the Sterling area, and participates in the work of all the international financial institutions. "A bank is a bank", as the new Governor recently averred. "But the Bank of England has to think about the second part of its title as well." Mr. Giuseppe's history will be widely

welcomed not only by the financial community, but by all those anxious to widen their understanding of the nation's economy and financial operations.

WILFRED ALTMAN

CANON COLLINS BY HIMSELF

Faith Under Fire. Canon L. John Collins. Leslie Frewin. 40s.

Although Canon Collins has written a remarkably readable and very revealing account of his faith, philosophy and objectives, it would be more interesting to review the reviews that this book has attracted. For 'Canon Collins' is obviously an emotive expression to many otherwise rational readers, and it is apparent to any observer that his book has been reviewed not in the light of the contents between the covers but rather in the shadow of the charisma that the author's reputation has conjured up in the past.

In truth, any who have wondered how a Canon of St. Pauls can become so embroiled in the larger and sometimes nastier world of politics and personalities will find the detailed answer here. Not only that, they will be able to trace John Collin's pilgrimage from safe Tory background, minor public school, service in the RAF back to the cloistered academic world and on (and, for a time) up the ladder of the Church until he arrived at a plateau with a left wing tilt and a misty ill-defined horizon on which he sat in the shadow of a barely digested socialism and a compelling affection for humanity: humanity, let me add, in need of a spokesman, a helping hand, or for that matter, a kick in the mental pants. Other categories do not get so much attention.

For my part, Canon Collin's sincerity is patent; his honesty beyond question. Yet he has within him a small but active daemon of self destruction that leads him into striking attitudes he himself doesn't quite believe. A clear example is the fact that he has allowed/permitted/encouraged the publishing of a photograph within the volume showing him swigging from the neck of a wine bottle. It is neither flattering nor accurate. He seldom swigs from bottles and has many more flattering pictures. Then why? To show us that he has thrown off the bonds of a Tory respectability? To demonstrate his lack of starch? Probably the Canon himself would be hard put to explain exactly *why*. But I wish he wouldn't.

Having said that, it must also be said that the Canon has shown himself to be a remarkable and resourceful campaigner and organiser—and still more—an innovator. His connections and work for CND I prefer to overlook (although he no doubt values them highly) but his work in the Campaign for the Abolition of Hanging, and his formation and guidance of the Christian Action Defence and Aid Fund justify our gratitude and command our support. That he has an ability to get things done is clear; that he is able to command support is plain. These two distinct charitable movements, with all the ancillary activities he has implemented—the Homeless in Britain Fund, Road Safety, and other lesser movements have shown him to be deeply concerned with what he sees, and to correct the view.

That he himself comes rather badly out of all these laudable activities in a way speaks well for him—the true self-seeker comes badly out of nothing. That he has enjoyed some of the publicity is possible—and why not? If we require our religious leaders to be as potent and provocative as a plate of junket then that is up to us. But it is useless to blame the Church for 'not offering a lead' and then complain when a lead is offered.

No one can say that the world has been John Collin's oyster—but he himself has (and I hope will remain) the grit within the oyster which every now and again produces a pearl of great value. The Defence and Aid Fund and Christian Action itself are two proud pearls for the Canon to acknowledge—for my part I salute his grit and commend his book.

DOMINIC LE FOE

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Return of Arthur (Chapman & Hall, 45s.). Several of the early parts of this ambitious modern epic by Mr. Martyn Skinner have appeared in recent years in slim volumes, and now the complete poem comes in one volume with the blessing of Mr. Betjeman who welcomes it as "an amazing piece of sustained, imaginative writing". The epic, in hundreds of strictly-rhymed 7-line stanzas, recounts the return of King Arthur to a post-Orwellian England, and not even the most rigid objector to the revival of the epic form in 20th-century England could deny the persuasive ease and dexterity of Mr. Skinner's verse, by turns serious, noble, pathetic, humorous, and savagely satirical of the drift of organized humanity towards a technocratic hell. Mr. Martyn Skinner's achievement may come to be compared in English Literature text-books with Byron's 'Don Juan'.

Ximenes on the Art of Crossword (Methuen. Paperback 15s., bound edition 25s.). No one is better qualified than Mr. D. S. Macnutt to write on the crossword puzzle which has been a national habit for forty years. Since 1942 he has composed the "Ximenes" crossword in the *Observer*, and he also constructs the companion and simpler "Everyman" puzzle, which is based simply upon familiar words and phrases. This is really a delightful book in which the method and subtleties of crossword construction are explained. Mr. Macnutt is insistent upon the integrity of the clue-writer towards the reader. Although the cryptic clue may be superficially misleading, it must point positively towards the solution. He repeats the standard set by the late Prebendary A. F. Ritchie, Afrit of *The Listener*, and expressed a little cryptically, "I need not mean what I say, but I must say what I mean". In this handbook for the crossword enthusiast, Mr. Macnutt

has enjoyed the collaboration of Mr. Alec Robins.

The Biology of Art (Methuen. Paperback, 25s., bound edition 42s.). This "study of the picture-making behaviour of the great apes and its relationship to human art" by Dr. Desmond Morris and first printed in 1962 has now been published as a University Paperback. The volume relates to picture-making by a number of animals, but mostly to the efforts of a chimpanzee, named Congo, who produced no less than 384 pictures. There are numerous illustrations, many in colour. Among ape picture-makers, claims Dr. Morris, "more vividly than anywhere else, it is possible to come face to face with the basic fundamentals of aesthetic creativity".

Green Julia (Methuen, 6s.) and *Tests* (Methuen Playscripts, 6s.) introduce Mr. Paul Ableman to the play-reading public. 'Green Julia' is the first full-length play by this young Leeds dramatist and has been produced at the New Arts Theatre in London and at the Traverse Theatre, Edinburgh. It is frank, provocative and sometimes witty, with punched-home dialogue between two male characters who share students' 'digs'. They discuss Julia, who does not appear but is waiting to enter as the play ends. The playscript, 'Tests', is a selection from a series of some fifty abstract and surrealist playlets two or three pages long, written "in an attempt to find valid ways of escaping from a strictly realistic theatre". They have been performed at several experimental theatres in London, Edinburgh and Coventry, and on the BBC Third Programme.

NOTICE

We are asked by the Oxford University Press to state that they are the publishers in the United Kingdom and Europe of *Stmons Well: A Sketch for a Portrait*, which was noticed in our June issue. The U.K. price is 30s. net.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

CENTENARY YEAR

SEPTEMBER 1966

AMERICA

David Tribe

**THE REVIVAL OF THE
GERMAN RIGHT**

David Childs

CHARLES DARWIN

Julian Huxley

**THE CASE AGAINST
WILLIAM GOLDING'S
SIMON-PIGGY**

Harry H. Taylor

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Contemporary Review

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September 1966 Vol. 209 No. 1208 Founded 1866

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WORLD VISTAS

AMERICA

by David Tribe

FEW countries in history have taken on a military operation with less conviction and less to gain than the United States in Vietnam. By 'conviction' I do not mean a vague feeling of being in the right or defending civilisation, but a positive knowledge of the people or issues fought for and a hope, real or illusory, of materially benefiting from a successful conclusion.

American academics have a disturbing tendency to talk like State Department handouts, but when the professor of the City University of New York responsible for faculty-student relations told me in Paris a few days ago: 'America is a peace-loving nation. We're not imperialistic. We've never stayed anywhere the people haven't asked us to', he spoke for the average American. How does this equate with the general view of America overseas, summed up in the calypso sung by a West Indian at a Greenwich Village folk concert last year? —

And it's all over the world,
No matter where you may roam,
Everybody's singing it:
'Yankee, go home.'

The paradox is peculiar to our day. In a world of admass, words, which have always had an evocative power that acquires psychological reality, are particularly potent through repetition. Democracy is in, imperialism is out. Virtually all political systems today claim to be democracies hostile to imperialism. Soon they come to believe it. It is true of Russia, it is true of the United States. And in the old sense of a physical complex of subject territories sharing the same colour on a map and ruled by, say, a British Colonial Office (now symbolically closed down), neither Russia nor America is an imperialist power. Neo-imperialism is subtler, more intangible, and frequently unrecognised by ordinary citizens in the dominating country. When Britain really ruled the waves she was proud of it and sang about it. Those who rule the waves today are more circumspect, if not embarrassed.

It is nothing new in history for imperialist powers to claim altruism, or at any rate benevolence, advertising, with more or less justification, peace, civilisation, roads, law, protection. At the time of conquest they

may even affect reluctance, though soon shoulders square beneath the mantle of empire. But America can speak of reluctance convincingly, for imperialism is not part of her tradition.

Her neo-colonialism is largely an historical accident. The early settlers soon dealt with the indigenous inhabitants but this was not their purpose on landing. They came not to spread a system but to escape from one. They turned their backs on Europe with its civic hierarchies, religious establishments, national and imperial wars. For most of the country's history isolationism has been the prevailing political concept. Britain entered the two world wars through treaty obligations, America only after personal attack. Successive American administrations have always had to work hard to sell overseas involvement, setting up the Council on Foreign Relations, the Marshall Plan and the Peace Corps in the teeth of domestic hostility or apathy. Refusing to join the League of Nations despite the initiative of President Wilson, she joined the United Nations virtually on condition that it be based on New York where she could keep an eye on it and, most notably during the Korean engagement, manipulate it in support of her foreign policy. This is described, for the most part sincerely, as defensive or precautionary diplomacy. Under one or other of these heads some very dangerous things have been done, as in Vietnam, but the outlook has not been essentially expansionist.

The very word 'containment' is a negative concept. By the good fortune of great natural resources, escape from the periodic destruction of European wars, the attainment of international creditor status, the buying up of overseas brains, the nation has — almost to her own surprise — become the richest and most powerful in the world. Having so much to lose she has had to take stock of potential rivals and belatedly interest herself in foreign affairs and all that goes with them — defence alliances, balance of power politics and ideological, or hotter, warfare. Characteristically she has pursued this new rôle with energy and determination. The State and Defence Departments employ more military and geographic experts than any foreign ministry has ever before assembled; her universities boast staff knowledgeable about every war in history and the psychology of aggression, conflict, threat, bluff and persuasion; her students dutifully study Russian and Chinese in their thousands ('Everyone does Russian now', I was told by a Harvardian, 'you have to take Chinese if you want to get anywhere'); her specialist agencies, like Herman Kahn's Hudson Institute, work out the statistical dangers of every conceivable contingency and steps for dealing with it. This vast machine for latterday political consciousness might have been expected to yield analyses of the utmost subtlety and sophistication. Instead it has produced a simple power picture of the Communist World and the Free World and the necessity of freezing the boundaries between them. Countries like Vietnam, that chance to lie in a boundary zone, thus acquire ideological or 'war game' significance out of all proportion to intrinsic economic or military importance.

Though this complex of experts and agencies interdigitates to produce a

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simplified overall jigsaw, the country does not lack realists who know that neither the Communist nor the Free World is uniform or unified — or even communist or free — that Communist imperialism is characterised more by internal change than external aggression and that psychological factors are ultimately at least as important as military ones. But there is little market in America for diplomatic niceties. This is not surprising in a country which has only recently concerned itself significantly with diplomacy at all. For a long time there was only one external problem, the British Government. On occasions there have been the French, Dutch, Spanish, Mexicans, Germans and Japanese, but seldom hitherto the complicated politico-military calculations of Europe and Asia. A pioneering people, they waged in their formative years a simple battle against nature and the Indians. The other nations fighting in South Vietnam, Australia and New Zealand, have a similar history, though they have the additional justification of geographical involvement in the affairs of South-East Asia.

When political consciousness begins to dawn in a great people the world will not at once be lit up in a kaleidoscope of colour. Only shadowy masses will be seen. After Germany and Japan it was Russia. Because here big power politics was allied with the ideological asperity of economics and religion, this period of Cold War was peculiarly intense. It has

become known as McCarthyism, though this minor demagogue did not deserve the honour of naming an epoch. He merely acted within a social scene of conformism, anti-communism and postwar neurosis congenial to him. After resolution of the Cuban Crisis of 1962 and statesmanship by Kennedy and Khrushchev, Russia gradually faded from the national military consciousness and China took her place. Belligerent statements by Chinese leaders and the present Peking war against the intellectuals lent colour to the bogey image. Inside the State Department and political schools of the better universities, it was realised that China had been relatively quiescent and that there were two sides to most if not all of the military adventures she had engaged in, but the shadow of the Chinese dragon had been painted over the electorate and could not easily be eradicated. Last year Jeffrey Kitchen, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Politico-Military Affairs at the State Department and concerned with its relations with the Pentagon, told me that he expected it would be ten years before the American people would 'accept' China. Though she has said little and done less on behalf of North Vietnam, it is Mao Tse-Tung and not Ho Chi Minh of whom the Americans constantly think.

The impression is often gained overseas of a corrupt or power-mad administration brainwashing and bamboozling an innocent people into supporting a war that otherwise they would at once see to be a vicious tyranny. It is true that President Johnson has not been entirely frank, notably in suggestions that never had peace feelers come from Hanoi. But he and his advisers are in a real sense afraid of their electorate. This is not to suggest that they give no credence at all to the official reasons why Uncle Sam is in Vietnam: successive South Vietnamese governments have asked for protection; if this is not given, America's word will not be trusted; if this territory goes Communist South-East Asia is threatened, involving SEATO. But informed circles in America privately say very little about these reasons, which ill accord with historical realities, and seem more concerned with loss of face at home and abroad if withdrawal should occur without military or diplomatic success. This is always a problem for world powers. Britain genuinely had this dilemma from the sixteenth to nineteenth centuries and has had it more recently, by *Weltanschauung* anachronism, in Suez and South Arabia. America has this problem in peculiar intensity because she is largely a victim of her own democracy.

While the favourite jibe of leftist critics concerns American 'fascism', the reverse is the truth. It may be that faulty education has perverted the pure concept, but everything that happens in America is within the framework of a militant democracy. Though radical critics of Vietnamese policy at American teach-ins often do not or cannot see this, old troopers like I. F. Stone of *Weekly* fame recognise that in many ways the Johnson administration is left of centre. With a Rousseau-like belief in the sagacity of the masses the Founding Fathers left as much as possible to popular control, so that civil and judicial officers who in other systems would be appointed for life are in America subject to regular election. However

attractive in theory, this has made America in practice highly susceptible to the prejudices of the 'compact liberal majority' scathingly portrayed in Ibsen's *Enemy of the People* or the machinations of party bosses, with the result that the only way to deal with gangsters like Capone or civil rights murderers in the South has been to arraign the accused on Federal charges.

It may be argued that the war in Vietnam is a Federal matter outside the scope of small town bias. It is not outside the scope of national biases. Some of these have already been outlined: the political factors. Sociological factors join them. America has become entangled in CIA adventures in the Bay of Pigs and the Lebanon and easily extricated herself because the national psyche has not been aroused. There was little physical or emotional commitment and little sense of failure. From the start the Vietnam involvement was a formidable Eisenhower-Dulles-Spellman operation, at first thought to be relatively cheap in men and money. These hopes were not realised. In Britain the government dominates the legislature and can bring on the whips to get whatever appropriation it needs to support official policy. Usually, too, it is free from the anxiety of elections for four or five years at a time and can thus take unpopular steps with virtual impunity early in its term of office. The American President is forever thinking of Senate, Representative and gubernatorial elections as well as his own. Though the most powerful man in the world he does not have the power of the purse and must sell his ideas to Congress. Johnson has been to date so successful as chief executive because of his great knowledge of the legislature and reputation as a Congressional 'fixer'.

Again, Vietnam is a good example. To sell the war to Congress, particularly to the Representatives, still elected every two years, and behind it the people, the administration had to dramatise the situation. The fate of the Free World, the future of civilisation was in the balance. To get yet more money successive administrations had to multiply the agony, jazz up the drama, and — because Americans are basically a friendly people — pour in more aid which, in the ruptured situation, largely drained away to no purpose. Not surprisingly the American people came eventually to believe that the world did pivot around South Vietnam and demand satisfactory lubrication. Today, for various reasons, humane, rational or political, leading voices in the nation are advising a disengagement: Galbraith, Fulbright, Gavin, Kennan, Wayne Morse, the Kennedys. This last opposition is particularly interesting, not because of a breach in fraternal relations (the antipathy between the President and the Kennedy family — or clan, as he would prefer to put it — is legendary), but because the Kennedys cannot afford to oppose Johnson on the wrong issue. Influential Professor John Morgenthau has even questioned the whole strategy of containment. But the American people now have to be convinced this is not egghead idealism or crypto-Communism.

What they find especially difficult to accept is a sense of failure and inconclusiveness. The country's political and economic life is geared to results. Though there is of course nepotism and inefficiency the emphasis is on instant success wherever it may be found. To describe America as the land of opportunity is misleading if it suggests that any unknown will be snapped up on intrinsic merits mysteriously discerned. The American economy is supercharged and cannot afford costly mistakes. Even more than in other countries people have to prove themselves before getting worthwhile breaks, and heartbreaks are commoner. The country accepts a rate of unemployment few democracies would tolerate. It is cheaper to give dole or mental treatment to failures than have them muddle along retarding the industrial machine. Men may be idle but no productive resources should be. Planned obsolescence ensures constant activity. Wages are high, production is vast, services are expensive, goods are not; it is cheaper to throw away than to repair. It would doubtless be an oversimplification to suggest that this attitude is applied cynically to people and allies as well, but the impatience, commercial considerations, arbitrariness and short-term planning, so often visible in American foreign policy, reflect her domestic preoccupations.

Overseas the United States is known to be a land of extremes of climate and geographical features, riches and poverty, prodigal in racial groups and strange sects. All this may suggest a bizarreness of political life, and indeed Goldwater could hardly have been regarded with greater curiosity or horror abroad if he had descended from another planet. In fact the prevailing political climate is one of conformism and Johnson has already done in Vietnam everything that Goldwater threatened to do. This conformity is self- rather than externally imposed. In a practical world of intense competitiveness, internal ideological competition seems neither necessary nor desirable. The labour unions, like their counterparts overseas, are concerned with wages and conditions. Executives are solely engaged in the corporation's business and social life. The professional classes spend longer in training and retire earlier, so they have a limited earning period into which all their energies must be put. Students spend their time preparing for this professional life or competitive sport. They are mothered and nurtured by family, school and college longer than in other countries and age for age often seem more immature (reading comic books, moody, petulant, unbalanced by alcohol). Certainly they are not politically conscious. On 90 per cent of campuses they have no right to engage in any political activity — even the formation of Young Democrats and Young Republicans — and do not seem to mind. At liberal institutions like Harvard one will find Students for a Democratic Society describing themselves as radicals, against investment in South Africa, war, corporations and the political establishment, in the hushed tones of the world's first blasphemer.

The result is that anyone who protests against the system is likely to protest violently. In this processed society it is as if the safety valves are

closed and periodically the cylinder explodes. American beats are beater, scruffs scruffier, race riots more riotous, psychopaths more violent (Chicago and Texas), crooks more crooked. Her emancipated writers do not sprinkle four-letter words among their idioms but sprinkle idioms among their four-letter words. There is protest which is genuine and encouraging, like the Berkeley students in 1964 demanding the right to their traditional literature stalls, civil rights demonstrators or the 30,000 students who marched on Washington on April 17, 1965 in protest against the war in Vietnam. But the prevailing picture is one of "bourgeoisisation" and endless suburbia and carparks, with the two major parties, save in the south, often difficult to distinguish. It would be rash to describe this phenomenon as purely American rather than an economic byproduct, for who can say that party political similarity has not followed cocacola, bubblegum, pop, westerns, hotdogs and admen to this country?

Mr. Wilson went to America recently to be described by President Johnson, anxious to increase confidence in a world reserve currency, as 'a man of mettle . . . whose own enterprise and courage will show the way', and devoted his energies, no doubt judiciously, to striking the right poses. Some years earlier Mr. Khrushchev had gone to America, struck few poses and devoted his energies to studying America's grain yield. A few who criticise the country do so from different value judgments and a different vision of man, communistic or humanistic. But many do not have different values, are less engaged in their own countries trying to build the 'great society' than President Johnson is in his, are merely envious of a country that pursues materialism more profitably. But those who do feel they have greater diplomatic sagacity, cultural sophistication, intellectual courage, ethical sensitivity or inventive genius should say so fearlessly and validate their claims. They may not find that America, which, for all her paternalism, desperately wants the good opinion of others and is not too arrogant to learn, will be heedless.

[David Tribe, who is President of the National Secular Society, has recently returned from the Harvard International Seminar].

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S PROBLEMS

by George Soloveyitchik

WITH the solitary exception of General Eisenhower (whom nobody dared to criticise), no President of the United States in the last forty years or so has been immune to violent attacks and constant abuse in his own country, indeed as often as not within his own party.

The reason for, and the nature of, these attacks may have varied a great deal — just as the personality of “the man in the White House” himself. But the fact remains that presidents as diverse in background, character and methods of government as Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy, and now Johnson have had to exercise the responsibilities of their high office while at the same time constantly battling against their various, noisy, determined, and unscrupulous detractors. Each one of these presidents, of course, was able to hit back as hard as he got, or even harder. All of them were perfectly capable of taking good care of themselves, and none of them more than Lyndon B. Johnson. He is the most professional, the most experienced, and the strongest of the lot — even though, unlike his predecessors, he has very thin skin and a most vulnerable ego.

The problems Mr. Johnson has to face are as numerous as they are different; most of them are immensely serious, while the consequences of his decisions, are almost incalculable. What is more, both the problems and the decisions affect not only the U.S.A. but also the peace and prosperity of the whole world.

First and foremost, there is the problem of Vietnam. He did not start America's involvement in that distant and awkward corner of South-East Asia; Eisenhower did, twelve years ago. But after dragging on undramatically for nearly ten years, it suddenly turned into an acute military and political conflict in 1964. An operation which started with a few “advisers” and “technicians” now requires the presence of some 300,000 men with enormous equipment, and all indications are that this number may grow to 400,000 or more. “Escalation,” for a long time to come, seems unavoidable. “We have been willing to fight if we must,” the President said on 30 June in Des Moines, Iowa, “and ready to negotiate if we can.”

The official view is still that the U.S. troops and planes are there to help the people of Vietnam against Communist aggression and to protect them against Communist domination. Repeatedly President Johnson and his top advisers have stated that the United States is not in Vietnam because of interests of its own, and that it has no intention of going to war with China or Russia. But not even the President's most powerful critics have suggested this. What they do say, however, is that Johnson is running the risk of becoming involved in a full-scale war on the Asian mainland with either of these two giants, or perhaps even both. Relations between Moscow and Peking are so complicated that nothing can be taken for granted, least of all their hostility towards each other; the possibility of collaboration in case this were to appear as mutually advantageous is always present,

despite the fact that China abuses the U.S.S.R. for having become an American "satellite". Be that as it may, no one can deny that—for different reasons and in a varying degree—both Russia and China are playing an active part in the Vietnam conflict.

The President's critics range from those who attack him because in their opinion American intervention is insufficient and badly managed, to those who think that it is on too large a scale, and that it should be reduced and consolidated, or those who argue that there should be no intervention at all, and that all U.S. troops should be withdrawn forthwith. The latter are largely motivated by emotional and pacifist considerations, and they also include a substantial proportion of professional protestors who are always only too glad to voice their dissent about anything. But what started as a few vocal, if unimportant protest manifestations, mostly by students, has little by little snowballed into a strong anti-war movement. This group of critics now includes men who command respect in public life, even though they are incapable of providing an answer as to how America should completely disengage herself from this war, and are indifferent to the consequences of any such action.

Since the bombing raids on the oil installations of Hanoi and Haiphong, indignation has been particularly loud both in the U.S.A. and abroad. This has attracted a great deal of publicity. Foreign criticism is of little interest or importance to the President. But domestic reactions he has to study very carefully. Therefore he must be encouraged by a fact which has received singularly little mention in the world's Press. The Louis Harris nationwide public opinion poll is one of the most widely respected in America and can take pride in a high degree of accuracy. On 11 July this poll reported that 62 per cent of the people questioned were in favour of the Hanoi and Haiphong bombing, that 27 per cent were undecided, and that 11 per cent opposed it. Asked whether they felt the air strikes would hasten the end of the war or increase the North-Vietnamese will to resist, 86 per cent of those questioned said they believed that the strikes would shorten the war. One question that the survey has been asking for the past 18 months has been: "How would you rate the job President Johnson has done in handling the war in Vietnam—excellent, pretty good, fair, or poor?" In January 1965 41 per cent replied "pretty good" or "excellent"; in June 1966, just before the bombings, 42 per cent gave the same reply and at the beginning of July, after the bombing had taken place, those saying the President had done a "pretty good" or "excellent" job amounted to 54 per cent. Mr. Louis Harris reported an "overwhelming expectation" by Americans that the air strikes would "get it over with" in Vietnam, either by military victory or by negotiations.

Of course this still leaves a good deal of discontent. Perhaps if, in the course of recent months, Johnson, Rusk and McNamara had told the American people the real cause of U.S. action in Vietnam, opposition would not be quite so sharp or so widespread. If the President had admitted, or were to admit now, that U.S. troops may have originally gone to Vietnam to help and advise, but that over the years the action has

turned into a vital struggle for America's own prestige and power, he would not have alienated so many commentators or lost the support of some of his staunchest friends in Congress.

After all, until fairly recently the people who mattered most in the Senate and the House supported all his decisions and accepted willingly his explanations of the need for repeated "escalation". But the continued political and diplomatic failure of the Americans in Saigon, the disorders, the frequent *coups d'état*, and the lack of military success have gone far to frustrate and dishearten the public. His repeated and obviously sincere attempts to get into negotiation; his more recent spectacular peace offensive on an international scale; and all his public statements or secret approaches have produced no change in the situation and have merely brought about disappointment after disappointment. The American nation is not accustomed to this kind of war—without victories, without allies, with almost general disapproval outside the U.S.A., and much doubt within the country itself.

Not only the President, but also the spokesmen of the State Department and Pentagon have at no point been entirely candid. They have been reluctant to admit mistakes and have invariably underestimated the enemy's strength and endurance. Nor does it seem very likely that the Vietnamese themselves will become more eager to fight or capable of sustaining a strong stable government if—rather belatedly—they are now offered a substantial social-welfare programme of which Vice-President Hubert Humphrey has been made the chief protagonist. The authority of Mr. Johnson and his principal aides is great enough to impress public opinion at home and abroad, and silence at least some of the critics, if the simple fact were made quite clear that unconditional withdrawal means unconditional surrender—in a war that America has by no means lost—and that this would be a tremendous blow to the power and prestige of the U.S.A. not only in South-East Asia but throughout the world.

According to what is now called "the domino theory" in Washington, one Asiatic state after another would abandon its American-supported independence and go over to Communist China if America were to withdraw from Vietnam. But there are also some articulate men, both in Washington and elsewhere, who do not share this domino theory and who believe that face-saving negotiations, followed by a dignified withdrawal (whatever that may mean) are possible. As the much respected Senator John Sherman Cooper has put it, "We have acted honorably, but we cannot defend people who are not willing to defend themselves". Other influential politicians and newspaper columnists have voiced similar views, and there seems to be a feeling that if this present or a future government in Vietnam were to ask the Americans to leave, such a request would provide an acceptable way out. What nobody has said so far is with whom, exactly, Johnson should negotiate, or how he is to bring anybody to a negotiating table unless he capitulates in advance, and what he should negotiate about. Should he deal exclusively with the government of South Vietnam, or that of North Vietnam, and ignore either the one or the

other? Should he, as suggested by Senator Robert Kennedy, hold "free elections" in an area where this is obviously impossible, and then accept a coalition between Communists and non-Communists? Should he talk with the Chinese or the Russians who, officially, are not participating in the struggle at all? For years the American Ambassador in Warsaw has been holding private meetings with the Ambassador of Communist China, but but so far these talks have availed absolutely nothing. Nor have any approaches to the Russians, who show no particular eagerness to help America out of her difficulty, whatever else may be Moscow's short-term or long-term objectives. And, significantly enough, Mr. Rusk's recent offers of facilitating certain intellectual exchanges between China and the U.S.A. have met with a glacial refusal from the Chinese. Finally, what possibility would Johnson have of enforcing any agreement — in the quite unlikely event that one could be reached?

It may also be asked, domino theory or no domino theory, what America's position as a world power would be after such a spectacular admission of failure in Vietnam. The President is very conscious of this and is beginning to get increasingly sharp with his unsolicited advisers or critics. He now likes to answer "Why are we in Vietnam?" questions with questions of his own. Thus, according to a recent Washington story he bluntly asked a critical visitor: "What if Israel is suddenly menaced by a dangerous aggressor? How could it stand up to him if we threw in the towel there?" To other visitors, he says the *word* of the U.S. is at stake: "If I go bankrupt in one place, I go bankrupt all over."

But this determination by no means signifies that he has changed the limited U.S. objectives of the war or that he has become trigger-happy, as some commentators constantly imply. His latest offer of a peaceful settlement in Vietnam through the Geneva Conference (or some other forum) was returned to him by Moscow after ten days' meditation with the comment that his letter to the Security Council president (which was circulated to all United Nations members as a Council document on July 1st) was "designed merely to justify and provide a cloak for the expansion of United States aggression in Vietnam". As the official U.S. spokesman said in Washington, the Soviet reply clearly indicated Moscow's unwillingness to counsel its friends in Hanoi to seek a cessation of hostilities in the Republic of Vietnam. Notwithstanding this, there is every reason to believe that the President will continue his peace-feelers wherever he can.

Though, as far as foreign relations are concerned, Vietnam is the President's greatest current headache, he also has others. There is the question of withdrawing American troops from France and indeed the whole problem of NATO's future. Arising out of that there is the very delicate question of future relations with Western Germany and with Russia. However precarious the present co-existence between Washington and Moscow may be, no one in either place is eager to precipitate a new conflict. Yet this may easily arise over new American bombings or increased Russian aid to Vietnam, without either side really wanting it.

For some time past Washington has made attempts to improve relations

with the Communist countries behind the Iron Curtain, and the problem of relations with Latin America is a perennial issue for every American president. Both the major and the minor problems of American foreign policy are rendered even more complicated by the fact that this is once again election year in the U.S.A. The bi-annual "off-term" elections will take place on November 8th, when the whole House of Representatives, one third of the Senate, 37 out of the 50 State governorships (22 at present held by Democrats and 15 by Republicans), and many other public or administrative jobs come up for election. Normally these elections are a very eloquent prologue to the presidential elections which follow in two years. As often as not the opposition party manages to improve its position in Congress on such occasions. But this time the President has little or nothing to fear from the Republicans, who are still in a state of complete disarray since the 1964 Goldwater fiasco. Mr. Johnson is having plenty of trouble, however, with his own Democrats, who are divided into many rival groups. The two most important ones are perhaps the group that follows Senator Robert Kennedy and the one which supports Vice-President Hubert Humphrey. There has never been any love lost between Mr. Johnson or Mr. Humphrey and the Kennedy clan. Within a short space of time Bobby Kennedy has established himself as a top "boss" of the powerful New York Democratic machine. His success in pushing through his own nominees in the recent primaries puts him in the front rank of Democratic politics on a national scale. Neither Humphrey nor Kennedy is terribly concerned with the present or even with the presidential election of 1968, when Johnson—if he is still alive and in good health—is expected to win. But they consider November 1966 as a preliminary trial of strength for the presidential battle in 1972. Both Kennedy and Humphrey will have their eye on the presidency then, and Bobby may even have it on the vice-presidency before that somewhat distant date.

Some of the same radical Democrats attack President Johnson on one set of issues and support him on others. This also applies to the conservative Democrats who stand behind him in certain battles and oppose him on other fronts. For example, the radicals accuse him of not spending enough on his war against poverty, because allegedly he needs the money for Vietnam. He has quoted statistics to show that this is not true. But the same radicals rush to his help when Congress makes cuts in other appropriations in connection with issues of which they approve, including questions of welfare and education or his constant battle on behalf of civil rights. The negro problem has now become so explosive that it is by no means certain the councils of moderation will prevail much longer. The Chicago rioting was grim and there may be much bloodshed in the future. After a long period of relative social peace, the airlines strike came as an unpleasant reminder that despite its internal difficulties, organised labour can get pretty tough if it really wants to. The conservatives support the President in his new stronger line with organised labour or his tributes to private initiative. But they are extremely indignant and oppose him when he prevents them from raising steel prices or presents them with "guide-

lines" or backs up his request for "voluntary restraints" by scarcely concealed threats of state controls. In early August both workers and employers defied Johnson's decisions: steel prices have been raised and "guidelines" have been ignored.

The future of the American economy is one of Mr. Johnson's main domestic and international problems. A six years' boom is, of course, a fine achievement. All economic indicators are at their highest, except unemployment which is at its lowest. But the reverse of the medal is rising wages and prices, a constantly growing demand which brings about increased imports, and this in its turn — together with the outflow of private and public capital — results in a renewed widening of the balance of payments deficit. The drain on U.S. gold continues, though more slowly. The reserves are now at their lowest level since 1937. Nor does it solve anything to know that the payments deficit, which is the underlying cause of these gold losses and a serious threat to the continued economic well-being of the U.S.A., is itself largely the result of the nation's "guns and butter" prosperity. How to reconcile expansion with stability nobody quite knows, and none of the proposed remedies provides a complete answer to this immensely complicated question. Then there is also that of continued foreign aid and finally Britain's economic crisis which affects the U.S.A. in many different ways. Is a further credit squeeze likely? Or increased taxation, or both? Can the gap be seriously narrowed when affluent America spends about 2,000 million dollars more on tourism abroad than foreign visitors of every conceivable variety are spending in the U.S.A.? With all these uncertainties, there is at least one thing which is extremely unlikely, namely that the President would be willing to add to his already heavy load of troubles by launching into any monetary adventures in an election year.

It is quite clear that Mr. Johnson could not have lived through all his experiences of the last two years without becoming deeply affected by them. It is therefore not surprising that he has changed in many ways. He has become more solemn, in some ways rather bitter, and certainly disappointed that some of his best intentions have gone astray. From the day he had assumed office he was anxious to secure "consensus", or to govern with national rather than partisan support. He had gone out of his way to reconcile all conflicts: Catholics and Protestants and Jews, white man and coloured man, North and South, business and government, and he had done his utmost to promote world peace. Frustration over the sudden lack of support for all this is perfectly understandable, but it seems odd that the President should now be upsetting so many groups and individuals in so many different ways. This is all the more strange because many of the men placed by Kennedy in key positions in 1961 are still with Johnson in the second half of 1966. Mr. Dean Rusk is still Secretary of State, and Mr. Robert McNamara is still Secretary of Defence. Many other members of the Johnson administration, including some of America's principal ambassadors abroad, are still the original Kennedy appointees. It is a tribute both to them and to President Johnson that they continue to work

together so well despite the striking difference between the present President and his late predecessor.

Of course Johnson has introduced many men of his own, but he has not always been lucky. The scandals involving Bobby Baker and Walter Jenkins shook him profoundly. More recently, two of his closest personal aides — George Reedy and Jack Valenti — have resigned to take up business appointments. So has McGeorge Bundy, who has become head of the Ford Foundation, while George Ball will be leaving soon to return to his law practice. These resignations are not due to lack of devotion or willingness to serve — in fact the four gentlemen just mentioned remain very close to him. But Johnson is well known to be an almost impossible task-master. He is so dynamic, so indefatigable, so overwhelming, that, quite apart from everything else, his closest collaborators are permanently on the verge of physical and intellectual exhaustion. With all this he has become a lonelier man, but his power is rising rather than diminishing.

The President has stated often that he wants to be loved. This, so far, has eluded him. Mr. Johnson is admired for his unique political gifts, his capacity to dominate, his experience, his courage, initiative and drive, his energy, his resilience. But these very qualities are also those which antagonise and irritate people most — especially the politicians and the press. President Johnson's most difficult problem has become his own personality.

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THE REVIVAL OF THE GERMAN RIGHT

by David Childs

IT is a common fallacy to regard Adolf Hitler's Nazism as an aberration from the general line of development of German politics. Equally, in the writer's view, is it wrong to regard it as a result of certain German racial characteristics. Nevertheless, Nazism was a synthesis of certain traditions, some of them long standing, of the German Right and this makes the recent revival of Right-wing extremism in West Germany more ominous. If there is a danger in the Federal German Republic, it does not come from men who, like our own Colin Jordan, get their kicks by wearing political uniforms of the 1930s or writing obscene slogans on synagogues, though there are some of those too. It comes from well-heeled businessmen, lawyers and civil servants, many of whom never fell for the more obvious crudities of Nazism, men who would instinctively prefer Salazar or Franco, and today Barry Goldwater as well, to Hitler, Himmler or Goebbels. Most of them are *not* organised in the extreme Right parties.

Due to Hitler's success in 1933 even usually well-informed people do not always realise there were equally dangerous brands of Right-wing extremism outside the Nazi movement. There were also Right-wingers who called themselves National Socialists before Hitler. In fact, it may well be that it was an accident that Hitler, rather than some other would-be "saviour", won the favours of the powerful in Weimar Germany and was thus able to take over the state. The most successful pre-Hitler Nazi was Dr. Eduard Stadtler. Already in December 1918 this Alsatian was advocating the setting up of a National Socialist dictatorship to defeat Communism and he convinced Hugo Stinnes, certainly one of the most wealthy industrialists of the day, Albert Vögler, director of the biggest Ruhr coal concern, Karl Friedrich von Siemens, head of Siemens, Felix Deutsch, leading man at AEG and director Mankiewicz of the Deutsche Bank.¹ The money flowed. But not for long. Once the danger of Bolshevism seemed to have passed these industrialists put their money into more orthodox Conservative movements, notably the Nationalist party, the NDVP. Stadtler, who claimed to have killed the workers' leaders Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, was given a comfortable post by Stinnes. A Captain Pabst, who today lives peacefully and prosperously in Düsseldorf, claims to have issued the order for the killing of these two leaders. He was not a Nazi in the strict sense merely a Rightist officer.²

For most of the Weimar period then, Hitler, although kept going by contributions from wealthy individuals, did not receive subsidies from the great industrialists. The Nationalists got this money and they were the

¹ G. W. F. Hallgarten, "Hitler Reichswehr und Industrie", Europäische Verlagsanstalt, 1962, p.86.

² G. Förster, "Der preussisch-deutsche Generalstab 1640-1965", Dietz Verlag, East Berlin, 1966, p.176.

main standard bearers of the German Right. They maintained close ties with the generals of the *Reichswehr* and together carried out secret rearmament plans. The industrialists supported the generals, generals who, so one of their number claimed to know, were preparing a revanchist war against France.³ All this was in the mid-twenties when the Nazis were a relatively insignificant group outside the corridors of power.

By the end of the twenties the situation changed. The world economic crisis broke. The Communists, who had won 54 seats in 1928 increased their representation in the *Reichstag* to 77 (out of a total of 577). The Nazi deputies increased from 12 to 107! Already before the election the Nazis had started to receive funds from the Ruhr coal interests⁴ but their spectacular success and the advance of the Communists led many other industrialists to the conclusion that perhaps, after all, Hitler was the man to introduce the *Polizeisozialismus* — harsh discipline, "planned capitalism" and a modicum of social insurance — which they wanted. These were the hallmarks of Bismark's social policy to beat Socialism. Was not a new Bismark needed? It is remarkable that they should have seen him in an Austrian corporal, this in itself should confirm the opportunism and unreliability of Germany's "captains of industry". Many no doubt thought Hitler could be controlled. Certainly the Nationalists did. The Catholic aristocrat Franz von Papen, who joined Hitler in the coalition government, is quoted as having boasted, "I have the confidence of Hindenburg [the President]. In two months we shall have pushed Hitler squealing into a corner".⁵ In January 1932 Hitler went into alliance with big business, exactly one year later he was Chancellor. Thirty-eight industrialists had actually signed a letter asking Hindenburg to appoint him to that office.⁶

What about the armed forces, the *Reichswehr*? Many officers would be impressed that Hitler had the backing of their friends in industry and their fellow officer Hindenburg. True, many of the older ones still seem to have had their reservations. But the British military attache, Col. J. H. Marshall-Cornwall, reported that many young officers were enthusiastic about the Nazis.⁷ Why should they not be? After all, Goering, Hess, Röhm and other Nazi leaders had themselves been officers.

Certain other aspects of the Weimar situation need to be borne in mind when summing up the dangers in contemporary Germany. The Right-wing dictatorship of 1933 came about by manipulation of the Constitution by President Hindenburg and his Conservative colleagues before Hitler became Chancellor. Later, in March 1933, the Catholic Centre Party and certain others, but not the Social Democrats (nor the Communists who were banned), were persuaded to vote for a far reaching Enabling Act

³ Hallgarten, p.25.

⁴ Förster, p.216.

⁵ T. Eschenburg and others, "The Road To Dictatorship", O. Wolff, London, 1964, p.118.

⁶ R. Wheeler-Bennett, "The Nemesis Of Power", London, 1953, p.273.

⁷ F. L. Carsten, "Reichswehr und Politik 1918-1933", Kiepenheuer & Witsch, Cologne, 1965, p.343.

which gave Hitler all the power he needed. And, "In the Enabling Law the civil service and the courts now found a comforting legal basis for their willing co-operation".⁸ In other words, whether they were, or became, card-carrying Nazis or not, many, very many, of the administrative elite believed in the "national revolution". This is not surprising for another feature of the Weimar period, as indeed of the *Kaiserreich*, was the widespread dissemination of nationalist, imperialist ideas. The protagonists of such — Oswald Spengler, Arthur Moeller van den Bruck, Ernst Jünger, Hans Grimm, Stefan George, Carl Schmitt (all of whose books are available today) — were very often not Nazi party members though their ideas prepared the way for Hitler. To varying degrees they despised the workers, hated the "coloured" nations, particularly the Slavs — "*Russland ist Asien*" wrote Spengler — believed in Caesarism, the irrational, duties rather than rights, order rather than liberty, castes rather than equality, soil rather than solidarity, and that "The Pacifism of the Liberal century must be overcome if we are to go on living".⁹

In certain respects this ideology had even penetrated sections of Social Democracy and the Catholic Church (to say nothing of the Protestant Church). Let it be emphasised that the Communists apart, these two movements offered the most resistance to Hitler and paid heavily for that resistance. But the majority of German Social Democrats had become contaminated by the imperialist ideology before and during the first World War and, although strong upholders of the Weimar constitution, "Even in the heyday of Republican Socialism military and foreign affairs followed the ideas of the 'National Right'," (as *The Times* put it, January 31, 1933) The Catholic bishops responded to Hitler's coup by issuing a declaration of loyalty, the so-called Fuldaer Declaration of March 1933, and by signing a concordat with the Nazi government. As Guenter Lewy¹⁰ has shown, the Catholic bishops supported the war effort, especially the attack on the Soviet Union, were largely anti-semitic and authoritarian. The Catholic view of a suitable order in Europe was "the unity of the Christian West under the leadership of the German nation".¹¹ In 1938, apart from lapsed Catholics, about a quarter of the SS were Catholics.¹²

The opposition to Hitler needs also to be examined in order to clarify better the situation in West Germany today. Usually when West German officials honour the opposition to Hitler they honour the men of the July Plot of 1944. It must be mentioned though that at a time when most of the July plotters were serving the Führer in high positions thousands of their fellow citizens were suffering in concentration camps for opposing him. Up to the beginning of the war 225,000 Germans had been sentenced to 600,000

⁸ Eschenburg, p.120.

⁹ O. Spengler, "Jahre der Entscheidung", C. H. Beck, Munich, 1933, p.163.

¹⁰ See *Der Spiegel*, November 13, 1965; November 12, 1965.

¹¹ K. Sontheimer, "Antidemokratisches Denken in der Weimarer Republik", Nymphenburger Verlagshandlung, Munich, 1962, p.283.

¹² Lewy, *Der Spiegel*, November 13, 1965, p.70.

years' imprisonment by the regular courts for alleged political offences. About a million were interned during this period for shorter or longer spells in camps.¹³ Most of these were Social Democrats and Communists. By the war years the ranks of the workers' opposition had naturally been thinned and others were beginning to have second thoughts. The composition of the opposition changed somewhat. Nazi figures give the following picture of those arrested in January 1944: Communists and Social Democrats 1,340; Right-wing opposition 2,079; foreign 2,128; Catholics 27; Evangelicals 7; minor sects 118; Jews 1,711; economic offences 549; strikers (German) 2,060; strikers (Foreign) 27,048; illicit relations with foreigners and p.o.w.'s 1,796; others 3,717. The same trend continued in the two following months, but in the three after that more Left-wingers were rounded up than Right-wingers. In April, for instance, 1,387 Leftists were arrested as against 529 of the Right.¹⁴ Of the Bomb Plotters themselves some were actually Nazis in the strict sense; SS General Count Heinrich Wolff von Helldorf, the Police President of Berlin, and SS General Arthur Nebe, Head of German CID and "commandant of an extermination group in Russia", for example.¹⁵ As many accounts of them show, most of them were thoroughly reactionary.¹⁶ This in no way invalidates the high personal courage of men like Count Stauffenberg (another pro-Hitler officer of 1933) who saw their mistake and paid with their lives for trying to rectify it. Most of their colleagues served to the end. Some 4,982 persons were executed in connection with the July Plot. They were of all political complexions. Many times that number of Socialists and Communists had died before 1944.¹⁷

Such was the position of the varied ranks of the German Right in the 1920s and 1930s and in the anti-Hitler opposition; what of today? The "economic miracle" apart, one of the most remarkable things about West Germany was the speed with which the old bourgeois order was able to reassert itself. In fact, Sebastian Haffner, the noted commentator on Germany, has gone so far as to write about, "the uncanny continuity between Hitler's and Adenauer's Germany . . . It had been Adenauer's great and ambiguous achievement to make the structural, social, and administrative continuation of the Third Reich in the Federal Republic so smooth and seemingly inevitable that it was hardly noticed".¹⁸ "Denazification" was not nearly as extensive as is generally thought. In the early years of the Federal Republic official statistics showed that up to four-fifths or more of judges had been members of the Nazi party or its affiliated organisa-

¹³ G. Weissenborn, "Der Lautlose Aufstand", Rowohlt, Hamburg, 1953, p.38.

¹⁴ Weissenborn, p.149.

¹⁵ R. Manvell and H. Fraenkel, "The July Plot", Pan Books, London, 1966, p.16, p.17.

¹⁶ See *Die Zeit*, June 10, 1966, W. Scharlau.

¹⁷ Figure for plotters, E. Waldman, "The Goose Step is Verboten", Free Press of Glencoe, USA, p.177.

¹⁸ New Society, June 17, 1965.

tions.¹⁹ In 1961 Fritz Bauer, Prosecutor-General of Hesse, estimated that between two-thirds and three-quarters of the Federal Republic's 15,000 judges and prosecutors worked for Hitler.²⁰ To get some idea of their activities in the Third Reich it should be noted that 16,000 death sentences were passed in Germany in World War II, excluding those of military courts, compared with 159 passed in Britain during the same period and 141 passed in Germany in the 1914-18 war.²¹ At one time the chief federal state prosecutor, Dr. Fraenkel, was a compromised Nazi, as was Erwin Schüle, the man until only a few months ago in charge of investigating Nazi crimes.²²

What is true of the judiciary is equally true of the administrative machine. Of attempts to reform the German civil service two British writers commented, "At no stage in the occupation did it prove possible in any zone to rouse enough public feeling and interest for the reforms to be forced on reluctant officialdom, and the amount of change has been relatively small".²³ Probably the most remarkable case in the administration was the appointment by Dr. Adenauer of Dr. Hans Globke as his chief personal assistant. Dr. Globke, who continued in office till Dr. Adenauer retired in 1963, was co-author of the official commentary to the Nuremberg race laws and a leading Nazi civil servant.

In industry the case of the convicted war criminal Alfred Krupp is well known: less well known is what happened to the friends of SS boss Himmler. These industrialists joined what became known as "The Friendship Circle of the *Reichführer* of the SS" (Himmler). They were prepared to pay large sums for the privilege. They were regarded as completely loyal by the Nazis and some became honorary members of the SS. They visited concentration camps and took part in Nazi jamborees. According to *Der Spiegel* (October 13, 1965) five of them who survived have received, at one time or another, the highest awards of the Federal German Republic. One of them, Karl Blessing, is President of the Federal Bank. The worst case of all, however, was that of Dr. Heinrich Bütefisch of IG Farben and the SS. He helped to set up the Leuna chemical factory at Auschwitz where the camps inmates were worked to death. He was convicted by the Allies after the war but soon was again a leading figure in the chemical industry. He was awarded the *Grosses Verdienstkreuz* by President Lübke. Unfortunately for him, his award coincided with the Auschwitz trial and an East German witness reminded the court of Bütefisch's activities. Protests followed and the award was annulled. Those responsible for the award

¹⁹ R. Hiscocks, "Germany Revived", Gollancz, 1966, p.201.

²⁰ W. Stahl, "The Politics Of Post-War Germany", Atlantik-Brücke, Hamburg, p.241.

²¹ Stahl, p.242.

²² For Fraenkel, "The German View", February 19, 1964; for Schüle, "The Guardian", February 17, 1965, "Der Spiegel", February 17, 1965.

²³ Balfour and Mair, "Four Power Control In Germany And Austria 1945-46", London, OUP, 1956, p.198-9.

could not claim they did not know his past for the official records of the Allied trial are readily available in many libraries.

Such industrialists have not supported the lunatic fringe in West German politics. They have preferred to get their men into the orthodox Conservative parties. Already in 1952 the respected Swiss newspaper *Die Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (June 7) commented. "The entrepreneurs have created for themselves in the German Party (DP), in the FDP and the Right-wing of the CDU — that are financed by their money — bases in the Bundestag". Since that time they have strengthened their position above all in the CDU. As few as 98 of them are said to dominate the core of the West German economy. (*Christ Und Welt*, September 4, 1964.) Probably their greatest political coup to date has been the appointment of Dr. Ludger Westrick as chief of the Chancellor's office, an extremely important post, formerly held by Dr. Globke. Dr. Westrick held important positions in the aluminium industry during the war and, according to *Der Spiegel* (June 6, 1966), the Nazis appointed him a *Wehrwirtschaftsführer* or "War Economy Leader", a post reserved by the Nazis for industrialists they regarded as both important and loyal.

The Federal armed forces, the *Bundeswehr*, lauded for so long by the protagonists of German rearmament as an almost unique citizen-in-uniform force, are, despite the constitutional trimming, little different in substance from the *Wehrmacht* or the *Reichswehr*. As a teacher of English attached to the German air force in 1957, the writer was appalled by the anti-democratic attitudes of the young, volunteer, would-be pilots, many of whom are now presumably in positions of some authority. Very many of them regarded the July plotters as traitors who had stabbed the fighting troops in the back. He recalls that most preferred to read the militaristic *Deutsche Soldaten Zeitung* rather than the official and relatively harmless soldiers' paper. These impressions of nine years ago have been confirmed by more recent evidence. A series of articles published by Vice-Admiral Meye, the then official Federal Parliamentary Commissioner, whose job is to protect the rights of the ordinary servicemen, claimed the *Bundeswehr* was in danger of becoming a "state within a state" (*Der Spiegel*, June 24, 1964). Commissioner Heye, a former Nazi Admiral and CDU MP, was forced from office and replaced by Matthias Hoogen, a former Nazi party member as he admitted to *Die Zeit* (December 18, 1964) and former air force judge who signed at least one death sentence during the war. Before Admiral Heye's articles the public had been shocked by a number of cases of brutality, the most publicised of which was one involving the death of 19-year-old Gerd Trimbom of the paratroops, who died after collapsing on a training exercise. On the same march four other recruits from the same company collapsed. The incident might not have got the publicity it did had not some building workers seen it happen. They told how the NCO in charge drove on his men hitting one of them with a rifle-butt. They protested, only to be abused as "lousy civilians". *Quick*, the popular weekly which reported the case (August 25, 1963), said that Trimbom's death was due to the attitude fostered in the West German paratroops.

It claimed that this attitude was derived not only from the *Wermacht* but also from the French *Paras*. In the officers' mess, the article claimed, one heard "mon capitaine", "merci pas dequoi", etc. The officer in charge of Trimborn's company even wore the *Paras*' insignia on his tunic. Maps showing the lost territories as German, together with pictures of heroes of World War II abounded; pictures of the anti-Hitler plotters were consciously excluded from the barracks. This is not surprising for, as a NATO investigator²⁴ found, the Bundeswehr has not sought to exclude from its officer corps those who reject the action of the July Plotters. The same writer found that 75 per cent of West German officers supported the CDU, that 29 per cent came from what is now East Germany, while 23 per cent were from the lost territories. Thus refugees and expellees were at this time (1961) more numerous among Bundeswehr officers than among the population as a whole. Surely additional cause for concern?

The maps showing the lost territories are official policy. In part they reflect the continuing influence of the *Landsmannschaften*, the organisations of the expellees from these territories. Recently those from the Sudetenland held their rally in Munich; between 300,000 and 400,000 attended. *Die Zeit* (June 24, 1966) has drawn attention to the large numbers of former Nazi and SS activists and officials at the higher levels of the Sudeten German organisation. In 1962 they adopted a declaration entitled "The Sudetenland Free State" (*Freistaat Sudetenland*) drawn up by Dr. Seebohm, Minister of Transport in the Federal Government. They even have a foothold in the Social Democratic Party in the person of Herr Wenzel Jaksch, an emigrant in London during the war, who has become an increasingly violent advocate of Sudeten German "Rights". Herr Jaksch, a member of the Federal Parliament, is head of the organisation covering those from all the lost territories. Earlier this year his organisation held its rally in Bonn at which the chief slogan was "Renunciation is High Treason" (*Verzicht ist Hochverrat*). Both rallies met with trade union opposition.

At the Munich rally an exhibition tried to show that the wartime Lidice massacre was nothing more than Czech propaganda. This brought some opposition from the more moderate elements in the expellee organisation. Books glorifying Nazi crimes (*Die Zeit* says), which were on sale, found many customers. Such books and newspapers of the same colour have long been a feature of West Germany. The *Sunday Times* (June 24, 1964) correspondent in Germany has commented on these publications thus, "The only viable explanation for the proliferation of these newspapers, periodicals and news letters . . . is that their extremist views do strike some kind of buried chord in West Germans today . . . Some financial support may come from refugee organisations . . . But the conclusion is inescapable that a good deal of money must come from ultra-conservative industrialists — the kind of people who helped Hitler in the twenties and early thirties".

²⁴ Waldman, p.176.

One disturbing feature that this writer has noted is the positive response such publications and organisations get from young people including academic youth (which is not to say that many do not reject them). The main standard bearers of nationalism among the latter are the *Verbundungen*. These are the traditionalist fencing fraternities to which 40 per cent of male students are believed to belong.²⁵ An authoritative survey (in *Die Zeit*, June 9, 1961) estimated 5,000 members of such bodies leave the universities each year. By 1971, the survey claimed, 250,000 fraternity members—they are usually members for life—will be in leading positions. They are a key example of Right-wing extremists who were not, strictly speaking, Nazis. They were active under the Kaisers and in the Weimar republic, which they opposed, agreed to voluntary liquidation under the Nazis, whose state they supported, and were banned by the Allies.

It is in this kind of society that the NDP, the new Nationalist party, made its dramatic appearance in November 1964. It was an amalgam of various tiny Right-wing sects headed by the remnants of the largely unsuccessful German Reich's Party (DRP) which in turned was based on the Socialist Reich's Party (SRP) banned in 1952.²⁶ The leaders of the National Democratic Party — at least 12 out of 18 of them were, according to *Der Spiegel* (April 4, 1966), active Nazis — are trying hard to make themselves respectable. Uniforms are out and the official line is to put the emphasis on the present and the future rather than the past. They claim they are not racialsists but they are against foreign immigrant workers. The July plotters were wrong not for attempting to get rid of Hitler but for doing so in wartime. Allied War crimes, Western bombing and Soviet atrocities, were as bad as anything any Germans did and therefore one should stop attacking Germany's past, "After all, who set up the first concentration camps? — the British in South Africa". At the federal election last September the NDP received 658,250 votes or 2 per cent, not very many. But, so the National Democrats would claim, not all that bad considering they had had less than a year to build up their organisation and their image. In Bavaria in March of this year the NDP had some success in individual towns in the local elections. It polled 10.6 per cent in Bayreuth, 9.5 per cent in Erlangen and 7.5 per cent in Nuremberg. The chairman of the NDP in this *Land*, Franz Florian Winter, who attracted attention last year by attending a wreath-laying ceremony at the graves of war criminals in Landsberg, won a seat on the Tegernsee town council. In the local elections held in Schleswig-Holstein at the same time, the average vote of the NDP was 10.5 per cent, as against 6 per cent in the federal election, in the eleven districts where it contested. What kind of people make up the Party's 16,000-odd members? Very often small businessmen and white collar workers. More often men than women, Protestant rather than Catholic. Spokesmen for the Nationalists have claimed that 45 per cent of their members are under 40.

²⁵ H. Brüdigam, "Der Schoss ist fruchtbar noch . . .", Röderberg-Verlag, 1965.

²⁶ Hans Frederik, "Die Rechtsradikalen", Humboldt-Verlag, Munich.

Has the NDP got a chance? Well, some worried German democrats have pointed out that in 1928 the Nazis got not many more votes than the Nationalists in 1965. But in the present circumstances it seems unlikely that the ex-Nazi, enjoying the fruits of the "economic miracle", a respected member of the FDP, CDU or even SPD, should take risks with the National Democrats. In a sense this is the really frightening thing, that so many ex-Nazis who share all the views of the NDP mentioned above, feel reasonably at home in the orthodox parties. It is a sign of the weakness of these parties. Spiritual change has been slight, as anyone knows who has been told time and again by West Germans that the British set up the first concentration camps, that Germans were, in the last war, merely fighting for their country against Bolshevism.

The chaotic economic circumstances which brought Hitler to power are absent in West Germany today: many of the old ideas remain. They circulate not only among "the masses" but also among the professional and administrative elite, the police and armed forces. They are often rooted in the minds of men who were not members of the Nazi party, the kind of people well represented in the Bonn cabinet. What were Erhard's cabinet colleagues doing in the Third Reich? How many of them languished in jails and concentration camps or served in the notorious penal battalions or led the precarious life of the emigrant? Only one claims to have been briefly imprisoned in 1944. The same man, Dr. Krone, blotted his copy book by voting for the Enabling Act in 1933. One other, Frau Schwarzhaupt, claims to have had difficulties with her profession. Dr. Erhard himself was for most of this period the editor of an economic journal which drew funds from industry and which condemned Liberalism and Socialism and pledged support for the New Order. Later he took up contact with the Conservative opponents of Hitler around Carl Goerdeler. Of the 21 male members of Dr. Erhard's cabinet between one third and one half served in the Wehrmacht as officers loyally doing their duty for Führer and Fatherland to the end. One, Herr Westrick, was a leading industrialist and *Wehrwirtschaftsführer* while two others, Seeböhm and Dahlgrün also had positions of substance in industry. Four other cabinet ministers, Höcherl, Bucher, Schröder and Jaeger, built up successful legal careers. Information about membership of the Nazi party is obviously hard to come by but at least four, and probably several more, joined the Party. Their attitude to the past, and the need to overcome it, is at best lackadaisical and indifferent, as Herr Bucher made plain when he opposed the extension of the period during which war criminals could be convicted. He asked then, "What sense has it if it is mentioned that Herr Loesdan, who is proposed as a Federal Judge, was a member of the Storm Troops?"²⁷ He presumably does not care that these judges are releasing the Auschwitz murderers. As *Die Neue Zürcher Zeitung* pointed out on April 14, "Several of the accused, sentenced last August to many years

²⁷ K. Jaspers, "Wohin treibt die Bundesrepublik?", Piper & Co. Verlag, Munich, 1966, p.76.

hard labour, are already at liberty. They include the former camp adjutant Robert Mulka, who was sentenced to 14 years imprisonment". Sometimes they are released because they have a doctor's certificate, sometimes because they have lodged appeals against their sentences. Apparently such generosity is not extended to the many Left-wingers now in West German jails for allegedly carrying on the activities of the illegal CP.

It is these post-war democrats in the cabinet and in the legal system who want to realise the Emergency Powers' legislation. Briefly, these proposed laws, officially designed to replace Allied reserve powers, will give a small group of men, the representatives of the state, very wide powers in an internal emergency or warlike situation. The main arguments against such legislation are the misuse of similar legislation in the past and the fact that the Federal Republic has lasted longer than either the Weimar Republic or the Third Reich without it. In a warlike situation the Federal Republic would, in any case, need to consult its allies. This legislation is opposed by some highly respected and respectable people. One of them, Karl Jaspers, the philosopher, has said it would prepare the way for the erection of an indirect military dictatorship and for the regimentation of the workers to the will of the employers.²⁸ Nobel Prize Winner Max Born has written, "these laws can have no other purpose than to control the masses in preparation for military dictatorship and war . . .". Perhaps this goes too far. Yet this legislation does present a danger, administered as it would be by doubtful democrats, a danger far greater than the relative revival of the extreme NDP, which is merely symptomatic of the atmosphere in many circles in West Germany today.

²⁸ Jaspers, p.169, p.279.

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TUNISIA

by Anthony Sylvester

IF the developing nations of the world were children sitting in a class room Tunisia would no doubt be given top marks. The Tunisians go by the book more diligently and more consistently than most. With a Government dedicated to economic growth, a dynamic and popular leader in President Bourguiba, and a judicious mixture of State intervention and private enterprise the Tunisians like to pride themselves on being a model developing country. Many will agree with this appraisal. Beyond that, the Tunisian Government has been prudently keeping on friendly terms with outside powers, including the USA and the Soviet Union. The estrangement in the vital relations with France, brought about when Tunisia somewhat brusquely nationalised some 300,000 hectares of French-owned land in 1964, also seems to be ending now.

The Tunisians can look with satisfaction on the first ten years of their independence. If in 1956 some 12 per cent of the children of school-going age received education, over eighty per cent do now. The national income went up by 62 per cent over the period — an achievement which few have equalled.

Indeed, a traveller in Tunisia familiar with the usual scene in the rest of North Africa and the Middle East will perhaps be surprised to find towns clean and almost without *bidonvilles*, beggars and loafers fewer than elsewhere, road and rail communications excellent (this is of course true for the entire Maghreb) and people not only friendly and hospitable but also bright and reasonably sophisticated. Tunisia is remarkably europeanised, and this is the point which is most frequently made by Tunisians when talking to foreigners. Yet, Tunisia also has in full measure those problems which characterise what is now a trifle euphemistically called a 'developing' country: much unemployment, most of the people living by subsistence farming, little industry and a population explosion.

It is not so much what the Tunisians have actually done to transform their country which will impress a visitor. It is rather the way they go about it, with resolute determination tempered by flexibility and pragmatism. No so-called developing country of the contemporary world has yet reached the stage where progress becomes self-generating. The gap between the haves and the have-nots has been widening rather than narrowing. But the Tunisians can at least claim they have come as close as any emergent nation to the point of the 'take-off'.

The first integrated steel mill in the Maghreb has been constructed in Tunisia. Steel components used in the building industry were turned out here, the present capacity of the plant being in the region of 70,000 tons of steel products annually. A British company contributed the blast furnace, but the very modern, automatic rolling mill was supplied by a Swedish firm. Other modern factories have been set up, including an excellent fruit

processing plant, serving mainly the export industry. But these modern establishments have called for much foreign-imported machinery and equipment, creating considerable balance of payments problems. These problems are still acute in spite of foreign aid and in spite of a recent devaluation of the currency and rigorous austerity and incomes policy.

The best hope for industrialisation in this country is to attract foreign companies to set up their branch factories here, using cheap local labour. There are good prospects for this in food, cork, hides, phosphate and other processing industries. An American company has been making household fixtures and exporting most of the products to the USA. In spite of heavy transport costs the venture is a success financially. Such a marriage between what a developing country has best to offer and modern technology and know-how of the western world seems to be a most useful and lasting relationship, because it is based on mutual advantage and anchored in sound business criteria. Such partnership may well prove to be the best way of helping a developing country. In view of its proximity to western European markets Tunisia seems well placed for such joint ventures.

To make such partnership possible good will and realism are required on both sides, and Tunisian leaders certainly appreciate the importance of the right kind of climate and guarantees for outside capital.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in the generous terms offered to outside interests in the country's rapidly growing tourist industry. Tunisia has some 600 miles of magnificent beaches, only 15 per cent of them exploited so far. In the oases, in the Sahara desert, a hot summer climate can be enjoyed in the middle of the winter. Between 1961 and 1965 Tunisia's receipts from tourism went up by nearly 450%.

By steering a course somewhere in the middle between State-planned and State-directed, command economy and free enterprise the Tunisian authorities may sometimes face the danger of falling between two stools. Much of the new enterprise is financed and operated by the State. Yet Tunisian businessmen often complain that State intervention and interference sometimes create despondency, confusion and uncertainty among those engaged in private enterprise, although people with private savings are often invited to participate in State-planned ventures on a profit-sharing basis. "Capitalism" is a dirty word in Tunisia, by and large. Notions of private enterprise are ideologically on the defensive, and free enterprise is too often identified here with the colonial rule.

There is a good deal of left-wing pressure put on the Government from students and young intellectuals in particular. One feels that the Tunisian leaders are anxious to placate the clamour for more sweeping reforms by trying to steal the wind out of the sails of the radicals. The ruling Destourian Party is ostensibly socialist, although it emphatically rejects class war.

Socialist experiments have occasionally ended in disaster. When the Tunisian Government attempted a regrouping of peasant properties and

introduced collectivist projects in the Sakel region, in 1964, the farmers rioted. The approach is now more cautious and one can generally observe a change in the ideological climate. It is no secret that American advisers to the Tunisian Government have been urging a course giving more scope to private enterprise.

The Government believes that the co-operative movement, along the lines of the Scandinavian rather than the Russian system, is the key to the future of the agricultural industry. One of its major schemes is the Medjerda river project, covering an area of some 750,000 acres north of the capital. This is newly irrigated land and the ultimate intention is to establish here a class of sturdy, independent farmers each with up to 25 acres of land and joined in cooperatives. Already nearly 40,000 acres have been allotted to young farmers and nearly 1,700 houses have been constructed for them. There is no doubt that the Medjerda scheme is by far the most imaginative and advanced agricultural development project in the entire French-speaking North Africa. Much of the money to finance the scheme has been provided by the U.S. Government, but Western Germany has supplied a very useful model cattle farm.

The Medjerda scheme is a costly experiment, and there is no suggestion that it is paying its way at present, although the farmers who had been given land, houses, cattle and implements are expected to pay these back over a number of years.

There are hundreds of technicians and other experts from the East employed in Tunisia. Some 200 are from Czechoslovakia alone, doing work as doctors and in other capacities, as well as many from Bulgaria. The influence of the East in Tunisia has been a function of President Bourguiba's disagreements with the West, particularly with France, in the past at any rate. When the Tunisian village of Sakiet Ben Youssef was bombed in 1958 by the French, in retaliation for Tunisian support of Algerian Freedom Fighters, and again at the time of the Bizerta incident in 1961, prospects for Russia and other Communist powers seemed promising. There was much excitement in Tunisia at the time when high hopes were raised regarding Soviet aid. But these hopes were later disappointed. It is believed that the aid coming from the East in the period between 1961 and 1964 amounted to a total of just over fifty million dollars — or just about as much as the US has been providing in any single year.

Communist Governments like to concentrate their aid projects on points most likely to attract maximum attention. An impressive water barrage and hydro-electric project is at present constructed jointly by the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia on the river Kasseb, near Tunis. Then, the Bulgarians are constructing a huge "sports city" on the outskirts of the capital, to be ready for the opening of the Mediterranean Games this autumn.

Through foreign aid and her own efforts Tunisia manages to keep her head above water. But progress in terms of greater prosperity for her citizens would no doubt be more substantial were it not for one problem:

the extremely rapid growth of the population. At the present rate of 2.5% annual increase the population, now at 4.7m, would double in 25 years. This would almost inevitably mean that everybody in Tunisia would be a little bit worse off than now. In view of exceptionally great expenditure on schools, health services and other items particularly benefitting children it has been calculated that an annual increase of national income of some 8% would be barely sufficient to maintain the present standards. Already, Tunisia is one of the youngest countries in the world, with some 40 per cent of the population being aged less than 20.

Faced with the population explosion the Tunisian Government reacted in typical fashion: it ordered a nation-wide family planning campaign which is quite unprecedented anywhere in the developing world, and most certainly in Arab countries. Since last June mobile teams of doctors and nurses have been reaching even the remotest villages, distributing freely contraception devices and medical advice.

The outcome of the campaign scheduled to last two years is uncertain, but there are reasons to believe that it could be more successful than elsewhere. Tunisia is a small country ruled by a mass party whose organisations permeate the entire fabric of the nation. In addition, the men carrying out the present birth control movement can draw on experience in other countries.

Before embarking on the present nation-wide campaign a 23-month experimental phase was tried. In this period, which ended on March 31, 1966, about 28,000 women attended family planning clinics. The overwhelming majority of women came from the poorest sector of the population, and most were illiterate, while more than half had over four children.

There is no organised opposition to the family planning campaign which has the blessing and active encouragement of the President of the Republic himself. The Koran is non-committal on the subject, although the elderly and more conservative element of the population look on the whole matter with disapproval and suspicion. The success or otherwise of the present campaign will depend on many factors, but of crucial significance seems to be the degree of emancipation of women. As in so many other fields the Tunisian Government has been blazing the trail in changing the status of women. Bigamy has been abolished and so has the veil, and women have a right to vote. Yet these changes have often remained on the surface only. In rural areas at any rate, women continue to count for little as regards the number of children a family decides to have. It is the man who must be convinced that it is in his own interest as well as in that of the State that he should allow for a reasonable break between his wife's pregnancies.

Many students and intellectuals resent the mantle of paternalism with which President Habib Bourguiba has covered his country. There is a lack of real party political life and dialogue — although there is plenty of ferment under the surface. The Tunisian leadership itself appears to be aware of this. No one seriously disputes the President's popularity. But

although only 63 and apparently enjoying vigorous health, Bourguiba will one day leave the political stage and the big question is what will come in his place.

Nonetheless, most observers seem to agree that Bourguiba's is perhaps the most stable one-party regime in Africa. With all his virtuosity of non-alignment the Tunisian President is really a very solid friend of the West and its values. His realism and flexibility in foreign affairs have earned him the bitter hostility of the extremists. His bold stand on the question of Palestine, which he wants to have settled by the United Nations, has almost cost him isolation in the Arab world. But his openly expressed views are tacitly shared by many, especially in the Maghreb. And in his feud with President Nasser he has now found powerful friends among the Arabs and Muslims generally.

The Americans regard Tunisia as one of the most aidworthy countries they support. They provide about as much aid annually as all the other countries put together. There are solid reasons for this generosity. Tunisia commands one of the gateways to Europe. Nearly three thousand graves of American servicemen from the last war, buried in a cemetery at Carthage, bear silent witness to the strategic significance of Tunisia. But Tunisia also commands considerable influence in the Arab and Muslim world and in French-speaking Africa generally.

France retains a predominant position as supplier of goods and buyer of Tunisian exports. There are more French teachers and other experts in Tunisia than from all the other countries put together. French financial aid was stopped in 1964, but privileges granted to Tunisian exports in the French market are being resumed. Of crucial importance to the Tunisian economy is the resumption of French buying of Tunisian wine.

The great ambition of the Tunisian Government is to secure a privileged entry for its exports to the French and other western European markets by means of an association with the European Economic Community.

[Anthony Sylvester, who has written for this journal in the past on developments in French-speaking North Africa, has just returned from a tour of Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco. His book, *Living with Communism*, is shortly to be published by Bodley Head Ltd.].

HISTORY

"MOST HORRID MALICIOUS BLOODY FLAME"

by Lorna P. Gulston

AT midnight on Saturday, September 1st, 1666, a baker in London's Pudding Lane went to his room, content that his oven was out and the household at peace. By 2 a.m. on Sunday, he and his son and daughter were squirming frantically through a top window to escape along a narrow gutter from a ferocious blaze which had nearly roasted them in their beds. Their maidservant, terrified of heights, dithered on the windowsill. Her delay was fatal. She vanished in a sheet of flame, first victim of the Great Fire of London.

Unaware of its peril the city slept on, expecting to awake as usual to its mixture of charm and filth. In an age of gorgeous clothes, rich talent and swashbuckling romance, with Shakespeare a bare half-century dead, public hygiene was a scandal to the community. Though official bodies existed to deal with offenders "who after rain throw dung, rubbish, sea-coal ashes, rushes or any other nuisance into the Thames or the channels of the City", Fleet Ditch was "a nauseous and abominable sink of public nastiness". Houndsditch took its name from the disgusting number of dead dogs thrown into it, and people, leaning from dry old timber buildings with eaves almost touching, tipped their waste into the streets, having apparently learned no lessons from the ravages of the previous year's bubonic plague.

Though 17th-century Londoners could scarcely have been expected to agree, the antiseptic conflagration roaring down Pudding Lane was a mixed blessing heavily weighted to their advantage. In eight hours the fire had reached Upper Thames Street, spurred on by a stiff east wind. Alarm travelled even faster than the flames. Hands snatched up ladders, ropes, axes and iron fire-hooks (to wrench off burning beams), and bucket gangs were organised. All available fire engines trundled into action. These engines — little more than large water-barrels on wheels — were helpless in the face of a major outbreak, and many stuck in the seething bottlenecks of the narrow streets and were accidentally toppled into the river.

Householders fled for their lives, carrying whatever they could bundle together quickly. Horse-drawn vehicles were at a premium, and the Thames swarmed with craft of every kind.

Samuel Pepys, as always in the thick of the news, observed:

"Hardly one lighter or boat in three had the goods of a house in it but there were a pair of virginals in it."

Presumably today it would be the family TV set.

By the third day Blackfriars was ablaze, and the situation was critical. An emergency sitting of the Council of State in Ely House, Holborn,

authorised the blowing up of houses to check the fire. Soon deep booms of gunpowder mingled with the crackling of the flames to add to the general distress and confusion.

That night, as an eyewitness gasped, "fire rushed like a *torrent* down Ludgate Hill", sweeping Old St. Paul's Cathedral into oblivion. Pepys with his flair for vivid imagery saw that as dark fell "the fire appeared more and more . . . in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire." He also came upon a pitiful spectacle, "a poor cat taken out of a hole in a chimney, joining to the wall of the Exchange, with the hair all burnt off the body and yet alive."

There were many harrowing things to be seen, for alarm was turning to hysteria. Rumours buzzed that the fire had been started with fireballs, by the Dutch (with whom England was at war) in revenge for a British commando raid on the islands of Ulie and Terschelling, during which a town had been burned and 160 ships sunk in the harbour. Train-bands (17th-century Home Guard) were on the watch for suspicious behaviour, and a harmless foreigner might find himself knocked on the head for no reason other than his accent.

The cruellest, most revolting incident of all was a perfect example of the dangers of a berserk mob. A poor widow had toiled from the city to Moorfields, shielding an armful of baby chickens, all she had time to save. A voice from the crowd roared, "the hag is carrying fireballs." With a savage howl she was set upon and her breasts hacked off.

Refugees struggling along with sick relatives, mothers borne on mattresses with their newborn babies, were given no quarter in the stampede. Deaths from burning were a mere dozen; death and mutilation from crushing, suffocation or violence many more.

Some people, however, did keep their heads. When the barristers refused to allow Temple Hall to be blown up (for which one young lawyer got his skull cracked by the Duke of York's Master of the Horse), a seaman named Richard Rowe, assisted by an anonymous soldier, scrambled astride the roof ridge and beat out flames caused by flying cinders. He was afterwards awarded ten pounds; his soldier helper got two pounds.

King Charles II set an admirable example of steadiness and courage amid the hubbub, riding calmly through the streets and playing an active part in firefighting operations.

By September 6th, due to the razing of buildings in its path, the fire was starved to a halt — according to some accounts at Cock Lane in the Cripplegate area, and to others, at Pie Lane.

On September 7th Pepys was able to write:

"Up by five o'clock, and blessed be God! find all well; and by water to Paul's Wharfe. Walked thence and saw all the towne burned; and the body of the quire fallen into St. Fayths; Paul's School also, Ludgate and Fleete Streete; my Father's house [in Salisbury Court] and the Church [St. Bride's] and a good part of the Temple the like."

Now, amid the smoking embers, London sat back to lick her wounds.

Gone were St. Paul's, Guildhall, the city gates, the Royal Exchange, London Bridge, all markets except Leadenhall, a portion of the Inner Temple; 84 parish churches, 44 halls of city companies; 13,200 houses, making 100,000 people homeless.

Who was to blame? A city baker's carelessness was too simple an explanation. It must be the Dutch, or the papists, or some such sinister agency. The inevitable crank hurried forward to confess to arson — Robert Hubert, a 26-year-old French watchmaker. Feelings ran high, and a ready-made scapegoat was too good a prize to miss; so, despite his workmates' assurances that Hubert was quite mad, the wretched psychopath had the wry satisfaction of being taken at his word and hanged at Tyburn.

England's enemies were quick to crow over her misfortunes. On September 25th 1666 there appeared in Rotterdam a pamphlet entitled "Short But True Account Of The Cruel And Terrible Fire Through Which Almost The Whole Of The City Of London Became Ashes". Lurid details of parishes swallowed up, "wailing, groaning and weeping and tears of the people" were followed by a paragraph crediting the Deity with Dutch sympathies and ending on a note of gloating self-pity:

"Therefore not for long did they triumph and glory in this proud and self-satisfied city (for sorrow and bitterness had come upon the heads of the English) over the burning of the Dutch ships in the Ulie and annihilation of the poor and innocent fisherfolk's huts and houses and only refuge for these poor people, who had practically nothing to warm themselves with and so had to turn to Mother Ocean to get the barest necessities of food".

It was not the last time that the 'proud and self-satisfied city' would burn, or rise above her calamity; it was, however, the end of an era.

Wren's Monument — 202ft. high, surmounted by a metal urn and ball of fire 42ft. high, from 1671 to 1677 in the building, at a cost of £13,700 — was more than a memento of disaster. It was the epitaph of cramped medievalism, and cornerstone of London as we know her today.

[Lorna Gulston is a contributor to *The Lady* and the *Belfast Telegraph* on matters of historical, biographical and literary research].

CENTENARY REPRINT

CHARLES DARWIN

by Julian Huxley

IN this year [1932] falls the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Charles Darwin—one of those rare individuals who have altered the main trend of thought and inaugurated a new attitude and a new outlook in human affairs. Darwin has been called the Newton of biology, and the phrase is a good one. Newton showed that the motions of the heavenly bodies, like the movements of objects on the earth, were subject to scientific law, were due to natural causes, and demanded no conscious purpose or guidance for their explanation. Darwin did much the same for life, and showed that the formation of all the thousands of forms of living things could be accounted for by a few natural causes, without recourse to any supernatural agency.

Darwin was born in 1809—the same wonderful year which saw the birth of Lincoln, Gladstone, Tennyson, Edgar Allan Poe, and Chopin. After studying medicine and then preparing himself to enter the ministry, he took part in a five-year scientific expedition on board H.M.S. *Beagle*. What he saw on the voyage made him doubt the generally accepted view that the different kinds of animals and plants were fixed and unalterable, created by God in their existing form, and encouraged him to believe in their gradual evolution. Most of the forty-five remaining years of his life he spent in amassing evidence on the subject of evolution, and bringing out books upon it, the most notable of which are the *Origin of Species* and the *Descent of Man*.

There are really two quite distinct sides to the evolution problem. There is the *fact* of evolution—whether evolution has occurred or not. And there is the *method* of evolution—if evolution is a fact, *how* it has occurred. Before Darwin's time quite a number of biologists had brought forward evidence suggesting that there must exist a process of evolution: but no one had succeeded in thinking out any theory which should be at all satisfactory as to *how* evolution could have taken place, and in the absence of such a theory, scientific workers in general felt very sceptical as to evolution having occurred at all. It was Darwin's great merit that he tackled both sides of the question at once. In the first place, he brought together a much bigger body of evidence than had ever been previously collected in support of the fact of evolution. If evolution had not happened, then hundreds of facts of nature were meaningless: if it had happened, they were at once comprehensible. And in the second place he advanced his famous theory of natural selection which provided a simple method by which evolution could have taken place.

I will come back to the theory of natural selection later, but must first say a few words about the fact of evolution. The evidence for this has steadily accumulated since Darwin's day until it is overwhelming. No

biologist—which simply means anyone whose profession it is to study living nature—can doubt the fact of evolution any more than a physicist could doubt the law of gravity. If he did, the science which he studies would become contradictory and incomprehensible. Let me remind you of some of the chief lines of evidence which Darwin used. First, there is the evidence from plan of construction. Why should, for instance, the hand of a man, the wing of a bird, and the flipper of a whale, which serve such different purposes, all be built on the same plan of construction unless they are all descended from a common ancestor? The evidence on this is much as it was in Darwin's time, only rather fuller. As a specially convincing aspect of this line of evidence, there are the facts about what are called vestigial organs—parts of the body which are quite useless to their possessors, but useful in other animals. Why has a whale useless rudiments of leg-bones deeply embedded in its body, if it is not descended from a land animal which once had legs? Why do all my readers have tiny hairs all over the surface of their body—hairs which are completely useless, and which occur just as much in savages who live naked as in races which wear clothes—unless they are descended from some creatures which once possessed properly developed fur?

Then there is the evidence from development. Every bird and every mammal, including man, passes through a stage in its embryonic life when it develops undoubted gill-clefts on the side of its neck, in the identical position in which a shark or a dogfish has the clefts in which its gills grow. Why is this, unless land animals are descended from ancestors which lived in the water and had gills? Why do we human beings all possess a nicely-developed tail during a good deal of our life before birth if we have not evolved from a tailed ancestor? It is worth while remembering in any controversies which still arise over the fact of evolution that even Mr. William Jennings Bryan once had a tail. In this field a great deal of new evidence was amassed in the fifty years after the *Origin of Species* was published.

Next we have evidence from the distribution of the main types of animals and plants over the surface of the earth. It used to be supposed that animals and plants were specially created to fit the conditions of the region where they are found. But the alarming spread of various alien creatures, like the rabbit in Australia or the European thistle in California, show that this is not so. The facts all fit in with the idea that special types are found in special regions, like the kangaroos and other pouched animals in Australia, or the sloths and their relatives in South America, because the stock has gradually evolved locally while the region was cut off from the rest of the world, for instance, by a stretch of sea. And they make no sense on any other assumption.

Next there is the evidence from what we call local races. If any kind of widespread animal or plant is carefully studied, it is found that it can be divided up into a number of slightly different types in different regions. The types are more sharply marked off in isolated regions, for instance, on islands. This line of work has been pursued intensively during the present

century, and now in many groups we can find every stage in the evolution of two species out of one, from hardly perceptible differences, through local races which are half-way to being good species, up to races which are obviously distinct species and will not inter-breed. We can actually see the origin of species in progress.

Finally, and perhaps most important of all, there is the evidence from fossils. In Darwin's time the rocks of the earth's crust had been very little explored, and this evidence from fossil remains was very incomplete. But to-day we can trace the actual evolution, during the past history of the world, of many kinds of creatures. For instance, we can trace every important step in the past evolution of the horse from a little creature, no bigger than a dog, with four toes on its feet, to the modern one-toed type of horse. Sometimes when fossils are very abundant, as in the remains of sea-urchins embedded in the chalk rocks, we can follow even the finest details, and see one species turn into another.

Another important point that has emerged since Darwin's day concerns the time available for evolution. Lord Kelvin stated that the age of the earth could not be more than about forty million years: but the discovery of radium upset such ideas, and we now know that the earth must be about two thousand million years old, and that life has existed on its surface for over one thousand million years. This gives ample time for even the most gradual evolution to have taken place.

All these lines of evidence point to evolution being a fact: and there is no single fact which tells in the opposite direction. That part of Darwin's work has become more firmly grounded every year. The remedy for a disbelief in evolution is a little study of the facts of nature. Why is it, then, that we find so many people telling us that "Darwinism is dead," that "Darwin's theory is exploded," and so forth? It is because they are confusing the fact of evolution with the possible method of evolution. Even here, however, Darwinism was never dead, though it is true that his theory of natural selection was very vigorously criticised for a time. The pendulum is now swinging back, however, and most well-known biologists agree that natural selection has been the main method by which evolution has taken place, while all of them believe that it has played some part in the process.

The idea of natural selection is a very simple one. Darwin started from the well-known fact that every kind of animal and plant produces more young than can survive. Even the slowest-breeding animals, like elephants, would soon fill the world if every young elephant grew up and reproduced its kind. So there must be a struggle for existence and survival. His next point was that animals and plants show variation. No two individuals are exactly alike. Among this crowd of slightly different individuals, some are bound to be better suited for success in the struggle, others worse suited. Then there is the fact of heredity. Though offspring may vary so that they rarely resemble their parents exactly, yet they do tend to resemble their parents. So the result of the fact of the struggle for existence combined with

the fact of variation will be that the creatures which happen to possess favourable variations will survive and breed in greater proportions than those which happen to vary in an unfavourable way. This is natural selection. Then the fact of heredity will see to it that the variation is handed on, in some degree at least, to later generations. Thus each generation will be on the average a tiny fraction better suited to the conditions of life than the one before, and you will get a steady change of animals and plants through the generations—in other words, evolution.

The difference which modern work in biology has made to this theory is only a minor one. We now know much more about which kinds of variations can be inherited, and therefore can be handed on and used as the raw material of evolution, and which kinds are not inheritable. The main lines of the theory remain as they did in Darwin's day. There is a more or less random process of variation, in all directions, good, bad, and indifferent; and there is a process of selection which sifts the variations and sees to it that on the whole the best survive and are handed on. The driving force of evolution is variation; but the guiding agency is natural selection.

The effect of Darwin's work has been tremendous. For one thing, it put the world of life into the domain of natural law. It was no longer necessary or possible to imagine that every kind of animal and plant had been specially created, nor that the beautiful and ingenious devices by which they get their food or escape their enemies have been thought out by some supernatural power, or that there is any conscious purpose behind the evolutionary progress. If the idea of natural selection holds good, then animals and plants and man himself have become what they are by natural causes, as blind and automatic as those which go to mould the shape of a mountain, or make the earth and the other planets move in ellipses round the sun. The blind struggle for existence, the blind process of variation in all directions, and the blind process of heredity, automatically result in the selection of the best adapted types, and a steady evolution of the stock in the direction of progress.

For another thing, Darwin's work has enabled us to see the position of man and of our present civilisation in a truer light. Man is not a finished product incapable of further progress. He has a long history behind him, and it is a history not of a fall, but of an ascent. And he has the possibility of further progressive evolution before him. Further, in the light of evolution we learn to be more patient. The few thousand years of recorded history are nothing compared to the million years during which man has been on earth, and the thousand million years of life's progress. And we can afford to be patient when the astronomers assure us of at least another thousand million years ahead of us in which to carry evolution onwards to new heights.

In the controversy which arose over Darwin's work he was at first bitterly attacked for upsetting religion and morality with his ideas. But as the smoke of misunderstanding cleared away it was seen that this accusation was false. He upset certain out-of-date doctrines of theology and certain

conventional ideas of morality. But in general the evolutionary outlook which he made possible is hopeful and sane. It is hopeful because it shows life steadily progressing upwards, and man as the evolutionary trustee of further progress. And it is sane because, while stripping man of any illusions as to his being the central feature of the universe, with any special supernatural privileges, it makes it much easier for us to understand our complicated nature, and so in the long run to control it.

It is right that we should deliberately celebrate Charles Darwin's memory. But we are unconsciously paying tribute to him all the time, in our outlook and our habits of thinking, which would be different if he had never lived. He was so great a man that his ideas have already become embedded in the general thought of humanity.

INDIA: TWILIGHT OF THE ANIMALS

by Balakrishna Seshadri

AS a naturalist, I have watched, helplessly, the decimation of India's wildlife during the years following the end of the last war. Recently I completed the whole circuit of India's more important forest areas, missing only the Gir forest in the Gujarat peninsula, where the remnants of Asia's lions live. But, in a way, I have made up for this lapse by visiting Chandraprabha, in central India, the so-called second home of the lion.

The resulting picture in my mind is one of terrible devastation. Totally gone are some of the most famous wildlife areas, inundated by vast reservoirs built for irrigation and power, or cleared and put to cultivation to increase food production to feed the ever-increasing population, or simply destroyed by commercial interests. It is difficult to believe, looking at them today, that they ever existed as lush areas overcome with tropical vegetation and providing habitat for countless animals and birds — had I not known some of them before the transformation.

The strange thing about this metamorphosis is that conservation of wildlife has never been talked about as much as in these destructive years. In the pre-war years the animals owed their immunity from excessive molestation to both the Provincial administrations and the Princely States. Poaching was frowned upon, and often punished; in any case, far fewer firearms were available generally. Habitats were undisturbed, because 'developmental' projects had not begun to dominate the scene. A steady decrease in animal numbers was inevitable even in those years because of expanding population, but there was no undue cause for alarm.

Big herds of blackbuck in open bush country, and of wild buffalo in swampy jungles, could still be seen. The cheetah, though very scarce, lived on in the dry plateau areas of central and peninsular India. The great Indian bustard seemed in no danger of extinction, although winter bird shoots were organised on a grand scale.

Side by side with the post-independence plans for immense hydro-electric and irrigation schemes, wildlife conservation began to be talked about and boards and committees created to recommend measures for fauna protection: but as a thing apart. The boards and committees met and talked and passed resolutions. Separately, development proceeded, and wildlife habitats began to disappear at an alarming rate. Wilderness areas began to be cut and slashed without any possible hope of recovery. The tragic fact behind all this was that if wildlife conservation had been taken into account in the planning, both habitats and animals could have been saved without affecting the benefits derived from the schemes.

Poaching increased tremendously, with the greater availability of firearms. More and more 'sportsmen' took to the road, and the jeep-and-spotlight brigade was soon a regular feature of the jungle landscape. I

have come across them repeatedly in all parts of the country, and been forced to listen to the recitals of their criminal exploits.

A little over ten years ago, naturalists agreed that the cheetah had become extinct in the wild state. The buffalo was killed off, and the last survivors are now confined to small pockets in Assam. Two small antelopes of the plains became very scarce, the chinkara and the chousingha, the latter the only four-horned antelope in the world. Even the tiger — the symbol of all India's wildlife — was so thinned in numbers that it only just survived in many forest areas with which it is inseparably associated in Indian big-game lore. I have found official statistics grossly optimistic, and the reckonings of some fellow naturalists connected with wildlife boards and committees erred on the bright side without substantial reason.

The reason for this large-scale destruction of wildlife habitat is not far to seek. The big projects are planned on technical feasibility and political grounds alone, and no account is taken of fish and wildlife. As there is no public feeling for the animals, the immense destruction of habitat and wildlife which follows receives no attention. A typical instance is the famed Corbett National Park. I first visited it in 1958, and recently went back to see it as it is today, before its loveliest and most important wildlife areas are submerged in a reservoir which will rise behind the Kalagarh dam, now being built across the Ramganga River.

This is the very heart of Jim Corbett's tiger country. The river marks the northern and western limits of the park as it sweeps down from the Himalayas to the plains. The valley here is of astounding beauty. In the winter months all wildlife comes down to it from the surrounding hills, and visitors to the park may see them from elephant-back. Apart from elephant-rides, I have done a good deal of walking in this area, watching and photographing the animals, without ever carrying a firearm. The dam is being built in the Kalagarh forest division, one of the famed homes of the tiger, elephant and other wildlife. The forests have already gone, and the wildlife has been eliminated. The river valley behind the dam will go under water, and the park's finest areas will be submerged. With saddened eyes we spent a week in the cold and sunny valley, filming elephant and other animals. I had seen a tiger make a kill on my previous visit, but the closest to a tiger we got this time was to search for one all round a fresh kill one early morning.

There were alternative dam sites, but as wildlife received no consideration in the planning, the present site was selected from financial considerations. The fact that the inundation will be inside a national park, whose territory is inviolable in law and cannot be put to commercial exploitation, was conveniently disregarded. Many such areas of outstanding scenic beauty and wildlife homes have gone the same way. Wild animal and bird life in the open country has all but disappeared except where life is unsupportable for humans. The blackbuck, fastest of all antelopes, is now on the verge of extinction. Even in a National Park of some extent like Kanha in central India, the last herd of blackbuck has now dwindled to

about fifteen animals, although the park figure will be higher.

The great Indian rhino, the last of the three rhinoceros which lived in India, is now confined to a few pockets in Assam and Nepal. It is strictly protected in law within Indian limits, but poachers exact a heavy toll each year. Very recently, there was major slaughter, and fifteen carcasses were recovered. Protection in the sanctuaries is only nominal as the staff are few and often without transport. On the fringes of the protected areas, there is heavy and indiscriminate shooting both by 'sportsmen' and by villagers who equip themselves with every kind of firearm under the guise of crop protection.

Wildlife in India is so depleted that the outlook is bleak. It is not possible to foresee anything effective being done, and it is therefore inevitable that many species will perish beyond recovery in the next ten to twenty years.

[Balakrishna Seshadri is an Indian naturalist and wild life photographer.]

CENTENARY LUNCHEON

To celebrate our Centenary, a Luncheon will be held at the Stationers' Hall, E.C.4 on Wednesday, 28th September, 1966.

Guest of Honour: Earl Attlee, O.M., C.H.

12.30 p.m. for 1 p.m., Tickets: 50/- each

All contributors and readers are cordially invited.
Tickets from: Business Manager, 36 Broadway, S.W.1.

LITERATURE

HENRY WILLIAMSON'S "CHRONICLE OF ANCIENT SUNLIGHT"

by Donald Cook

WITH the publication of *The Phoenix Generation*, the twelfth book in the series, Henry Williamson has brought his autobiographical novel up to 1939. Instead of praise for this unrivalled contribution to contemporary literature, the critics have been lukewarm, although one did allow that the parts of the latest book which he considered good would ensure its survival. He also considered that Philip Maddison, the main character, was a "very complex man".

Henry Williamson himself is a complex man. As a writer he is a dual personality. The creator of Tarka the Otter, the shrewd observer of animal and bird life, on the one hand, and on the other the analyser of human relationships and events as set down in this tremendous twelve-volume novel called collectively *The Chronicle of Ancient Sunlight*.

The Chronicle, commencing with the closing years of the last century, is a finely detailed history of the society and circumstances of the pre-1914 period and its effects on a boy born in South London at that time. Through the following novels we see the boy grow to youth under the shadow of a cynical father incapable of love, and then the youth is submerged and fashioned in the terrible bloodbath of the Great War. We are taken through the War with some of the finest descriptive writing on that subject ever penned, and on into the peace and turmoil of the twenty years between the Wars.

The twelve volumes have taken fourteen years to write, and they have been hard years, for the author is a painstaking writer who recasts his work many times before he is finally satisfied.

A study of *The Chronicle* reveals the extent of the impact which the experience of the Great War had on Mr. Williamson. It has seared his soul for forty years and has become a search for the hearts who came back or who never went. The Christmas Truce of 1914 revealed to him that the ordinary German soldier was the same as everyone else at the Front who was caught up in the military machine, ready for the greatest bloodletting in history. The Truce revealed to him for the first time that the men in the trenches on the other side were human beings, no different from himself except for the uniforms they wore and the language they spoke. Their emotions, their hopes and fears were identical, and to Henry Williamson love gave place to hatred of these fellow sufferers in a war which was no fault of theirs. To him the Truce showed for all too short a time the common bond of humanity and the vision of peace as it could have been. There were no more Christmas Truces, but the memory of it has lived with Henry Williamson ever since.

The War novels therefore have a sense of purpose in their content. They are a plea for a lost generation which could have survived if the Christian revelation of 1914 had touched the hearts of all men. The agony of men in battle so beautifully depicted in the novels not in the horror of bullet, gas and mud, but in the spiritual search for humanity beneath the carnage. The intensity of this feeling has produced writing which puts these books in the forefront of our literature.

Many people are repelled by war books because it is natural to put ghastly reality out of mind, but for Henry Williamson the feeling is so deep and so apparent in his writing that these books are in every sense a dedication; a part of that constant lifelong search for the spiritual harmony in mankind to live in peace without hatred or rancour, the kind of harmony which was only achieved by the dead on both sides at Loos, Ypres and the Somme after Christmas 1914.

To Mr. Williamson the years between the Wars must have been a crucifixion. He saw Hitler's rise to power in Germany as an answer to the old political system with its financial implications which he believed were the cause of the War. To him Hitler was of his generation, a man who had served and suffered in the front line and knew the horrors of war at first hand, and appeared to have the will to put things right. Sir Oswald Mosley gained his support for the same reasons. All these men had suffered in the war to end wars, and they would strive to prevent a repetition.

Hitler's activities subsequently must have brought bitter disillusionment, but it should be remembered that few inside Germany, let alone outside, realised the extent and ruthlessness of Hitler's ambition in the thirties. The battle for men's minds by the Communists was in full swing and led to violence everywhere, and the closing of the gates of reason began at that time with few realising it.

But through all this Henry Williamson has remained faithful to his dedication which began in 1914. Although certain elements may dislike him for his political beliefs, ignoring the fact that he worked unsparingly reclaiming a derelict farm for England during the War, the fact remains that *The Chronicle of Ancient Sunlight* cannot be dismissed. The literary brilliance of this work cannot be ignored in an age when so much that passes for good writing is of shallow consequence by comparison.

In 1957 the late John Middleton Murry wrote of the first five volumes then published: "I believe that it is high time that we awoke to the splendour and scope of his effort and achievement in a *Chronicle of Ancient Sunlight*." This opinion is truer now, for Henry Williamson has given us the story of our fathers' generation and times which, if nothing else, may in many ways explain why we are as we find ourselves today.

[Donald Cook, who is an architect, has written and broadcast on such subjects as Finnish architecture and the English countryside. A further volume of *The Chronicle* is to be published this Autumn.]

THE CASE AGAINST WILLIAM GOLDING'S *SIMON-PIGGY*

by Harry H. Taylor

A COMMON charge against *Lord of the Flies* is the remark that, after all, the novel rests on a "gimmick". The assumption here is that the cast-away situation is itself "gimmicky", and for that reason the book is less valid than it might have been if Golding had set the boys in, say, a place like London. Given the value of what Golding was trying to do in the first place, he could hardly have avoided the cast-away situation. And, of course, novels have availed themselves of unique situations before without incurring this charge. Who, for instance, calls *Robinson Crusoe* "gimmicky"?

Yet, when this is said, the charge that the work is somehow a trick still seems to be a valid one. In fact, one feels that some sort of trick is being played long before one can put one's finger on precisely what is wrong, and, when one realises what is wrong, it is suddenly clear that the trick rests at the heart of the book. It exists in the odd, quirkish marriage of symbols between Simon, the mystic, and the "beast" the dead airman.

"My books," Mr. Golding has said, "are religious books," and criticism has generally concurred. Sam Hynes, in the article, "Novels of a Religious Man", claims that Golding "can do brilliantly what no one else writing in England can do at all, he can write the novels of a religious man".

The island microcosm in *Lord of the Flies* supposedly contains the scattered parts of the whole, and the Simon-Piggy figure would apparently unite two parts, or join in a single understanding two of man's basic ways toward knowledge. The dual man is, of course, not new to modern literature; he appears in Dostoevsky and in Conrad, to name only two novelists, and we can expect to find in the dual hero the opposites of personality, psychology, and intellect which will dramatise differences and symbolise the widening breach between thought and feeling in the contemporary world.

Simon is a small, fair-haired, inordinately shy boy who rarely speaks during the group's meetings, and when he does, the boys, who fear him greatly for reasons which are never fully explained, shout him down and reduce his messages to absurdity. He has "fits", which sometimes suggest epilepsy and sometimes not but, in any case, these attacks are in the great tradition of religious epileptics. The verb most commonly associated with Simon is "kneeling", and when Simon kneels for the last time, he has just had his final vision. Seeing the corpse, he kneels now on "all fours" and is sick until he has emptied his stomach.

When Simon has "states" or visions, he retires to a cleared place in the jungle among the creepers, a "woven" mat which suggests the vision of unity during the mystic experience. Early in the book, Simon tells Ralph that "You'll get back", an observation based I suppose on intui-

tion, or a "message" given to him during one of his trances. In any case, it is this hiding place which saves Ralph at the end of the book when the savages are closing in on him.

Simon understands who and where the beast is fairly early in the book, long before he makes the trip to the mountain top. He knows, and, during a meeting, he tells the boys all they really need to know. "What I mean is," he says, "maybe it's only us." The observation throws the boys into fury, fear and momentary chaos. Simon becomes at this moment, William Golding says, "inarticulate to express mankind's essential illness".

Before he goes to the mountain top, Simon has a vision of this "essential illness" while he is hidden among the woven creepers:

"Fancy thinking the Beast was something you could hunt and kill!" said the head. For a moment or two the forest and all the other dimly appreciated places echoed with the parody of laughter. "You knew, didn't you? I'm part of you? Close, close, close! I'm the reason why it's no go? Why things are what they are?"

The corpse (or "Beast") first appears in the book in the beginning of the chapter called "Beast from Air", before the boys have found it. It is observed from the author's point of view, in a discourse with the reader which makes explicit the nature of Golding's universe as it is revealed through the central symbol. Carried by the parachute, the corpse drops from the sky:

The figure fell and crumpled among the blue flowers of the mountain-side, but now there was a gentle breeze at this height too and the parachute flopped and banged and pulled. So the figure, with feet that dragged behind it, slid up the mountain. Yard by yard, puff by puff, the breeze hauled the figure through the blue flowers, over the boulders and red rocks of the mountain-top. Here the breeze was fitful and allowed the string of the parachute to tangle and festoon; and the figure sat, its helmeted head between its knees, held by a complication of wires. When the breeze blew, the lines would strain taut and some accident of this would pull the head and chest upright so that the figure seemed to peer across the brow of the mountain. Then, each time the wind dropped, the lines would slacken and the figure bow forward again, sinking its head between its knees. So as the stars moved across the sky, the figure sat on the mountain-top and bowed and sank and bowed again.

When, much later in the book, Simon finds this figure, the author uses the same images:

Simon felt his knees smack the rock. He crawled forward and soon he understood. The tangle of lines showed him the mechanics of this parody; he examined the white nasal bones, the teeth, the colours of corruption. He saw how pitilessly the layers of rubber and canvas held together the poor body that should be rotting away. Then the wind blew again and the figure lifted, bowed, and breathed foully at him. Simon knelt on all fours and was sick till his stomach was empty. Then he took the lines in his hands; he freed them from the rocks and the figure from the wind's indignity.

Lord of the Flies is a horror story on two levels. On the first, it has a "bogey man", a monster from the deep, a configuration of nightmarish

dream, the horrors which stalked the lives of primitive men, and which still presumably haunt the imaginations of small boys. On the second level, however, the horror is far more terrible because "real". Held by a complication of wires', meant to look alive, the corpse is man-in-his-universe.

When Simon comes down from the mountain-top to bring the boys the benefit of his discovery, several worrisome problems arise — not the least of these being the rather troublesomely illogical situation in which a mystic finds himself proclaiming that there is no order, no system, outside man's.

In any case, Simon's new knowledge invalidates the boys' ritualistic dance, the hunt, and the gift of the pig's head to the unknown god. The knowledge also invalidates Simon's own way of seeing, and would, under different circumstances, make his "visions" as suspect and worthless as the boys' primitive rituals. More than this, Simon's discovery — in a swift, Sophoclean way — invalidates his "crucifixion".

On first glance, one would assume that this was all fairly obvious to Golding himself and that it was, moreover, his "point" but, immediately after Simon's death, he is resurrected and transfigured in the conventional religious sense, as if a basis for the divine still existed:

On the mountain-top the parachute filled and moved; the figure slid, rose to its feet, spun, swayed down through a vastness of wet air and trod with ungainly feet the tops of the high trees; falling, still falling, it sank toward the beach and the boys rushed screaming into the darkness. The parachute took the figure forward, furrowing the lagoon, and bumped it over the reef out to sea.

William Golding does not seem to be troubled as to how this "resurrection" would be possible in a thorough-going materialistic universe. Nor can it be argued that the figure merely represents Simon's promise of redemption because nothing happens after Simon's death to suggest the value of it. On the contrary, this blood-letting works the boys into further fury and, soon after his death, the last of the island's "civilisation" disintegrates. The boys, from then on, have no names but are simply called "the savages", and Ralph, when chased, abandons speech; he grunts like an animal, or screams.

Simon has been given the conventional characteristics of the mystic whose non-rational approach to the ways of knowing are presumably meant to re-assert the mystery and to re-affirm the meaning of the universe beyond its apparent basis in natural law but, in point of fact, Simon first fails to do so and then brings back the truth of the opposite. We have been led to believe in the possibility of the mystery which we later learn the author himself is not willing to accept but, on the other hand, cannot quite abandon. However, I think it is possible to suggest how this confusion has come about, and the other half of the dual hero, the fat boy Piggy, will make this clear.

If Simon represents intuition, feeling, the mystic's approach to knowledge, Piggy represents rationality, logic, science and the processes of thought on which civilisation depends. Piggy is the thinker behind the leader, Ralph. He is connected with fire; his glasses (a modern "invention") are used to start the fire in the first place and when he dies on the rock

his death is somewhat Promethean. Further preoccupations stressing the importance of names, labels, scientific devices and the need for clock time set him apart from Simon, and clearly suggest his role as a rational and civilising force.

Simon's inordinate shyness and his difficulties with communication express his essential incompleteness. Piggy's asthma, near-sightedness and obesity express his incompleteness. These disabilities undoubtedly suggest the modern "wound", an image which has persisted from Conrad through Henry James, Hemingway and Faulkner. The wound reminds the reader that while Piggy possesses intelligence and a degree of morality, he is finally vulnerable because he has no sense of the "mystery" underlining all things. He is incapable of the kind of intuitive knowledge which is Simon's strong point. Piggy, too, does not accept a literal "beast", but his conclusions for his reasoning rest on different matter, different "proof":

"I didn't vote for no ghosts!"

"The trouble is: Are there ghosts, Piggy? Or beasts?"

"Course there aren't."

"Why not?"

"Cos things wouldn't make sense. Houses an' streets, an' TV they wouldn't work."

"You have doctors for everything, even the inside of the mind. You don't really mean that we got to be frightened all the time of nothing? Life," said Piggy expansively, "is scientific, that's what it is. In a year or two when the war's over they'll be travelling to Mars and back. I know there isn't no beast — not with claws and all that, I mean — but I know there isn't no fear, either."

Piggy paused.

"Unless —"

"Unless what?"

"Unless we get frightened of people."

Piggy has the right answer for the wrong reasons, in keeping with his philosophy, but his answer is finally the same as Simon's: the beast is within.

Piggy is, of course, less heroic than Simon. He lacks Simon's courage and will not test his own theories. (Simon suggests that they go up to the mountain to look at the beast. "What else," he says, "is there to do?" a remark which occurs twice, a forthright statement which better suits an empiricist than a mystic.)

But when his glasses are stolen, Piggy talks Ralph into going up to the rock with him to get them back in an "interview" with the savages. The two boys are continuing the pretence that civilisation is still possible, at all costs:

"Supposing we go, looking like we used to, washed and hair brushed after all we aren't savages really and being rescued isn't a game."

"You let me carry the conch, Ralph. I'll show him what he hasn't got."

"I'm going to him with this conch in my hands. I'm going to hold it out. Look, I'm going to say, you're stronger than I am and you

haven't got asthma. You can see, I'm going to say, and with both eyes. But I don't ask for my glasses back, not as a favour. I don't ask you to be a sport, I'll say, not because you're strong, but because what's right's right."

The "interview" threatens to erupt into violence from the beginning. Jack and Ralph begin with pointless argument, go on to name-calling and end in physical struggle. Piggy, while whispering behind Ralph, tries to insert the main points, such as the need for a signal fire but, as the pig's head has told Simon, "it's no go".

"Which is better," Piggy finally shouts, "to have rules and agree, or to hunt and kill?" A few minutes afterwards, still holding the conch, Piggy is struck down by the boulder and dies below "across that square red rock in the sea". The death suggests sacrifice because of its Promethean overtones, and Piggy may also represent Icarus; Ralph remembers "the fall through the air of the true, wise friend called Piggy".

These symbols, unlike Simon's, will logically work for a figure who represents the decent man left alone in an empty universe. The death, bordering on the heroic, becomes a death given in gesture from the humanist's way of life, a humanism which can sometimes be maintained in the destructive element. It is, however, a death, and there is here no reference to resurrection, transfiguration, or the taking on of man's sins.*

Piggy, then, is the real central figure in the book because, despite his limiting blindness, it is his universe not Simon's, and nothing which happens to Piggy or to the symbols around him violates Golding's central symbol of the dead airman. If this is so, then Simon's mysticism should have been invalidated, or Simon himself should have been removed from the book in an early draft.

Why, then, does Golding insist upon Simon?

William Golding is emotionally committed to the non-rational approach as a valid part of human experience, but he is intellectually incapable of accepting what the mystic normally finds and, when the chips are down, he must lead the mystic saviour toward the author's own understanding of the universe.

Further, Piggy represents a vanishing breed of men which we have come to associate more closely with the last two centuries than with our own. He is the hopefully over-optimistic rationalist who assumes that man is a naturally reasonable creature and that, once scientific law has been fully understood, man will live in accordance with it a utopian life on earth. Piggy says that he "voted for no ghosts" (or the irrational element) not because he does not "believe" in the irrational element — he knows about psychiatrists — but because he finally assumes that the will-to-sanity is stronger than the will-to-destruction. In this sense, Piggy cannot grasp the meaning of historical facts like this century's two world wars, and to this degree he cannot cope with a horror like Jack, who through crude ritual celebrates the will-to-destruction.

But the trouble is that Piggy, by himself, dramatises a rather shop-worn discovery—one which any reader of any sophistication takes for granted

in this century, and another novel about over-optimistic rationalism will not make "a big book". Piggy, as hero (rather than Simon-Piggy), may very likely be the difference between comedy and tragedy. Golding knows that the important work still celebrates the mysteries, and ostensibly uses Simon to "enrich" his symbolism when, in fact, Simon's presence merely blurs it.

* Simon, when freeing the corpse from the wind's indignity, may be doing this.

[Harry Taylor is an American University lecturer and has had work published in the *South Dakota Review* and the *Kansas Magazine*.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

DAUMIER

Honoré Daumier. Robert Rey. Thames and Hudson. £6 6s. 0d.

Of all the pictures which he bought for his gallery at Mapledurham, Soames Forsyte's favourite was a Daumier. At first this might seem a surprising choice for the Man of Property. But Galsworthy knew the market as well as he knew his Forsytes, and Daumier is a connoisseur's painter, an artist of natural quality.

The late Professor Rey, a distinguished French art historian who provided the text for this book, points out that there are two quite separate aspects of Daumier's work. From 1829, when he was twenty-one, until 1872, a few years before his death, he poured out a continual stream of lithographs, dealing with every facet of life and politics. These four thousand plates, published in *La Caricature* and *Le Charivari*, have been described by M. Claude Roger-Marx as containing the true soul of Nineteenth Century France. Into this class, too, his *maquettes* of politicians and other public figures fall. Quite separate from these are his painting and the rest of his sculpture. M. Rey suggests that the bulk of this work was done "almost secretly in hours stolen from his insatiable public, purely for his own pleasure and without hope of financial return". The same artist who delighted intellectual Paris with his *Robert Macaire* and *Ancient History* was able to embody the sufferings of the Parisian poor in the savage pathos of the *Rue Transnonian* or *So this is what we died for*. It is no great step from there to the tenderness evident in so many of his oil paintings.

It is these qualities of honesty and humanity, as well as the natural observation of a born draughtsman, that stand out in both aspects of Daumier. Baudelaire, who, though a close friend, thought of him purely as a graphic artist, called Daumier a great caricaturist and said that it was necessary to consider him equally from an artistic and a moral standpoint. A Marseillais, Daumier had in full the tenacity, independence of spirit and realism of mind which are associated with the inhabitants of his native city. The period in which he lived, with the recurrent disappointments which followed 1830, 1848 and 1870, was a natural field for his talents. Like Philippon, his editor, he was even imprisoned for his cartoons under Louis Philippe. Unlike the more facile and adaptable Gustav Doré, he was constantly short of money. Nevertheless, he never failed to communicate, even though the superficially most ephemeral of mediums, a deep affection and respect for the most ordinary of his fellow men.

Who were his own masters? Rubens and Goya, certainly, but, above all, Rembrandt. Balzac said, of one of his drawings: "This fellow's got some of Michelangelo's guts!" M. Rey applies this remark specifically to a picture called *Man on a Rope*, and it is interesting to note that there is a good deal in common between this particular painting and the work of our own distinguished contemporary, Mr. Henry Moore. His subject matter was extensive, for instance the *saltimbanque* and *bateaux-lavoir* paintings, the railway carriage scenes, and the Don Quixote series. No other artist, except perhaps Forain, has ever depicted lawyers with such insight or ferocity. Gambetta was amazed, when he saw the pictures of members of the Parisian bar at the Daumier exhibition in 1878, to find that the artist had not taken the faces from those of his own contemporaries but had reproduced from memory the basic types of the profession.

Despite its present popularity, Daumier's painting, as opposed to his lithographs and engravings, was comparatively little known in his own day. He was highly regarded, however, by some of the most discriminating of his contemporaries, such as Courbet, Corot and Millet. Cezanne's picture *The Murder*, recently bought by the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, suggests that he may have had a stronger influence on the Impressionist generation than has hitherto been believed.

The present volume provides an excellent anthology of his art. It is copiously and intelligently illustrated and the quality of the plates, particularly those in colour, is high. M. Rey has provided, as well as an introductory essay, a useful commentary on the individual pictures. The translation is somewhat stilted and, in the case of one of the strolling player paintings, the text obviously refers to a picture other than the one reproduced. Apart from this, it is a worthy addition to the existing high standard of Thames and Hudson's *Library of Great Painters* series. If only all art books were as well presented as this one there would be fewer jibes from reviewers about coffee table standards!

ERNIE MONEY.

THE WINE OF ABSURDITY

The Wine of Absurdity. Essays on Literature and Consolation. Paul West. Pennsylvania State University Press. London. 45s.

Under his engaging and provocative title, derived from Albert Camus, Mr. West quotes that exciting author's explanation of absurdity as "the division between the mind that desires and the world that disappoints", and proceeds in fifteen illuminating chapters to discuss how the wine of human imagination works on such various writers of our century as Yeats, D. H. Lawrence, Camus himself, Sartre, Malraux, Simone Weil, T. S. Eliot, Graham Greene, George Santayana and others. The book is essentially a religious enquiry—using religious in the broadest sense—seeking to establish how, for example, Yeats and Lawrence in their different ways conceived the ideal of a new and private religion: in Yeats' case an aesthete's mythologised symbolism of poetic tradition, and in Lawrence's case an intensely instinctive awareness of the human condition, mythologised in conceptions of time and place which have no equal in modern literature. "Can we not", Lawrence asked, "understand that the unthinkable sensitive substance of the human intelligence could receive the fine waves of vital effluence transmitted across the intervening space . . . ?"

In the next section Mr. West examines the 'Tragic Hope' expressed in the writings of Camus, Sartre, Malraux and others: Sartre, apostle of existentialism, and the others forced by war and the Resistance at first to think existentially and then to evolve reasoned denials of that negative philosophy. Mr. West refers to the quarrel between Sartre and Camus over the latter's denunciation of Communism, and comments, "As Camus saw, you cannot pay lip service without implying inward assent, and this means too that those who are not against Communism are for it." The chapters on Sartre and Malraux probe deeply into their ideas and utterances, and in summing up his thoughts on Malraux Mr. West refers to his wide conception of culture and adds: "It is one which, provided there is communication (as the Christian existentialists are always stressing), will make for peace against ideologies that claim control over all of human life."

In the 3rd section, which he calls 'Knowing the Worst', the author turns his attention to two Catholic converts, Simone Weil and Graham Greene, and one Anglo-Catholic, T. S. Eliot, who "steered carefully away from Catholicism proper". He discusses them under the heading of 'action'. Of the tragic Frenchwoman,

regarded as a modern saint by so many contemporary thinkers and writers, he says with imperfect appreciation, "Like most thinkers of her type, she was determined to make life somehow sense even if she had to claim black is white and, through a method essentially that of paradox, reap constant harvest from what is unalterably barren." It is a conclusion that many will dispute. T. S. Eliot is brought in "because he comes toward people of all sorts and conditions, and through the theatre with all its connotations of entertainment, relaxation and catholicity", and a well-reasoned estimate of his plays follows. But it is when Mr. West comes to Graham Greene that he excels himself in candid criticism: "Greene is, then, a man who writes the same novel all the time: he supplies us with a pattern, and to read him entire is to participate to an increasing extent in the fleshing and blooding of his characters. He shares the scepticism of the Apostle Thomas, who had to see 'the marks of the nails'; and he caters to a similar attitude in his reader, relying on the old human craving 'to see for myself.'" At the close of this triple scrutiny, however, Mr. West concedes that "underlying the words of each of the three there is a resolve to promote awareness in the most active and least doctrinal way, not so much arguing as trying to express the inescapable mystery of life in which it is impossible not to participate".

The chapter on George Santayana is almost as elusive as the writings of that bleak modern philosopher himself, but Mr. West reminds us of one of his dicta (in a letter), "that the idea of demanding that things should be worth doing is a human impertinence".

Altogether, this is a rewarding book, in which each chapter signs the quality of a sincere, vigorous and wide-ranging intellect for which the serious reader must be grateful.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

ARNOLD BENNETT: A REVALUATION

Writer by Trade. Dudley Barker. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

Mr. Dudley Barker's study of Arnold Bennett is both a shrewd and workmanlike biography of the man and a sensitive commentary on the novelist. Although he does not share Robert Lynd's view of Bennett as a sound critic, "usually right in his praise at least, if not in his dislikes," Mr. Barker rates the best of his work as highly as Swinnerton did. He perceives, however, as Swinnerton did not, that Bennett's raw material was not so much the broad region of the Potteries as the narrow street in which he lived as a boy. "The setting of Arnold Bennett's regional novels," he writes, "is merely background embroidery. It is not this that gives them their peculiar concentration. It is the fact that, essentially, he wrote them about himself in his relationship with his immediate family, in the tiny world of a few houses and shops which he knew intimately in his boyhood."

This insight into Bennett's major theme gives Mr. Barker a claim to serious attention as a literary biographer. It informs and illumines a new reading of the Five Towns trilogy, particularly of *The Old Wives' Tale*. It resolves a conflict of judgments set up in Bennett's lifetime and continued since his death. Among the obloquies he suffered were accusations of materialism, of preoccupation with wealth and its concomitants, and of possessing a "magnificent apparatus for catching life just an inch or two on the wrong side." To Edwin Muir and to Virginia Woolf, he was one side of a triangle, the other two being John Galsworthy and H. G. Wells. An incongruous assortment, it would seem, with only one thing in common; a vast and uneven

output. According to letters written between two of them, Bennett thought of Wells as a genius with no capacity for taking pains, whilst Wells saw Bennett as a great craftsman with no depth of feeling. The friendship existing between them, as Mr. Barker shows, was enduring, but seems to have been based on mutual incomprehension. To Galsworthy's Gladstonian view of the stewardship of property, Bennett could never have subscribed.

Once brought out of the pigeonhole of the 'regional novelist' and divested of the trappings of the prophet of materialists, Bennett may be clearly recognised as an interpreter of complex family and community relationships. His inventive genius, drawing nourishment painfully from his ambivalent feelings for a tyrannical father, took him on flights of fancy to which small-town artisans could most readily respond. To these people, whose lives were a drab round of factory, shop and family, *The Grand Babylon Hotel* and *The Imperial Palace* could appear a promised land. The Parisian excesses of Sophia Baines' runaway marriage in *The Old Wives Tale* might be a daring parable whose theme was the unwisdom of venturing away from their clay-bound, claustrophobic tribal hearth. To see through Mr. Barker's eyes the calm mastery with which Bennett, at the height of his creative power, wrote this magnificent novel, is to understand that the former nervous, stammering boy had at last come to terms with the theme of youth, passing into old age and decay, that had tormented him through long years of learning his writer's trade. The result is a distillation of the daily life, tragedies, dreams and minor triumphs of a merchant family in all its self-absorbed respectability, a life on which the higher aspirations of men and the impact of world affairs do not impinge.

For his study of Bennett the author has drawn convincingly on documents and letters, some of them hitherto unpublished, revealing as the mainspring of Bennett's finest work a father-dominated childhood and successive relationships with three women in his adult years. The book is attractively written with a store of information about its subject's life in early poverty and later wealth. Of Bennett's achievement, Mr. Barker says that "when the main stream of the English novel through the first half of the twentieth century comes in due time to be examined, it may well be that Bennett added to its flow quite as much as Lawrence, say, or Forster — and perhaps a good deal more than Virginia Woolf." In this prognosis Mr. Barker may well be right.

BETTY ABEL

TEACHING ENGLISH

The Disappearing Dais, Frank Whitehead. Chatto and Windus. Hardback 25s. Paper 15s.

Mr. Whitehead is an experienced teacher of English who lectures at the University of Sheffield Institute of Education and is Honorary Chairman of the National Association for the Teaching of English. His balanced, carefully documented discussion of theory and practice provides a useful handbook for students in training. The faithful attention given to current research should challenge practising teachers, too, to think profitably about their present classroom enterprises. They will find fruitful ideas generously offered on lines that are progressive without doing violence to critical standards.

Although it is true that teachers have for some years found ways of engaging the hearts and minds of children in their spontaneous writing and in their

reading of poetry and prose, it is equally true that many members of the profession still hesitate to venture far from a formal, unnatural, supposedly safe framework of grammar, comprehension, composition and set exercises. Mr. Whitehead has written a convincing survey of the principal reasons for adopting a less stultifying approach to language and literature and for seeing the mastery of the mother tongue as an integral part of a child's development towards maturity. His book is imaginative, practical and sound.

BETTY ABEL

SAINTS AND LOA

The Invisibles. Francis Huxley. Hart-Davis. 42s.

Six years ago, equipped with a 3,000-dollar research grant by the American Parapsychological Foundation, Inc., Francis Huxley, great-grandson of Thomas Henry Huxley, set out to spend nine months in Haiti.

Mr. Huxley is an anthropologist, with all the manoeuvring space of interest which that discipline implies, and it was when he was working in a mental hospital in Canada — we are not told what an anthropologist was doing there — that he began to wonder if voodooism had its own way of coping with the problem of insanity. He had, doubtless, read of the strange psychological processes initiated by this curious religion, spawned from the mating of such odd metaphysical bedfellows as the saints of Roman Catholicism and the loa of primitive African creeds. He was interested by the state of dissociation, and concomitant hyper-suggestibility, induced by voodooistic rites and practices. Shorn of the sensationalism imparted to voodoo by such writers as Spencer St. John and W. Seabrook, both of whom propagated the black legend of zombies, human sacrifice and cannibalism, and vindictive magic, was there perhaps a residuum that might benefit the treatment of neuroses and psychoses?

Did the energetic physical rituals of voodooism, in which the devotee was transformed, when 'mounted' by the loa invoked, so that he then assumed the traditional behaviour pattern of the descended deity, in any way correspond with the severe physiological stresses provoked by electro-convulsive therapy? Had the herbal potions ceremonially employed anything in common with the chemotherapeutic monoamine oxidase inhibitor and phenothiazine methods of conventional medicine? Or had voodooism serendipitously uncovered some alternative manner of coping with mental disorders?

It was a provocative thesis.

Unfortunately, we hear little more of it. *The Invisibles* ends up as a popularly written anthropological travel book, entertaining in the travel-book genre, full of direct speech, empty of any direct contribution to psychological medicine. There is a good deal of descriptive reportage of the ceremonies of voodoo. There are some down-to-earth portraits of carnal priestesses and venal priests. There is a liberal, best seller measure of Haitian Kinseyism. There are numerous accounts of the eccentric herbalism of the island's magicians, which include details of some highly idiosyncratic prescriptions, and a respectable glossary, which lists herbal specifics and equates their creole names with their botanical identities. Informed commentary, however, is scant, and such theories as Mr. Huxley feels moved to formulate are dubious and unscholarly.

His socio-political observations echo those with which we are already familiar from the pages of Graham Greene.

One need not be an anthropologist to perceive the liberating magnetism exercised upon an archetypal slave people by a folk-religion, whose psychic derivation is in the nature of a compensation mechanism for enslavement.

One need not be a psychologist — or parapsychologist — to discern the genesis of the forces which contribute to the manufacture of phantasmagoria, such as zombies, for the bolstering of the magical status of those who have a vested interest in the Invisibles and all their works and romps.

Mr. Huxley's book conveys the impression of a man who danced to the voodoo drums and became a little giddy. A man who found considerable enjoyment in his voodooistic researches, about it and about, but left, after much argument, by that same questioning door wherein he went — with his questions unanswered. For one is left groping among the impressionistic straws, vainly trying to discover if the author has achieved any bricks of conviction. The Invisibles of the title as aptly define his conclusions as they describe the saints and loa who, whatever the current political set-up, are the true rulers of the unhappy tropical shumland that is the Republic of Haiti.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

THE AUSTRALIAN LIBERAL PARTY

Power in the Liberal Party—A Study in Australian Politics. Katharine West. F. W. Cheshire. 45s.

Mrs. West's book is a narrative of Liberal Party history in each State and in the Federal sphere rather than an abstract discussion of the distribution of power. As such it is a useful contribution to the study of Australian politics. One of its chief merits is that the author brings out the ambiguity and frustration of the Liberal Party's relationship with the Country Party, although she only hints at the ruggedness and generally low ethical standards of much of the political activity. The portrayals of men like Playford and Bolte are shrewd and accurate and the political judgments usually sound.

The Liberal Party in Australia has won every Federal election since 1949 and has dominated State politics to such an extent that it has usually formed the Government in at least four of the six States since the war. This remarkable achievement, by a party which was only formed in 1944, is due more to the long drawn-out dispute in the Labour Party over the sectarian issue and to the complacency and affluence of the Australian electorate than to any powers of statesmanship to which the Party might lay claim. To begin with, the word 'Liberal' is a complete misnomer; this is a party firmly set on the Right Wing of the political spectrum. It is essentially conservative in social policy, business-orientated in economic policy and subservient in foreign policy. The electoral boundaries are distributed in such a way as to give the rural areas far greater representation than they deserve. Power is firmly held by businessmen, landowners, and the more professional classes such as lawyers and accountants, while the party depends to a large extent upon the largesse of big business to provide its finances. Authority and standing within the party are restricted both socially and professionally. Thus there are few Roman Catholics or trade unionists in the party ranks, although the anti-Communist Catholic vote in Victoria has enabled the Liberals to win both Federal and State elections on more than one occasion.

Although the Federal party has enjoyed a long and reasonably harmonious partnership with the Country Party, things have not always been so happy at State level. The Liberal Party has always claimed to be a party representing all sections of the community. This claim often throws it into direct conflict with the Country Party over the question of Liberals contesting rural electorates. Three-cornered

contests often have the result, however, under Australia's preferential system of voting, of increasing the non-Labour vote in rural areas, as experience in New South Wales and other states has shown. But the antagonisms created by this tension, especially when the Country Party thought its independence was being threatened by Liberal overtures to a formal amalgamation, were often very fierce indeed. In Victoria, for instance, both Liberal and Country Parties have, at various times, formed Governments with the Labour Party.

The retirement of Menzies in January this year marked the end of an epoch for the Liberal Party. Having won the 1949 Federal election, he set about consolidating his position and dealing with potential rivals within the party, notably Percy Spender, currently President of the International Court at The Hague. By the mid-fifties Menzies' position was almost impregnable. When another possible rival, Garfield Barwick, established himself first as Attorney General and later as Minister for External Affairs, he was promptly 'promoted' and made Chief Justice of the High Court. The interesting fact is that both Spender and Barwick came from N.S.W. State rivalries are such that it appears Menzies was determined to preserve Victorian hegemony in the Federal Government. Barwick's outstanding intellect and administrative abilities did not endear him to Menzies, although Mrs. West contends, wrongly I think, that Menzies had nothing to fear from him.

Now that Menzies has departed, it remains to be seen whether Holt can keep the coalition intact. McEwen, the Deputy Prime Minister and Leader of the Country Party, is an ambitious man who, at the time of Britain's abortive attempt to enter the Common Market, made a very strong bid for the succession. Holt won, mainly because Menzies stayed in power for another three years. This enabled Holt to live down the memory of the financial crisis in the early sixties, when he was Federal Treasurer. His comparatively easy accession does not mean, however, that McEwen has accepted this as final. On several occasions in the past the Country Party leader has fought vigorously against any policy which he thought would minimise his party's power.

ANTHONY ADAIR

MARRIAGE AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Marriage in the Modern World. Bernard Haring. Mercier Press, Cork. 35s.

Father Bernard Haring, C.Ss.R., became known to many English people only recently, when the debate on what constitutes acceptable methods of family planning, going on in Catholic circles, became headline news. He is, however, well-known as a sociologist and theologian in his own country, Germany, in the United States where he has often lectured and in Rome. He was associated from the beginning with the work of the Second Vatican Council as an expert attached to the key Theological Commission and is a member of the Commission on Birth Control which has just submitted its conclusions to Pope Paul. It is, therefore, interesting, if not essential for those interested in the present developments inside the Catholic Church to know the mind of one of its top experts.

This book, which has run to three editions in the original German, is a development of a previous, shorter work, *Soziologie der Familie*. It combines a sociological study of the family and marriage with a study of the implications of the changes that are taking place for the pastoral work of the Church. It is thus a most opportune book, not merely for priests, students and lay members of the Catholic Church who, in the spirit of the Second Vatican Council are trying to bring a renewal of the Christian life in the world today, but also for everyone, since it deals with a subject affecting the life of us all.

Fr. Haring's thesis is that it is necessary to constantly renew the process of "thinking through" revealed truth and traditional moral axioms, in the light of

sociological and socio-psychological knowledge. He insists that the Christian must be concerned with all the functions, needs and tasks of the family *as such*, not just their direct or indirect bearing upon salvation.

So, as a sociologist, he seeks to establish the truth about the situation of marriage and family life *today* and then, as a theologian, to seek out the possibilities for salvation. He starts with a study of the present development of the sociology of the family and the relation between sociology and other social sciences. He then goes on to an exhaustive examination of the situation of the family and its role in society and in the plan of salvation. A few headings taken from the list of contents (almost, but not quite a substitute for an index) will indicate the scope "Typology of changes in authority", "The value placed upon a church wedding", "Effect of religion on married happiness", "The sociological concept of mixed marriages", "Monogamy", "Divorce", down to such details as "The economic difficulties of learned professions" and "A garden is part of a home".

The spirit of Fr. Haring's approach is shown in the final paragraph. "The Christian family is an image of the Church. Deeply rooted in tradition, it is not, however, bound to the forms of yesterday. It is in fact by its courage in taking new forms that it maintains its inheritance intact."

KEVIN MUIR

NOTICES

Recent History Atlas, 1870 to the Present Day (Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 27s. 6d.). Martin Gilbert, Fellow of Merton College Oxford, has already proved himself a master of the contemporary history of our troubled world. His latest achievement will prove of the utmost value to everyone who has followed or taken part in the bewildering series of events of the last century. In the 121 maps which fill this volume the whole story of the doings and sufferings of mankind is illustrated. To read the list is to be reminded of the happenings in every continent and country of the world. It is impossible to overstate the utility of this work. It ought to be in every school and university library and should be the companion of intelligent readers in many lands. To elderly readers like myself who have lived through the larger part of the period covered by these maps it is of particular interest and to a younger generation it will form an indispensable contribution to the study of the human drama. The maps which are so clearly drawn have been supplied by John Flower.

G.P.G.

Henrik Ibsen: Brand (Allen and Unwin. 9s. 6d.). This is a new and welcome translation in blank verse by Dr. G. M. Gathorne-Hardy of Ibsen's great dramatic poem, published in 1866. His object is to provide through the iambic pentameter the most suitable form for the play in the English theatre. In a long Introduction, Dr. Gathorne-Hardy seeks to explain and evaluate *Brand* both in its own right and in comparison with Ibsen's other plays. He accepts Ibsen's own statement, "Brand is myself in my best moments" and goes on: "He is the mouthpiece of Ibsen himself, used for a task of moral uplift to which he himself, at the time, firmly believed that he was divinely inspired". "Outside himself," the parish priest, Gustav Lammers, was the chief model in the early days, but "the real Brand was never satisfactorily developed until he had found a closer model". This Ibsen found in 1864, in the young theological student, Christopher Braun, "who was *literally* 'the living image' of Brand, as he is finally depicted in the drama".

OCTOBER 1966

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George Bilainkin

CARMARTHEN:
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FORUM FEATURE

HOUSING: THE SOCIAL MENACE

by Sidney Raban

BRTAIN'S housing problem is more than bricks and mortar. A social service introduced after the war, the concept of large-scale municipal building was both commendable and necessary. At the time, the need for a crash-programme to nullify the six lost years was not disputed, but few expected to see a free-for-all point-scoring Bingo game develop, with public coffers providing the prizes. Even fewer would then have expected that, twenty years later, general rate and income tax bills would be inflated by a now superfluous burden which no Government has the courage to cast aside.

This situation, of course, arises from muddled thinking at Whitehall and local authority levels. The basis of need has ceased to count as a qualification for subsidised housing, and serves only as an empirical yardstick in determining priorities. Almost any citizen, regardless of personal circumstances, and providing he is prepared to wait, can sidestep the fundamental liability to provide a home for himself and his family. Though this means he shows less sense of duty than the cave man, none of the usual penalties for neglect apply. On the contrary, irresponsibility draws the same bonus as genuine hardship from our debilitated Welfare State.

Opinion is growing everywhere that something will have to be done. Sooner or later a halt must be called to the reckless attitude that causes councils to launch vast housing schemes which they cannot afford on what seems to be a "keep up with the Jones's" basis. But before examining remedies, it is appropriate to look at the costs, and see just how much the council tenant pays for his housing compared with the rest of the community.

Overall figures can often be misleading, but for the record they must be stated. By next year, housing subsidies will impose an annual charge of £40 million on General Rates and £90 million on the Exchequer. As building costs increase, this total sum of £130 million is obviously going to rise.

Translating the effect of these facts into comprehensible terms, it means that the average council tenant's rent bill—which, even in London, falls in the artificially low range of 20s. 5d. to 47s. 4d. per week—represents only 8.5 per cent of the household income. By contrast, the tenant of property de-controlled by the 1957 Rent Act pays considerably more, while the owner-occupier pays anything up to the Building Societies' limit of 25 per cent to keep a roof over his head.

And before the charge is levelled that the owner-occupier is a separate case, it must be remembered that, unlike the council tenant, his liability ex-

tends to maintenance, depreciation and insurance as well as mortgage repayments, and that in the long run his hard-earned equity, so far from being an unencumbered asset to pass on to his children, will inevitably revert in part to the community chest in the form of Estate Duty.

The strongest evidence yet that inequity exists came from a Labour Housing Minister. After eighteen months in office, Mr. Crossman warned councils to review the whole basis of their housing accounts. A policy of realistic rents was urged, supported by re-allocation of subsidies through rebate schemes so as to restrict assistance to the lowest paid. At the same time it was suggested that accommodation be withheld—or even withdrawn—from those not in need of public aid.

From this traditionally unexpected source comes the first official hint that our housing problem is reaching crisis proportions. The only trouble is that recognition has come too late, and the proposals do not go far enough. What is more, they are completely inconsistent with the Socialist Government's decision to raise the Exchequer subsidy on a £3,000 council house from £24 to a shattering £67 per year.

In the long run, the real cure for our ailing housing policy can only lie in abolition of subsidy of any kind, except in designated areas and in cases of genuine hardship. Such limited subsidy as continues should come directly from the State, and the law should require local authorities not merely to break even on their annual accounts, but—like any other property owner—to show their ratepayers a fair profit on their unwilling investment. In this connection, it may be noted that council rents are geared to the first-cost of a house, and take no account of rising values—a truly farcical state of affairs that would quickly put any commercial company into bankruptcy.

The second essential requisite to a sane housing policy is a programmed curtailment instead of an increase in local authority building, with a virtual "freeze" in, say, five years' time. Because the opportunity was lost at the end of the war to depopulate overcrowded centres such as London, Birmingham and Glasgow, the process will obviously take much longer to become effective in these areas. But an accelerated decentralisation of factories and offices into less populous regions would reduce the problem dramatically at substantial overall saving to the Exchequer. At the same time a positive social purpose would be achieved in filling in some of the troughs of regional unemployment.

Lest it be thought that the proposals outlined would result in a greater scarcity of housing accommodation, let us examine some more facts. Governments have a habit of laying claim to have built so many hundred-thousand houses in the course of a year. They have, of course, done nothing of the sort. The building industry has done the work, and for the usual motive—profit. It is difficult to believe that Whitehall influence has either hindered or helped the outcome, and those in the know may well consider that the key factor is the part played by the merchant banker.

Figures applicable to a typical non-industrial region illustrate an important point:

Houses built per 100 head of local population since 1945

			<i>Council Houses</i>	<i>Private Houses</i>	<i>Total</i>
Cambridge	...	...	6.1	3.3	9.4
Chatteris	...	...	6.8	3.6	10.4
Ely	...	...	6.9	3.2	10.1
Royston	...	...	8.8	8.8	17.6
Saffron Walden	...	...	7.2	8.5	15.7
St. Ives	...	...	6.2	12.1	18.3

Three of these neighbouring townships have achieved more than the other three. It is noticeable that wherever an extra heavy demand exists, this has been almost entirely met by private development. The implied comment on the need for council building is unavoidable. Should anything else be said?

Summing up, the charges against Britain's housing policy are that it is costing too much, and—outside special areas of congestion, which should in any case be depopulated—it is based on a fallacy. Dogma apart, the idea that the State should provide cut-price homes—or, indeed, homes of any kind—when it is clear that they can be provided by normal commercial means, is completely out of date. Generally speaking, the repayments on house purchase are no more than those on a family-sized car, which the majority of council tenants seem to afford without difficulty. It is only a matter of time before the average income-tax and rate-payer revolts against helping to pay the rent for his workmate on the next bench, who cannot be bothered to get his priorities right.

The final charge against our housing policy, though intangible, is the gravest of all. Allowed to expand beyond all expectation, its result has been to create two distinct divisions among the nation's peoples. The 47 per cent of householders who will eventually own their homes regard council tenants as second-class citizens. While illogical blanket subsidies continue, it is difficult to argue against this view.

Hence, through uncontrolled escalation, a useful social service has become a social menace. Unless councils stop mass-producing houses—which in a property-owning democracy may not even find tenants in twenty years' time—this artificial apartheid will destroy the dream of a classless society by splitting it down the middle.

WORLD VISTAS

PAUL REYNAUD: THE LAST INTERVIEW

with George Bilainkin

EUROPE's youngest elder statesman,* Monsieur Paul Reynaud, eighty-eight this month, spoke to me with remarkable and refreshing candour for nearly two hours at his fashionable home near the Quai d'Orsay. Here we first met in 1945 soon after his liberation from five years' imprisonment and the strain of a sentence of death passed on Hitler's orders. Courageous and resolute Premier from March 1940 till his cabinet consented at Petain's insistence to sue for an armistice from Hitler on June 16-17, Reynaud receives endless callers, gives advice, writes memoirs and travels round the world. His memory for facts, dates and faces would do credit to many half his age. Reynaud answered all my questions succinctly, with little or no hesitation though they dealt with delicate matters like relations with Churchill and with President de Gaulle.

As in 1940 Reynaud had the agonising task of resisting irresistible quantities of Stukas and tanks and suffered from frightening shortages of aircraft, armour and men, I began our discussion with this period. What were his relations with the man who had so often and so tragically to say "No" to Reynaud's calls morning, noon and night for aircraft, for soldiers and for tanks and ships? What did he think now of Churchill with the passage of 26 years? How did he remember those searing days of our era?

For the only time in the meeting, Reynaud hesitated in his machine-gun delivery of impeccably chosen words. . . . "Churchill always gave me the impression of being embarrassed by what he knew of the British military situation and means. But never did he show bitterness and never did a cross word pass between us. Churchill's situation gave me a lot of pain." I assumed this to mean the knowledge that Churchill was powerless to help was equally agonising to the French leader. Did Reynaud ever protest about the less than modest help Britain furnished in France's darkest days? Did he get any promises from Churchill? Churchill who slashed the allied forces plans soon after World War I.

Now Reynaud pondered so long that I feared he would not compromise Churchill, out of loyalty or out of self-preservation. He commented, "I became Prime Minister in March 1940. There were only ten divisions from you. [In a hush] I saw only ten divisions. Yes, I saw only ten divisions. But this was not the fault of Churchill or of the British Government. It was the fault of the military doctrines I fought all the time, from Petain and from Weygand. I forecast the catastrophe in a speech on March 13, 1935, and said this would befall France."

Reynaud warned them all, he repeated, that massive German divisions would attack and cross the French defences. If France did not provide

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armoured divisions behind the lines, "everything will be lost". And so it was. Reynaud reminded me of his article in *Revue Hebdomadaire* in 1924 when he warned France she had lost all her allies and her defensive armies would be knocked out by the offensive strategy of Germany: "Poland will be attacked first and destroyed. The Russian Army will shake hands with the German Army above the corpse of Poland. France will be invaded and once more her territories will be over-run." This was written 16 years before the catastrophe of 1940.

Did Reynaud see the world situation in 1966 as grave as in 1939? He replied, "Things are serious, very serious, but not as grave as in 1940."

Expressions of loyalty to the United States came unexpectedly at this moment: "I believe I shall be criticised for saying General de Gaulle is not a friend of the people who tried to save us twice before. We must not forget that. We could not have survived but for American aid in 1917. And again, in the Second World War."

What then should France do now? "My policy would be the reverse of the present one," Reynaud answered with a quizzical smile. "I should be an ally of my allies. I should have remained in Nato. Perhaps I should go to Moscow and have a chat with those gentlemen. But first I should be an ally of my allies, friend of my friends."

"I opposed the General's veto against England to make it impossible for her to belong to the Common Market. I am sorry to see the *Entente Cordiale* which has saved us twice is now scoffed at. Because I am an old friend of England and the English people, that makes me miserable. Excuse my saying England because Great Britain is too long and I don't say Britain. Of course, it is natural that in any alliance the stronger partner has to say more than the others. It is a fact. If we do not admit that, and if you consider the strongest ally an enemy, then you attack her in anger. I do not like that."

Had he expressed opposition publicly? "Yes, I said when de Gaulle left Nato that we could negotiate, but we could not turn out the American soldiers who lie in the cemeteries because they wished to liberate our soil."

Reynaud cast a dramatic light on events in Berlin in 1961 "when the world was so near to a major war". He explained, "when Berlin was cut in two Krushchev sent a note refusing the use of the air corridors to the West, as they were being utilised 'only for spies'. President Kennedy sent Johnson, then vice-president, to Berlin, where he said that on the honour of America, the lines would remain free to the West. When I read the note of September 2 I said, 'This means war'. I asked to see Krushchev and went to Moscow. Three years earlier we had spent two hours together. He received me now for three hours. We spoke frankly. . . . Next day Krushchev invited Belgium's Spaak. He told Spaak, 'I have been thinking again and as a result, I shall not insist on the allied lines to Berlin being closed.'"

Did he now criticise de Gaulle for going to Moscow and Siberia? "No, I do not criticise his going to see the Russians. But I do say that if he is well received it is because he has turned the Americans out from France. That I do not appreciate. That I do not appreciate."

What did he feel about the endless war in France's old territories, in Vietnam? "I was asked this in America last May and I answered, 'I do not know if you will win this war, but if you hand over Vietnam to the other side, Vietnam and all of South-East Asia will fall into the hands of the Chinese.'"

How did he view de Gaulle's world policy? "In the preceding Republic the trouble was that France often changed her governments but not the policy. But now the government is always changing policies. In September 1962 Germany gave a big welcome to General de Gaulle. They spoke of our friendship. Now it is all sick. In January, 1963, all was well with you and then suddenly came the veto on the British entry into the Common Market. We sent a Minister there to say England could not enter because she was an island."

What about their personal relations after their close and impressive friendship before and during the war—in 1940? Reynaud answered almost in whispers, "I made a speech on October 2, 1962, saying I had not wished to pass a vote of censure on the government because of my friendship with General de Gaulle. But now I must change my view because I cannot consent to the violation of the Constitution by the establishment of the Council of State. So not only did I vote for censure but I re-worded it to make it stronger, more severe."

When had he first met de Gaulle? "He came to see me in this office early in 1935 to convey 'an instrument of policy'. It consisted of advice about the formation of an armoured corps. I agreed with it. De Gaulle said, "The Germans are preparing an armoured corps and you should do the same.'"

Looking back on a long career in the ministries of justice, finance, foreign affairs and as the country's leader in 1940, would he recall the costly and tragic misfortunes that plagued his memory? There was not a moment's hesitation. The reply came like lightning, tinged with sadness and inevitable Euripides pathos.

"My greatest misfortune was as head of the Government in Bordeaux. I alone in the Cabinet was in favour of the acceptance of the Churchill proposal for Anglo-French union. Nobody supported me because Weygand spied on the telephone and knew earlier of the project. He organised a campaign against me and the scheme. I had nobody with me. That was a terrible disappointment, terrible."

What had been the greatest mistake of his career? Frankly and quickly Reynaud replied: "I have made many mistakes. The gravest was in calling on Pétain and on Weygand in 1940. I did that to save the honour of the French army and of the people. The surprise to me was that both men were for a bid for an armistice. They were the reason the majority of the Government were against me and in favour of capitulation. That was a great mistake, but, perhaps it saved the honour of the army."

"Prime Minister," I asked, "you have proved so often right in the past. What do you see as the immediate future's principal issue in our troubled world?" He answered sadly, "We face a time that can be grim and serious because of the chasm between Russia and China. The time will come when China will tell Russia that Siberia is an essential portion of her living space." Reynaud generously exchanged signed copies of his *In the Thick of the Fight* for my *Destination Tokyo*, and smilingly explained his secret of permanent youth. He wakes at 5.30; does physical exercises and reads newspapers till 7. After a shower he writes and reads notes "on new ideas", and takes a light breakfast at 9. He works till 11 o'clock and at 3.30 he resumes work till 8.30 when he dines with friends at home or in their residences. He is busy with his third volume of memoirs, material for which was lost in prison. He is happy with his family of four, the youngest being just twelve. Outside, the policeman assured me they often discussed world affairs with "Monsieur le Président", just as they did with Monsieur Couve de Murville, Foreign Secretary. I said I doubted whether Michael Stewart found time for plenaries with the bobbies on duty in Downing Street, and, indeed, if they were ever stopped by Harold Wilson for an exchange of pleasantries on current affairs.

* *Monsieur Reynaud died on 21st September, 1966.*

[George Bilainkin is the former chief diplomatic correspondent of the Kemsley group. His 14th book, *Destination Tokyo* (Odham's), forecasts an early war of revenge by Japan and China on the white races following the "unforgivable crime of August 6th, 1945" at Hiroshima.]

INDIA UNDER INDIRA

by George A. Floris

IN 1962 this writer discussed in the *Contemporary Review* the march of women in India. Today there will be the general impression that, with Mrs. Indira Gandhi's elevation to premiership, India's "marching women" have finally arrived.

It is at this point that we have to insert a note of warning. Without wanting to underrate the importance of the vote within the parliamentary Congress Party in New Delhi, we must bear in mind that not India's near-half-milliard people chose Jawaharlal Nehru's daughter to lead them, but a mere 355 parliamentarians who had been handpicked for candidacy mainly by the late Prime Minister's personal adherents and friends. In deciding about Mrs. Gandhi's succession the rules of democracy were observed to the letter—but what of the spirit?

The selection of a new party leader is always the crux in any democracy. Parties are, by and large, voted in and out of office by popular majorities, even if in the case of India, with her 75 per cent illiterates, the value attachable to the verdict of the electorate must be open to some doubt. Yet at the choice of the party leader there is not even a pretence of consulting the masses. A handful of behind-the-scenes intimates select the candidates and a few dozen, perhaps a few hundred, cast the final vote.

The factors working in favour of Mrs. Gandhi within the magic circle of Indian politics were powerful, though admittedly not irresistible. Ever since 1958, when Mrs. Gandhi had temporarily succeeded to the presidency of the Indian National Congress, it could be expected that Mr. Nehru might not escape the Caesarian fate of turning from a popular leader into the founder of a dynasty. The first tenure of high office was, however, followed by a period of comparative departure from the political limelight for the young widow. We shall, indeed, never know if the mantle of her father would have fallen on Mrs. Gandhi, had it not been for Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri's premature death and another circumstance outside the jurisdiction of India's queen-makers.

It is open to doubt whether the Congress deputies, with all their loyalty to her father's memory, would have ventured to create the precedent of the first woman prime minister in the world. The year 1959, however, saw the murder of Prime Minister Solomon Banderanaike and the almost spontaneous rise of his widow to take his place in neighbouring Ceylon. Mrs. Banderanaike gave her country five years' of firm and stable administration and then submitted to rejection by the electorate without any attempt to employ feminine charm or scented intrigue to perpetuate herself in power as a kind of a new Semiramis. So, the Ceylonese widow's brave and dignified example had proven to all and sundry that a woman is not necessarily too weak—or too strong—to head a constitutional government.

In India in particular there occurred an apparently insignificant political

episode which may indirectly have paved Mrs. Gandhi's way to the supreme office. At the General Elections in February 1962 Maharani Gayatri of Jaipur—although contesting under the bicycle symbol of the opposition Swatantra Party—won her constituency with a majority bigger than that of anyone else in the entire country. Everybody was free to draw the conclusion from the Maharani's impressive electoral figures: not only the educated élite, but also the wide popular masses of India were ready to accept the political leadership of a presentable and personable lady.

Although the vote of the Congress parliamentary party was secret, we may assume that all the lady members cast their ballot for Mrs. Gandhi, that is, for the fulfilment of all the suffragettes' dreams. Among the men who supported her, some did so out of sheer loyalty to the dead *Panditji*, taking the form of a quasi-medieval fealty to the Nehru family. Others joined them for political calculation, seeing in the "Nehru heiress" the safest guarantee for the maintenance of Congress unity and sustained Congress rule. There may have been yet others within the camp of pro-Mrs. Gandhi voters whose likely motives bear a closer examination.

Just because the vast majority of the Indian population still lives according to the singular habits of ancient generations, the Westernised froth on the surface of society have their very own peculiar problems. One of the principal among them is sex. Not that sex had ever been ignored in India. The phallic organ had been revered as a religious symbol in the distant past; early marriage was generally practised; polygamy, at certain parts of the peninsula even polyandry, was tolerated. For the pious yet carnal pilgrims accommodating women were available even at the venerated temples of Hinduism. Behind the facade of a stiff etiquette in the relations of the sexes there was a wide licence, at least for the male of the species.

While in the past the sexual impulse was allowed an unlimited outlet within and without wedlock, independent India—by legally emancipating the women—imposed inevitable restrictions on men. Polygamy among Hindus is no longer permitted, prostitution is severely confined. Men can no longer stop their wives divorcing them, nor are they—conversely—at liberty to be unfaithful to them, because the male party is liable to imprisonment in cases of adultery. So the frustrated husbands can no longer comfort themselves at ease with mistresses, even less are they in a position to take a second wife; they may, indeed, find it difficult to seek refuge with traditional "nautch girls", if their wives have deserted them. That is the law.

At the same time, at least within the English-speaking minority, Western films, picture magazines and certain kinds of books introduce novel forms of erotic stimulation. Not to speak of the country-wide birth control propaganda that seeks to interfere even with man's closest relationship with his wife in an effort to curb the number of children—and at the same time keeps the topic of sexual intercourse constantly in front of the public eye and thus is likely to incite yet more the latent urges.

The emotionally stimulated yet legally curbed Westernised male deals with his tensions as best he can. Feminine company—even in its most platonic form—has become highly coveted. When a lady lectures in public on

whatever dull subject, the hall is likely to be crowded. When women workers of the Family Planning Association are reckless enough to advertise a forthcoming meeting in the Press, they find the scene flooded with a sympathetic masculine audience of all age-groups. Foreign and Anglo-Indian women complain of outright molestation in crowded streets or busy public transport.

While it is not suggested that all the Congressmen who had worked for Mrs. Gandhi's election in the various Indian state capitals and in New Delhi itself are frustrated husbands or sex-hungry hooligans, one thing is at least likely. Some of them must have found that the bright, slender, well-groomed and attractive-looking Mrs. Indira Gandhi compares favourably with their own plump, ageing and in some cases illiterate spouses. For this type of man it now offers a chivalrous self-fulfilment to serve under the fascinating lady's command. This way they may have deserved in more than one sense the Socialist leader Mr. Rammanohar Lohia's stern censure, accusing the Congressmen of having opted for "monarchy" in preference to Morarji Desai's "purtanism".

All this cannot belittle the unique significance of Mrs. Gandhi's rise to power in tradition-ridden India, especially if we take into account that she is not only a woman in a largely man-dominated land, but a woman who had been living separately from her husband in a society where a broken marriage is still considered a stigma and—upon his decease—she became a widow in a country where widows have hardly any recognized status. We must also bear in mind that the late husband, Mr. Feroze Gandhi, not only was not any relation of India's revered *Mahatma*, but a Parsee, belonging to one of the Hindu-dominated country's smallest religious minorities.

Moreover, although Mrs. Gandhi has a sufficiently socialistic reputation to stir big business and the world of profiteers, she is not likely to receive much Communist support either. After all, the unceremonious dismissal of Dr. Nambudiripad's Communist administration in Kerala in 1959 was attributed to her influence. So, in spite of all the above-mentioned factors in her favour, she still had a tough, uphill fight.

It is only after a due consideration of her starting position that we can now assess the balance of Mrs. Gandhi's first year in office.

She brought a solution, uneasy as it may be, to the Hindu-Sikh rivalry in the Punjab, even if she has failed to settle the conflicts in Kashmir and the Nagaland. She could not suppress dacoity more than her predecessors could, yet by and large contained the criminal underworld. In the same way, though she could not prevent the occasional spread of political violence, she has managed to bring the sporadic outbreaks of communal or social rioting under control. While despite renewed foreign aid and strict rationing she has come nowhere near to relieving the country's food shortage, it would be unfair to claim that things got perceptibly worse under her premiership. While it is more than doubtful whether the devaluation of the rupee will alleviate India's series of balance of payments crises, Mrs. Gandhi's venture has so far not produced disastrous consequences comparable with those of Chiang

Kai-shek's monetary reform which led to the final downfall of Nationalist China 20 years ago.

Just like her father, Mrs. Gandhi has reserved the best part of her energy for foreign affairs, travelling widely in East and West. On the whole, she has been treading in Jawaharlal Nehru's footsteps by persistently attempting to convince Americans that India is not communistic and Russians that India is not capitalistic.

In Russia, Mrs. Gandhi's position was partly facilitated by earlier developments. Her immediate predecessor, Mr. Lal Bahadur Shastri, had used the food and transport expert, Mr. S. K. Patil, as the country's spokesman with the Americans, while Mrs. Gandhi had been given the same rôle with the Russians. This attitude on Mr. Shastri's part considerably curtailed the functions of Foreign Minister Mr. Swaran Singh, but was to give Mrs. Gandhi a flying start with the masters of the Kremlin. In view of such an active previous participation in foreign affairs, particularly in dealing with Russia, nobody in New Delhi took it too seriously when, in the summer of 1966, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi announced that she was going to Moscow only "in response to a long-standing invitation nothing to do with aid or the Tashkent agreement."

Any attempt to impute to her Moscow visit a kind of private character was, in any case, signally repudiated by the arrival there of her staunchly anti-communistic Minister of Planning, Mr. Ashoka Mehta. Mr. Mehta's Russian visit in June preceded that of his Prime Minister which was to take place in the following month. Of Mr. Mehta—he had personally expressed his sympathies towards Russian-oppressed Hungary, to this writer in 1960—few people would assume that his Moscow journey was motivated by purely personal sympathies. The sad fact, only too well known to the Minister of Planning, is that India needs as much Russian and as much American aid as she can get.

India's grave economic needs obviously limit Mrs. Gandhi's political efficacy in the face of the Eastern as well as Western powers. It is hard to act as a tough negotiator or a lofty mediator with a cap in hand.

It is, therefore, unlikely that the Russian leaders were much impressed when at the luncheon in their honour at the Indian Embassy in Moscow on July 14 Mrs. Gandhi affectionately declared that "it is not much farther from Delhi to Tashkent than from Delhi to Madras". (That remark, however, may have amused some of the Indian observers, sensing a subtle hint at Mrs. Gandhi's recurrent differences with Mr. Kamaraj, the Congress President of South-Indian origin.) The Russians patiently endured Mrs. Gandhi's innuendoes against China when flaying "narrow dogmatism" and against Pakistan when attacking "neo-fendalism in the subtle form of religious revivalism". They may even have responded with a courteously non-committal nod when she announced that "like the Soviet Union, India is a composite society". It is more problematic how the Russians felt when she waxed eloquent proclaiming that "Mr. Shastri set a seal on the Tashkent declaration with his own life,"—bearing in mind the rumours current in New Delhi

at that time that Shastri's sudden death at Tashkent may have been due to other than natural causes. Anyway, despite the exchanges of mutual compliments, Mr. Kosygin rejected in no uncertain manner the Indian move for an early reconvening of the 1954 Geneva Conference on Vietnam.

Though without any outstanding political, economic or diplomatic success up till now, Mrs. Gandhi has managed to maintain India's international role at least as a partner in discussion and to consolidate her own position at the helm. New Delhi remained a centre of world events having been visited or expecting the visits of a good many international celebrities ranging from the Beatles to King Zahir Shah, the ruler of Afghanistan. It was, indeed, in the field of foreign affairs that Mrs. Gandhi scored an important point as a feminist when Austria appointed a lady diplomat, Dr. Johanna Nestor, as her New Delhi representative. Although receiving more moral than tangible support from the rest of the world, Mrs. Gandhi, to her credit, held a firm line with both China and Pakistan without reviving armed hostilities.

After all this has been said, we must revert to the initial question and examine to what extent does Mrs. Gandhi's personal triumph strike a blow in the battle of the sexes in India. There can be hardly any doubt that Mrs. Gandhi will do everything in her now considerable power to precipitate the *de facto*—not merely *de jure*—emancipation of her sisters, not only in the cities, but also in the most distant villages. But will her influence, even from the dizzy height of premiership, reach far enough?

Because it is one thing for the average Indian men—the office *babus* and shopkeepers in the towns and the horny-handed *kissans* on the land—to accept the exalted status of a distant lady, but to change their own ingrained habits nearer home is quite another. After all, for more than a century the men of India have learned to heroine-worship the Rani of Jhansi, the beautiful and daring Princess of the "Indian Mutiny" in 1857 and have, over several decades by now, queued up week by week to admire the performance of the enchanting film stars of the Bombay studios. However, all this did not dramatically alter their attitude to women in their own house or next door.

On the whole, the enhanced status of women on the very top of Indian society has so far done little to improve the traditional treatment of women in the outskirts of the cities, let alone the faraway "up-country". Apparently a kind of platonic adoration for certain ladies distant in time, place and station on the part of the men in India is quite reconcilable with retaining their own women in the same old bondage, and exacting from them the same old chores. As an odd irony of fate, only the men living in the limelight and most exposed to the intellectual temptations imported from the West in the realm of sex, have to respect the new legal status and individual rights of women; those living lower down the social pyramid can go on keeping their wives and other female relatives in near-servitude.

Apart from the abiding heritage of the past weighing down on women, there is the added danger for them on the lower social echelons that some

of the men will turn even the measures intended to raise the position of women—and as such whole-heartedly supported by Mrs. Gandhi—into their own selfish advantage and into the disadvantage of women around them.

The family planning clinics—set up in the first place not merely to check the birth-rate, but also to free women from the burden of unwanted pregnancies—can thus be converted into institutions safeguarding male leisure. There is nothing now to stop men from sending their wives, with reference to the family planning aspirations of the government, to submit to birth prevention or sterilisation, not because they are particularly worried about the rising population figures of the country, but because they fear that their own domestic comfort might be jeopardised by their wives' confinement. Some of these "old-new" husbands halfway down the social pyramid show a respect also for the official attitude encouraging women, even married women, to take up jobs. Where such husbands differ from the official attitude is that they do not allow their wives to keep the money they have earned. A lady college professor of South-Indian origin, in her research of the "changed" attitudes towards women in certain sections of society discovered a case of a husband who would not even entrust his wife with collecting her own pay-packet; he would go to the wife's employer himself and pocket the money due to *her*. That may be an extreme, but not necessarily a unique instance.

Aware of the abiding subservience of the vast majority of Indian women, Roderick Macfarquhar added the hopeful rider to his comments on Mrs. Gandhi's premiership in the January 21, 1966, issue of the *New Statesman*: "The mere fact of a woman being Premier, however, should help undermine many male prejudices." That is sound common sense, but is it a certainty?

Most students of recent French history would agree that neither Leon Blum's premiership before the Second World War, nor Pierre Mendès-France's after has managed to eradicate anti-semitism in France. Or, to quote examples more relevant to India, there had been a Reddy dynasty of "untouchable" origin in Madurai some three centuries ago and there have been "untouchables" in the various Congress governments more recently. Nevertheless, most Hindu families, even the self-styled "enlightened" ones, would avoid inter-marriage with any *Harijan* even today and in the villages the "untouchables" still have to keep away from the wells used by "Caste Hindus".

As long as the fundamental disposition of males towards females does not change in India, individual prominence—just like in Gentile-Jewish relations in Europe in the past—tends to exacerbate rather than mitigate prejudice, which may eventually erupt in more oppression later. While any possible future reaction to the gradually spreading new freedoms and occasional individual careers of Indian women can obviously never take such a drastic form as the European reaction to the Jewish emancipation took in Hitler's concentration camps and gas chambers, it appears quite conceivable that an Indian "Queendom of Palmyra" might one day provoke the emergence of a new Mohammed, this time somewhere in South-East Asia, with the avowed purpose to drive the "over-emancipated" women of the upper classes back into *purdah*.

POLITICS

CARMARTHEN: BEFORE AND AFTER

by D. Watkin Powell

PLAI'D Cymru's sweeping victory in Carmarthenshire was described by the press on the morrow of the bye-election, for once without exaggeration, as a "shock" and a "sensation". Indeed, the victor himself, Mr. Gwynfor Evans, described the result as a "shock" for his own party which has a not inconsiderable experience of fighting vigorous and enthusiastic campaigns only to find itself defeated, often to the tune of a lost deposit. To the Labour Party, it must have been an even greater shock but a bitter one, for it was none other than Mr. Cledwyn Hughes, the Secretary of State himself, who had said, in the course of the campaign, that Labour would be perfectly happy to retain the seat with a reduced majority of 6,000. He could easily be pardoned for his confidence; not only because Labour is strongly entrenched in Wales—in the General Election it won 32 out of the 36 Welsh seats—but in Carmarthenshire, Lady Megan Lloyd George had held the seat for Labour with a handsome 9,000 majority not four months previously; it was so much of a foregone conclusion that, with the exception of *The Guardian*, the campaign was largely disregarded by the London papers.

And then, on July 14, with the same candidate as at the General Election, Plaid Cymru swept from third to first place, more than doubled its vote and took 39 percent of the votes—a swing in its favour of no less than 23 percent.

Strangers to Wales find the result perplexing. It is true that the election came at a time when the Government's stock with its own supporters—particularly the trade unionists—was low, but it would be quite wrong to read into the result a general revolt by trade unionists in the U.K. against the Labour party; it was certainly a revolt—but it was a Welsh revolt. Apologists for the Labour and Liberal defeats again point to the outstanding quality of the candidate and his excellent record in local government in the County. But this obtained equally at the time of the General Election only four months before in March. To those who with less conviction seek to see in the result a protest vote against the Government and the official Opposition alike, the answer is that if all they wanted was to protest they could equally well have voted Liberal, whose candidate was an excellent local man. No less than 12,000 had voted for this same man in the General Election.

The key to this election is in the surprising joy with which the result has almost universally been greeted throughout Wales: there is talk of a "freeing of the spirit" and there can be no doubt that the victory and Mr. Evans' dignified and courteous assertion of Welsh nationhood, both in and out of Parliament, since his election has evoked a warm and spontaneous response and even a thrill both in Welsh speaking and in English speaking Wales, ir-

respective of party affiliations. It was *The Times* which came nearest to divining the truth when, on the morrow of the election, it called the result a "craving for Welshness". Is it a passing phase or does it represent something deeper and more permanent? *The Economist* inclined to the latter view, probably correctly.

The reason is not far to seek and is really quite simple. There are few Welshmen who do not regard Wales and the Welsh as a separate and distinct nation—the best known contemporary manifestation is in rugby football—and whilst this attitude is accepted somewhat laconically and good humouredly, if perhaps a little cynically, by the English—Shakespeare was no exception—it comes as a surprise to continentals that Welsh people resent being labelled English and react quickly to the suggestion that the United Kingdom or Great Britain are synonymous with England.

The attitude of the Welsh to their own sense of nationhood reflects their long and not ignoble history. Politically, however, their actions mirror the dichotomy of the last four hundred years, with a Welsh nation existing and sometimes having to fight for its very existence, within the framework of the British state. From 1868 to 1914 the national struggle took the form of a struggle for the disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Wales and leaders, like Lloyd George and Thomas Edward Ellis, were returned to Parliament on a nationalist platform but on a Liberal ticket. When Lloyd George abandoned his early nationalism the Welsh nation still followed him and the older generation still speak of the pride they felt when one of their own number became the ruler of the English and their Empire. Shades of Henry Tudor!

With the struggle for disestablishment successfully completed and the demise of the Liberal Party and the corresponding rise of Marxist socialism in the South-East, politics in Wales became less preoccupied with Welsh affairs although the idea of Welsh nationhood was still very much accepted. But its devotees confined themselves largely to cultural activities—the Eisteddfod and Urdd Gobaith Cymru, the Welsh League of Youth, to name the two outstanding organisations—and to what was called "the struggle for the language".

It is characteristic of Welsh nationalism that it was as the political wing of the "struggle for the language" that the Welsh Nationalist Party was founded in 1925. In 1929 it fought its first parliamentary election and got 600 votes—the Gallant Six Hundred, as they have come to be referred to subsequently. Progress was slow. In 1935, in the whole County of Glamorgan with its 1,250,000 inhabitants, there were scarcely 200 Nationalists.

The Party, which later adopted the shorter title of Plaid Cymru—literally translated it means the Party for Wales—quickly discarded its exclusive concern with the language. The Party's three basic aims were to obtain Dominion Status for Wales, to ensure that Wales was allowed to join the then League of Nations, and to make Welsh the official language of the Welsh state. Under the leadership of Saunders Lewis, Wales' foremost playwright and literary critic, and a distinguished economist, the late D. J. Davies, the Party also launched into the wider fields of economics with co-

operative control of industry, a mild dose of syndicalism, and the expansion and protection of private house ownership as its main planks.

By 1945, *Plaid Cymru* had grown considerably and a sizeable proportion of students at the colleges of the University of Wales were supporting it. In the mid-fifties the Party, under its president, the new M.P. for Carmarthen, led the all-party campaign for a separate Parliament for Wales on the lines of the Northern Ireland Parliament. The campaign gained considerable support and for a while after the 1945 General Election it looked as if the breakthrough had come at last for *Plaid Cymru*. The 1959 election, at which the Party polled well but not quite as well as the Liberals, was a disappointment and between then and 1964 it was clear that a great deal of heart searching was going on.

Plaid Cymru has always suffered from a hiving off of members in their late twenties and early thirties due to the apparent inability of the Party to win elections. In the resultant frustration, the other parties have from time to time received a fair number of young men who felt that they could best work for Welsh aspirations within the conventional British parties. Others opted out of politics altogether. Some remained unshaken. Of these the most outstanding is Mr. Gwynfor Evans, the new M.P., whose record of having fought six elections unsuccessfully since 1945 is some indication of his own iron determination and that of the party he leads.

Latterly there has been no lack of martyr material which is indicative of the spirit of the younger generation. The Welsh Language Society, a non-violent but militant nationalist organisation, to ensure complete recognition and official status for the Welsh language in Wales, has attracted hundreds of young Welsh men and women, many of whom have already gone to prison rather than pay fines imposed on them for failing to comply with official demands and notices in English. The movement has no direct connection with *Plaid Cymru* but its members, almost to a man, are active members of *Plaid Cymru*.

It is significant that Mr. Gwynfor Evans ascribed his victory in Carmarthenshire to the younger generation and there can be little doubt that once the younger generation regards *Plaid Cymru* as a viable political party, capable of winning elections, parliamentary and local, its growth is assured. The stage is set in Wales for the struggle between radical nationalism and tory-unionism in which the balance is heavily in favour of the former.

This is probably the most important immediate effect of the bye-election. The wastage of promising young politicians to other parties—or no party—is likely to cease. Welsh politicians with a genuine love of Wales, now belonging to conventional “British” parties, are likely to be in for an uncomfortable time and those in government are already discovering the proverbial difficulty of serving two masters—the Welsh nation and the British state.

Welshmen divide their fellow countrymen, irrespective of politics, into “good Welshmen” and “bad Welshmen”: Lloyd George was a “good Welshman”, Aneurin Bevan was not (one never hears the expression “good Englishman”: is that because no one has cause to question the loyalty of

any Englishman to his nation?). The "good Welshman" will now increasingly come to identify himself with political nationalism, for scratch any Welshman, apart from the pseudo Marxist Labourite or the pseudo Empire Loyalist Tory, and one will find a Welsh nationalist of sorts.

A further result of Carmarthen is that it has probably decided the ten-year old battle that has been raging between the Nationalists and the Liberals over the non-Socialist Welsh radical vote. Nine years ago, Carmarthen was held by the Liberals with a 24,000 vote. In the recent bye-election they dropped to third place with just over a third of that vote.

Now that Plaid Cymru has proved that it can do it, a substantial proportion of the former Liberal vote (especially in Merioneth, Cardigan, Anglesey and Denbigh) is likely to go to the Nationalists. So is a sizeable part of the Welsh Labour vote which, in counties like Cardigan, went to Mr. Elystan Morgan, an ex-Plaid Cymru candidate, who had a largely Nationalist platform but a Labour ticket at the last General Election.

The Welsh have always liked a leader. They had one in Lloyd George. They would have accepted Aneurin Bevan—had he not refused to associate himself with things Welsh. In Mr. Gwynfor Evans the Welsh have a born leader. To an iron will, coupled with complete integrity and great charm, are now added the kudos and the status and power which membership of the House of Commons gives.

Whatever else it has done, the bye-election at Carmarthen has changed the face of Welsh politics. It has opened up new and, to the Welsh, exciting possibilities: it has shown that what was yearningly dreamt of is now feasible and within the realm of practical politics. Welsh politics will never be quite the same again and a considerable realignment of loyalties away from Labour and Liberal—and even the Tories—is inevitable.

Nationalists say that if they succeed in polling 500,000 votes at the next General Election in 1970-1 they will win a majority of the 36 Welsh seats. While such an achievement is by no means impossible, in an atmosphere charged with optimism—and the Welsh are proverbial at snatching an impossible try when the crowd begins to roar "Land of my Fathers"—a poll of 250,000 is well within the capacity of the party given wise leadership, sound candidates and the hard pre-Election work which now appears to be going on. Labour's hegemony in Wales is already threatened and would be seriously endangered once the Nationalist poll exceeds the 200,000 mark.

What some English Conservatives gleefully point out is that if all the existing 31 Labour seats in Wales were to follow Carmarthen's example, the Socialist Government's majority would be cut by 62. Wales—and to a lesser extent Scotland—have been the Labour Party's shock absorbers. If they are removed, can Labour's bandwagon ever run smoothly—or at all—again?

It was once erroneously thought that a Welsh Nationalist would not sit in Parliament. In taking his seat, Mr. Gwynfor Evans has given the lie to that idea. As a one-man Parliamentary Party what is he likely to do?

He has promised that the voice of Wales will be heard "loud and clear". So far, he has lived up to his promise. There can be no doubt that Wales expects him to act for the nation and his controversial maiden speech in the

House showed that he intends to do so. A Labour Party sympathiser, writing recently in the *London Welshman*, indicated that Mr. Evans would have to align himself with Labour, the Liberals, or the Conservatives. This is to miss the point that there now enters Parliament a fourth Parliamentary party with a comprehensive policy worked out over the years that pledged to remain in opposition until the Welsh move out of Westminster to a Parliament of their own. That Mr. Gwynfor Evans has powerful allies in each party is already clear and that he will enter into *ad hoc* alliance is certain. It is also clear that he intends to vote on issues not specifically confined to Wales when he considers Welsh interests are affected, directly or indirectly, e.g. economic measures and foreign policy, to name only two. While it is dangerous to categorise and it would certainly be entirely wrong to label him "Socialistic", he is certainly a radical, as befits a nationalist in a country like Wales. By and large, in matters of foreign policy he can be expected to be what is generally considered "neutralist left-wing". In domestic matters, "left-centre"; if and when Scots Nationalists are returned, a close alliance can be expected between Plaid Cymru and the Scots and they point out that between them *potentially* they could muster 107 seats if they won all Welsh and Scots seats, *potentially* as powerful a block as the old Irish Party ever was in the House of Commons.

Plaid Cymru has come to stay as a force in British politics in one form or another. How long it will remain in Westminster depends largely on its rate of progress and the extent to which it can achieve its ends in a Parliament where regional government is already on the cards. At the moment the winds of change are blowing in its favour and the climate is favourable.

[D. Watkin Powell was a member of the Central Executive Committee of Plaid Cymru, 1944-1957 and is a member of the Council of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion.]

CHARLES HUGHES: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF A POLITICAL ORGANISER

by Barry Turner

CHARLES HUGHES was an early convert to the Liberal Party. At the age of thirteen he was suspended from school where he skipped lessons to help in a municipal election. He was raised on a moral diet of radical politics and nonconformism. His grandfather led a local revolt against church tithes and his father—a Huntingdon tailor—allowed his workshop to be used as a centre for meetings and discussion groups.

The head teacher's intolerance of political activists encouraged young Hughes to seek a more congenial occupation than school work and in 1895 he applied successfully for a journalistic apprenticeship on the *Hunts County News*. He signed away his independence for five years and promised that he would not "... contract matrimony within the said Term nor play at cards or dice tables ... (nor) haunt taverns or playhouses. . . ."

1895 was a bad year for the Liberals. When the county went to the polls their strength in the House of Commons slumped from 354 to 259 members. Lord Rosebery surrendered power to his noble counterpart who installed a Tory administration and the inevitable inquest was got under way. An electoral defeat may not lead to fundamental changes in policy or leadership but it can do wonders for a system of organisation. The need to improve the party structure was particularly acute in the Eastern Counties, an area comprising 36 constituencies—chiefly rural—in East Anglia and Lincolnshire. Liberal representation had been reduced by half and they returned only 10 members. The Tories held sway from Lincoln to Sudbury.

One of the leading Party members for the region gave a good deal of thought to the subject. Richard Winfrey was the unsuccessful candidate for S.W. Norfolk and a newspaper owner who was soon to take over control of the *Hunts County News*. In 1897 he spent a day in London with Tom Ellis, the Chief Whip, and it was at this meeting that the idea of setting up an Eastern Counties Liberal Federation was seriously discussed for the first time.

The plan was put into operation the same year when representatives from all the constituencies met together in the gloomy auditorium of the Theatre Royal, Peterborough. Winfrey was elected Chairman.

At this time Hughes was almost half-way through his apprenticeship and had little time to spare for politics. He supplemented his four shillings a week income by passing on his knowledge of shorthand to the pupils of a local grammar school and broadened the scope of his education with the help of a Church of England clergyman who offered him private tuition. A change of ownership for the *Hunts County News* brought him into contact with Winfrey who was impressed by his ability and offered him a job as his private secretary. Hughes accepted and was transferred to the literary staff of the *Peterborough Advertiser*, another of Winfrey's acquisitions. Before long he was assisting in the work of the Eastern Counties Liberal Federation and in 1899 he was appointed official secretary, a post which he held for thirty-one years.

The story of Hughes' life as a political organiser is a cameo history of modern Liberalism. He experienced the exultation of the 1906 campaign and the triumphs of the social reformers; he fought against the disruptive influences of Lloyd George's post-war coalitionists, then endured the humiliation of overwhelming defeat and the collapse of the federation structure. In the last years of his retirement, he witnessed the recent revival in Liberal fortunes and the rebirth of the Eastern Counties Federation.

Unlike Winfrey, whose parliamentary ambitions were nurtured by his experience as a party organiser, Hughes rejected the self-satisfying exhibitionism of the public platform. He was a natural producer, not a performer. But he shared in the rewards of success. In the 1900 Election Winfrey increased his vote in S.W. Norfolk and Hughes, who had acted as his agent through the campaign, was sent to Paris for a two-week holiday. A net gain of 4 seats in the Eastern Counties revived the party's confidence which was strengthened by the chapter of disasters experienced by Balfour's Government. When the Liberals achieved their decisive victory in 1906, Winfrey was one of the successful candidates. Hughes assisted him with his campaign and also wrote a lengthy free trade pamphlet which had a circulation of over half a million copies. The Federation Executive celebrated the return of 30 Liberal members—an electoral record by any standards—and sent Hughes a cheque for £20 as a reward for his contribution to the political breakthrough.

At 29, Charles Hughes could look forward to a highly successful career in political administration. The Liberals lost ground in the 1910 Elections but the setbacks were not disastrous and they retained a dominating influence in the Eastern Counties. The organisation was in good shape and Winfrey held on to his scattered rural constituency by allowing Hughes to concentrate his efforts on mustering the full strength of the postal vote. He publicly acknowledged his debt of gratitude by inviting Hughes to accompany him on his victory tour.

But there were signs that before long the Liberals would have to fight harder to retain the allegiance of the Radical vote. In 1906 Norwich returned the first Labour member to represent an Eastern Counties constituency. The significance of this victory was not immediately recognised. After the collapse of Joseph Arch's Agricultural Labourers' Union in the last years of the nineteenth century, trade unionism was virtually non-existent in the country districts, and even in the few urban areas where the Labour movement was able to make a limited appeal, it was reckoned to be securely tied to the Liberal bandwagon.

Soon after the 1906 Election, the first tentative steps were taken in Norfolk to revive the Agricultural Labourers' Union. The leader was George Edwards, an experienced unionist and an active working-class Liberal. He was thought to be sufficiently moderate and reliable to deserve the blessing of the Parliamentary group and at a conference in July Winfrey was elected treasurer and George Nicholls, the Lib-Lab member for Northamptonshire North, accepted the presidency. The Union was an immediate success. In his capacity as a twenty-three shilling a week general secretary George Ed-

wards cycled 6,000 miles during the first year, forming branches and enrolling recruits. Had they known it, the Liberals had helped to create a powerfully capable of holding the support of the farm workers. But the opportunity was lost when, in 1910, the executive voted to end a strike involving 100 men against the wishes of the participants and the members.

Appeals for moderation were lost on the farm workers who were attempting to drag themselves above the poverty line. A general meeting supported a resolution condemning the executive decision and Winfrey and Nicholls resigned. Before long, George Edwards severed his links with the Liberals who, he believed, would never "... advance in political thought sufficiently to meet the need of the growing aspirations of the new democracy". In 1918 the Union affiliated to the Labour Party.

These developments may have given Charles Hughes and the Federation some cause for concern, but the growth of the Labour movement in the Eastern Counties was accompanied by a disruptive influence which was far more dangerous. Asquith's dismissal and the transfer of power to Lloyd George's Coalition two years after the outbreak of war entirely demoralised the organisation. Hughes distrusted the Conservatives as much as he disliked the Socialists and he bitterly regretted the decision to accept a war-time truce "... under which we subordinated Party Organisation and Propaganda to what were regarded as the higher interests of national unity—an altruistic attitude which was taken advantage of during the war by the Labour Party, and, subsequently, at the Coupon Election in 1918 by the Coalition Party, who handed over the great bulk of the seats in the country to Conservative Coalitionists".

He turned down an offer of a job in the central organisation set up by the Liberal Coalitionists but when Winfrey was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, he agreed to serve as one of his private secretaries. He remained in London until 1919 and on his return home to Peterborough was immediately appointed to his old job with the Federation. He faced a massive task of reorganisation. Boundary changes had reduced the number of constituencies in the Eastern Counties to 28 and in the 1918 Election only eight of them were won by Liberal candidates. Of these, six, including Winfrey, were members of the Coalition and the remaining two crossed over to the Government shortly after the Election. The Labour Party nominated candidates in 14 constituencies. Their only gain was at Holland with Boston but in urban areas like Ipswich, Peterborough and Lincoln, they pushed the Liberals into third place and they came very close to winning Kings Lynn where their candidate had a straight fight with the Conservative. A Coalition Labour candidate was elected in Norwich.

Hughes realised that the prospects of rehabilitating the Party as an independent force were distinctly unfavourable. All but three of the constituencies in the Federation area were controlled by the Coalition. There were only two encouraging signs. In terms of votes the Asquithian Liberals had not done too badly, and in the majority of constituencies the candidates had managed to hold on to a respectable share of the poll. Of greater significance was the fact that 40 percent of the electorate had not troubled to vote.

Hughes described them as the "unknown element upon which the electoral future so much depends".

The Secretary's first duty was to carry out a close investigation into the state of the associations. An analysis of the report sent in to the Federation office made sad reading. In at least seven constituencies the organisation was defunct. There were only four agents working in the Eastern Counties and several clubs and branches were in the process of closing down. Capable speakers were particularly difficult to find. "We have none," wrote the Cambridge Chairman. "We lost all of them and it is so very difficult to get people to attend indoor political meetings at the present time." Another correspondent desperately recommended one or two exceptionally good Free Church Ministers who might be helpful at a fee plus expenses.

To inject some life and enthusiasm into the Party loyalists, Hughes composed a guide to political organisation which was privately circulated to members of the Federation.

"The ideal political organiser," he wrote, "is the man who combines efficiency in the working of the Party system with efficiency in psychology." He wanted headquarters to set up "... a psychological department whose duty it would be to consider the division and classification of phases of our policy, ... and ensuring their presentation to the electorate in their maximum interest-producing and therefore maximum vote-producing form."

His interest in psychology made him realise the immense potential of a new medium of communication. He had noticed, "... screened in Kinemas, cartoons on Mr. Asquith. I do not know whether this marks the initiation of a Tory Kinema Campaign, but, at any rate, the Coalition Government made use of, and no doubt derived great advantage from their Kinema exhibits towards the close of the war. The War Aims travelling Kinema motor vans were novel and most effective and I can imagine no more efficient way of reaching the village electorate. In towns perhaps, it would be more economical and effective to endeavour to use the existing halls.

"The Managers and Owners of such halls, who are known to be in sympathy with our Party, might be found willing to use special Liberal Educational films to the exclusion of those of our opponents, as was done successfully at Skegness during a recent by-election.

"Liberals too might invest in a Kinema concern doing good business as well as assisting in the advancement of their cause."

The rest of his proposals were not quite so revolutionary but before any of his ideas could be put into practice, the Federation had to settle an important internal matter. The officers could not be expected to initiate an effective propaganda campaign while their Parliamentary representatives sat on opposite sides of the House of Commons. The question was raised at an executive meeting in July 1920. Winfrey—now Sir Richard Winfrey—was by this time out of the Government but he was still an official supporter of the Coalition and a strong body of opinion opposed his re-election as chairman of the executive, a post which he had held since 1897.

There was a natural but misguided tendency to try to avoid intensifying the divisions within the Party and a decision was postponed until the An-

nual General Meeting which was fixed for February 1921. Meanwhile political developments in the Eastern Counties underlined the need for decisive action. There were four by-elections in 1920. It was with high hopes that the Liberals embarked on the Horncastle campaign, but at the last moment the Labour Party nominated a candidate and the Coalition Unionist retained the seat on a minority vote. The figures clearly showed that a significant proportion of the electorate who had supported Lloyd George in 1918 were already disenchanted with the Coalition. There was a good chance that the radical parties could achieve a breakthrough in several constituencies so long as the anti-Government forces were not divided. The lesson was emphasised by the result of the Louth by-election. A Coalition Unionist defended the seat in a straight fight against an independent liberal who was returned with a sizeable majority.

The victory at Louth was put into its proper perspective by the results of the Woodbridge and South Norfolk by-elections. At Woodbridge the Liberals decided not to nominate a candidate and left the field clear for Labour. The Coalition Unionist held the seat but his Labour opponent attracted nearly all the ex-Liberal votes and cut the Conservative majority by a third. It did not take a skilled political observer to conclude that the radicals were not inflexible in their allegiance.

But the Liberals suffered their greatest shock in South Norfolk—the home of the Agricultural Labourers' Union and a seat with an almost unbroken Liberal tradition. In 1918 the constituency was won by a Coalition Liberal who gained a decisive victory over a Labour opponent. When the sitting M.P. was elevated to a peerage, his successor chose to fight under the same party label. An independent Liberal was nominated to oppose him — a curious state of affairs since both candidates were nominally members of the Eastern Counties Federation. At first the Labour Party decided to stand aside and conserve their resources but at the last moment George Edwards, the veteran organiser of the Agricultural Labourers' Union was prevailed upon to allow his name to appear on the ballot paper. His policy was unashamedly socialistic—the national control of transport, coal and iron, and all the means of production, distribution and exchange; the control of agricultural prices and higher wages for farm workers; the abolition of the Poor Law; the reform of the antiquated game and land laws; a free medical service, higher pensions and increased provision for state housing. Edwards attracted immense support from the working class radicals and despite Hughes' efforts to revive the Liberal organisation he was unable to persuade the electorate that there was any appreciable difference between his own candidate and the Coalition challenger. Edwards gained a majority of over 2,000 votes and became the first genuine Labour member for a rural constituency. The Independent Liberal trailed behind in third place.

The majority of the delegates to the Annual General Meeting were painfully aware of the Labour threat and determined to blame their difficulties on the Lloyd George supporters. The Coalition members who turned up were given a bad reception. Tom Wintringham, the new member for Louth, bitterly attacked a Federation colleague who had supported the Con-

servative candidate during the by-election. A resolution opposing fusion with the Conservatives was passed by an overwhelming majority and Lyle-Samuel, member for Eye, raised a cheer when he announced that he was leaving the Coalition and rejoining the independent Liberals.

The Prime Minister's defenders gave way with as much grace as they could muster. Winfrey, whose long association with the Federation earned him genuine affection, was re-elected to the executive, but Tom Wintringham replaced him as Chairman and Winfrey was forced to rely solely on Conservative support in his own constituency. Hughes was placed in a most embarrassing situation. He owed his patron a debt of gratitude which he could not easily repay, but he was intensely loyal to the independent Liberals and when, in 1921, the Coalition members set up their own organisation, he was compelled to ask Winfrey if he intended to remain a member of the executive. The reply was short and acidic. "I do not propose to resign because I know I am quite as good a Liberal as my colleagues on the Committee. If a severance comes, it must come from them."

For the moment the members were distinctly reluctant to spend time discussing Winfrey's propensity for fence sitting. A major crisis exploded. The independent Liberal representation was reduced by half when Tom Wintringham dropped dead in the newspaper room of the House of Commons. Once more Hughes was posted to Louth, for the duration of the by-election campaign. Mrs. Wintringham, an active politician who was calculated to attract a strong sympathy vote, was adopted as candidate but she had to contend with a Labour as well as a Conservative opponent. The Liberals marshalled all their available resources. Over one hundred cars were used on polling day and there was a record vote of over 72 percent. Mrs. Wintringham scraped home with a much reduced majority, but the Labour contender fared badly and a sympathetic newspaper triumphantly proclaimed that the "turnover to Labour from Liberalism is checked". The congratulatory letters and telegrams which flowed into Hughes' Federation office expressed the same hopeful sentiments.

When Lloyd George was forced out of Downing Street and Bonar Law re-formed the Government, the Eastern Counties Liberals faced the inevitable General Election with fair optimism. But certain items of policy were anachronistic and country members were inclined to antagonise the truly radical voters by condemning the Ministries of Transport and Health and the unemployment benefits as a waste of public funds. The President of the Federation applauded the defeat of Addison's Health Bill which threatened "... to open for inspection clinical thermometry and dustbins and wash-tubs and other necessary articles of domestic furniture. ..." He was relieved that the wisdom of the House of Lords had "... saved the country a very large sum of money". The candidates shared a desire to "... return to our old primitive Liberal faith".

The second drawback was the shortage of funds, but when the Election got under way in November 1922, the Federation had the good sense to concentrate on the more hopeful divisions. The independent Liberals returned five members while the Labour Party was only capable of retaining

Holland with Boston and gaining North Norfolk. In South Norfolk Edwards was defeated by a Tory. The Conservatives held the upper hand with 18 constituencies to their credit and paradoxically they were able to rely on the support of the Coalition Labour member for Norwich, whose political opinions were undergoing a sea change.

The Federation gained their greatest satisfaction from the knowledge that in the Eastern Counties the Coalition Liberals were a spent force. Four were defeated by Conservatives and one by an independent Liberal. Only Winfrey and Hilton-Young (the second member for Norwich) were able to achieve success by parading as National Liberals.

The overall result provided an interesting contrast. The Conservatives held the largest number of seats but Lloyd George's National Liberals outnumbered the independent Liberals by 62 to 54 and Labour scored a total of 142. The Eastern Counties Federation had good reason to be satisfied with its contribution to unifying the Party and holding back the tide of Socialism.

Within a year Baldwin had taken over as Prime Minister and decided to appeal to the country on a policy of trade protection. Lloyd George and Asquith agreed to sink their differences and present a united front at the forthcoming election.

The Eastern Counties received the news of yet another major campaign with some dismay. The headquarters' grant for office expenses was terminated and financial assistance to constituencies in need of help was unobtainable. Hughes' salary was guaranteed by the central organisation but the members shared the fear that the Federation would either have to restrict its work or close down.

Hughes reported that in seven constituencies the associations were defunct, five divisions were in serious financial difficulties and of the three remaining agents, one was in danger of losing his job. Lloyd George earned considerable disapprobation for not releasing a great proportion of the fighting fund accumulated during the war and which remained under his personal control but, despite the difficulties, Hughes managed to put another ten candidates and six agents into the field. In the 1923 Election, the Eastern Counties Liberals held three seats, lost four and gained six, a net increase of two. Winfrey and Hilton-Young, who by this time were reconciled with the Federation, were defeated by Conservative opponents.

Hughes set about his work with renewed enthusiasm and by March 1924 there were only three divisions without active associations. But the overriding need was for more money. Lloyd George's parsimony tightened the purse strings of less affluent Liberals and Hughes reported that "... in most of our constituencies it is impossible to raise sufficient income to pay an agent and working expenses and consequently the work of reorganisation is retarded. With adequate funds the outlook for the future would be much improved."

The wealthier members were even more incensed when Asquith made the fatal mistake of supporting Ramsay Macdonald and allowing him to form a minority Labour Government, and a third General Election in as

many years was too much for the slender resources of the Federation. In 1924 every one of the nine Eastern Counties seats was lost and the only compensation was a single gain in Norwich. Hughes bluntly refused to contemplate political surrender. He claimed that "... since the election there has been a considerable awakening of interest in Liberalism". In view of the shortage of funds he proposed "... a temporary amalgamation of constituencies for agency purposes ... the income of the Associations might be stimulated sufficiently to cover the cost of an agent for two, or in some cases, three constituencies".

The Federation followed the enthusiastic initiative of their Secretary. A national proposal to raise a fighting fund of £500,000 was judged to be unduly modest and a recommendation to increase the sum to one million was carried unanimously. Policy conferences were well attended and the delegates pursued their object of rousing the passion of the electorate by re-defining their conception of radicalism.

Fresh dissension within the Party temporarily reduced the momentum of the reforming movement, but the retirement of Asquith and the new economic policies initiated by Lloyd George put fresh heart into the Party. Of particular interest to the Eastern Counties were the agricultural proposals whereby the State should assume possession of land, paying off existing landlords and giving farmers security of tenure at fixed rents.

Headquarters recommended that each Federation should set up a District Land Campaign Committee. The Eastern Counties adopted the recommendation and Hughes was requested to draw up a scheme for a concentrated campaign to be initiated during the summer months of 1926. For a time the General Strike diverted the attention of the central organisers but by the end of May Hughes had in his possession the detailed plans evolved by Lloyd George's advisers. Financial provision was in the control of the Land and Nation League which worked from the London headquarters, and it was proposed to make a straight grant of £3 to each constituency to cover routine expenses. The Federation was to be supplied with a motor-van, a chauffeur and a touring speaker who, with the assistance of two staff speakers, were expected to address 1,000 meetings during the course of the year. Apart from demonstrations and special conferences, the Federation was expected to make its own particular contribution by carrying out a continuous series of meetings from June 1st, 1926, until the next General Election. An ample supply of propaganda material was in the course of preparation and a monthly journal dealing with land topics was due to appear in October.

Hughes was convinced that the rural constituencies would be unable to meet their share of the expenses and, although he managed to acquire small additional grants, both he and his colleagues were incensed by the knowledge that, while the Federation was virtually bankrupt, the resources of the Lloyd George Fund were made readily available to subsidise the Leader's own pet schemes. There seemed to be an obvious need to revise the order of priorities. Even Hughes was threatened with a reduction in salary and the Secretary of the National Liberal Federation, who was responsible for providing his income, warned him that "... Each year's finances will have to be

dealt with separately, and until one knows just what the Million Fund will produce for H.Q. one is unable to say at all what will be the position next year."

Another matter of contention was the means by which the manifesto for the Land Campaign was determined. Not a single member of the Eastern Counties Federation was called in to advise on policy or procedure. George Nicholls, an ex Lib-Lab M.P. and an old friend of Hughes, urgently advised him to attend a conference in Oxford and to scotch Lloyd George's suspicions of intrigue and to put in a powerful claim for "... special treatment, money and methods for the Eastern Counties".

While the Land Campaign was in full swing the treasurer reported that for the first time the Federation was in debt. At least £250 was needed to cover liabilities and he added, "I cannot urge too strongly that unless the £250 is raised, the Eastern Counties Liberal Federation will cease to exist; the whole situation is an unfair position for our Secretary, Mr. Hughes." Friends advised him to seek more congenial employment and Sir Richard Winfrey hinted that the editorship of one of his newspapers might soon be available. There was also a suggestion that he might join the headquarters staff. A right wing correspondent wanted him to shift his allegiance and realise that the only hope of "... resisting the Socialist Communist movement is in the sober-minded and honest Liberals combining with the Liberal-minded Conservatives in forming a stable and constitutional party for the better Government of the country".

He was haunted by what one of his acquaintances described as "the sad death-bed spectacle" of Liberalism but he could not help but agree with the concluding comments: "We must not however despair that there are still a few men left among the millions of voiceless, almost disfranchised Liberals and I think it is still worth trying to carry on our plan."

The writer was J. Blundell who won the Holland with Boston by-election in 1929. Hughes was in control of the campaign organisation. But the General Election in the same year put an end to the hopes of a major Liberal revival. The Land Campaign and the radical economic policies came to nothing.

In July 1930 Headquarters cancelled their financial contributions to the Federation and the Chairman announced that "we have been compelled to discontinue the services of our Secretary". The same month, the officers of the Federation were each required to contribute £5 to cover the financial obligations. At the end of each letter there was a PS which read: "A final meeting of the Executive will be held on Wednesday, September 24th at 3.0 p.m. at Peterborough to wind up our affairs."

On that day the Federation ceased to exist and with it the political career of Charles Hughes.

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DEFENCE

SENTENCED TO DEATH: THE END OF AN ARMY PART II: REPRIEVED!

by Lord Ogmore

IT may be recalled that in the March issue of *Contemporary Review* I described how the Duke of Norfolk and Major General Lord Thurlow told me in the Prince's Chamber of the House of Lords in July 1965 that the Government was to make a statement which meant the death of the Territorial Army. We hurried into the House and there heard Lord Shackleton for the Government bear out Lord Thurlow's forecast. Saying that it was no longer realistic to think of the Territorial Army in terms of the defence of the United Kingdom or as providing a framework on which general preparations for a major conventional war abroad could be built, Lord Shackleton informed the House of the Government's decision that the Territorial Army's only rôle was to give aid to the civil power after a nuclear attack. This rôle could not justify the retention of the Territorial Army in its present form. The future rôle of the Reserves would be first to provide some individuals and a few units to be called out at any time to reinforce the Regular Army, secondly to provide the reinforcements necessary to support the Regular Army in a limited war and thirdly such reinforcements for N.A.T.O. as our new commitments required. The saving by this reorganisation would ultimately be about £20 millions a year.

This policy statement, devastating to those of us listening to it who thought it was unwise and even dangerous, came at a most awkward time. Parliament was about to rise for the summer recess of nearly three months and there was no opportunity to organise a Parliamentary opposition to it and thereby to rouse the public to what we considered were its dangers. It is hard enough in August to rouse the British public to consideration of any subject other than the seashore, and this is particularly the case with one like the Territorial Army on which generally speaking the public is comparatively uninformed. For the Territorial Army itself the statement could not have come at a worse time since the Annual Training in Camp was in full swing and we could imagine how difficult it would be for Commanding Officers to maintain the interest in military matters of their officers and other ranks.

There remained the press and those of us who objected to the new policy wrote or gave interviews to as many newspapers and other journals as we could; these included *The Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, *The Guardian*, the *Daily Express*, the *Western Mail*, the *Contemporary Review* and the *Liberal News*. My own views were that the policy was objectionable for many reasons, first because it was the result of reliance on nuclear weapons and on a forecast that any major war in the future would be a nuclear one, a reliance especially ironic in view of the Labour Party's 1964 General Election Manifesto which said, "Our stress will be on the strengthening of our conventional regular forces"; secondly, the policy would seriously weaken

the Regular Army in recruiting and in local support by cutting away drastically its local Territorial base; thirdly, the estimated saving of £20 millions a year in two or three years' time out of a defence expenditure of over £2,300 millions a year could and should easily be exceeded and made unnecessary by renunciation of the "independent" nuclear deterrent, by a reduction in our forces East of Suez and by a substantial thinning out of our forces in Western Germany, especially in the "tail" units and in the number of military Headquarters; fourthly, there would be no military presence in many parts of the country with sparse populations such as the Highlands of Scotland and Mid-Wales; and fifthly, and perhaps most important of all, the policy disregarded Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer's dictum, when Chief of the General Staff, that "the Territorial Army is the country's insurance against the unknown and no other country in history has been able to take out such a comprehensive policy for such a low premium". I felt that throughout history military and political leaders had never been able to forecast, in any country, the course of the next major war for obvious reasons, so why should it be thought that our authorities should now be any more successful?

As soon as possible I put on the Order Paper of the House of Lords a strongly worded resolution calling upon the House to condemn the Government's intention to destroy the Territorial Army, in that the reorganisation would dangerously impair national security. To my dismay I was told that the very name itself, "Territorial Army", was to be jettisoned and that in all probability since the reserve units concerned would only have a civil defence rôle after a nuclear attack they would come, not under the Ministry of Defence, but under the Home Office; this would mean a drastic slashing of their ties with the Regular Army and with the other two branches of the Reserve Forces.

Gradually through the summer, autumn and winter the campaign grew with leading articles in the press and with members in both Houses, by means of questions and motions on the Order Papers, making an ever greater effort to persuade the Government to modify its plan. In the Commons Mr. Enoch Powell, the Opposition spokesman on defence matters, put the objections he and his supporters felt against the proposals; in the Lords the opposition from the Conservative benches was led by the Earl of Jellicoe and Lord Thurlow. In the country the Duke of Norfolk, as Chairman of the Council of Territorial & Auxiliary Forces Associations, took the leading part. He put down on the Order Paper of the Lords a motion, couched in milder and more polite terms than my resolution, and wrote to me asking for my support when it was debated on the 26th January. The Duke, as Earl Marshal, does not take part in party politics, and he intended to stress in the debate that he was only concerned for the defence and security of the country. This debate did not take place as it was prevented by the Government's declared intention to make a further statement on the future of the Territorial Army and by the negotiations which were taking place between the Government and the Duke together with his Territorial Association colleagues. Instead a debate was held a little later on led by Lords Jellicoe and

Thurlow. In the Lords we were fortunate in having a considerable number of Peers who had served with the Territorial Army and a few who were still serving. In my view, however, it was the immense prestige of the Duke of Norfolk and his skilful leadership of the Council, together with the power they were able to bring to bear locally and nationally, that began to turn the tide. Politically it was not treated as a party matter, indeed, all of us who were interested in it were anxious that it should not be so treated.

I had two or three discussions in the spring of this year with the Duke of Norfolk and also with others closely connected with the Council of Territorial & Auxiliary Forces Associations and was kept informed of the progress of their discussions with the Government. The Duke's view was that there were two essential matters we should go for, namely that the Territorial Army should remain under the jurisdiction and control of the Ministry of Defence and secondly that the Territorial Army Associations, which administered the Territorial Army, should continue to do so even if their numbers were reduced by amalgamations.

The Government was eventually persuaded to amend its plan in a few but important respects. Its proposals came to Parliament in the Reserve Forces Bill. After being passed by the House of Commons it came to the House of Lords when Lord Shackleton explained that there would be a new Army Reserve Organisation to be known as the Territorial and Army Volunteer Reserve and the Royal Marines Reserve. This would be in three parts: parts I and II, either as individuals or units, were intended for quick support of the Regular Army and would get higher scales of equipment than those hitherto supplied to the Territorial Army; in addition there would be part III, the Territorials of the future; this would be a far more limited force than the old Territorial Army in that the part III units would only be equipped on a scale sufficient to help maintain law and order after a nuclear attack. The Reserves, including the part III Reserves, would come under the control of the Ministry of Defence and the Territorial & Auxiliary Forces Associations would be retained to administer them although the Associations would be reduced in numbers. In the debates on this Bill, Lords Jellicoe and Thurlow led for the Conservative Opposition and I led for the Liberals. Whilst we were grateful for small mercies we, and others who supported us, complained about various defects as we saw them in the plan. Both Lord Thurlow and I had doubts about whether so lightly armed and equipped a force as the part III Reserves could in fact carry out even the very limited rôle the Government intended for it. In the Committee stage we received assurances that the part III Reserves would be known as "The Territorials" and that this name would be the practical, if informal, title of the Force, and also that the Territorials' association with the County Infantry Regiments would be preserved.

The Bill received the Royal Assent on the 9th August last, a year and a few days after the fateful Statement of the 29th July, 1965. The Act, and the plan it embodies, so far as the Territorials are concerned, by no means satisfies those of us who fought it but the result is a good deal better than it might have been and it does provide the necessary nucleus for expansion

and an opportunity for retaining the Territorial spirit. During the proceedings in the Bill there were in both Houses a number of criticisms on the part I and part II Reserves, but they do not come within the scope of this article.

Although the main campaign is over, comparatively minor skirmishings remain. During the Second Reading of the Bill in the Lords I asked the Government to look carefully at the question of the future of redundant drill halls, first because of the possibility of expansion at a later date and secondly because drill halls have frequently been one of the main centres of social and community life in their districts. Since the Bill was passed, I have received a communication from Lord Shackleton, on behalf of the Government, to the effect that he regards the possibility of expansion as remote, so remote that it would not justify the retention of any drill halls which are not needed for the force as now planned. He fully appreciated the importance of the drill halls as a centre of social life, and local authorities would be able to buy redundant ones for use as social centres if they so wished, whilst the Minister for Sport was looking into the possibility of some of them being used as sports centres. I discussed the contents of this letter with Lord Thurlow and as a result I wrote to Lord Shackleton suggesting that whilst the possibility of expansion, however remote, was present the Government should not sell the drill halls but should lease them with a condition that they could be re-occupied by the Territorial Associations in case of need. This suggestion was made to me by Lord Thurlow and I put it to Lord Shackleton. When Parliament resumes after the Recess this suggestion can be followed up, if there has been no satisfactory answer, by question or motion.

All this amounts to a reprieve of "The Territorials". For the future, where there is life there is hope.

CENTENARY

SECULAR CENTENARY

by David Tribe

THE National Secular Society and the *Contemporary Review*, with H. G. Wells, Beatrix Potter and the Reform and Women's Suffrage movements, share 1966 as a centenary year. Together these six "Victorian institutions" cover much of what was best in an age where courage and originality were more conspicuous than hypocrisy and conformism.

Founded by Alexander Strahan, the *Review* had as its first editor Dean Alford (with Stanley and Farrar, one of the triumvirate of great nineteenth century liberal deans). The editorial of January 1966 says that it was "read and designed for, and by, the leisured, educated minority" and in the same issue former editor G. P. Gooch places it "just a little to the left of centre". In his biography *T. H. Huxley* (1959), Cyril Bibby observes that "its solid learning and quiet fervour appealed greatly to the increasing number of liberal clergy interested in anything from art and music and literature to science and theology and women's education". It sold at half a crown.

The *National Reformer* (launched 1860), organ of Charles Bradlaugh, founder of the National Secular Society, was by contrast regarded as a working man's (artisan's) publication and sold at twopence. Its policy was "Republican, Atheistic, and Malthusian". Yet its style was no less scholarly, its interests very similar. In the *Review's* first number, for example (January 1866), there is comment on the philosophy of Sir William Hamilton and J. S. Mill, a review of Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*, anonymous pieces urging grammar school reform and deploring "indifference to Indian affairs", and criticisms by the Rev. J. J. Stewart Perowne of High Church Dr. Pusey, and by the Rev. F. H. Plumptre of the "false rigour" of Sunday. To Bradlaugh, afterwards known as the "Member for India", and the other secularists of the day, these were matters of concern too, though the views may have been rather more to the left of centre.

The ferment of ideas has always been a primary concern of the NSS, and in 1866, four years before the introduction of state education and ten years before it became compulsory, it played an important rôle in the provision of general education for the urban masses. At Secular Sunday Schools in its Halls of Science, the educational work of the Owenites and Chartists of the eighteen-twenties to fifties was sustained and expanded, while public lectures and publications offered popularisation of contemporary biblical criticism, biology, geology, ethics, sociology and comparative religion. With the establishment of board schools, multi-credal Working Men's Colleges, the University Extension movement in 1873, the Workers' Educational Association in 1903 and the National Council of Labour Colleges in 1921, the narrowly educational work of secularism became progressively redundant. The establishment of an offshoot Propaganda Press Committee which became the Rationalist Press Association in 1899 and the paperback revolution of the

last thirty years have taken over the major job of scientific and philosophical popularisation. But through the secularist weekly *Freethinker*, *ad hoc* publications such as the recently issued *103. History of a House* (the society's headquarters, an extension of the Queen's Head Inn, Southwark, originally owned by John Harvard, after whom Harvard University is named), and special lectures like the centenary series on "The Meaning and Value of Freethought" in relation to history, philosophy, science, law reform, liberty, social work and the arts, this tradition is kept alive.

Secular Sunday Schools had two other rôles. Like the Socialist Sunday School and Labour Church movements of 1892, they were to provide ethical teaching based on a particularist ideology, and like the ethical church and society movement of the eighteen-eighties emotional release and quasi-ritual for the non-religious. Though dutifully officiating at funerals and naming babies, Charles Bradlaugh did not himself encourage such attitudes. The interest came mainly from Austin Holyoake, brother of George Jacob, who invented the word "secularism", Charles Watts, father of the RPA founder, and Annie Besant, whose love of symbolism was eventually to lead her into theosophy in 1889.

Despite its social work it is as a propaganda body that the NSS is today, and perhaps has always been, best known. Today it is certainly in the educational field that most national interest has been aroused. From its inception "free, secular and compulsory education" has been the catchcry. Education became compulsory in 1876-80 and virtually free in 1891, but is today less secular than in 1870. At first thought, surprisingly, this accompanies a position of disintegration in orthodox religion and advancing "secularisation" of society. The answer is simply that as the overt power of the churches declines opposition declines with it and oblique power imperceptibly rises. In 1907 the society's President, G. W. Foote, was one of the leading figures in forming the multi-party Secular Education League, supported by liberal Anglicans and a large body of Nonconformist opinion. This largely vanished with the 1944 settlement and the league was wound up in 1964. In the meantime the NSS had launched a new secular education campaign, and with growing disappointment over the fruits of compulsory RE and worship in county schools and concern by liberal Anglicans and Catholics about the implications of sectarian segregation at a time of Christian dialogue, is gaining widespread sympathy.

The attitude to secular education well reflects two basic concerns of British secularism: civil liberties and the search for truth. There are many nations with secular constitutions and secular education, notably France and the United States, and no presumption of national freethought. America is, nominally at least, one of the most religious countries in the world. Simply this is recognition of the diversity of belief in modern plural societies and a libertarian regard for the equal rights of all before the law. For practical reasons, even where "conscience clauses" allow opting out of religious teaching or ceremonial, individuals are usually unable to avail themselves of this right without incurring some measure of disadvantage. From its origin among freethinkers British secularism—though not the issue of secular

education itself—has always had some connotations of religious scepticism.

Despite the atheistic label of Bradlaugh's *National Reformer*, the NSS has never officially been an atheistic organisation. Because the leaders and the significant publications have had atheistic policies, by and large it is atheists who have been attracted to the movement. But there has always been a sprinkling of agnostics and it is possible, if unlikely, that in the early days there were some who called themselves deists (a word by then archaic). This avowal of atheism has seldom been the dogmatic exercise alleged. Bradlaugh himself was always careful to deny he claimed "There is no God". This was not the discretion of the parliamentary candidate but a real concern for language and philosophical niceties. He maintained that he had never heard any irrefragable definition of God as a distinct entity, but that he would consider any new one presented to him. Essentially this position was very close to T. H. Huxley's agnosticism. There was some tendency for atheists to describe agnostics cynically as "atheists in top hats", but the real bitterness came from the agnostics, who considered that atheism was making scepticism disreputable. W. S. Ross ("Saladin"), editor of the *Agnostic Journal*, is generally regarded as the brains behind the grossly libellous biography of Bradlaugh (1888) published in the name of Charles Mackay. Though both were at different times imprisoned for blasphemy, which Bradlaugh never was, G. J. Holyoake and G. W. Foote had periods of questioning to what extent secularists should attack theology and criticise the churches. While Holyoake adhered to this position, G. W. Foote had abandoned it before he became president. With the exception of Chapman Cohen, president for 34 years this century, all the secularist leaders have had religious childhoods and understand how powerful is both the community and the psychological hold of the churches. Such portion of the social and ethical teaching of Christianity as they have rejected they recognise to derive its authority in society from the alleged revelations of scripture and the political influence of the churches. A new superstructure needs new foundations and the new will never replace the old until it is clearly demonstrated that the old is defective. With the *Review* editorial the NSS has not believed that "change itself" was sufficient justification to count as progress", but like G. P. Gooch considers "reforms are the only preservation against revolution" (January 1966).

The society has always been careful to distinguish between the individual and the idea. Bradlaugh and subsequent leaders have numbered clerics among their personal friends. The Rev. Stewart Headlam, founder in 1877 of the evangelical Guild of St. Matthew, came on to the Old Street Hall of Science School Committee so as it could get a government grant, was on Bradlaugh's election committee in Northampton when many brother clergymen were denouncing Bradlaugh up and down the land as a monster of depravity, frequently acted as chairman for him at public meetings and attended his body to Brookwood Cemetery in 1891. The freethinking activities of the National Secular Society and similar bodies are often criticised by those who do not realise the important results that have sprung therefrom. Not the immorality and crime that are frequently attributed. Though

there is much in society to indicate that our ethical has not caught up with our technological accomplishment, it must be recalled that we have today better statistics, more concern and (at least in peacetime) higher standards of conduct. The savage prison sentence on G. W. Foote in 1883 for publishing "comic bible sketches", the rowdiness and physical violence inflicted on secularists right into the time of Chapman Cohen, the urban squalor and crime revealed by Dickens, Kingsley and Henry Mayhew all show the advance of tolerance and social concern in our own day. No, the fruits of free-thought are not criminous. Without its comment on evidence produced for the existence of God, immortality and miracles the Bishop of Woolwich would not today be able to luxuriate in Christian atheism. Without its censure of church history, biblical immorality—in every field—and the stultifying effects of otherworldliness on social laws and *mores*, there would not be the law reforms and community permissiveness which make life more tolerable and enjoyable for all.

It has not been any perverse desire to shock or oppose that has brought the NSS into conflict with the churches and often the laws of the land. Though there have been reformist exceptions the attitudes of religious bodies have by and large been resistant to change not only of themselves, which they are entitled to oppose, but also of the legal and political structure which affects as well those around them. The Association for the Repeal of the Blasphemy Laws was formed in 1884 not in the cause of bitterness but of free speech. Though the blasphemy laws have not yet been repealed, the last documented case occurred in 1941. The National Sunday League was supported not to prevent church-going but to enable all—including church-goers after church—to enjoy recreation, music, art and instruction on what used to be the only free day in the week. Important freedoms came in 1932 and there are hopes that secularist Lord Willis will soon be instrumental in greatly extending Sunday amenities.

Many ideas surrounding the family and sex, including marriage and divorce, the status of "illegitimate" children, adoption, male homosexuality in private, and abortion, and life, including euthanasia and suicide, have had religious overtones and opposition to reform has tended to come from religious bodies. Gradually the contract as distinct from the sacramental status of marriage is becoming more accepted in the community, and while always valuing the family and the stability that happy married life gives, the society has played an important rôle in agitation for more liberal divorce laws to deal with those cases where good relations have broken down. Cruelty and desertion have been added to adultery and "divorce by consent" seems at hand. With other humanist bodies the NSS has striven successfully to improve register office facilities for marriage just as it has helped the Cremation Society in extending this service. Those without religious beliefs or affiliations are supported in their efforts to enter the nursing, probation, youth, children's and prison services, and the society participated in the formation of the Agnostics Adoption Society in 1965. Some law reforms named above have already come; some are on the way.

Best known in this field has been the work in connection with family plan-

ning. In 1861 Bradlaugh founded the Malthusian League and in 1877, after Charles Watts apologised for publishing Knowlton's *Fruits of Philosophy*, a contraceptive pamphlet, he and Annie Besant published it themselves. Convicted of obscenity, they were sentenced to six months' imprisonment, but the sentence was quashed on a technicality. The Malthusian League was reformed, and out of this and other elements appeared the Family Planning Association. Today there are Stopes and Brook clinics advising the unmarried, constant pressure on the Government to make family planning a regular part of the NHS and on the United Nations, the WHO and the FAO to overcome Catholic obstruction in tackling the population explosion energetically.

The campaign with which Bradlaugh, perhaps the society, is best known, is that which led to his taking his seat in the House of Commons after a six-year struggle, two general and three by-elections, in the course of which he became a household name—often unmentionable—and was once physically removed from the House by four messengers and six policemen. Bradlaugh was a man of great physical strength, who in 1855, when the Chief Commissioner of Police had in his opinion illegally tried to stop a demonstration by poor London traders, disarmed two policemen who came at him with truncheons and with them drove off a third. It should also be said that he was a man with a strong constitutional sense and great respect for the law, with whose intricacies, as a former clerk, he was splendidly at home. On the occasion of his expulsion a huge crowd of his supporters were waiting outside the House and would have stormed it had he given the order. But he always used demonstrations (and his successors have followed him in this) as a sign of popular discontent and not a threat of popular violence. It is largely owing to such radical leaders as Bradlaugh that this country has not experienced what happened across the Channel in 1789, 1848 and 1871. The culmination of his demand either to take the usual Parliamentary oath or to affirm as Quakers, Moravians and Separatists already had the right to do, was permission to take the oath in 1886, the universal right to affirm granted by his Oaths Act of 1888 and the expunging of his exclusion from the records as he lay dying.

Another matter of important constitutional importance, besides vital concern to freethinkers, was the right of the society and Secular Society Ltd. (founded in 1898 by Foote) to inherit money, a recognition that the denial of Christianity was not contrary to public policy. The battle was won by Foote and Cohen in *Bowman v. Secular Society Ltd.*, 1915-17. Allied to this work have been constant efforts to secure the secularisation of society by giving humanism the same status as religion in education and broadcasting, disestablishing and disendowing the State Church and removing religious ceremonial from national and civic life.

The right of free speech demanded by the NSS has never been confined to members or supporters, though naturally effort has been concentrated on helping bodies which do not normally attract mass support. Such was the poster parade outside the headquarters of the British Transport Commission in 1961 after its banning of the FPA poster on the London Under-

ground. But the society has been associated with most big radical protests of national interest, such as the Anti-Apartheid Rhodesia rally in June this year. The history of the society, like that of the *Review*, records radical social and political thought of the last hundred years. Republicanism, adult (now 18-year-old) suffrage, penal reform, opposition to Louis Napoleon, support of Garibaldi, land reform, replacement of the hereditary House of Lords by a Senate of "Life Peers", support of Turkey's Balkan dependencies, opposition to imperialism, Home Rule for Ireland, warning against the rise of German militarism, opposition to First World War hysteria and a punitive peace treaty, support of the League and United Nations, the transformation of the Empire into the Commonwealth, agitation for planned disarmament and Vietnamese disengagement, racial integration, majority rule in Rhodesia, extension of the Welfare State. The last demand did not come at once in an outburst of early socialism, for both Bradlaugh and Foote were strongly anti-socialist, preferring self-help, benevolent, building and co-operative societies. It should be noted, however, that many of their criticisms of centralism, bureaucracy and the dangers of loss of cultural freedom are accepted today by many socialists and even communists.

The National Secular Society, like the *Review*, is a Victorian creation which is proud of its past and confident of its future. The needs it arose to serve have changed but not disappeared. They cannot be said even to have changed very much. As Professor Walter Arnstein observed in *The Bradlaugh Case*, 1965, "Curiously few of the issues with which Bradlaugh became identified in the nineteenth century have become outdated in the twentieth". What is true of the man is true of the society he founded and the great number who have carried on his work.

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THE POLICE

QUIS CUSTODIET IPSOS CUSTODES

by T. J. Clogger

IT was the 26th September in the year 1829. London's underworld was quiet after the usual nightly activities and debauchery, and the cut-throat, the cut-purse, the highwayman and the drab and her pimp rested after their labours. It was a time when crime and disorder were prevalent; men feared to walk the streets after dusk and the law was almost powerless. The Gordon Riots of 1780, when for six successive days and nights of terror, the cities of London and Westminster were delivered up to the mob to be looted and pillaged, were still fresh in the memory. True there were the Bow Street Runners formed by the novelist Henry Fielding and his blind half-brother, Sir John Fielding who held the office of magistrate. Equally true that in each parish there was a man with the title of constable, who had been selected by his fellows for a year with the honourable task to "find, catch, and deliver to justices any person indulging in criminal activities". But when the law is held in contempt such an honourable task is no sinecure and, being unpaid, was not eagerly sought after. As a result, holders of this high and ancient office would pay deputies to do the work for them—a practice which did not tend to efficiency as the men deputising were, to say the least of it, very poor material for "thief-takers".

At the time, the Home Secretary of Great Britain was a man of determination and character—Sir Robert Peel. He was convinced from his experiences in Ireland as Irish Secretary in 1814, that public disorder and private crime could only be met by the establishment of a civilian police force. Peel had studied a published treatise written in 1796 by a Dr. Patrick Colquhoun on the duties of the constable. Colquhoun was another far-sighted man who had organised a force of water-police on the Thames. He had written:

"Next to the blessings which a nation derives from an excellent Constitution and system of general laws, are those advantages which result from a well regulated and energetic plan of police conducted and enforced with purity, activity, vigilance and discretion. The police have a fair claim, while they act properly, to be esteemed as the civil defenders of the lives and property of the people. Everything that can heighten in any degree the respectability of the office of constable adds to the security of the State and to the safety of the life and property of the individual."

It was Peel in Ireland who had forced through the Irish Peace Preservation Act of 1814 by which authority was given to raise an organised constabulary force in any area which was proclaimed to be in a state of disturbance. In 1822, further legislation was enacted for the establishment of a permanent uniformed and armed force of constabulary under four Inspector-Generals, one for each of the Irish Provinces. This was the genesis of the

Royal Ulster Constabulary, and as a result, the name "peeler" passed into the English language.

And so, on this evening in September, Peel proudly watched the first thousand Metropolitan policemen march out from the mustering-ground in the Foundling Hospital, Bloomsbury on to the streets of London. Each man was dressed alike in a uniform consisting of a blue swallow-tailed coat with blue trousers strapped over stout boots, a feather top-hat and a leather stock. They marched erect and with military precision, being all ex-soldiers. Each constable carried in his pocket an instructional booklet (as his modern counterpart still does today), one instruction of which read:

"The constable will be civil and obliging to all people of every rank and class. He must be particularly cautious not to interfere idly or unnecessarily in order to make a display of his authority; when required to act, he will do so with decision and boldness . . . he must remember that there is no qualification so indispensable to a police officer as a perfect control of temper never suffering himself to be moved in the slightest degree by any language or threats that may be used; if he do his duty in a quiet and determined manner, such conduct will probably excite the well-disposed of the bystanders to assist him, if he requires them."

General Orders, Orders, legal principles—the path of a police officer's duty lies through a region crossed at countless points by the compilation of technicalities that often engulf the officer in a legal network or web. But Peel at that time and his two joint Commissioners, Mayne and Rowan, were determined that there should be respect by police and public, one for the other. It had been no easy task for Robert Peel to get his Metropolitan Police Act of 1829 on the Statute Book and in the end he had to resort to subterfuge. He bided his time until the bitterest opponents of the Bill were away, packed the House and got the Legislation through. The Act was simple in design, though magnificent in conception and was headed "An Act to improve the police in and near the Metropolis," and it established a police office at Scotland Yard from which the new force was to be supervised by two Commissioners. He found arrayed against him a variety of interests ranging from the City of London, which feared the loss of its ancient privileges; the Justices of the Peace and others who saw their power (and sinecures) in danger of curtailment and those who had a vested interest in crime and disorder and the vast profits accruing from the criminal. But the greatest opposition came from M.P.s and members of the public and there was good reason for this. There had been Cromwell's despotic military police, the unpaid and corrupt Parish Constables and the constant fear of injury in the murderous and destructive riots which occurred at irregular intervals. But the greatest fear was that England might have a despotic *gendarmerie* as France had under the infamous police chief, Fouché. In order to allay the fears of such people, Peel had designed the somewhat outlandish uniform for the Metropolitan Police Force.

But despite the good intentions of Peel and his Commissioners, the new force was not popular. Their first nicknames were "Peel's Raw Lobster

Gang" and "Blue Devils". In 1822, a Parliamentary Committee, which Peel had caused to be appointed, had expressed the same fear of unpopularity, giving in its findings that it was "a practical impossibility to reconcile any effective system of police with perfect freedom of action and exemption from interference which was one of the privileges and blessings of society in this country". By 1830, the Force was over 3,000 strong and the disturbances that took place at the time of the Reform Bill of 1832 were the first trial of strength of the new police. The value of trained police was amply demonstrated and proved that law and order could be maintained without calling in the military. On the 13th May, 1833, during a bad riot at Coldbath Fields, the technique of the baton charge was used for the first time with great effect.

The Home Secretary had given a good deal of thought to the selection of the first Commissioners and there is no doubt that his wisdom in selecting Charles Rowan and Richard Mayne guided the Force through the years of trial and tribulation that lay ahead and indeed made the Metropolitan Police (and other forces based on the same model) what it is today. They were both remarkable men—Mayne, a lawyer, and Rowan, a regular army colonel who had seen much service. The British police tradition they formulated has been taught to successive generations of police recruits and is still extant on the first page of the Metropolitan Police Force General Orders:

The Police are essentially citizens paid to discharge duties, which are incumbent on all citizens.

The success of the Police is contingent on the approval, respect and co-operation of the public.

The enforcement of law must be impartial and independent of policy.

The Police have no judicial function. The decision of guilt or innocence and the punishment of offenders are outside the scope of their responsibility.

The preventive function in respect of both crime and disorder is paramount. The true test of police efficiency is the absence of crime and disorder and not the number of prosecutions.

The preservation of life and the protection from injury are functions to be discharged by the Police regardless of personal danger.

It was not until 1863 that the helmet and police tunic came into use. By now various Acts had brought into being throughout the length and breadth of Britain, City, County and Borough Police Forces all following the Metropolitan model. In March, 1878, the Criminal Investigation Department (C.I.D.) was created and Howard Vincent, later to become Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., was made the head with the title of "Director of Criminal Investigations". In 1829, the accent had been on the prevention of crime by means of beats and patrols and there had been no C.I.D. The Bow Street Runners were primarily detectives and a private *corps d'élite* being few in number. They were not taken over by the new police and in 1837, a parliamentary committee investigated their activities and reported that they "were private speculators in the detection of crime, rather than efficient officers for the ends of justice". This was to be their death knell and in 1839 they ceased to exist and London was without detectives.

By 1883 the Metropolitan Police had grown in number, since the boundaries of the area of watch and ward had been extended to a 15-mile radius

from Charing Cross, an area of 700 square miles, which remained unchanged until 1946. Then, as now, there was a definite code of rules for the protection of the accused and for the guidance of police officers conducting an investigation. The Police Gazette of 9th May, 1883, published "An address to police constables on their duties". This was written by the Honourable Sir Henry Hawkins, Q.C. (afterwards Lord Brampton), one of Her Majesty's Judges. Sir Henry wrote:

"Much discussion has, on various occasions, arisen touching the conduct of the police on listening to and repeating statements of accused persons. I will try, therefore, to point out what I think is the proper course for a constable to take with regard to such statements. When a crime has been committed . . . putting questions to any person from whom you think you can obtain useful information. If in the course of your inquiries you should chance to interrogate and to receive answers from a man who turns out to be a criminal himself, and who inculpates himself by these answers, they are nevertheless admissible in evidence, and may be used against him. When, however, a constable has a warrant to arrest, or is about to arrest a person on his own authority, or has a person in custody for a crime, it is wrong to question such person touching the crime for which he is accused. Neither judge, magistrate, nor jurymen can interrogate an accused person, and require him to answer questions tending to incriminate himself. Much less, then, ought a constable to do so, whose duty as regards that person is simply to arrest and detain him in safe custody. . . . Perhaps the best maxim for a constable to bear in mind with respect to an accused person is, 'Keep your eyes and your ears open, and your mouth shut.'"

It is interesting to compare this last sentence with the instruction to police officers in the City of Bombay Force: "No police officer shall prevent by caution or otherwise any person from making in the course of any investigation any statement which he may be disposed to make of his own free will."

In 1912 a Committee of His Majesty's Judges was empanelled and drafted "Rules Concerning Questions by Police Officers relating to Suspects". Another Committee sat in 1918 and completed the genesis of what are now known as the Judges' Rules, or more simply rules to be observed by an investigating officer. They were clarified in 1930 by a Home Office circular issued with the approval of the judges for the purpose of removing difficulties or divergence of opinion. They have not the force of law but are administrative directions; evidence obtained by methods which offend in any way against the spirit of these Rules is likely to be the subject of objection at a trial, and such evidence so obtained may be excluded by the presiding judge. There are those who are bold enough to criticise some of these Rules, and as an ex-senior detective officer of 27 years' service, I am one. The Chief Constable of Hampshire is another, and in his Annual Report of 1965 he commented:

"The revised 'Judges' Rules' are helping criminals to gain the advantage. There were signs that senior members of the judiciary were beginning to question whether the criminal procedure was not biased too heavily in favour of the criminal. In my view the police should not become too involved in such matters except in so far as they destroy the spirit and morale of police officers charged with the duty of bringing offenders to justice. It is certainly true that many defendants are acquitted, particularly before juries, whom police officers know with certainty to be guilty. When this occurs too fre-

quently it is inevitable that officers who have devoted long hours to their investigations should feel discouraged and depressed."

The Rules may be summarised as follows:

1. When a police officer is trying to discover whether or by whom an offence has been committed he may question any person from whom he thinks that useful information may be obtained.
2. As soon as a police officer has evidence which affords reasonable grounds for suspecting that a person has committed an offence he shall caution that person before putting to him any further questions relating to the offence. When, after being cautioned, a person elects to make a statement, a record must be kept of the time and place and persons present.
3. This sets out the wording of the caution. Only in exceptional cases should questions be put after the person has been informed that he may be charged.
4. This sets out the procedure to be followed if a person wants to make a statement. The person must be given the opportunity of writing the statement himself.
5. If a police officer wishes to bring to the notice of a person charged, or who has been informed that he may be charged, any statement made by another such person, a true copy shall be handed to him and nothing shall be done or said to invite any reply or comment.

Taking Rule 3, the official caution: a man comes to a police station and tells the officer on counter duty: "I have murdered my wife." At this stage, the man must be stopped and warned that he need not make any further statement, but that everything he now says will be taken down in writing and may be given in evidence. If the caution is not given, the opening statement, "I have murdered my wife", would be admissible in a court of law as evidence, but nothing said or done by the accused person afterwards. Today in Great Britain, no one is tortured for the purpose of obtaining a confession. The police have strict instructions and the courts sit openly. There is every opportunity for bringing to the notice of the judiciary or defending counsel any allegation of impropriety in the matter of questioning prisoners or applying anything savouring of third degree methods. Safeguards must be maintained against erroneous convictions and recent events have proved this to be so. Lord Goddard, an ex-Chief Justice, dealing with a question of procedure, once commented: "The judge must consider the interests of justice as well as the interests of the prisoners."

If all the criminals of every class had assembled and framed a system after their own wishes with cautions *ad nauseam*, these would have been the rules they would have drawn up. Innocence never takes advantage as innocence always claims the right of speaking. Guilt invokes the privilege of silence.

In 1960, the Government appointed a Royal Commission on the Police. The final report of the Commission was published in May 1962. The main recommendation of the Commission in its final report was that the rate at which the police service was moving towards unity should be accelerated and to this end it proposed certain recommendations. At mid-1964 there were 157 police forces in Great Britain: 126 in England and Wales and 31 in Scotland. In England and Wales, there are county forces, borough forces, combined forces, the Metropolitan Police Force, and the City of London Police Force. In Scotland, there are county forces, burgh forces and combined forces. In Northern Ireland, there is a State police force—the Royal Ulster

Constabulary, which is controlled by an Inspector-General responsible to the Northern Ireland Minister of Home Affairs.

In 1966, further amalgamations are taking place and by the end of the year large groupings of police forces will be in being. Slowly the movement is towards a national police force, with as a beginning regional police forces, each region being under the command of a senior police officer. Clearly, a national police force would lead to greater efficiency and would reduce the mounting expense of fighting crime. For such a force there would have to be a supreme authority—say an Inspector-General, and here would seem to be the danger. Such a weapon would be a powerful one in the hands of unscrupulous men, as recent events in other countries have shown.

In Great Britain, there are a number of police forces which, although not in any way subject to the supervision of the Home Secretary or the Secretary of State for Scotland, consist of constables with duties and powers analagous to those of ordinary constables, but limited to the premises and immediate neighbourhood of their employers. Such forces include the Service constabularies of the Ministry of Defence (with a total membership of about 3,760), and the forces (about 4,000 members) of certain public bodies such as the British Railways Board, the Atomic Energy Authority, harbour and dock authorities and the Ministry of Civil Aviation. In addition there are forces (comprising between 10,000 and 12,000 men) employed by industrial concerns for their own use. A disturbing feature of the passing scene in England today is the presence of private security organisations, which are virtually para-military organisations with armoured cars, steel helmets and baton staves, C.I.D. organisations and guard dogs. They are run for profit and as many of the senior officers are ex-police, access can be had to police records on the "Old Boy Network". This is one danger resulting from such private police forces as knowledge of previous convictions can pave the way to blackmail. Many of the rank and file are amateurs and have not the training which goes into the making of a policeman. Another danger is that the professional criminal has a respect for the professional policeman and objects to the presence of paid amateurs in this field. This accounts for the extreme violence which takes place when criminals clash with members of a private security organisation. It is a truism that the criminal does not fear an individual policeman, but he does fear (and holds in great respect) the powerful machine behind him. It is possible that such organisations are unwittingly committing an offence under section 2(a) of the Public Order Act, 1936, as they are organised, trained or equipped for the purpose of enabling them to be employed in usurping the functions of the police. It is a moot point. No doubt they may be filling a public need, but the problem has been dealt with in Australia by forming a Commonwealth Peace Guard consisting of ex-policemen over 50. In addition in Great Britain there is a vast reserve of ex-colonial police officers retired through the "winds of change" and little attempt seems to have been made to utilise this highly-trained body of men.

Crime knows no frontiers and with the remarkable distance-annihilating powers of modern transport, new problems have been created. So there

came into being the International Criminal Police Commission known as Interpol. Interpol is not a police force as many people (and TV writers) seem to think. It has no powers of arrest nor of search and is in essence a Bureau with a head office in Paris. There is only one thing supranational about it and that is its Criminal Records Office which is open to all police forces subscribing to it. So, if a man commits a crime in Tanzania, flees the country, takes a plane from Nairobi to Gibraltar and then to Tangiers, Tanzania signals Interpol who then communicate with the police authorities and the man is traced. Tanzania is informed and extradition procedure is put in motion.

Some years ago J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation stated:

"At this critical period of history it is imperative that the members of our profession be made aware of their tremendous individual responsibilities. Law enforcement officers are the balance wheel of a community. Their actions more than those of any single group, are open to critical scrutiny. . . . It is the sworn duty of law enforcement officers to protect life and property and uphold the laws of society. . . . Strict adherence to such duty, a calm and judicious attitude coupled with appropriate restraint in keeping with proper enforcement, and a thorough understanding of the elements involved will circumvent the salesmen of disunity and aid in controlling possible manifestations of hysteria."

[T. J. Clogger is a former Inspector of Colonial Police.]

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO ALL READERS

In view of the crucial nature of the discussions and decisions taken at the recent Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, the *Contemporary Review* has commissioned a number of exclusive articles by the leading statesmen involved.

THESE ARTICLES WILL APPEAR IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE.

The following have written to confirm their intention to contribute to this historic edition:

The Prime Minister of Australia, The Rt. Hon. Harold Holt.

The Prime Minister of The Gambia, The Hon. Sir Dawda Jawara.

The Prime Minister of Guyana, The Rt. Hon. Dr. Forbes Burnham.

The Deputy Chairman of the National Liberation Council of Ghana,

Mr. J. W. K. Hartley.

The Leader of the Nigerian Delegation, Brigadier Ogunديpe.

Inevitably this special edition will cause considerable additional demand, and the Publishers wish to emphasise the need to place firm orders for extra copies as soon as possible.

ART

THE FORTUNES OF AUBREY

by Sheldon Williams

IT was definitely not respectable in the 1930s to admire Aubrey Beardsley. If you spoke well of him, you had to disguise your appreciation in a thick layer of intellectual justification to avoid being taken for a "queer". The affected popinjays of the gay '90s were all old or very middle-aged. The purpleness of Beardsley was no longer the tint of sin—it had become the colour of pansies.

So his champions, when I was a boy, were eccentrics, dabbling in the works of the forgotten Lord de Tabley or puffing laboriously through the works of Roffe Baron Corvo, newly resuscitated by Mr. Symons. But what they lacked in public support, they more than made up for in fanaticism. Compared with today's cultists they were veritable mines of academic information on their chosen subject, and it was a poor devotee indeed who had not invested in the collected works—all four volumes—produced at daunting expense by the Bodley Head. These Beardsley tomes were perhaps the last straw. In thoroughness, they were not prepared to overlook anything, pressing the least impressive juvenile into service in order to make the total publication utterly definitive.

So it was that I first encountered Beardsley in a devastating completeness. I was confronted with him—warts and all.

At first, I was fascinated. This is his character. For those who are in a receptive mood, he is an easy artist to absorb. This aspect does not belong to the credit side. The demands that Beardsley makes upon the viewer are so slight that—in a not much different vein—he could be said to exercise the same attraction as other illustrators only a little his junior—men like Edmund Dulac and Arthur Rackham, even the veteran decorator of Andrew Lang's coloured fairytale books—H. J. Ford.

What, if anything, separates him from these illustrators? It can scarcely be his carnality. Kay Nelson or Dulac could match him through every undulation of the belly dance. The Arthurian romance . . . ? He cannot hold a candle to the pale outpourings of Rossetti and Burne-Jones. No—the distinguishing marks of Beardsley are his weak drawing and banal composition.

We have had to come a long way past the bastions of Cezanne and Cubism before a generation of the 1960s could become effete and blasé enough to revive the Beardsley cult.

However, maybe most important of all the controlling influence that he has been able to exert upon phases of British taste has stemmed from the source that continuously bedevils our island's culture—adulation of the amateur (in the English sense of the word). Aubrey Beardsley belongs to the precious category of young men—they always seem to be young even when they are touching ninety—who "make drawings for their own amusement". Would that their *oeuvres* could stay within the still and stale air of

the drawing room. Unfortunately, every now and then an inspired entrepreneur like John Lane "discovers" their lights lurking behind a convenient bushel and broadcasts their talents to the world. A recent example was Denton Welch (*literary* and *artistic*). Like Beardsley, he too died young, almost as if he were compulsively reaffirming an established tradition. And there have been many others, fay and wan, trembling like aspens in the hot ardour of their supporters, and then gone, lost until their inevitable revival. We have a Beardsley revival right now.

The kick-off of the A.B. stakes came with the vogue for art-nouveau, although Beardsley probably felt himself closer in spirit to its northern counterpart, Jugendstil. The next step was for the Victoria & Albert to put on the big retrospective exhibition. Suddenly art critics, who had long ago relegated Beardsley to the dustiest pigeon-hole, re-discovered him. The press sang his praises, and he was sufficiently close to Biba and Mary Quant to ensure queues of mini-skirts outside the museum. How surprised the pale and "interesting" long-haired young man of the '90s would have been to see the sunburnt and "interesting" long-haired young men line up to see his drawings in the '60s.

Commerce, quick to spot a boom-winner, made a calculated investment in Beardsley. Shortly after the Victoria and Albert exhibition opened, prints of the illustrations from *Lysistrata*, the *Rape of the Lock* and other Beardsley subjects, appeared in gift-card shops. They retailed at 2s. 6d. each and they might have passed unnoticed, except by aficionados, had it not been for the police, egged on by the pathetic Grundyism of the 1959 Obscene Publications Bill. Acting on a public complaint, police entered a shop in Regent Street and took possession of the Beardsley reproductions on the premises of Messrs. Cardshops Ltd. They then left it to the Director of Public Prosecutions to bring an action against the publishers, Messrs. Taverner Reproductions. A week later *The Observer* pointed out that the confiscated material could be bought in book form from Her Majesty's Stationery Office, posing the nice question of whether the D.P.P. will take action against an Office of the Crown.

It all comes down to the absurd basis of English law against "pornography" which asserts it is more dangerous for a servant to become contaminated with the filthy stuff than for a member of the ruling classes to be placed in the same danger, adding the rider that pornography should therefore be kept expensive so that it will do no harm. Taverner reproductions cost only half-a-crown—within easy reach of most modern servants—whereas the HMSO publication must be at least half a guinea and is therefore unlikely to fall into the wrong hands.

All this nonsense might be worth taking seriously if Beardsley really was sinful. He is not even that. A little mild flagellation, some thinly disguised priapus worship, an overall tendency to upgrade masculine looks at the expense of women (plodding versions of Messalina, the crapulous Lady Gold, etc.); but what male amongst us wants to be the personification of A.B.'s vapourings?

Does this reduction of the artist seem unfair? Compare him with those

with whom he may best be compared. How does Beardsley fare in company? Not, I suggest, the company of full-sized artists like Schiele and Klimt (both of whom might be said to share at least the flavour of the same epoch); but in the company of Kubin and Klinger, even Odilon Redon and, nearer our own times, another hermaphroditic talent, Jean Cocteau.

The force of Klinger's careful line drawings is in their subject matter. He could draw like Ingres, but in the main he was concerned to put across the fetishism of neurosis and guilt complexes. His studies of nightmare are, in their way, more sophisticated than those of the great Fuseli, but it was when he interpreted the glossary of sexual symbols that he was at his most potent. Beside any one of the "glove" series, Beardsley becomes tame indeed. All those fat women or emaciated epicenes together could not tip the scales against Klinger's room hung with elbow-length gloves, silent witnesses of their fellow stretched out on the surface of an elegant occasional table while an antipodean "sport" noses its way through the pendant finger tips of the awning. Powerful stuff! Enough to keep half Harley Street on its toes for at least one page of case histories. Not that I am suggesting this is *great art*. Klinger is slight—intentionally so. But he is *something*. To take Kubin: another spirit guide to the macabre. Coffins float down through a mighty flood to the first door of man's remembrance. This is a "back to the womb" phantasy that brings Freud electrically to life. Consider "The Ape" . . . Kubin shows us a shadowy King Kong, his massive paws clasping his naked prey across the breast as his jaws engulf her hair and forehead—a sufficient handful to keep the D.P.P.'s staff on overtime for a month.

And "Afrika" . . . In Kubin's drawing the dark continent is represented as a leopard sphynx. Resting on her elbows, she smiles out across uncharted acres, and her smile is a terrible melange of brute force and cynical self-assurance. Drawings like this keep the small hairs rigid on the back of the neck. Next to Afrika, Messalina looks like a powderpuff.

Klinger and Kubin are unquestionably masculine artists. Cocteau hardly comes into the same category, but he is a fair challenge to Beardsley. Consider, for instance, the folio of drawings which have just been on view at the Hanover Gallery in London. Dated a few years after the first World War, these are Cocteau's contribution to the Rupert Brook mentality. Young *poilus* and *matelots* are seen as fugitives from the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo. But where Cocteau succeeds (and where Beardsley fails) is in making us suspend judgment upon this dubious re-characterisation in the face of his obvious fluidity of line and capricious wit. The pawky fingering ("breast-fingering" as "New Verse" once described it in an unkind review of a poet of the 1930s) of Beardsley appears elephantine in contrast to these light-as-air pages from Cocteau's sketchbook of 1925.

Jean Cocteau became an "Immortal". On his election to the Academie, he had a fantastic pommel for his ceremonial sword specially executed to his own design. It was an act of supreme irony. The sword—symbol of male aggression—became in Cocteau's hands a toy of fashion. And he was able to wave this modish plaything under the noses of those who for decades had sneered at his febrile brilliance.

How Beardsley would have cherished such an occasion—if he had had the imagination to achieve it and, of course, if such an opportunity could have been granted him. But for him the circumstances never arose. They could not. Election to the Académie calls for a phlegm lacking in the "Fra Angelico of Satanism". Beneath Cocteau's surface charm there is a cold classical control, borne out in his exquisite line. Beardsley has none of this. His line is always soft.

Modern art has suspended so many criteria of criticism one might imagine that the relaxation of standards as well as the permissive society would contribute to the resurrection of Beardsley. His drawings are pretty when compared with the graffiti of Dubuffet. Those who fail to smile when Duchamp adds a pencilled moustache to a bad reproduction of the Mona Lisa might perhaps feel they had a licence to smirk at the cupid on the cover of the "Savoy" shown (according to Robert Melville) about to urinate on a copy of "The Yellow Book" lying abandoned on the grass. The differences—and they are crucial—between Beardsley and genuine artists are in performance. Beardsley's line is weak. Their line is strong. Beardsley has not even the ghost of understanding when it comes to composition. For our moderns, composition is all. They have chosen strength where he chose feebleness. There is little doubt which is the most effective or, for that matter, which is the most durable.

Finally, let us submit Beardsley to the cruellest test of all—a direct confrontation with one of his own generation who might (unkindly) be named amongst his pasticheurs. Christophe Henri Karel de Neree tot Babberich (1880-1909) is almost an exact fit. He died of tuberculosis—and look at his dates. His self-portrait shows him to have had the same exquisiteness. He draws in black pen-and-ink. Even the faces of the characters in his pictures (sometimes their limbs too) bear a close similarity to those in Beardsley's works. Thus far, the two seem equally weighted. But I would give tot Babberich the palm. His pencil drawings make Beardsley (removed from his Indian ink) a clumsy schoolboy. Even in tot Babberich's pen-and-ink drawings profound disparities quickly make themselves apparent. For prudes, the Dutchman's predilections may be just another branch of depravity, enough to put the D.P.P. on a stand-by anyway; but not for me.

Tot Babberich sees women, not inflated nursemaids. That he is capable of his own brand of savage comment upon the weaknesses of the sex is clear in many of the drawings. He has a particularly unkind view about the spread of middle-age and subsequent collapse of ageing female flesh. Among the exhibits at the recent exhibition at the Piccadilly Gallery, a number had backgrounds ("Faun" and "Sic Transit", both of 1904) which are friezes of this kind of physical breakdown. But this is not simply an attack upon femininity from the standpoint of grudging homosexuality. The waxing and waning of tot Babberich's women is a life fact spelt out in terms of art. It is the purveyance of a truth—something of which Beardsley is incapable.

[Sheldon Williams is the Executive Editor of *Art Illustrated*.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

HAROLD NICOLSON'S DIARIES

Harold Nicolson's Diaries and Letters 1930-1939 Vol. I. Nigel Nicolson. Collins.

"One man in his time plays many parts." Few persons in twentieth century England had a more varied experience. Harold Nicolson stood very close to the making and makers of history and it is our good fortune that he did not carry all his secrets to the grave. In middle life he planned an autobiography in six volumes but this project was wisely abandoned. In its place we have extracts from his very detailed diary and from his correspondence. The selection from this mass of material has been made by his son Nigel, who contributes an admirable survey of his father's distinguished career and whose notes and introductions to every chapter are always to the point. Some readers may feel that the editor might well have spared us many details about the weather and the unending succession of lunches and dinners which Harold evidently enjoyed so much. The latter part of the volume, however, makes the most valuable contribution to history and not a page could be spared.

Harold Nicolson was born in Tehran in 1886 and followed his father, Sir Arthur, from post to post. During his diplomatic career everything pointed to a destiny of equal distinction for his gifted son; but at the age of 43 he left the service of the Foreign Office because his wife, a member of the old family of Sackville-West, greatly disliked the social duties demanded of a diplomat's wife. She detested Society as much as her husband enjoyed it.

The diary opens in 1930 and the present volume carries us to the outbreak of war in 1939. Having no money of his own Harold Nicolson had to find well-paid employment for both he and his wife had expensive tastes. His first job was to join the staff of Lord Beaverbrook, then at the height of his influence in the journalistic world; and for two years he devoted himself to journalism which in his own words he detested. He exercised no influence on the policy of the Beaverbrook press and in 1931 he transferred his services to another and more dynamic figure, Sir Oswald Mosley, for whom he edited a short-lived weekly paper. He liked his new employer as much as the former.

Mosley possessed brains and money and unlimited belief in his own powers, and after entering Parliament as a Conservative he reached the conclusion that none of the existing parties seemed to him to offer the country what it needed. A new party had to be created and for a year or two he was able to collect a considerable following. Harold Nicolson, who had taken no part in party politics, joined his ranks; but before long the movement made no appeal to his subordinate. Once again he sought complete freedom of action and his thoughts turned to a parliamentary career. Ever since leaving the diplomatic service he had won high reputation as a biographer. The most enduring of his many books are his biographies of his father, Lord Carnock, his official Life of King George V, his uncle, Lord Duffrin, and the American diplomatist Dwight Morrow.

He entered Parliament at the age of 49 in 1935, called himself National Labour and gave general support to the Baldwin-Eden-Neville Chamberlain governments. His speeches on foreign affairs were listened to with increasing attention. Naturally he cherished hopes of representing the Foreign Office either as Foreign Minister or Under Secretary, for he knew more about the practice of diplomacy than any one in the Chamber, but it was not to be.

He sat for ten years as Member for West Leicester, of which only the first four are covered in the present volume. During that eventful period two unexpected

events claimed the attention of Parliament and the country. The first was the accession of Edward VIII, who had resolved to marry Mrs. Simpson. The author saw a good deal of the Prince and King including the years after his abdication. He liked the young ruler and describes Mrs. Simpson in friendly terms, but never for a moment did he agree with Churchill's efforts to induce the country to accept either an official or a morganatic marriage. A far graver issue was now claiming the attention of the government and Parliament, for Hitler had made himself Master of Germany and was re-arming at a rapid rate. What use would he make of his unfettered power? The question split the Cabinet and the Conservative Party. Eden resigned from the Chamberlain government which had set out on a course of appeasement. The P.M. had spent his life in the study and practice of Home Affairs and was almost entirely ignorant of foreign countries. Despite his inexperience he possessed such boundless self-confidence that he paid successive visits to the German Dictator, after which he returned home repeating the historic boast of Disraeli in 1878: "I bring you peace with honour." He was supported by his Foreign Secretary, Lord Halifax, Lord Simon and other Ministers and for a time he appeared to have a majority in the House. His policy was attacked by a small band of Conservative M.P.'s; and a few free lances like the author himself, captained by Churchill, then merely a private Member, who felt that Hitler was certain to set Europe aflame. These chapters provide an extremely vivid and detailed account of the gathering storm which almost broke out in 1938 and finally burst in 1939. The author had no hesitation in raising his voice of warning in the House, in the press and in many public meetings. He was in consequence bitterly attacked by supporters of the Prime Minister and in his own constituency. He had, by this time, become something of a national figure and when the policy of appeasement collapsed in ruins his prestige was at its height. We shall hear more about the war years in the second volume of the Diary to which readers will look forward.

G. P. GOOCH

THE END OF THE ROMONOVs

The End of the Romanovs. Victor Alexandrov, translated from the French by William Sutcliffe. Hutchinson 42s.

The main occasion for this fascinating volume was the discovery by the author in 1962 in a Paris attic of two wooden cases containing a quantity of old photographic plates. They had been collected by Nicholas Sokolov, an examining magistrate, who made a detailed investigation into the executions on 17th July 1918 of the ex-Czar and his family when after the tragedy the White Russians occupied Ekaterinburg. This volume reproduces some sixty of these photographs, including many taken by the ex-Czar himself during his detention and some gruesome pictures of the rooms in the house of Ipatiev where the shootings took place. Mr. Alexandrov tells the story of the long detention of Nicholas II, his notorious Czarina Alexandra, the pathetic haemophilic young Czarevitch and the four daughters. It started in luxury in March 1917 and gradually degenerated into rigorous imprisonment in Ekaterinburg; but, the author concludes, "until the last minute the Romanovs were not badly treated".

Mr. Alexandrov seeks to probe much of the mystery and intrigue which surrounds the tragedy. It is still open to speculate whether any or all of the executions would have occurred but for monarchist rescue plots and the impending relief of Ekaterinburg by the Whites. The initiative was local, Lenin was at least doubtful and the author concludes from the evidence, "the Ural Soviet had decided to have the Imperial family executed without waiting for Lenin's opinion".

The author enters the Anastasia controversy. Did she survive the slaughter and escape? Mr. Alexandrov admits that the evidence collected by Sokolov and the

other White Russian magistrates, "accurate though it is, it does nevertheless leave a remote possibility that one of the Grand Duchesses could have escaped". He rules out, however, "this remote possibility". He accepts as basically accurate the published account of the executions by P. M. Bikov, former Chairman of the Ural Soviet at Ekaterinburg. More particularly he relies upon the reported confidences of a participant in the shootings, one Voikov who subsequently was himself assassinated in 1927 when Soviet Ambassador to Poland. These written accounts of his oral story to Polish friends of the executions came to light during investigations after his death and were apparently collected and preserved by one Gutek, secretary of the examining magistrate. The account specifically refers to the final bayonetting in the face of the Grand Duchess Anastasia as the final *coup de grace*. Voikov's story "puts an end to the possibility of survival of any of the Grand Duchesses". According to the Gutek file, all the bodies of the Grand Duchesses were counted in the Koptiaki forest before disposal, although oddly enough the head of Anastasia was missing.

PROVIDENCE AND MR. HARDY

Providence and Mr. Hardy. Lois Deacon and Terry Coleman. Hutchinson, 40s.

Since the modest publication by Mr. J. Stevens Cox in 1962 of Miss Lois Deacon's booklet, "Tryphena and Thomas Hardy", a growing number of Hardy's readers have ranged themselves for and against the claim that the poet-novelist was engaged for five years (1867-72) to his cousin Tryphena Sparks. Hardy was twenty-seven years old when their relationship is said to have begun, and Tryphena sixteen. The wonder is, that no mention of this romantic period in his life was made in the two parts of "The Life of Thomas Hardy" which were published in one volume in 1962, the year of Miss Deacon's booklet. That lady's research has resulted in the book under review, *Providence and Mr. Hardy*, written in collaboration with Mr. Terry Coleman. It is a remarkable piece of literary detection.

Of particular — even sensational — interest is the claim now made that Tryphena bore Hardy a son ("Randy") possibly short for "Randal" or "Randolph", of whom no registration evidence can be produced — though that might not be unlikely in rural Dorset a century ago.

The discovery came about in this way: Miss Deacon, visiting the Rhineland with a party of West Country Quakers, was talking about the novelist when one of her friends remarked that her grandmother was once engaged to Thomas Hardy. This prompted investigation and soon Miss Deacon had the first of several conversations with Mrs. Eleanor (Nellie) Bromell, the octogenarian daughter of Tryphena who, she said, had broken her engagement with "Tom Hardy" and had returned his ring — subsequently given by him to his first wife Emma Lavinia Gifford (m. 1874). Nellie was eighty when the first conversation took place, and many meetings followed (vouched for by Mr. Stevens Cox) before she died in 1965. Nellie produced a number of photographs from the family album, including one of Hardy aged twenty-two, taken in London and given to Tryphena, several of Tryphena, one of a boy aged eight, whom she identified as "Hardy's boy", and one of a young man, aged about twenty, who, Nellie said, "was Hardy's boy grown up". A set of copies of these photographs has been deposited in the Dorset County Museum, Dorchester; also a page of a letter Mrs. Bromell wrote to Miss Deacon, in which she said she once "asked her mother (Tryphena) why Hardy did not come to see them and received the reply that he had 'married a lady' (Emma Lavinia)".

This is the case for acceptance of the story that Hardy had an illegitimate

son by his cousin Tryphena Sparks; and of course objection might well be raised that no evidence of birth, death, medical care or schooling is forthcoming to support the claim.

Nevertheless, I incline to believe it on the weight of argument presented by the authors, derived mainly from the known facts of Hardy's life, as of Tryphena's, considered in conjunction with the direct and oblique disclosures in his novels, poems, and what have been preserved of his notebooks and letters. It is known that the "Life" written by his second wife, Florence Hardy, was virtually his own work of autobiography. It is known that he was secretive about all personal matters. It is also a fact that, within a few days of his death in 1928 Mrs. Hardy began assiduously to make bonfires of letters and papers. As reported by the gardener at Max Gate, she insisted on doing this herself, and after the fire died down she raked the ashes to be sure that not a single scrap remained. This may be significant or not, as the reader prefers; but what is significant is that the detailed family pedigree, which Hardy prepared in his own fine handwriting, omits two of his mother's sisters, one of whom, Maria Sparks, at forty-six, was the supposed mother of Tryphena and went into Dorchester to register the birth seven days after that event (March 20, 1851). This last comment is made because the authors conjecture that Tryphena was fathered by Francis Martin, the lord of the manor, on Rebecca Sparks, Maria's sister (a seamstress who may have worked in the big house at Kingston Maurward). Whatever the truth, it seems to be established that Rebecca joined Tryphena in Plymouth when the girl became headmistress of a school there. If the case of the authors is true it would also seem that Rebecca (Tryphena's real mother, not her aunt) there posed as the mother of "Hardy's boy" and so protected the young schoolmistress from gossip.

Hardy and Tryphena — the argument goes, and I find it convincing — had been lovers at an open pasture called Combe Ewleaze, not far from the girl's home at Puddletown. The tragic course of their affair is to be traced not only in plot aspects of the novels but in several of the most powerful and appealing of Hardy's poems. The authors have traced that Mrs. Martin, the lady of the manor and benefactress of Thomas Hardy as a boy and the wife of Francis Martin, sponsored Tryphena's admission to a Teachers' Training College when she was eighteen — that would be after the birth of the love-child. Two years later she obtained the headship at the Plymouth school.

Such a brief summary must necessarily seem a tangled skein; but such is the skill of the authors and the depth of their research that the story is credible from the first to the last page — except for the absence of registration particulars which would prove the case beyond a peradventure.

What we know most certainly is that Hardy was obsessed by social status from his youth up; that he met Emma Lavinia Gifford during his engagement to Tryphena, and that something happened between the lovers which led to the break between them and his marriage to the other woman. We know too that Tryphena married a man of some property named Charles Gale and bore him three children before she died in 1890 in her thirty-ninth year. We can also surely identify many poems which Hardy wrote out of his heart when he thought of his "lost prize". One, indisputably, is "Thoughts of Phena", written in the month of her death:

Not a line of her writing have I,

Not a thread of her hair,

No mark of her late time as dame in her dwelling, whereby

I may picture her there:
 And in vain do I urge my unsight
 To conceive my lost prize
 At her close, whom I knew when her dreams were upbrimming with light,
 And with laughter her eyes.

Other poems reveal Hardy's secret just as clearly, "At Rushy Pond", "A Spot", "The Wind's Prophecy", "To an Orphan Child" (later significantly changed to "To a Motherless Child"). I invite readers to ponder these poems and weigh the argument of *Providence and Mr. Hardy*. The book seems to me to proclaim a literary discovery as exciting in its way as the revelation of the young Wordsworth's secret love of Annette Vallon or the still-to-be-elucidated relationships of Jonathan Swift with "Stella" and "Vanessa".

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR.

SOVIET-ASIAN POLICY 1917-1927

Soviet Russia and Asia 1917-27. A Study of Soviet Policy towards Turkey, Iran and Afghanistan. Harish Kapur. Michael Joseph. 45s.

The Tashkent Agreement between India and Pakistan, the Sino-Soviet split, American involvement in Vietnam; all these questions have drawn attention to the Soviet Union and its policies in Asia. In the July issue of the *Contemporary Review* Dr. Zafar Imam outlined Russia's present policies, showing how geography and culture, as well as political aims, link her with many Asian countries. The first section of Harish Kapur's book explains much of the ideological history behind these policies. In this section, dealing with Marxist theory as applied to Russia's relations with Asian countries, he illustrates how classical Marxism, postulating the theory of the inevitability of the proletarian revolution, had practically no relevance to Asia since Marx was thinking simply in terms of the highly industrialised nations of the West. Even the October Revolution ran counter to Marx's theory, insofar as Russia was not at that time a highly industrialised state. Lenin's answer to the failure of the Revolution in the West was that imperialism had enabled the capitalist societies to avoid the very internal problems which would have led to their downfall. Lenin adapted the revolutionary theory to the Asian situation by representing imperialism as the international counterpart of national capitalism. Thus he was able to obtain the backing of the 1920 Comintern Congress for his policy of supporting nationalist bourgeois movements such as those led by Chiang Kai-shek and Kemal Pasha, although strong opposition came from the Indian Communist M. N. Roy, who claimed that such movements were reactionary and did nothing to bring about the worker-peasant revolution.

The second half of the book covers Soviet relations with her three Near Eastern neighbours, Turkey, Iran and Afghanistan. The basic aims of Soviet diplomacy were to safeguard Russian security and to diminish British influence and power. Mr. Kapur is right to place the emphasis upon the security of the State as being the predominant factor and not, as a number of politicians in the West have done, upon fostering the revolution in other countries. This has always been the case in those countries which are reasonably strong, independent and non-aligned. Thus the Soviet Government studiously ignored Kemal Pasha's persecution of the Turkish Communists; in the same way the Egyptian Communist Party has had very little support from Moscow.

The period under discussion was one in which Russia waxed while Britain

waned. The Soviet enjoyed remarkable diplomatic success, notably the Treaties of Neutrality signed with all three countries between 1925 and 1927. By these Treaties each nation undertook to remain neutral in the event of the other being attacked by another Power and, in addition, to refrain from any aggression against the other. Turkey, Iran and Afghanistan also signed treaties with each other, guaranteeing neutrality and freedom from aggression. Thus, 'the Soviet Government had not only neutralised the three neighbouring states but had assured for herself a situation whereby the possibility of military conflict among the three states would also be eliminated'. (P.79).

These successes were not easily won. Kernal Pasha, Reza Khan and Amanullah were all nationalists and determined to achieve complete independence from outside control. None wanted to throw off the British yoke only to find a Soviet one in its place. Tension arose between Turkey and the Soviet Union over a number of matters, among them being the Armenian Republic, which eventually became absorbed in the U.S.S.R., and the control of the Straits. The period between the 1917 Revolution and the signing of the Treaty was not without its moments of crisis as far as the Soviet Union was concerned.

In Iran the Persian Government refused to recognise the Revolutionary Government in Moscow even though the Communists had renounced all Tsarist privileges and agreements. Under British influence the Persians adopted a policy of muted hostility towards Russia; shelter was given to White Russian counter-revolutionaries and extravagant claims upon Russian territory were made at the Paris Peace conference. The Anglo-Persian Agreement of 1919, Lord Curzon's 'diplomatic masterpiece', was strongly opposed by Persian nationalists, the United States and France, and relations with Russia became decidedly strained. The following year Russia occupied North Persia and established the Republic of Ghilan to protect herself against Britain and to force Persia to deal with her. Persia's dispute with Britain over the Bahrem islands was a major factor in bringing about closer Russian-Persian relations.

Relations with Afghanistan were less complicated than with Persia. Being a relatively poor country, Afghanistan offered little in the way of raw materials to the West. Its chief value in British eyes was as a buffer between India and Russia. Amanullah's determination to remain independent made Russia's task easier and the Treaty of Neutrality was signed in 1926. There was bound to be some disappointment for Russia, however, since Amanullah refused to be drawn into a position of hostility against Britain.

Mr. Kapur has researched extensively and thoroughly; his book is a highly topical and very competent study of Soviet Asian policy at two distinct yet related levels, the ideological and the historical. Perhaps a more detailed look at British policy in this field would have been useful, but this is a minor criticism.

ANTHONY ADAIR

UNDERWATER EXPLORATION

The Wreck Hunters. Roger Jeffris and Kendall McDonald. Harrap, 30s.
Archaeology Under Water. George F. Bass. Thames & Hudson, 35s.

These two volumes point to the growing role and importance of the aqualung diver in the historical and archaeological fields. As a sport diving has made vast strides since the invention of the aqualung in 1944 made possible free ranging on the seabed. Two prominent amateur divers, Mr. Roger Jeffris and Mr. Kendall McDonald have now shown in *The Wreck Hunters* the work being done, and the potential, among the wrecks studded round the coasts of the British Isles. They

list "just a few", nearly 120, of the major wrecks between 1691 and 1910; and, of course, there have been many more since. The authors have done much research upon dozens of wrecks and show how the vessel came to founder, what it probably carried and where it is, or may be, lying. Without being over dramatic, they bring realism and some colour to the story of the loss and the efforts at discovery and salvage. They go back to the search for a probable wreck about A.D. 160 off Herne Bay. There is the story of the founding before the eyes of Henry VIII at Portsmouth in 1545 of the *Marye Rose*, not far from the wreck of *The Royal George*, which capsized with nearly 900 lives in 1782. There are brief but vivid accounts of some Armada wrecks and efforts at location and salvage. Among many other engrossing wreck stories is the foundering of the British fleet under Sir Cloudisley Shovell on the Scilly Isles rocks in 1703. Of the more recent wrecks discussed, perhaps the most dramatic and satisfying to the divers was the salvage from the *HMS Maine*, sunk by U-Boat in March 1917 in Torbay. This is an enthralling book in which the authors recognise the role of the diver in assisting the archaeologist and refer to the formation of the Committee for Nautical Archaeology.

The relationship between archaeology and diving is more closely considered in an important book, *Archaeology Under Water* by Mr. George F. Bass, who is Assistant Curator of Pennsylvania University Museum's Mediterranean Section and Division of Underwater Archaeology. He has been closely concerned with many underwater excavations in the Mediterranean and is himself also a diver. He is highly suspicious of the amateur diver untrained in excavation. Basically he claims that the objectives of underwater excavation are little different from those on land. They require the highly skilled and specialist archaeologist for the particular class of find investigated; and in his experience no one who joined primarily as a diver "had sufficient interest in scientific archaeology to continue for long their necessary but often dull tasks". This book is "concerned primarily with techniques" required in underwater excavation and recovery. He has chapters on underwater search and survey, draining and raising operations, salvaging of artifacts, mapping and recording and tools for underwater excavation. Examples of operations are mainly taken from Mediterranean sites. Both books are profusely illustrated.

A. G. DE MONTMORENCY

FURNITURE DESIGN IN RETROSPECT

A Social History of Furniture Design from B.C. 1300 to A.D. 1960. John Gloag. Cassell. 63s.

In this comprehensive survey of furniture design over 33 centuries, John Gloag covers social habits influencing structure and ornamentation, materials used and the progress made by design, as well as enumerating the different characteristics to be recognised in each age. There are over 340 illustrations, including several of furniture in private collections and therefore not previously published.

This is not a mere anthology of furniture, a 'family tree' of household accoutrements, but an illustration, through furniture, of the 'habits, postures, manners, fashions and follies' of civilisation. Wood was abundant in medieval Europe and England, more so than in the middle East, and this gave craftsmen an opportunity to study the growth and character of timber, as well as a basic understanding of wood which was to influence their design. However, Egyptian craftsmen, originated before 2000 B.C. many of the techniques and tools used by later cabinet makers. Cabinet making soon became a highly specialised craft, and it was not until the middle of the 19th century that the use of machinery altered the structure of furniture and a new mass market was created. Nevertheless, the basic shape of all furniture—a box or a platform—remains the same.

HILARY ADAIR

NOTICES

Parliaments (Published for the Inter-Parliamentary Union by Cassell. 42s.). This "comparative study on the structure and functioning of representative institutions", prepared under the auspices of the International Centre for Parliamentary Documentation and Research, part of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, was first published in 1961. It has now been completely revised by Dr. Michel Ameller and describes conditions in fifty-five countries, compared with forty-one in the first edition. The work is concerned with summarising and comparing the structure of the Parliaments, their organisation, powers, functions and practice; and there is a final section on the control of the Executive by Parliament. "The aim has been to provide readers . . . with an opportunity to view their own system in the light of others, while maintaining the utmost objectivity throughout." The study relates to conditions on the 1st July 1963. This is obviously an important study, though the reader must be prepared to distinguish between constitutional theory and political reality in countries where Parliamentary institutions are a mere screen for authoritarian government.

The Formation of the Liberal Party. John Vincent. (Constable. 42s.). This is a most satisfying work of scholarship and interpretation. The remarkable events that began in 1860 and for practical purposes were ended in the nineteen twenties—namely the development of a National movement from the many plants of local and regional growth—make absorbing reading. Both over a broad canvas and in the study of

individual constituencies — Rochdale and Leeds for example, 'Dr. Vincent has a positive gift for highlighting the significant and underlining the motive forces. His analysis of the roles played (as Leaders) by Mill and Bright, in particular are of profound interest, and offer, in the case of Bright in particular, a revealing new dimension. The book has been produced with scholarly devotion, and will offer a valuable reference source to historians and students. More than that: it offers a rewarding literary experience for the work is written in a gracious and lucid manner with an admirable index.

The Goldwater Caper (Methuen. 21s.). Here, Richard H. Rovere, the distinguished American political columnist and author, has written a brilliant expose of the whole tragiforce of Barry Goldwater's campaign and candidature for the Presidency. Analysed with the infallible eye of a computer, Barry Goldwater is reduced to his small and shabby component parts and will probably never look the same again. His every contradiction, his astounding naivete, his staggering (if unwitting) mental dishonesty are shown like to many gruesome relics at an inquest. Mr. Rovere tells his sorry story with sparkling wit and an infectious zest; and superb documentation. The postscript on President Johnson is also rewarding reading. This book appeared earlier in the year and did not receive the attention it deserved. Our somewhat delayed notice is an attempt to redress, in part, the balance. Required reading for all interested in the United States and her fascinating political system.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

CENTENARY YEAR

NOVEMBER 1966

THE COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE

Rt. Hon. Harold Holt
Sir Dawda Jawara

WOULD THE COMMONWEALTH SURVIVE?

George Bilainkin

POLITICS IN BRITAIN: A NEW SITUATION

Francis Boyd

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November 1966 Vol. 209 No. 1210 Founded 1866

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WORLD VISTAS

AUSTRALIA

by The Rt. Hon. Harold Holt, M.H.R.

(Prime Minister of Australia)

AS the recent meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers concluded, there was among the delegates a widespread feeling of relief that the Commonwealth of Nations had come through a most critical testing period intact. It had survived with no walk-outs and with its full complement of membership.

But mixed with the relief was a concern for the future of the organisation, and an anxiety as to its continuing survival. There had never been a Commonwealth meeting quite like it, and one sensed a general view that there could be no repetition of some of its aspects without endangering the whole Commonwealth structure.

The meeting has thus left some very large question marks. The basic question of whether the Commonwealth of Nations can survive gives rise first of all to another question: has it sufficient continuing value to its members to justify the efforts needed to ensure survival? The sort of balance sheet it represents will vary in the eyes of different countries, but each member will find some ground to question its value.

Members of the "old" Commonwealth, looking for a basis of unity to emerge, may feel that they will look in vain. The newer members, perhaps somewhat less concerned with unity, may nevertheless conclude that they perceive too many policy differences of a fundamental kind. They may also conclude that the United Kingdom, struggling to restore strength to sterling and to get improvement in her external accounts, would be able to provide only limited assistance towards their development aspirations.

The next question bearing on the basic issue of survival is the potentially explosive influence of race. If the Commonwealth were to crumble, this influence may well have been the major contributing cause. Yet there is no real warrant for pessimism since there is already a very considerable achievement marked up under this heading for all to see.

Over a comparatively short period of years there has been transformation from the "old" Commonwealth of exclusively white membership to a Commonwealth which is a multi-racial association of now 23, and soon to be 26, independent members predominantly of non-European origin.

The first major change came soon after the end of the second world war when India, Pakistan and Ceylon were added to the five "white" countries which then comprised the Commonwealth. There was then a pause of some years, but in the last 10 years additions have come quickly. Much mutual accommodation—of the old to the new and the new to the old—has occurred and for the greater part successfully.

Consider the original Commonwealth—a cosy white man's "club" which



could be comfortably accommodated for its conference purposes inside the Cabinet room at No. 10 Downing Street. Its members displayed many similar attitudes and found their gatherings thoroughly congenial. They found they had much in common. There was a common allegiance to the Crown. There was a common practice of parliamentary democracy, a true parliamentary democracy which provided the electorate with a genuine choice of parties and candidates. The economies were based on free enterprise. They found much common ground in the field of international policy.

Now, with 23 countries adhering to membership and with Botswana, Lesotho and Barbados about to join, the situation and the strains and the stresses are very different.

The tensions did not show quickly. India, Pakistan and Ceylon moved quietly into membership. But as time went on some of the elements making for unity vanished. The decision to allow India to retain its membership after becoming a republic was a first turning point. It was a precedent which many others have since followed.

The possession of a parliamentary system modelled on the Westminster pattern vanished as a common quality, and is in no sense these days a condition of membership. As we know there are, for instance, within the Commonwealth some countries whose parliament operates on a one party basis. This may suit and serve the countries concerned but it is a circumstance which introduces a considerably different element.

The enlarged membership has, perhaps naturally, enlarged the circumstances making for dissension. Twenty years ago it would have been inconceivable for two Commonwealth countries to be at war with each other. Yet we have had this situation in the form of hostilities on a considerable scale between India and Pakistan.

Earlier it would have been inconceivable for members of the Commonwealth to sever diplomatic relations with one another. Yet in the recent past we have seen this happen more than once. Tanzania has broken off relations with Britain. For a time Pakistan broke off relations with Malaysia, and Ghana with Britain. One reads even that Zambia has threatened to move to have Britain expelled from the Commonwealth.

Not all of these tensions would have or could have been foreseen 20 years ago when the dramatic enlargement of the Commonwealth began. But it was known that problems of significance and depth would arise, and it is to the credit of the national leaders of those times that they chose the wider horizon and nobler vision of a multi-racial Commonwealth. That historic decision transformed the character of the institution. It has led to the point where membership includes countries from most parts of the globe and is representative of most races, creeds and colours. The membership runs to a quarter of the world's population. It inhabits one-fifth of the world's land mass.

We have still to prove that it contains elements of unity sufficiently strong, to withstand the stresses generated by difference of race, differences of political attitudes and differing economic and social goals and standards. But the continuing existence of an association so composed has such significance and importance for all mankind that we should not only

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acknowledge and applaud the historic decision to which I have referred, but do what we can to see to it that the high objectives of the decision are sustained.

In this connection it is a matter of satisfaction to record that every delegation at the recent Commonwealth conference seemed to be very conscious of a responsibility to try to make the Commonwealth work. Anyone who has participated in the Commonwealth conference takes some inspiration from it. Even the disagreements lost some of their sharpness when personal contacts have been cultivated and nourished.

The Commonwealth Parliamentary Association, which has enjoyed a long and successful history, has demonstrated that there is a value in the presentation of even the most widely differing views in a friendly environment and in pursuit of common ideas.

With all its faults, I found much of value in the September conference of Prime Ministers. There was a valuable insight into the thinking of others, and there were many friendly personal contacts which assisted understanding and laid foundations for a better mutual understanding.

There is no question that we must persist with the Commonwealth while any hope remains of it possessing a favourable future. The case for it is that it enshrines our highest hopes while the case against it is as yet not

proven. The next conference may be the one that tips the scale. Let us hope that it moves in the desired direction.

This last meeting has unhappily shown a strengthening of certain tendencies which had already begun to emerge at earlier Prime Ministerial gatherings over the past few years. It was understandable that the Rhodesian question, with all its emotional overtones, should dominate the proceedings; but it was disheartening, to say the least, that it should have occupied as many as six days of an eight-day conference, and that it should have been the occasion for the first open resort in Commonwealth meetings to the "caucus" habit, with periodical interruptions of the regular programme of meetings to allow a group of African, Asian and Caribbean members, at their insistence, to go into exclusive session.

Likewise with the handling of the press. It had been agreed at the outset of the meeting that the Secretary-General, Mr. Arnold Smith, should give a press briefing in broad terms at the end of each session of the conference. Apart from this, the discussions were to be regarded as confidential in the tradition of Commonwealth meetings. The only concession was to be that individual delegations could feel free to make known to their own national press the view they had expressed. It was to be understood that they would not quote the views and attitudes of other delegations.

Unfortunately, these understandings did not survive the first day of the meeting. Organised leakage, not only of individual opinions but of the thoughts expressed by other delegations, became common practice. The result of this kind of indiscriminate revelation of the atmosphere of the meeting and of the attitudes of individual Commonwealth representatives was to make some delegations feel as often as not that they had been placed in a false position. We are, of course, not unacquainted with this sort of thing in today's world of international intercourse; we have grown accustomed to it in the United Nations and in all international gatherings which reflect the enormous growth of the international community in recent years.

We are prepared to adjust ourselves to the existence of special cliques and the pressures of special public pleading. But this need not prevent us from deploring the introduction of all these techniques into the intimate and congenial atmosphere of the Commonwealth relationship in which differences of opinion could be discussed and quietly registered out of the public spotlight. And it is all the more to be deplored that present-day alignments within the Commonwealth have come to be based more and more on the pattern of race.

In the light of all this, I find myself coming back to the question: just how strong is the pull that the Commonwealth exerts on its newer members?

We have to recognise that most African members of the Commonwealth—and possibly some Asian members too—feel that the attraction of being Afro-Asian is stronger than that of membership of the Commonwealth. This might suggest that the future of the Commonwealth is wholly gloomy. But I would not want to end on this note.

I do not take it for granted that sensitivity on the score of race is something that is going to be with us always. I am optimistic enough to believe that this sensitivity will dissipate as the newer members of the Common-

wealth come face to face increasingly with the responsibilities and complexities of modern government, and as they become more and more aware of the advantages of international co-operation and understanding and can learn to take advantages of the goodwill that exists towards them in older and more developed countries. There is nothing incompatible between membership of a regional or other particular form of international association and membership of the Commonwealth—the one can serve to broaden and enrich the other.

I believe that this is what still holds newer members to the Commonwealth idea, and it is heartening to see that some of them continue to share the view of numerous non-members of the Commonwealth that the world would be a worse place without it.

THE GAMBIA

by Sir Dawda Jawara

(Prime Minister of The Gambia)

DURING September's Commonwealth Prime Ministers' meeting, the overriding feeling about the Commonwealth was one of crisis. The prevalent view, widely expressed, was that the organisation may face the possibility of a large-scale withdrawal of members over the intractable problem of Rhodesia, because of what has been described as "a crisis of confidence" in Britain's handling of the Rhodesian rebellion. Unfortunately, Mr. Wilson's over-optimistic assessment in Lagos last January of the effect of sanctions in bringing about a political change in Salisbury in only a matter of weeks, increased the sense of disappointment and frustration.

With such a gloomy, unpromising start, it was interesting, and gratifying, to see the Commonwealth emerge after nine days of frank discussion, a much stronger organisation than it seemed to be only two weeks before.

Of course lots of things were said about the Commonwealth in press, radio and television and no doubt by a large section of the British public which showed some misunderstanding of the nature of the modern Commonwealth. Some openly lamented the passing away of the old, small, "white", Commonwealth of Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa representing people of largely Anglo-Saxon origin, with similar traditions, who have overcome the problem of under-development. One cannot imagine the cohesion of such a homogeneous "club" being shaken to its foundations by a problem such as we now face in Rhodesia. For one thing, one of its members, South Africa, had already successfully imposed a white racist minority government on its 12 m. African inhabitants and made the latter citizens without rights.

The evolution of the former British Empire on which it was said "the sun never sets" into the almost co-extensive modern Commonwealth is without doubt one of the happiest and most imaginative international happenings of this era. The significance of the Commonwealth as an international body would have been lost had its growth been arrested at the five-member stage. It would in effect have consisted largely of Britain and the extension overseas of people of British descent. With its present membership of 23 (soon to be 26) it embraces people of almost all races and religions, scattered all over the globe. It includes big states and small states, some of them highly developed and others developing, or frankly under-developed. A miniature United Nations Organisation you may say, but with a difference: it has only one-fifth of the membership of the world organisation and is therefore a little cosier. It has only one working or official language and since like most institutions of British origin it has no constitution or set rules, it is less formal, and in the Queen as Head of the Commonwealth the free association of the member nations is warmly personified.

Although the Commonwealth derives its strength from its diversity of races, of cultures, of regions, it also derives its cohesion from certain unify-

ing forces. I have mentioned language. This is possibly one of the most important factors keeping the Commonwealth together. It is of great significance that at any Commonwealth gathering language is never a problem since whatever may be the native tongues of the delegates, be it Gaelic or Mandinka or Yoruba, English serves as a "lingua franca" among the educated classes, thus making direct personal communication possible and translation, simultaneous or otherwise, unnecessary.

This sharing of English as a common working language is itself the symptom of a common heritage of similar educational institutions covering not only the three R's but going deeper and running as a more or less common thread through the legal, judicial, commercial and economic institutions as well as the public services. This has made possible the friendly informality for which Commonwealth gatherings of all sorts are noted, but which, it is lamented by critics, is doomed by the present multi-racial composition of the Commonwealth. They point to the emergence of the so-called "Afro-Asian" caucus at the last Prime Ministers' meeting in London as a sure sign of a split along racial lines and the end of the friendly informal relationship amongst members.

There is certainly something in this latter argument, but I think it is fair to view the development of this caucus at this particular meeting against the background of the Rhodesian problem which by its very nature is charged with emotional content particularly for the non-white members of the Commonwealth, who view with frustration and disappointment, even anger, a minority rebel government representing less than 250,000 white people systematically and successfully denying fundamental human rights to 4,000,000 Africans and doing so in defiance of the British Government who are legally and constitutionally responsible; in defiance of the Commonwealth of Nations; and in defiance of the United Nations and world opinion generally.

I would not wish to imply by what I have just said that it is only the African, Asian and Caribbean members who feel strongly about the attempt by the Rhodesian Front to consolidate a minority racialist regime in a British Colony. As far as I can discern there is unanimity amongst all members about objectives, viz., an early ending of the rebellion and the establishment of a democratic and just society in which all sections of the Rhodesian community would enjoy equal rights and equal opportunities. Owing to the very complex nature of the Rhodesian situation, however, views about how to achieve such a solution are bound to differ considerably. In view of the wide publicity which has been accorded recently to Rhodesia it is unnecessary to enter here into a discussion of the various remedies suggested.

My view of the future of the Commonwealth? Well, judging by the way in which members instinctively drew closer together the hotter the arguments got over Rhodesia, I am hopeful. The unexpressed verdict seemed to have been that it is worth keeping it going as something of value in its own right. The Commonwealth has passed at this meeting a severe test of its capacity to survive—"it has been tested in the heat of the flames" as Mr. Wilson put it—but of course the real test lies ahead and is bound up with

what actually happens in Rhodesia. As long as Rhodesia remains unresolved, it will continue to pose a serious threat to the unity and cohesion of the Commonwealth. On the other hand if, with luck, the Rhodesian issue were resolved satisfactorily in the next few weeks, I can see the Commonwealth coming properly into its own, and with the help of its newly established Secretariat coming to grips with the current problems of the century other than the racial one, such as underdevelopment and the related problems of the worsening terms of world trade against the poorer nations, inadequate food production coupled with a rapid increase of population, all of which tend to widen the gap between the standard of living of the rich and the poorer nations.

Taking a longer term view, one possible threat to the continuance of the Commonwealth in its present form is the inevitable development in its member states of regional interests which might conflict with or transcend Commonwealth membership. In Africa, for example, the division of the newly independent states into English-speaking and French-speaking states is too artificial to last for ever. Already we have seen, in the formation of the Organisation of African Unity, the first sign of the desire of African leaders to redress the "balkanisation" of the continent inherited from the Colonial period. Though any elimination of "Colonial" frontiers between states to create larger more viable units is likely to start at the functional level such as the creation of common markets and common services, it is likely in some areas to reach its logical conclusion of organic union. If such a process involves a Commonwealth member it will raise a question of definition of membership, but more likely than not, because of its resilience and flexibility a way will be found around this. After all, the Commonwealth got round the problem of the continued membership of India when the latter became a republic in 1949 and posed what was then quite a knotty problem; in 1961 it survived the expulsion of South Africa; and currently it is taking in its stride Nigerian membership of, and probable British entry into the E.C.C. which is bound to affect considerably the structure of the traditional pattern of Commonwealth trade.

WOULD THE COMMONWEALTH SURVIVE?

by George Bilainkin

GERMAN, Italian, French and American journalists of senior rank asked resignedly, "Will the British Commonwealth survive this conference", but with varying degrees of implied prescience. The setting was the Palace of Marlborough House, built to the whims of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough in 1711, and "graciously placed at the disposal of the Government by Her Majesty the Queen". It is hidden suitably between the Mall and Pall Mall, to the east of St. James's Palace. None of the hundreds of accredited writers, photographers, TV specialists and others seemed to have visited the Palace "upstairs" — reserved for delegates from the Commonwealth. We accredited writers were permitted the use of a crowded room at one end of which tea and cakes were available at restricted hours; cold refreshments were served at other times. The chairs were for the fortunate folk who hurried secretly to the brief "briefing" conference. The great majority stood outside, packed the sides of a small room, in quality about equal to that of a taxi-cab drivers' "pull-up", near the rank in a Balham cross-road. A few telephones, lacking privacy for the user, were fixed here and there; but the squalid place, in the cellar, for distinguished writer-typists, where none could pass without disturbing men eager to read quickly the mysteries of shorthand notes taken on the knee or against the wall, showed the courtesy provided for Britain's guests. The lavatories were all here, for hundreds of journalists. Could Mr. Arthur Bottomley have devised this bedlam and had he been Commonwealth Secretary at the time? I do not know, but the impression among the writers was unequivocal.

How did the writers secure material daily for the world's newspapers and TV circuits? I do not know. During the various sessions, and the quarrels between the white, Negro and Asian groups, journalists walked about asking one another, "Do you know whether — ?" or, "Have you heard if — ?" and "I gather that — ". The given details rose to guesses, about a possible "briefing" by one President or Premier or another. At first the upper-lip, top secret, and all that Poona-style tradition was maintained:— "Commonwealth Premiers' conferences have been held since 1944 in London, and at none of them have the proceedings been other than private, with a communique issued at the end . . ."

This time, in London, there were forceful, vigorous, intelligent and intellectual giants from several of the 22 member-nations. I watched correspondents from several imposing papers, a weekly of world repute, and, the lobby man from an evening. They scurried hither and thither, into the yard — from the kitchen-type Press Hall, with weary chairs suitable only for a sale in the Elephant and Castle.

The journalists were allowed, yes, to lounge about the yard, where premiers and presidents spent a few brief moments while the limousines hurried into position, marshalled by pretty soldierettes in uniforms, with

smart coloured caps. This pitiful Nervo and Knox farce went on for a while. Then I decided, as an old hand who had studied "form" at the League of Nations' superb marble palace in Geneva until the final session in May, 1939, to break the spell. I advised the envoys of the State of Singapore, with my compliments, that the Premier, the Hon. Lee Kuan Yew, address the journalists after concluding his speech to the conference. The sequel was startling. As usual, the Commonwealth Secretary-General since August 1965, tight-lipped and severe, Canadian expert on Estonia (the midget Baltic republic), walked to the rostrum. Mr. Arnold Cantwell-Smith announced that someone had spoken for 61, no 62 minutes that morning and somebody else, named, for 25. There was a smile. Yes, the subject was Rhodesia, and the conference had been adjourned till 2.30 or 3.00. He was not sure whether the subject would continue that day, but he thought this likely. No, reports or summaries of speeches were *not* available. He was sorry. If correspondents desired details, they were free to approach individual delegations. (The Press were given typed lists of delegates, their addresses in the luxurious hotels, names of their personal public relations officers, and night telephone numbers in case of emergency.)

Suddenly we saw the oracle of Singapore entering the room. He held a sheaf of notes. He hesitantly followed Smith's two or three-minute speech. With curious protocol the Secretary-General announced, "I have pleasure in introducing Mr. Lee Kuan Yew to you." Few noticed the form, only two Germans by my side and a charming Indian. Lee explained he would tell us about his own speech — and Mr. Smith intervened quickly to warn the Premier that others' remarks were not to be referred to here. Lee smiled indulgently. In a few seconds the man who was placed first in the Law final examinations honours list at Cambridge, made us realise the chasm between those who can tersely express intelligent thoughts, and the vast majority. The accent was flawless, delivery impeccable, material worthy of the first student of English I know, President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, O.M., of India. Lee was like George Duncan's style on the first tee, ostentatiously effortless but breath-takingly certain. Lee told us more in the first few minutes than had anyone else so far of the battle in the Conference. I saw with ever-growing disdain the efforts of the maestros of private longhand-shorthand in a race with his slow delivery, at say, 100 w.p.m. I regret to have to report that I did not notice anyone near me writing shorthand — in the year 1966. (Is that fair to speaker, to paper, to writer?) However, the P.A., Reuters and an Indian in the distance seemed to be following Lee easily — I assume they had done their 18 months or two years' homework before rising to the reporting of world celebrities.

The Germans smiled enigmatically most of the time; the Americans knew for sure the Commonwealth was in grave danger. The Asians were reserved. A distinguished Dane in London looked worried at the funeral preparations.

Several of the African states' special or resident correspondents left a good impression with skilled questions and reticent comments. One white

state's London correspondent assured his supply of material by arranging, wisely and rightly, with the leader of his delegation for a "briefing" after the evening session. He walked about calmly and left the promenade efforts in the yard among the limousines to his "stringer", a gentleman who has to learn about normal sartorial conventions and the privileges of shaving. Mostly the guesses were indifferent and official help negligible, and not a credit to the hosts.

Prim Queen Mary, widow of George V, who died here in her vast home 13 years ago, must have turned in the grave at the sight of so many Negro and Asian delegates, and the mixed occupants of what may have been cellars for the below-stairs troops.

Who among the delegates impressed me most? No, it was not the Zambia leader, Simon Mwansa Kapwepwe, 44, school friend of President Kenneth Kaunda, bearded, quick, passionate, but skilled debater. He ranked, in my estimate, with Kaunda's shy, powerful and intellectual High Commissioner here, Simon Katilungu, a giant . . . Kapwepwe lost his scholarship to Lovedale college, in South Africa, because he was "politically conscious", and studied in exile, in India. Zambia's vice-president, the Hon. A. N. L. Wina, who took over when the leader left London "in disgust" with Mr. Harold Wilson's widely criticised and distrusted attitudes towards Rhodesia, the subject of discussion from September 6 till September 16 or so, argues superbly and should be watched. I wished when I listened to him that he might be given a post in Whitehall; he would teach a good many ministers the elementary secrets of clear expression.

Among the Nigerians the leader, Brigadier B. A. O. Ogundipe was an interesting figure. He served in India and Burma and then attended British schools for soldiers at Chester, at Warminster and the Imperial Defence College, London. He was commissioned in 1953 and describes his hobbies as typical of "an ardent lover of nature, with special affection for vegetable and flower gardening and bird-watching".

Ghana's delegation, led by Mr. J. Willie Kofi Hartley, Inspector General of Police and vice-chairman of the National Liberation Council, included the lawyer, Mr. A. Akufo-Addo. Mr. Hartley, who is married and has eight children, is the subject of an official biography that says, "Prior to promotion as Commissioner of Police, he served as head of the Special Branch, a post he held with considerable brilliance and exceptional merit. He enjoys the sight and sound of water, but hates to see fire, or anything connected with burning".

Mr. Akufo-Addo has the polish of the Oxford student, who ate his dinners in London, and became a controversial, courageous High Court Judge in the days of Kwame Nkrumah. His reflex is instant, the speech meticulous and I imagine he will rise far beyond chairman of the Political Committee of the N.L.C. London audiences should have heard people like Akufo-Addo expound their country's problems, hopes, needs. Instead, for instance, the relevant body in London, the Royal Commonwealth Society, organised (to my knowledge) one function, a luncheon for the Premier of Australia. (Mr. Holt told me he has no intention of altering

the whites only rule for immigrants, though trade with Japan is soaring and I think Japan will move in soon.)

If the Commonwealth Secretariat or the Commonwealth Secretary cannot show imagination and awake or "advise" the officials in Shepherds Bush to arrange half hour sessions for all Commonwealth leaders when they are guests of Britain, some private body should give formal speech-luncheons and dinners. Who would not be privileged to hear an exposé on Asia from the Ceylon delegate, Senator the Hon. A. F. Wijemane, Minister of Justice, product of that intelligent school, St. Thomas' College, Mount Lavinia? He did classics at King's College, London, and was called to the Bar here in 1930.

India, as usual, produced splendid figures, this time led by a man who uttered words the C.P.C. of 1966 will remember. Sardar Swaran Singh, 59, studied at Lahore and after a degree in physics, turned to law. The wisest decision of Lal Bahadur's brief stay at Premier (besides the trip to Tashkent) was his choice of Swaran Singh as Foreign Minister in troubled, divided, leaderless India. He helped arrange and sign the agreement in Tashkent with President Ayub Khan and Lal Bahadur. India's noted diplomatist, former Ambassador in Austria, now fortunately the deputy in London, Mr. P. N. Haksar, "braced" the side at Marlborough House and at Claridges. Haksar is the man major envoys seek out — for advice and not only at St. James's. He occupies the seat here long held by a Balliol star, Mr. Kewal Singh, now scintillating High Commissioner in Karachi. Haksar and Kewal are deservedly under the watchful eye of the father of India, Radhakrishnan. Haksar looked sad whenever I caught his eye at the meetings.

It would be unfair to omit from the list of "musts" for any London series of appearances, President Milton Obote, of Uganda, the Hon. L. F. S. Burnham, Premier of Guyana, or the vice-president of Kenya, the Hon. Joseph A. Zuzarte Murumbi, or Lester Pearson, Canada's raconteur, who stayed at the Dorchester. The Canadian saved the conference from disaster, and maybe, from collapse more than once. He has not forgotten his historical studies at Oxford, but it is difficult to believe his birth-date, 1897. He proved the crusader for understanding. The dignity, intelligence and shrewdness of Archbishop Makarios are a priceless asset, not only for Cyprus. His smile can tell, deny, comment, and advise — without a word being uttered. What a tragedy only half a million people usually have his advice and leadership. Makarios can serve the world.

Rhodesia divided the Commonwealth into two camps. The compromise solutions papered the cracks. Who knows for how long? And when I heard reports of long and predictable speeches, and of interruptions and hyperboles, I remembered the Haksar account of the words of his leader, Swaran Singh, a hotel mate at Claridges with the well chosen opposite number from Pakistan (Mr. Syed Sharifuddin Pirzada). Swaran said,

"If we have not spoken at length, it is because when one is faced with an avalanche, one is afraid of making too many noises. There is a striking disproportion between the size of this problem and our skill in dealing with it. It is totally incomprehensible how a bare

200,000 people could effectively set at nought the entire history of the British record of British post-war decolonisation. Britain has liberated more than 700 million people in Africa, Asia and the Caribbean, on the basis of one man, one vote." This is an epitaph of unsurpassable stature, and says all that need be said.

[George Bilainkin, former Chief Diplomatic Correspondent to the Kemsley Group of Newspapers, and author of numerous books on world affairs. His foresight and vision have been justified by events of world importance.]

SINGAPORE: INDEPENDENCE AND AFTER

by Anthony Adair

FOLLOWING its enforced separation from the Federation of Malaysia on August 9th 1965, Singapore became an independent and sovereign republic, the 116th member of the United Nations and the 22nd member of the Commonwealth. The announcement of the split caused considerable surprise in the outside world, although many close observers of events in South East Asia had expected something like this to occur. In the first place, the concept of a Federation including Singapore, Malaya, Sabah, Sarawak and Brunei was ill-designed and hastily executed. There were good grounds for a formal union between Singapore and Malaya, as the two states were and still are linked by strong economic, political and social ties. But the inclusion of the British territories in North Borneo was prompted by Malayan desire to counter-balance Singapore and by the British Government's desire to solve the awkward question of what to do with the remnants of the Empire in South East Asia. The decision of President Sukarno of Indonesia to implement his policy of 'confrontation', or guerilla warfare, was extremely short-sighted, given Sukarno's objectives. Confrontation had the opposite effect to that intended; instead of bringing down the Federation, it succeeded in providing what had hitherto been lacking — a sense of unity and national purpose. It is more than likely that, had Sukarno done nothing, the Federation would have broken up anyway. As things turned out, internal dissension within the Federation has resulted in the expulsion of Singapore, and in a state of emergency in Sarawak.

When considering the history of the Federation, it is easy to see the main causes for the Singapore-Kuala Lumpur split. To begin with, the Malaysians have always feared that Singapore, with its more highly skilled work force and its more dynamic industrial and commercial structure, would dominate any formal union between the two states. Singapore was forced to pay a heavy price for the privilege of joining the Federation. Out of the 159 seats in the Lower House of the Federal Parliament, Singapore was allotted fifteen, less than both Sabah and Sarawak: her contribution to the Federal funds amounted to 40% of the Federation's budget.

Politically, the differences were glaring. Singapore is ruled by the People's Action Party, led by Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew. The P.A.P. is the only democratically elected socialist government in South East Asia to have remained in power for any length of time, and the whole tenor of government is liberal. The Alliance Party in Malaya, a curious amalgam of Malays, Indians and Chinese, is conservative, autocratic and predominantly Muslim. The Alliance hoped that Federation would enable them to control Singapore and eradicate its socialist and marxist tendencies. Malayan fear of Communism is understandable in view of the war during the fifties, but at the time of Federation the Communists in Singapore had been routed. The Barisan Socialis, the extreme left-wing opposition party

which, together with the Chinese University of Nanyang, had been a focal point for the Communists, was divided as it still is today. At the present moment the Barisan Socialists holds only 12 of the 51 seats in the Singapore Parliament. But still the idea prevailed that Singapore had to be contained.

Malay fear of Singapore was further increased when the People's Action Party decided to put up candidates at the Federal elections in 1964. This was seen by Malayan commentators and politicians as a direct challenge to the leadership of Tunku Abdul Rahman and a repudiation of an agreement to keep out of Malay politics. The P.A.P. felt it was quite within its rights to contest the elections, since it was a recognised political party within a democratic Federation. The effect of its action, however, was to exacerbate the existing tensions and to increase the Malayan fear of a Singapore takeover. Singapore, for its part, felt threatened by the aggressive political and cultural nationalism of the Malays.

Within the Alliance Party the pressure increased upon Tunku Abdul Rahman to take steps to curb the activities of the P.A.P. Extremists within the party were very hostile to Lee Kuan Yew. Once they realised that Singapore would not be content to play a very minor role within the Federation, the decision was taken to expel the island from the union.

The question which arose as a result of this expulsion was that of Singapore's survival as an economically independent state. The island's economic growth in the last ten years provides an affirmative answer to this question. For many years, Singapore's economy was based upon three main sources of revenue: entrepot trading, tourism and the British naval and military establishments. Since the 19th century Singapore has been the major entrepot and commercial trading centre in South East Asia, due mainly to its strategic position, the existence of a fine natural harbour and excellent port facilities, and a vigorous policy of free trade. Through the port flows much of the mineral wealth and primary produce of the region — rubber, tin, spices, copra, timber, petroleum products. Many of these raw materials are sorted, processed and re-exported from Singapore. This trade accounts for about 20% of the total income. Tourism will always have an important role to play in the island's economy, but obviously no modern state can afford to depend upon such an unreliable industry. The British bases will remain only as long as Singapore finds them useful. At the present time about 30,000 people are directly employed on the navy, army and air force establishments on the island; it is estimated, however, that more than 100,000 people are indirectly dependent upon the presence of the British bases and personnel, particularly in the service industries. The bases account for something like 20-25% of the total economy. Their economic value to Singapore is therefore enormous. The two conditions governing the length of time the bases will remain on the island are the availability of suitable, alternative employment for those working on the bases and the political disadvantages caused by the British presence. It is probable that political considerations will influence the Government's decision and hasten the withdrawal from the island to sometime in the seventies.

A service economy such as this was found to be inadequate to meet the needs of Singapore's growing population, which at the moment is just under two million. In the immediate post-war period and during the fifties, the population was increasing at the rate of about 4% per annum, much too quickly to enable the economy to cope with the increasing number of people coming on to the labour market. In the last few years the annual rate of increase has slowed to a more manageable 2.5%, but the effect of this drop will not be felt for a number of years. At the moment the Government has to find at least 17,000 new jobs every year. Addressing a May Day rally this year the Minister for Labour, Mr. Jek Yeun Thong, said that in the period after 1968 this figure will increase to something like 21,000 per annum. With present unemployment standing at 60,000, some idea can be gained of the magnitude of the problems facing Singapore.

Probably the most imaginative and effective step so far taken has been the setting up of the Economic Development Board in 1961. The Board's main function is to encourage the growth of new industries by acquiring, developing and managing industrial estates and by the provision of technical and limited financial assistance to companies willing to introduce new industries to Singapore. Among the incentives offered by the Board are a tax-free period of five years, market protection, double taxation deductions for overseas and local advertising expenses, and a faster permissible depreciation rate for plant and equipment in manufacturing industries, especially those in the export field. At the end of April this year 151 pioneer certificates had been issued to 144 firms to set up new or 'pioneer' industries, among them being textile mills, industrial chemical plants, a steel mill, flour mills, petroleum refineries and confectionery factories. Other new industries nearing completion or being planned include a bulk handling grain silo, a sugar refinery and a fertiliser plant. Altogether 95 of the pioneer companies are already in production, employing just under 11,000 people. In full production these industries are expected to employ over 20,000 people, with an estimated annual output of M\$796 million. This will mean a contribution of about M\$200 million a year to the national income.

Many of the pioneer industries are situated on the Jurong Industrial Estate in the south-west corner of the island. The estate, which was literally carved out of jungle and swamp, has a fine deep-sea harbour, with 9,000 feet of deep water wharves and 3,000 feet of coastal wharves, complete with up-to-date bulk handling facilities. It also contains the largest graving dock in South East Asia, capable of handling ships up to 58,000 tons gross. The whole estate covers an area of 17,000 acres and when completed will have a satellite town with a population of about 50,000.

The effect of these measures can be gauged by the fact that between 1960 and 1963 the annual average increase in Singapore's gross national product (G.N.P.) was 9%. With the birth of the Federation of Malaysia in 1963, Singapore looked forward to the economic advantages of membership of a much larger community. The Indonesian confrontation

and the ensuing cessation of trade between the two countries meant the loss of 7-10% of Singapore's annual income, and the increase in the G.N.P. fell to 2% in 1964. The effect of the Indonesian confrontation upon Singapore's trade is illustrated in this table:

	IMPORTS	EXPORTS
	(in million Malay Dollars)	
1962	4035.8	3416.8
1963	4279.0	3474.5
1964	3478.7	2771.9
1965	3807.2	3004.1

Trade is just now beginning to approach pre-confrontation figures. The economy would have been hit even harder had the Government not embarked upon its industrialisation drive in 1961. That the growth rate managed to reach 2% in 1964 is a tribute to the success of the plans to diversify the economy. With the break-up of the Federation, Singapore has suffered another setback in the loss of the expected Common Market with Malaya, and the British territories in North Borneo.

Two recent events have further retarded the possibility of closer co-operation. The first was the failure of the two states to agree upon the retention of the common currency. This was mainly a political disagreement since Singapore wanted separate control over and access to its fiscal reserves, the control to be exercised by a Deputy Governor of the central bank, the Bank Negara. The Singapore Government wanted this insurance against any future hostile Malaysian action. Malaysia regarded Singapore's demands as unreasonable and impracticable, and so both countries will issue their own currencies on and from June 12th, 1967.

The second setback occurred in August when Malaysia unilaterally ended Commonwealth preference on the import of certain goods, mainly manufactures, although sugar, alcohol and tobacco were included. The ostensible reason for this was to gain Malaysia a further 27 million dollars revenue per year, although it was felt in London that Britain's unwillingness to grant Malaysia further military aid precipitated the action.

These events have made future relations between Malaysia and Singapore extremely difficult. Yet the future of each is so inextricably bound up with the other that some form of *modus vivendi* must be found. The two states are too dependent upon each other to remain in a perpetual state of hostility. There is no doubting their ability to survive independently; what is at stake is the material difference between a slow and a fast rate of growth. Unfortunately, the quarrel seems too deep for it to be solved within the present generation. In the meantime Lee Kuan Yew's government is tackling its country's economic problems with a vision, energy and common sense that makes it an example to Asia and the rest of the under-developed world.

ALGERIA

by Anthony Sylvester

AFTER a Government has been in power for 18 months one should be able to see its intentions, pass a judgement on its policies, make an assessment of where it stands on basic issues. Yet, one is still not quite able to do this in the cases of Colonel Boumedienne's Administration which emerged in Algeria after a bloodless *coup d'état* in June last year. The austere, taciturn and elusive President of the Revolutionary Council is still very much an enigma, although this may not be true of some of his leading colleagues.

To be sure, there are some marked differences between the present Government and the one it replaces. Visiting Algeria earlier this year after an absence of two years I could see at least one major outward change: banners and posters calling for joint action with revolutionaries in various parts of the world had disappeared. Above all, one could no longer see the familiar portraits of Dr. Fidel Castro. And, by and large, the Algerian officials one talked to now insisted that Algeria came first in their thoughts — followed some way behind by revolutions elsewhere. They recalled the wasteful expenditure of the previous regime on such ventures as the abortive, communist-sponsored Afro-Asian conference last year.

M. Ahmed Ben Bella's world-wide ambitions and hob-nobbing with all manner of revolutionaries and left-wingers had brought Algeria's relations with the United States to a breaking point. American food aid, which was previously substantial and very important to a much undernourished population, dried up, and shortly before M. Ben Bella's downfall, it became obvious that the Americans were not willing to give any more aid to Algeria. This changed promptly with the advent of Col. Boumedienne as Head of State. The new Government immediately took steps to resume normal relations with the Americans. This year US food aid has again been flowing in at an estimated total value of about 20 million dollars. The Americans have come to regard Col. Boumedienne as the best President of Algeria they can hope to have, considering all the circumstances.

While the Algerians appear to have no intention of following uncritically the Soviet-sponsored Egyptian policies in Africa and the Middle East and exposing themselves to the danger of foregoing American aid, the Algerian press is nonetheless second to none in its violent attacks against the USA, when it comes to Vietnam, or against Britain, in the Rhodesian question. Algerians apparently continue to support actively a number of revolutionary movements in Africa.

The Algerian Government was certainly most anxious to reassure after its successful coup last year the friends in the communist world that, as far as they were concerned, nothing had really changed. Colonel Boumedienne himself went to Moscow last December — the first time he had visited a foreign country as President of Algeria. His emissary, the

then Minister of Agriculture, M. Ali Mahsas, was dispatched to Yugoslavia with a similar mission. Both these communist countries have been very important to Algeria. The Soviet Union has been providing nearly all the heavy and more sophisticated equipment for the Algerian Army, apart from rendering economic aid and technical assistance. Yugoslavia on the other hand occupies a position apart, for ideological and sentimental reasons as well as on economic grounds. The Yugoslavs were the first Europeans to help Algerian revolutionaries with military equipment and medical supplies, at a time when other communist countries still appeared to be sitting on the fence. Yugoslavia's system of 'workers' self-government' has served Algeria as a blueprint for her own 'autogestion'.

There were evidently some anxious moments in Moscow when the flamboyant world-revolutionary M. Ahmed Ben Bella was toppled and the new Government proceeded to dissociate itself from some of his policies. One of the actions taken by the new leadership was to clamp down vigorously on local communists who, although always weak numerically, had succeeded in worming their way into influential positions of Government administration and the FLN party. Several leading communists, including the former General Secretary of the Party, M. Bachir Hadj Adi, were thrown in jail, and communists and other left-wing extremists were being systematically eased out of influential positions and jobs, both in the capital and provinces. This had led to a violent conflict with the French Communist Party whose protégés the Algerian communists were. It is a fair assumption that the Kremlin leaders would not have been unduly perturbed by the fate of Algerian communists had it not been for the intervention of the influential French CP. As it was, the Soviet press took up the case of the communists who were being persecuted in Algeria. This in turn aroused fresh suspicions in the minds of the Algerian leaders.

Yet, there have recently been increasing signs of Algeria's renewed friendship with the Soviet Union. The Algerian Minister of Industries and Power, M. Belaid Abdesslem, signed a series of agreements last August in Moscow foreshadowing a considerable role of the Soviet Union in Algeria's industrialisation and development. The Russians have committed themselves in some detail to the supply of equipment for the Annaba (ex-Bone) steelworks whose capacity is evidently to reach 1 million tons of finished products a year. This plant is to begin production before the end of 1969. Furthermore, the Russians promised to supply a hydraulic plant for processing lead and zinc ore, and an electric power station, as well as machinery and equipment for Algeria's oil and petro-chemical industries. There is no reason to assume that all these pledges will be promptly and accurately fulfilled. The Russians love to make sweeping gestures of good will which are often considerably short of expectations when it comes to actual performance. The credit for the Annaba project, which apparently covered the bulk of the 125 million dollars promised at the time, was announced way back in May 1964, but bureaucratic muddle on the Soviet side and some resistance of Algerian technicians (who had no wish to be saddled with Soviet equipment) apparently delayed the matter.

By and large, the Algerians are used to very high French standards and have not been particularly impressed by the Russians and their products. But both the USSR and Algeria no doubt feel now that it is in their interest to continue to cooperate closely. The Algerians may above all wish to take the wind out of the sails of the left-wing opposition at home and the Russians probably came to the conclusion that no other Government in Algeria, or for that matter in the entire French-speaking Africa, could be more sympathetic to them than the one headed by Col. Boumedienne. It is true, of course, that M. Ben Bella was more keen than Col. Boumedienne to support communist ventures in various parts of the world, but he had also opened the door widely to Chinese influence and intrigue. This at least now seems to be a thing of the past. The Chinese are conspicuous by their absence in Algeria. This must surely have come as a relief to the Russians.

Keeping up their deliveries of sophisticated armaments the Russians have now supplied Algeria with modern self-propelled assault guns which are believed never to have been seen outside the Warsaw Pact countries, Ilyushin light bombers and MIG fighters as well as ground-to-air missiles. This has caused some sensation in the world and considerable anxiety in neighbouring Tunisia and Morocco, both of which have unsettled frontier disputes with Algeria. In fact, Algeria is now the country with the largest Russian military build-up in Africa.

Other eastern European countries too have been active in Algeria, especially Czechoslovakia, Poland and Bulgaria, while Yugoslavia has been constructing a string of textile and other factories. A plan for a 150-mile pipeline to carry Algerian natural gas to Yugoslavia, Austria and Czechoslovakia from the Yugoslav port of Koper is being considered.

Yet these Algerian dealings with the communist world can only be seen in their true perspective if compared to the relationship with the power that still matters far more than any other to Algeria. Last year Algerian imports from the former metropolitan country accounted for over three quarters of all purchases abroad and France took most of Algerian exports, including oil and wine. Imports from the entire communist world amounted to less than five per cent of the total shipments to Algeria. There has always been a curious love-hate relationship between France and Algeria, even during the bitter struggle which had lasted seven and a half years and ended in 1962. But now these relations are specially close. Much of this is founded in the agreements signed last year for joint exploitation and marketing of Saharan oil and natural gas with French financial aid, credits and technical assistance. Relations with France have frequently been described by Algerian leaders as a model arrangement between an advanced country and one which is in the process of development. Far-sighted, generous policies of President de Gaulle have brought back the presence of France in Algeria in a way that few would have thought possible a few years ago.

To be sure, here too progress has been uneven. The French diplomat, who took me around the magnificent Moresque palace built in the 18th century for the Turkish commander of cavalry and now housing the

French Embassy with its five hundred employees in Algiers, thought it was far too soon to talk of a French come-back in Algeria. "We still have many problems to solve", he said, "many of our people here still feel unduly harrassed and insecure".

Last May, 11 largely French-owned lead and zinc mines were brusquely taken over and nationalised by the Algerian Government. There have been other actions of this nature. While most of the one million or so French-speaking Europeans have left the country important French-owned businesses are still found in Algeria. Yet no Frenchman or other foreigner has so far been allowed to take any of his profits out of the country.

However, almost exactly a year after the conclusion of Franco-Algerian agreements regarding oil and gas a new contract, worth about £18m., was awarded to a French group of companies for the construction of a new petrochemical plant at Arzew, in western Algeria. This project is considered of crucial significance for the Algerian fertiliser industry and farming, and marks an important new step in Franco-Algerian industrial cooperation. It is interesting though that the technological know-how for this plant is to be provided by an American company and Algerian technicians are to be trained in the USA.

When M. Ben Bella's revolutionary ideas were being put into practice immediately following the independence from France, it seemed that Algeria might become the first African country to base her internal development on communist principles, forming part of the communist bloc of nations and serving as a springboard for communist-inspired revolutions elsewhere. In fact, it seemed that Algeria might become for Africa what Cuba was for Latin America. That this did not happen eventually was in no small measure due to the manner in which France reacted to the successful revolution in Algeria as distinct from the way the United States treated Dr. Fidel Castro.

Algeria's links with France have never been really severed, as were America's with Cuba. Algerian towns have remained well stocked with French-made consumer goods, creating a somewhat misleading appearance of affluence. French literature and ideas have continued to dominate Algerian intellectual and artistic life. French technicians and other experts have continued to influence the way the Algerians chose their imports of industrial equipment and machinery. Another important link between the two countries are some half a million Algerians resident in France, many of them productively employed and sending back home valuable remittances.

Cooperation with France has brought Algeria tangible material benefits. For example, last year, 1965, closed with a very favourable balance of payments surplus and Algeria's dollar reserves rose to a record level of 200 million, which was largely due to exports of oil and gas. France pays for Algerian oil between fifteen and twenty per cent above world market prices.

Advantageous though this cooperation with France has been there are obvious drawbacks in being too dependent on one source of supplies and market. The need to diversify the trade pattern has been realised by the

Algerian Government and this has also been counselled by objective outside observers, including the International Monetary Fund in its recent report to Algeria.

The Algerian authorities now profess to be anxious to attract foreign investment from all possible sources, although their socialist and revolutionary policies seem ill-designed to impress foreign capitalists. Yet the fabulously rich natural resources of Algeria have been arousing considerable interest abroad, including the USA, Canada and Western Germany. A new investment code has now come into force which should go some way towards restoring the confidence of the investor. The original provision of the Bill to give potential investors a guaranteed period of ten years free of nationalisation has been omitted in the final text of the law, which demonstrates something of the ambivalence of the Algerian Government. But the code does provide for just compensation in case of nationalisation and also gives the investor the right to take fifteen per cent of the value of the capital annually out of the country.

The new investment code has, however, not been primarily designed to attract foreign capital. Its main intention appears to be to encourage potential small and medium-large investors in Algeria. It is a well-known fact that there is a good deal of money and other wealth hoarded about in the country. Many Algerians made good money during the French rule and national liberation war, but they have been reluctant to come into the open with such money and invest it productively.

Col. Boumedienne's *coup d'état* aroused many hopes among Algerian businessmen and property owners. But much of this hope seemed ill-founded. It is true that some nationalised property, including farms, were being returned to their former, Algerian owners. But strikes and protests by student organisations and the trade union movement at this "betrayal" of the socialist revolution apparently caused the Government to reverse the process once again and pursue the former policies of nationalisation and "self-government" by workers.

The "autogestion" is a sacred dogma of the Algerian revolution, but anyone familiar with the system will agree that it leaves a great deal to be desired from the point of view of industrial efficiency, or for that matter, industrial democracy. Ostensibly, such enterprises and farms are run by elected representatives of the workers. But in reality State authorities retain very large powers over self-governed businesses and in the matter which concerns the employees above all, that is their pay, "workers' councils" can do little. Wages are fixed and pegged by the Government. But "autogestion" has enabled many to find cushy jobs in nationalised factories and farms, and productivity in such enterprises is usually very low. Earlier this year it appeared that the Algerian leaders were going through an agonising reappraisal of their system of industrial democracy. Self-governing enterprises and farms were subjected to public scrutiny and Algerian newspapers were publishing detailed reports and stories of graft, corruption and inefficiency in these nationalised establishments. The Minister of Finance, Mr. Kaid Ahmed, disclosed that ninety per cent of the people who had been entrusted with the management

of nationalised businesses were guilty of "squandering public resources". Yet the Algerian Government has decided that "autogestion" was here to stay.

Nonetheless, there has been some evidence of late that the Algerian leaders are gradually moving away from their doctrinaire principles. That some fresh thinking is necessary will be admitted by many Algerian officials in private conversation. It is clear beyond a shadow of doubt that the present management policies have been disastrous and have largely contributed to very low productivity, to much plant lying idle and to staggering unemployment. Out of a working population of some five million only one and a half million are employed and many of these for short periods only. This is perhaps the most distressing aspect of the Algerian situation.

It is particularly important to find a more satisfactory way of running the country's agriculture which provides the livelihood to some three quarters of the population. This year's disastrous harvest has brought to full light the urgency of the problem, when very large quantities of grain must be purchased abroad.

Economically, the key to the future of Algerian agriculture must be sought in the improvement of management on nearly two and a half million hectares* of formerly largely French-owned land now in the "self-governing", socialist sector. This includes some of the best and most fertile land. But from the social point of view it seems particularly important to find a satisfactory solution for the farms in the private sector covering nearly 11,300,000 hectares. There are some considerable inequalities among the holdings in this sector. While 600,000 peasants own only seven or fewer hectares of land, some 25,000 farmers hold a total of about 3 million hectares. It has now been officially proposed to institute a radical reform of the farming structure, involving considerable redistribution of land. But at the same time one can see signs that the Algerian Government now wishes to encourage small and medium-sized farmers and help them to organise themselves in genuine cooperative movements, rather than place all the emphasis on building State-owned, "self-governing" holdings.

This shift of emphasis may have been behind the recent removal from power of the former Minister of Agriculture, M. Ali Mahsas. A known left-wing extremist, M. Mahsas has now joined the OCRA — or the Clandestine Organisation of the Algerian Revolution — which has since the last Spring been organising opposition to the present régime in Algeria from abroad, distributing pamphlets which denounce M. Boumedienne's Government. M. Bachir Boumazza, former Minister of Information, who had the reputation of being the most radical member of the Algerian Government and in fact a hidden supporter of M. Ahmed Ben Bella, has also joined the OCRA. In addition, the Algiers régime has to face the opposition of the pro-communist organisation, the ORP — the Organisation of Popular Resistance — as well as the organisation of a former close friend of M. Ben Bella, M. Ait Ahmed. Much of this opposition activity may be ephemeral. But the clamour for radical socialist reforms continues

in Algeria on the part of students, young intellectuals and trade unionists. Increasingly, the present régime is becoming a government of military men. The problem is to find an adequate reply to the questions raised by the present situation in Algeria and effectively counter the arguments advanced by the extremists.

* 1 hectare equals 2.5 acres.

[This is the second in a series of articles by Anthony Sylvester dealing with the countries of the Maghreb. The first article, on Tunisia, appeared in the September issue.]

POLITICS

A NEW SITUATION

by Francis Boyd

THE conferences of the Liberal, Labour and Conservative parties this autumn have all shown that a new situation has arisen in the political and economic life of the country. The restlessness thus caused has been personalised, in all three parties, into a leadership issue. Will Jo Grimond tire of leading the Liberals, who seem likely to remain a small minority party for some time? Has Harold Wilson been caught out as an economist and forfeited the support of the Labour movement? Can Edward Heath show quick results to the Conservatives as their leader — results which will be of permanent benefit to the economy? None of these three leaders surrendered his position, or was even jostled in it, during the conference season. The "July plot" to overthrow Mr. Wilson made good reading but cannot be taken seriously to have jeopardised his position.

One of the factors working in favour of the present party leaders is the complexity and fascination of the latest phase of politics. The complexity makes it more difficult to select alternative leaders, and the fascination clamps the leaders to their posts. Who could do better? Who is really sure how a different and more stable system of government, including the management of the economy, can be brought about? Who knows whether the country is on the verge of settling down into a change of life such as followed the repeal of the Corn Laws? (Liberals and the Conservatives, and perhaps a growing number of Labour supporters, claim that Britain's entry into the European Economic Community would lead to such a change, but entry would involve so many fundamental changes in British politics that a new party structure might result).

The period of flux before Britain adopts a settled course may last long enough to promote changes in the leadership of the three parties, and in the present party structure. Who could safely guess now the identity of the politicians who would be the beneficiaries of such an upheaval?

Party conferences are still essentially party occasions even though policy makers are increasingly concerned to reach television and radio audiences from the platform. And party occasions are used to underline party differences. Thus Mr. Heath, when he wound up the Conservative conference at Blackpool, described "the great divide" between Conservatism and Socialism — and his audience was relieved to be told by him that he knew it existed. Similarly, Mr. Wilson and other Labour leaders at their Brighton conference, asserted once again the infallibility of Socialism and claimed that the latest austerities imposed by the Government flowed naturally from what the Labour manifestos of 1964 and 1966 had promised. A different note was struck only at the Liberal Assembly. Speakers from the body of the hall had no doubt that Liberal policies offered the only remedy, but when Mr. Grimond wound up the Brighton Assembly he said:

"One lesson of the present events is that we cannot afford a political system which has been shown, not over a year or two, but over the last forty years, to have had the following defects: based on the supposed interests of management and labour, it provides no leverage for the kind of non-sectarian policies which were needed over unemployment in the '20s, appeasement in the '30s, and productivity today. It keeps the Opposition in ignorance of essential facts and forces them into opportunism. It breeds disillusion among the electors because they sense that neither the central government, Parliament, nor the local authorities, nor the civil service is equipped to tackle our difficulties. They also feel that they, the people of the country, have less and less control over their destinies and that democracy is in danger of becoming a meaningless word in Britain.

"We must therefore press on with the reform of Parliament by the introduction of the committee system, the creation of a democratic structure of regional government, and be prepared for the effects on the party system which this will bring about. All this will be felt right through our political structure and party system. We want today to create a governmental system for entirely new tasks which face it in the middle of this century."

"Non-sectarian policies"? "Effects on the party system"? These phrases might be taken as a pointer to a National or Coalition Government, but Mr. Grimond cannot have been indicating the kind of alliance that has existed in the past. Appeasement in the '30s, to which he referred, was the policy of a "National" Government, technically a coalition of Conservative, "National" Liberal and "National" Labour supporters. In fact the Chamberlain Government was not only dominated by the Conservative majority in it, but applied wholly Conservative policies. Mr. Grimond called for a new governmental system for "entirely new tasks".

Proposals are being made in all three parties that might lead to fundamental changes in the Executive's power within the Parliamentary democratic system. The Liberals have gone furthest because they are themselves furthest from power in the present system. Devolution is the magic word — devolution to Scottish and Welsh Parliaments and to regional governments democratically elected, and more power to backbench members of the House of Commons through the institution of policy committees on defence, foreign affairs, and so on. But the Conservatives, too, are dissatisfied with the existing regional organisation, and it was they who reconstructed local government in Greater London with the object of giving more power to the boroughs, and thus stimulating interest in local government. Labour members, particularly the new intake of 1964 and 1966, are fighting for a greater share in the process of policy making. At one of the ancillary meetings of the Labour conference Mr. Trevor Park, the member for Derbyshire South-East, described the objects of the Labour group for Parliamentary reform. He was careful to say that the group did not wish to stultify government, but it is quite certain that if members of the House of Commons gain in power at the expense of members of the Government, as Mr. Grimond and Mr. Park desire,

the power of the Government will be weakened. From the point of view of any minority group, whether Labour or Liberal, that is opposed to a particular line of Government policy, this result would be welcome. But it does not follow that policy committees would themselves agree upon a common policy. One has only to imagine a debate in a policy committee on Europe, for example, to realise that this degree of devolution would not necessarily satisfy all the members of the committee. Any substantial devolution of power would create new problems. Mr. Grimond, at the Liberal Assembly, welcomed the power of the trade unions as a wholesome democratic development, but this very power has alarmed many Conservatives, disturbed many Liberals when it has been used to crush conscientious objectors, and is now being curbed by the Labour Government.

The fluidity of opinion within the party conferences was shown most clearly in debates on two broad fields of policy — the economy and foreign affairs, which, with defence, constitute a single complex. Britain's economic position was the main concern of the three parties. Can Britain rid herself of debt and thus escape from the pressures of financial interests abroad? Is foreign confidence in Britain dependent on the maintenance of an expensive military posture overseas? Must the validity of Britain's military power be judged strictly by an economic test, or by a political test? If Britain saved foreign exchange by withdrawing from positions East of Suez, could the savings properly be "wasted" in a war against Rhodesia? Can Britain afford an industrial "free-for-all" at home? If not, how is the relation between capital and labour to be regulated? On what terms would the trade unions or the employers' organisations agree to abandon the old system of collective bargaining? How potent is the profit motive, or the chance of higher pay, as a means of increasing production and productivity? Is "Europe" the answer?

A majority of the delegates at the Labour conference (speaking largely through block votes) supported the Government's prices and incomes policy with the sanction of compulsory powers under Part IV of the Prices and Incomes Act. Before the conference opened, Ministers and Government propagandists had coined a new slogan: "It will never be the same again."

They assume that there can be no return to the old system of free collective bargaining in which the strongest unions may come off best — irrespective of any economic priorities that the Government of the day had fixed — and in which the weaker groups of wage and salary earners might be ignored. It is an astonishing development that Labour should have supported the Government as much as it has in this period of painful austerity. Many Socialists have long argued for strong central control of the economy, and speakers at the Conservative conference at Blackpool condemned the Government's prices and incomes policy as a bold step towards socialism. But the Government is trying to exercise a control in a mixed economy and has thus created new problems for itself — how to manage retail prices and dividends as well as wage negotiations; how to get workers into new and acceptable jobs when they have been shaken

out of old ones; how to secure the agreement of employers and unions on economic priorities.

Mr. Heath assured the Conservatives at Blackpool that their party stood for free enterprise, rewards for initiative, lower taxation on earned incomes, and so on, in contrast with Labour's passion for controls. Mr. Iain Macleod, the "Shadow" Economic Boss, gave the Conservatives another of his famous slogans — "Competition with Compassion". Yet, "it will never be the same again" if the Conservatives return to power. The party is pledged to the hilt to change the legal status of the trade unions so that it would become a statutory offence for a union to break any agreement with the employers that had been freely negotiated. Mr. Heath contrasted this free negotiation with the Government's wish to stop the old "free-for-all" collective bargaining, but what most Conservatives welcome in their party's trade union policy is the demand for the statutory enforcement on the unions of bargains struck. In any case, Mr. Heath, recalling past pronouncements of Mr. R. A. Butler, now Lord Butler, reminded the Conservatives that their party had never been opposed to State intervention. (The British car industry has grown under Protection.) And if Britain should enter the European Community, on which Mr. Heath has set his heart, Government management of the economy would be imperative. The Conservatives' agricultural policy is designed, as an act of State, to bring Britain closer to the European pattern. So that, even under Mr. Heath, "enterprise" would not be as "free" as all that.

This turmoil in the industrial field presented the Liberals with the latest phase of an old battle: are they a "private profit" party or an "industrial partnership" party? None of them likes the Government's use of compulsory powers under the Prices and Incomes Act, but there was a sharp difference of opinion at the Brighton Assembly over the method of advance to partnership. The Liberal party officially endorsed the profit motive as the best means to increase the national wealth. Mr. Grimond has always asserted this. He did so again at Brighton. But those Liberals, particularly the youngsters, who are haunted by their party's failure to capture the trade union vote, prefer what may be called the "quality of life" motive to private gain. A proposal for workers' control of industry was defeated by a narrow majority at the Brighton Assembly. On a first count the proposal was defeated by 320 to 319. On a second count it was defeated by 371 to 357. Similarly, the Liberal youngsters — better organised than ever before by Mr. George Kiloh, of the Young Liberals, and by Mr. Terry Lacey, of the Union of Liberal Students, had decided that devaluation of the pound was the best guarantee against unemployment. (The arguments for and against this proposition are by no means simple.)

The Liberal Assembly accepted a motion, moved by Mr. Christopher Layton, the party's economic adviser, that recognised the case for devaluation under sharply defined conditions.

Foreign affairs were treated at all three conferences as involving two principal questions: 1. What should be Britain's role East of Suez? and 2. What should be Britain's relations with the whole of Europe and with the United States? All three parties showed that they were willing to

accept some changes East of Suez, although there were differences between the parties on the timing and nature of the changes. Labour delegates defeated their national executive's recommendations on East of Suez and European policies. Majorities were recorded for a contraction of Britain's role in Western Germany and for withdrawal from Malaysia, Singapore and the Persian Gulf by 1969-70. The Liberals referred back their executive's motion in favour of strict support for NATO and the Western Alliance. The Liberals, spurred on by the youngsters, preferred a policy designed to ease tensions between East and West in Europe. But the most interesting development in this field at any of the party conferences was Sir Alec Douglas-Home's approach to new dispositions when he addressed the Conservatives at Blackpool. It was stimulating because of Sir Alec's caution and of his authority within the Conservative party. In effect, Sir Alec made a changing Russia the keystone of a policy in which Britain should firmly decline to commit large land forces in Asia, and might consider the withdrawal of forces from the Eastern frontier of Western Germany. He foresaw the Soviet Union working more easily with the West under the threat of Chinese expansion into Central Asia. Sir Alec had a party, as well as a public task. He was attempting to reconcile the preference of Mr. Enoch Powell, Shadow Minister of Defence, for a concentration of British power in Europe, with so orderly a withdrawal from positions East of Suez that no power vacuum occurred. He was attempting, too, to reconcile Mr. Heath's passion for Britain's unconditional entry into the European Community with Sir Alec's own hope that the Community, with Britain as a member, would agree to share some of the commitments in the Far East now falling solely on Britain. Above all, Sir Alec was quite insistent on Britain's need to remain in firm alliance with the United States.

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CENTENARY REPRINT

THE RHODESIAN PROBLEM

by R. C. Hawkin

(This article first appeared in 1923)

MR. CHURCHILL has set himself with great assiduity to solve what looks like becoming a serious problem in Imperial politics: he has first drafted a new Constitution for Southern Rhodesia and has then appointed a delegation of Rhodesian settlers to confer with General Smuts for the purpose of ascertaining the terms on which Southern Rhodesia may be linked up with the Union of South Africa. When they have heard what General Smuts has to say, a referendum will be taken so that the settlers may decide between the Constitution of Mr. Churchill and the terms offered by General Smuts.

It is hoped in this way to find a satisfactory answer to the question how we shall govern this great inland State, peopled by 30,000 white and 770,000 natives, and it is not too much to say that whatever may be the result of the Referendum this Draft will profoundly affect the future history of the country; for, even if General Smuts's terms are accepted, Rhodesia, like the other provinces of the Union, will still require a Provincial Constitution, and we may assume that the main features of this Draft will be a basis for all future legislation.

It is clear that Mr. Churchill had to face two special difficulties, viz., the financial problem and the native question, and it is with regard to these matters that the Draft will attract particular attention.

Before one can appreciate the nature of these difficulties a short account of the history of Rhodesia is necessary, more especially because the troubles are the result of the early history of the Chartered Company.

Before 1889, when the Royal Charter was granted, Bulawayo and the country round was occupied by a tribe of Zulu invaders called Amandabele, or Matabele, who had but recently defeated and subdued a tribe called the Makalaka, and driven away other tribes called, somewhat loosely, the Mashonas: the country they occupied was then named Matabeleland. The Melssetter district, however, and parts of Mashonaland were never invaded or occupied. Melssetter remained subject to a Chief named Gungunhana, until his defeat by the Portuguese in 1895. Gungunhana was brother-in-law and ally of Lobengula, the Matabele King, and both his father, Umzila, and his grandfather, Manikusa, were African potentates of great distinction. Lobengula may have exercised the influence of a troublesome neighbour over part of Mashonaland, but there is no evidence that he appointed the Mashona chiefs, nor did he collect regular tribute.

Then arrived the missionaries, followed by explorers and traders, until

the time of Mr. Thomas Baines, whose famous Concession is still the model of a genuine native grant. This was followed by the Rudd Concession of 1888, which was the real basis of the Charter.

In 1889 Queen Victoria gave Mr. Rhodes his Charter by a somewhat Elizabethan use of the Royal Prerogative — thereby mercifully relieving the British taxpayer from obligations to the Chartered Shareholders which an Act of Parliament might have implied. After the Charter was signed, Lobengula agreed that Dr. Jameson and some pioneer settlers should occupy part of Mashonaland, provided they kept clear of Matabeleland, which was a forbidden land where until 1894 neither the Crown nor the Chartered Company exercised any administration or jurisdiction — nor dared a white man enter without the King's permit. The Mashonas took advantage of this anomalous position to steal Lobengula's cattle, and sell them to the new settlers, until Dr. Jameson discovered and admitted the theft. Thereupon it was agreed that Lobengula should punish the offenders. For Jameson apparently was unaware that capital punishment for theft, which was only abolished in England in 1827, was sanctioned by Zulu law — the stolen cattle being State property; so the guilty Mashonas and perhaps a few of their innocent relatives were duly slaughtered, and that, too, within sight of the camp at Victoria. This episode was thought to justify Dr. Jameson's raid into Matabeleland at the head of 670 irregulars, to whom he promised grants of land and gold claims if and when the Matabele were dispossessed.

Mr. F. C. Selous, who was at Bulawayo in 1893 and 1896, has described the first Matabele War and there are other reliable authorities from whom we know that, against Lobengula's orders, some of his regiments opposed the raiders at three points, the most serious fight being at Impembesi, when 1,700 Matabele were defeated with a loss which Mr. Selous thinks may possibly have reached 500: the regular Matabele Army then numbered 20,000 men and more than half the regiments did not lose a single man. Lobengula then evacuated Bulawayo and moved his camp to the North, whither the Company's forces started in pursuit; but they advanced too far, and became involved in difficult and unknown bush until one party numbering about 40 were attacked, overwhelmed, and annihilated; nor did the victors desist till the supporting column was driven back to Bulawayo, whither the Bechuanaland Border Police had been sent by the Imperial Government.

This was the end of the so-called first Matabele War, and the last fight gave the young Matabele hope and caused the downfall and death of Lobengula, who had opposed hostilities. Pending the election of a successor by the Matabele Council of Indunas, it devolved on the senior Induna to act as Regent and Dr. Jameson proposed a meeting with this Council, which took place on April 9th, 1894, when he promised the natives equal rights for blacks and whites. Rival claimants for Lobengula's throne divided the Matabele nation into two parties, while the Makalaka slaves tried to obey both their white and Matabele masters. The Land

Commission of 1894, appointed to mark out native lands, found it quite impossible to move very far north of Bulawayo owing to the hostility of the Young Matabele party.

In 1896 Dr. Jameson undertook his second raid, this time into the Transvaal, and during his absence with his Rhodesian Police the second Matabele War broke out, which caused Mr. Rhodes endless trouble: in vain did he try palavers and maxims — it was not until the Imperial Commissioner arrived and told the natives that Queen Victoria wished for peace that the Treaty of October 1896, was concluded. The terms of peace were referred to in a proclamation though the precise times were not set out, the main provisions being that the British Crown would appoint a successor to Lobengula, and this successor would select Indunas who would exercise powers of government over their own people.

Lobengula's Indunas were accordingly all reappointed forthwith, and a salary was attached to the office along with important gifts. The Mashonas then rose in arms and after some desultory fighting secured the same terms. These Treaties explain the subsequent relationship between whites and blacks and the liberal terms of the 1898 Order in Council.

In 1918 the Privy Council decided that the result of the first Matabele War constituted a conquest whereby all Lobengula's rights passed to the British Crown; they treated the whole of Southern Rhodesia as Lobengula's kingdom, that is to say, Matabeleland, Mashonaland, Melssetter, and Lomagunda. It is this somewhat unexpected reading of the facts which is causing such difficulties just now, and all the rights of white settlers, of the Chartered Shareholders and of the natives must be reconsidered and readjusted. Titles to land, mineral rights, and public interests are all involved, and the Draft Constitution has had to be based on the theory of conquest, whereas in 1898 the Crown was treating the territory as a mere Protectorate, making laws for the whites by virtue of the Foreign Jurisdiction Act and for the blacks in accordance with the then recent Treaties. Thus Lord Gladstone's Proclamation of October 3rd, 1910, provides that the Administrator in Council appoints all chiefs to preside over tribes — the chief ranking as a constable and being paid as such — a useful provision which the Crown could compel the Company to carry out; but can the Crown compel the Legislative Assembly to pay constables if this is a mere concession to a conquered tribe? The Settlers hesitate to accept this change and have pointed out the advantage of the segregation policy which put an end to the long standing feud between the Orange Free State and the Basutos.

In short, Mr. Churchill's main difficulty has been to harmonise the facts as he knows them with the decision of the Privy Council based on an inadequate presentation of Rhodesian history. Such statements in the judgment as "Lobengula's sovereignty over what is now Southern Rhodesia is therefore the starting point of the history of the land question there"; "There was neither successor nor pretender to the (Matabele) throne"; "A conquest of Lobengula and his Dominions had occurred" — are

likely to prove a perennial source of worry to succeeding Secretaries of State. How, for example, must one treat the land grants made before this conquest by virtue of the Lippert Concession now declared "valueless" by the Privy Council?

In its main features the Colonial Secretary has followed the Natal Constitution of 1893, setting up an elected legislative assembly with power to make laws for the peace, order and good government of the colony, and the very valuable provision made in 1898, in accordance with the 1896 Treaty, by which magistrates and native commissioners would not be removed except with the approval of the Secretary of State, disappears, and new rules are introduced making the High Commissioner for South Africa the competent authority to decide whether the conduct of these officials has been correct or not. The old law that no disabilities should be imposed on natives which do not equally apply to whites is to be modified in so far that the new Assembly may now pass such laws, subject to reservation for the approval of the Secretary of State.

The lands known as the Native Reserves will remain inalienable, but some of their boundaries are not defined, and provision is made for exchanging land in the Native Reserves for other suitable land, without empowering the natives to decide what is "suitable". Any such exchange might well be deferred until the Governor in Council establishes a Native Council (for which provision is made in Section 47), because an encroachment on these Reserves, however reasonable from the white man's point of view, is sure to excite the suspicions of the natives. Dr. Jameson's promise to the Matabele in 1894 that blacks could have the same rights as whites is upheld in Section 43 of the Draft, which provides that a native may acquire and hold land on the same conditions as a white man: it is well known that in practice this law has not been effective, and a representative council of natives might well agree to some modification of this pious aspiration in return for some practical advantages within the Reserves such as good roads and education.

The financial provisions adumbrated by the Colonial Secretary are necessarily complex, because it is proposed to saddle the new colony with the repayment of certain administrative deficits incurred by the Chartered Company during its term of Government. Lord Cave reported last year that about £3,000,000 is due to the Company for administration since 1889, for the Matabele War expenditure and for Defence Account. The Privy Council had decided that the Company should receive out of future land sales all money advanced for necessary and proper expenditure on administration, and it seems from Lord Cave's Report that the expenditure on the Matabele wars has been treated as necessary and proper.

All wars seem necessary and proper to the folk who fight them, and it is generally true that posterity discovers how and why the wars could have been avoided. The Matabele wars are no exception to the rule, and there are many who regret the treatment of Lobengula and incidentally regret that Rhodesia must find the money to pay off this £3,000,000.

However that may be, the Draft provides that a Crown Land Agent may sell land and after paying the expenses of management credit the shareholders of the Company with the proceeds until this £3,000,000 is paid off. Further, the new colony may not without Imperial sanction amend the Company's allocation of mining revenue. Lord Cave has treated all mineral royalties as the commercial property of the Chartered Company, though many of the Settlers claim that the mineral rights were acquired from the Crown and should now revert to the use of the Colony, just as Mr. Rhodes, when Premier of Cape Colony, took all the resources of Pondoland in spite of the claims of concession holders.

The Privy Council found that the Lippert Concession, under which the Chartered Company claimed the land, was valueless as a title deed, and incidentally remarked that the Company's mineral rights under the Rudd Concession were private rights and had been continuously recognised by the Crown as valid. They also said that the Lippert Concession "like the Rudd Concession" must, like other legal documents, depend upon the construction of its terms. Now the Rudd Concession provided that, whereas Mr. Rudd and others agreed to pay monthly certain monies and provide certain arms and ammunition, Lobengula granted the complete and exclusive charge over all metals and minerals in his kingdom, and the revenues therefrom, subject to the promised payments. If the monthly payments fell into arrear for three months the grant ceased from the date of the last payment. The Crown authorised the Company to hold this Concession as far as it was valid, and it is generally understood that Mr. Rudd never fulfilled his part of the agreement and that Lobengula revoked the Concession. Mr. Churchill would certainly be treating the Company with generosity, if this Draft is intended to sanction the Company's claim to the mineral royalties of Rhodesia as the private property of the shareholders. But the matter is not clear and perhaps the minerals of Rhodesia are not of sufficient value to justify the expense of pressing the question to a solution.

In the Union of South Africa surface rights and mineral rights commonly belong to different owners, but it has been found that the system is unsatisfactory and unremunerative to the holders of the mineral rights, such rights being too speculative to sell and not worth development unless the surrounding land is acquired.

It is interesting that the Government does not try to solve the frontier difficulty as between the Transvaal and Rhodesia. In both these territories Roman Dutch Law prevails, that law having been introduced into Rhodesia in 1891. When the Limpopo river was made the northern limit of the Transvaal, was the whole river included within the Transvaal or only half? Cape Colony claims the whole of the Orange River as it flows past the South-West Protectorate, in accordance with a well-known doctrine of Roman Dutch law, and seeing that in 1891 there was no civilised power on the north bank of the river, the Transvaal frontier would appear to run along the high water mark on the north side of the Limpopo and not mid-stream. Mr. Churchill avoids this delicate subject just as his

predecessor did and probably he is wise to leave one more reason why the Zambesi and not the Limpopo should form the northern frontier of South Africa.

The alternative to the Draft Constitution drawn up in the Colonial Office is that Rhodesia should join the Union of South Africa in accordance with a scheme outlined in the Imperial Act which constituted the Union in 1909. The great majority of the white settlers have been opposed to joining South Africa on many grounds: they are said to dislike the two-stream policy enunciated by General Hertzog and to fear that their interests will be overlooked at Capetown. They regard the bilingual system in force in South Africa as a useless and costly luxury for Rhodesia, and they believe their railway system would be less efficiently worked from Johannesburg than from Bulawayo. There is, however, a farmers' party in Rhodesia who hold the opposite view — that their interests are linked with the South; that the Dutch colonists should be welcomed with open arms, that the railway service would be improved, and that the outlet for Rhodesian produce through Portuguese territory would be assisted rather than hindered by General Smuts.

These arguments will all be fully considered next month at the formal meeting between the Rhodesian delegates and General Smuts, and from public announcement we know already what General Smut's policy will be. He will offer Rhodesia generous Parliamentary representation beyond what she would be entitled to on the score of population. The Union is prepared to buy the land and railway rights held by the Chartered Company — to promote land settlement and railway extension, to safeguard the claims of existing officials and to grant a local Provincial Council such as already exists in the four provinces now constituting the Union. It is thought that General Smuts would have made a really good bid had not the financial situation in South Africa become so gloomy. The uncertain position of British home politics leads one to consider whether Mr. Churchill will certainly be able to deliver to Rhodesia the goods he offers.

The Constitution proposed is to be conferred by Letters Patent, thus avoiding the necessity of an Act of Parliament; and the financial scheme involves no call on the Treasury. The directors of the Chartered Company want the Crown to pay the deficits and it is clear from the directors' account of the confidential communication between Downing Street and the Company that the Imperial Government does not wish to ask Parliament for a grant; a Liberal Government of any kind would certainly not do more. If, however, Rhodesia joins South Africa, the amendment involved in the South Africa Act might perhaps necessitate an Imperial Act.

A Liberal Government might insist that all rights, interests, and claims should be submitted to the Privy Council for adjudication. It would probably wish that the Native Reserves should be at once created Protected territories governed like Basutoland, and excluded from the control of any new government to be set up in Rhodesia. There might also be a disposition to mark out some extensive Native Reserves in Northern Rhodesia,

especially as part of that territory is subject to the International Act of Berlin of 1885.

The future of Northern Rhodesia must largely be influenced by the cost of administration and these South African Native Protectorates generally manage to pay their way and live at peace with their neighbours. The Labour party in England would probably support such a policy. If an elaborate scheme of state-aided emigration to Rhodesia is to follow — such as became necessary after the Napoleonic wars and such as many social reformers advocate as a remedy for our present troubles — then it would be still more necessary to preserve special districts for the natives because new-comers would not understand the native nor know how he should be treated.

LITERATURE

FICTION'S LONG SHADOW

by Neville Braybrooke

CARDINAL Manning was fond of advising seminarians to read Dickens, and once described the novels as 'a complete course in moral theology'. It is a point that might be applied here to Ford Madox Ford's *The Good Soldier*, a novel that indirectly has a great deal to say about the present topic of mixed marriages.

Ford was forty when he wrote it, and it was published in 1915 whilst he was serving overseas. A quarter of a century has passed since his death, and, of all his seventy-five books, it is the one that stands out above all the others: 'my best book technically' or 'the great auk's egg,' as he put it. Ford's attitude towards Catholicism has always been a matter of some biographical conjecture, although his last wife Janice Biala, the illustrator, assured me in a letter dated April 18th, 1963, that her husband 'was a born Catholic' and that he always held 'a Catholic outlook'. Certainly no reader can afford to ignore that Catholic undertone in *The Good Soldier*.

The sub-title is 'A Tale of Passion' and the narrator is John Dowell, a rich American Quaker from New England. He has a conventional distrust of the Scarlet Women of Rome. At one point he recalls some sentences from a schoolgirl's letter: '... Seeing that our side was losing (the match), being three goals to one against us at half-time, we retired to the chapel and prayed for victory. We won by five goals to three.' He then goes on to describe how she told him that when the victorious team came into the refectory for supper, the whole school jumped on the tables, cheered, broke the chairs and smashed the crockery — until, after a given time, the Reverend Mother rang the hand-bell. He comments: 'That is of course the Catholic tradition — saturnalia that can end in a moment, like the crack of a whip'. The text is full of such jibes.

When the story opens in 1904 Dowell is married, but it is an unconsummated marriage in which he has to play the part of a male nurse; to ward off any possible advances by her husband, his wife acquires a weak 'heart' on the first day of their honeymoon voyage to Europe. But this is merely so that she can have a series of affairs on the side. One of these happens to be with Captain Edward Ashburnham, the good soldier.

Ashburnham, lately returned from India, is a man of stirring qualities with one major defect — a weakness for women. He is an excellent magistrate, a painstaking landowner and an officer with a fine military record. He is a loyal Anglican, married to the daughter of an impoverished Irish Catholic family. Their marriage took place several years before the *Ne Temere* decree of 1907.

In penal times, English law demanded that in the case of mixed

marriages, sons should follow the religion of their fathers, daughters that of their mothers. Ashburnham thinks this 'a sensible working arrangement'. Rome however never accepted such a view, but kept silent during the persecution in England because she believed that nothing could be achieved by protesting. Later, when the persecution was over, the Congregation of Propaganda insisted that from 1868 onwards not only had a dispensation to be granted for a mixed marriage, but that the non-Catholic party must agree to all the children, of either sex, being brought up as Catholics. Marriages performed otherwise were *illicit but valid*, which is precisely the position that Leonora Ashburnham finds herself in since her own family had forced her upon 'poor dear Edward without making the stipulation that the children should be brought up as Catholics'.

In 1907 the *Ne Temere* decree of the Church declared that from 1908 onwards such mixed marriages performed would not only be *illicit but also invalid*. This resulted in some highly critical comment appearing in the English Press, most of it understandably hostile. It would seem unlikely therefore that this would have gone unnoticed in the Ashburnham household. Admittedly the decree was not retroactive, but there are hints in the novel that Leonora thought her barrenness a judgment on her by the Almighty for having contracted a valid but illicit marriage. As the years pass by, so does her sense of guilt grow. She tries but fails to extort any promise from Edward that if there should be any children they should be brought up as Catholics. All he will concede is that if they are girls, then he will have no objection. Girls after all, he argues, will probably marry and come to know other homes and circumstances. But about the future of any boys he is absolutely adamant: they shall be brought up as Anglicans.

Some critics have thought that the sense of guilt which mounts in Leonora is passed on to her husband, and have then gone on, in turn, to suggest that it may have contributed to the causes which prompt him to take his life in 1913. This is speculation — and Ford himself is careful to avoid making any such direct verdict. All that he does present in brief detail are Edward's reasons for maintaining his stand about the religion of any future sons.

Loyalty to the traditions of the Ashburnham family, he says, will not permit him to bind any future inheritors of his name to any other religion than that of his immediate ancestors. Even if he were to go over to Rome — and he has already once seriously contemplated this — he would still insist on the boys being brought up in the religion of these ancestors. 'Besides, it was the usual thing.' To Dowell this appears illogical, typically English, and 'a little mad' — though no sooner has he said this than he adds: 'I dare say the reasons are not so illogical as they look . . .'

What Ashburnham's reasons really amount to are a simple assertion — namely, that the starting-point for any man must be his conscience, not the law of the State or a Church. Naturally as a Hampshire magistrate he was well versed in English civil law and, as far as ecclesiastical law was concerned, his adult life coincided with one very serious change with

regard to Roman Catholic marriages. This was the *Ne Temere* decree, which introduced a set of complications into domestic life that had been unknown in his father's day. If his father, for instance, had been married to a Catholic girl there would have been no problems: Edward would automatically have been brought up as an Anglican and his mother would have had no qualms of conscience about it. Instead, living a generation later Edward finds himself married to a wife whose Church tightens her laws as their marriage advances; Leonora's qualms about future children may be theoretical, but they are none the less real, or devastating, for that. Her husband can appreciate her dilemma, even though he cannot resolve it without being untrue to his own conscience. Nor has the novel lost any of its poignance or urgency since its first appearance fifty years ago.

It is not so much the task of novelists to resolve problems as to state them. Inevitably the sense of contradiction that is in life will be imparted to their books. Ford, like Leonora Ashburnham, was aware that Catholic teaching on marriage had long held that the primary purpose of it was the procreation of children. Or perhaps this should be qualified in Ford's case, since he was too widely read not to know that throughout the ages there had been dissenting voices. As a novelist he was working from life — and he would insist repeatedly: 'Dogma I leave to the theologians.'

When Leonora marries Edward she is eighteen and she is 'handed over to him, like some patient medieval virgin'. Dowell also insists that for two years neither of them knew how babies were born. Today this may sound hard to accept, but a look at some of the diaries of the period reveals that there were in England then (as there are still) other similar 'innocents'. Moreover in the novel this has an important bearing, because if Ford had much to say indirectly about the nature of mixed marriages he also had something to say of equal importance about the nature of marriage itself.

Men and women marry each other primarily because they love each other (they may make mistakes or choose the wrong partners — but that is another matter). For them, sex is part of the language of their love, so that marriage for them is first and foremost a means of expressing that love. If there are children, then they are a fruit of that relationship. To argue otherwise and to put procreation first is to reduce the language of love, at its fullest expression, to a biological mechanism. And yet this is exactly the kind of teaching that generations of Catholics have received (including Ford's own daughters). In fact in retrospect one of the paradoxes of Catholic education is that in many schools the same masters who teach 'Religious Instruction' teach 'English Literature'; and when they move from one class to the other, they employ an entirely different set of judgments.

No novelist tracing the course of a marriage of true love (and the events leading up to it) would ever be so dogmatic as to put procreation before mutual love, because such a situation, outside the sphere of 'arranged' marriages, would be untrue to his experience of life. When Cardinal

Manning recommended Dickens to seminarians he was not suggesting that the novels were theological tracts, but that they were yardsticks by which theology could be given a practical testing, a means by which Christian principles could be seen in relation to the London docklands and other problems of labour which were rife at the time.

Many of Ford's novels, and in particular *The Good Soldier*, have theological implications, and many of the matters that they raise have now come to the fore in ecumenical discussions. It would be short-circuiting history to say that they are the cause of these matters being raised, although there is a case to be made for saying that novelists often anticipate the shape of things to come. Ford may have left dogma to the theologians, but seen in its proper historical context *The Good Soldier* at least asked the questions that today can no longer be pushed aside.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

HAROLD MACMILLAN'S MEMOIRS

Winds of Change 1914-1939. Harold Macmillan. Macmillan. 55s.

Harold Macmillan has rendered many services to his country and the latest is not the least. It was a plain duty to put on record the experiences and reflections of a long and distinguished career, and he has loyally fulfilled his task. The first instalment, a massive volume of over 600 pages, brings us down to 1939 when the author was forty-five. Like all good autobiographies it is also a gallery of portraits, among them of Macdonald and Baldwin, Churchill, Lloyd George and Neville Chamberlain. This work will be indispensable for students and historians of the 'twenties and 'thirties.

The publishing house of Macmillan was founded by Harold's grandfather and he grew up in a cultured atmosphere. He has rendered invaluable services to the business, often combining work in the office with his political duties. He had spent two happy years at Oxford when the war of 1914 summoned many of his university friends to the Front. He would have gone with them but for an operation which deferred his military service until 1915. He was wounded three times and spent considerable periods in hospital. Among his consolations in the trenches were the Greek tragedies in their original language.

His next important experience was to accompany the Duke of Devonshire as a member of his staff while he was Governor-General of Canada; and this appointment led to the happiest event of his life, namely his marriage to Lady Dorothy Cavendish. It was a life-long partnership. One of the most interesting chapters in this volume describes Christmas at Chatsworth when the innumerable relatives with their valets, ladies-maids' and coachmen gathered to the number of about 150. Such scenes are gone for ever but it is a revealing glance into what was left of the old aristocratic England.

It was natural that the author should desire to enter public life and his Parliamentary career began in 1924. He was elected Member for Stockton, a town hard hit by unemployment and other frustrations, and he remained faithful to his constituents in spite of offers of a less distant and less arduous locality. During the next 15 years, contrary to general expectation, he received no Government post but he took his duties as a private Member so seriously that he quickly became a familiar figure on the Parliamentary arena by his frequent speeches, articles in the papers and publication of brochures. He describes himself as a left Conservative and such he was to remain to the end. He specialized in home affairs and his mind was full of plans for social betterment. For many years his political chief was Baldwin who, despite the differences in their temperaments, won his warm affection. His handling of the General Strike of 1926 is especially commended.

Not till the later 'thirties when the Nazi menace began to occupy and alarm thoughtful minds did Harold Macmillan turn his serious attention to foreign affairs. He had paid a visit to Russia in 1932 which rendered it easy for him to envisage a working alliance when the storm broke. The picture of Neville Chamberlain, needless to say, is far from flattering and the author's growing apprehension led to close association with Churchill. The Prime Minister, as everyone is now aware, although he had given the best years of his life to domestic problems, was a novice in the field of foreign affairs and his attempts at appeasement appeared to him not only the right but the only method of keeping England out of war. Conservative party leaders were split between appeasers and pessimists. Simon is des-

cribed as a failure at the Foreign Office and Halifax as a well-meaning associate in the appeasement camp. Eden left the Government and henceforth he and Churchill and Macmillan worked closely together. Whatever the author undertook, whether at home or abroad, he did with his whole heart and mind, and although still a private Member he exerted considerable influence among the rank and file. The author emerges as a man of boundless energy, never troubling about political advancement but growing steadily until with the outbreak of war he started on the round of official promotions which were to lead to the Premiership. Readers will look forward with eager anticipation to the succeeding volumes which we may be sure will not only equal but surpass the first instalment in historic importance.

G. P. GOOCH

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

Joseph Chamberlain. Peter Fraser. Cassell. 42s.

The practice has grown up of supplementing the official biographies of prominent actors on the public stage by shorter works published many years later and enriched by new material. The latest in this series is well up to standard. It consists largely of correspondence which throws much light on the career of one of the half dozen actors on the political stage for several decades. The author writes with the detachment that is only possible long after the events described. The elaborate bibliography shows how deeply he has cast his net into the waters.

Chamberlain grew up as a member of a leading Birmingham business firm, became Mayor of the City which remained proud of its greatest son and with which he maintained the closest relations until the end of his life; but in his middle-years he felt the need of a wider stage. The Liberal Party, under Gladstone's leadership, was still wedded to the "laissez faire" traditions of what was called the "Manchester school". The grand old man had much more interest in political than in social reform from the first. The Birmingham radical felt that he and most of his colleagues were out of date and that a new and constructive spirit was urgently needed in the interest, not only of the Party but of the country. In articles and speeches he advocated changes such as old age pensions and a limit to the power of the House of Lords. He spent a weekend with his nominal Leader at Harwarden in friendly talks but the two men were too far apart for the gulf to be bridged.

The break came when Gladstone began to propose Home Rule for Ireland. Chamberlain was prepared for the creation of Local Councils, but he was unalterably opposed to an Irish Parliament. He became the leading figure of the Liberal Unionists and his belligerence brought valuable support to the Conservative Campaign. Harlington, declared Gladstone, had acted like a gentleman, but of Chamberlain it was better not to speak. He did not live long enough to witness the acceptance of Home Rule by all Parties in 1918. Chamberlain was never a Conservative and felt himself rather an isolated figure in the Party to which his outward allegiance was given; but when he was appointed Colonial Secretary after the decisive victory of the Unionists in 1895 he found new scope for his abundant energies. The Jameson Raid in 1896 brought the question of South Africa into the centre of politics, for the discovery of gold and diamonds in the Transvaal, attracted swarms of Germans and other outlanders who demanded a share in the Government of the Republic as soon as possible. These pages show Chamberlain conduct of the negotiations about the franchise, almost from day to day in the summer of 1899; and there is no sign in these pages of any desire to produce a war. Milner on the other hand (the High Commissioner appointed in 1897) was more impatient and soon came to believe that conflict was inevitable. At one point the Colonial Secretary wrote to the Prime Minister complaining of Milner's intransigence. Kruger de-

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MACMILLAN

clared in a historic phrase, that if he puts John Bull on the box he would drive the carriage into Queen Victoria's stables.

The explosion occurred when the Boers learned that 10,000 soldiers had embarked for the Cape; they felt it was their only chance of preserving their independence by striking the first blow. They had no trained army, but their commandos knew how to shoot and were acquainted with every inch of their territory. It was generally expected that the struggle would soon be over, but they kept it up for two and a half years. Milner demanded unconditional surrender but he was overruled and in 1902 a settlement was reached which a gallant foe felt able to accept without a sense of dishonour. The grant of self-government to the conquered Republics had to wait until the Liberal victory of 1906, when the large hearted Campbell-Bannermann declared in memorable words, "it is our task to make those who hate us love us".

The Boer war was no sooner over, when Chamberlain undertook another campaign which lasted to the end of his life. Since Peel's conversion to free trade in the '40's, England had been in free trade treating our Colonies as independant states; and now is the time, declared the Colonial Secretary, to give our own kith and kin special terms; in other words to put a tariff on food and other imports. He found some sympathy in the Balfour Cabinet but failed to persuade the Prime Minister to incorporate Tariff Reform in the Party programme. These pages record in great detail correspondence between friends and foes of the new idea in 1903. Chamberlain resigned his place in the Cabinet and devoted his undiminished energies to converting the constituencies. The Prime Minister at times seemed to be on the verge of joining him, but nothing decisive was forthcoming from Downing Street. It seems likely that at least half of the Conservative M.P.s were on his side, but any thought of a fundamental change had to be postponed when the country returned the overwhelming Liberal and "free food" majority in 1906. Since Balfour was defeated in the elections, Chamberlain assumed leadership of Opposition until his return.

In the summer of 1906 Chamberlain reached his 70th birthday which was celebrated in grand style in his native city. These festivities were followed by similar tributes in London but were suddenly terminated by a stroke which prevented him from ever appearing in Parliament again and made it impossible for him to articulate clearly; but he retained his eager interest in Parliament and the final chapter records the growth of the Tariff reform movement to which he had given his heart and mind.

This book sheds very little light on Chamberlain's domestic life, but there is an interesting chapter on young Beatrice Potter after the death of his second wife. She was soon to become a celebrity as Mrs. Sidney Webb and she regarded herself with some justification as the cleverest woman in England. The attraction was mutual although she was a Socialist and he was Radical. If they had married the union could hardly have been long, for both were dominating natures. Chamberlain declared, he could not prevent people thinking for themselves but that he could not tolerate the expression of different opinions in his own home. Born leaders are apt to be autocrats.

G. P. GOOCH

THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION

Inquest: The Warren Commission and the Establishment of Truth. Edward Jay Epstein. Hutchinson. 30s.

The fact that Mr. Epstein's book appeared in this country concurrently with Mark Lane's *Rush to Judgement* has meant that, with few exceptions, the critics have tended to tar both books with the same brush. This is grossly unfair to Mr. Epstein, as well as to Mark Lane, since *Inquest* is primarily a study of the workings

of the Warren Commission while *Rush to Judgement* is a highly polemical work written to support a particular theory. The chief merit of *Inquest* is its cool, dispassionate logic, completely devoid of polemics. The criticisms made of the Commission are essentially criticisms of its methods; in turn these raise serious doubts as to the validity of some of the Commission's findings.

The Warren Commission was entirely without precedent in American history. Its terms of reference were "to ascertain, evaluate, and report on" the facts of the assassination. Its membership read rather like a roll call of the American establishment; Chief Justice Earl Warren, senior Senators Richard Russell and John Sherman Cooper, leading Congressmen Hale Boggs and Gerald Ford, and international lawyers John McCloy and Allen Dulles, the former head of the C.I.A. This gave it a comforting aura of unimpeachable respectability and probity. The work of the Commission was divided into five separate areas, (i) the basic facts of the assassination, (ii) the identity of the assassin, (iii) the background of Lee Harvey Oswald, (iv) the possibility of a conspiracy involving Oswald and (v) the death of Oswald himself. The investigation was delayed until the trial of Jack Ruby, Oswald's killer, finished on March 14, 1964. The original deadline of June 1 was extended several times and the final report was submitted to President Johnson on September 24. This means that the Commission had only six months in which to investigate fully one of the most puzzling crimes in recent years. This is really the nub of Epstein's criticisms, that the Commission, knowing that Oswald was in some way involved, hurried the investigation and did not investigate the many anomalies in the evidence which seemed to indicate that Oswald could not, by himself, have shot both Kennedy and Connally.

An important feature of the evidence is the film of the assassination taken by Abraham Zapruder, an amateur photographer. An analysis of the film shows that Kennedy raised his hands to his throat at frame 225, that Governor Connally slumped forward in the car at frame 235, and that a bullet struck the President's head at frame 313. The camera speed was established by laboratory tests as being 18.3 frames per second, which means that less than two seconds elapsed between the time Kennedy was first wounded and the time Connally was first wounded. This left the Commission with several alternatives; either the bullet that struck Kennedy in frame 225 carried on and wounded Connally or Connally's wounds were caused by a different shot. But it was impossible for Oswald to have fired the assassination rifle twice within the space of less than two seconds, hence the Commission concluded that "there is persuasive evidence . . . to indicate that the same bullet which pierced the President's throat also caused Governor Connally's wounds".

Mr. Epstein offers convincing evidence that the first bullet did not wound both men. Firstly, the Commission assumes that the President's neck wound is an exit wound, although this is far from being an established fact. A reproduction of the jacket that Kennedy was wearing shows that the bullet entered his back about five and a half inches below the neck line. For the same bullet to have exited from the President's neck and then to have gone on to wound Connally is not possible. The bullet would have had to change direction twice. Furthermore there is no evidence of any bullet path in the President's neck. According to Mr. Epstein one of the basic laws of forensic pathology is that a bullet passing through a body always leaves a recognisable path; in the case of a 6.5 mm. bullet the path would be approximately quarter of an inch.

All this points to the possibility of a second assassin. Mr. Epstein does not claim that there was a second assassin, but rather that the Commission did not investigate this possibility with anything like the thoroughness required. It is all very well for

supporters of the Warren Commission report to say that "you must put flesh and blood on this so-called second assassin" but that is to avoid the point at issue. The Warren Commission was set up to establish the truth about the assassination, and nobody else.

It may well be that the final report of the Commission is nearer to the truth than many people think. But the lack of depth and thoroughness in their investigation, the almost farcical way in which the report itself was written and the indecent haste with which the report was completed raise many doubts as to the validity of its findings and, more important, the value, function and independence of such Presidential Commissions. As things stand we are not much nearer the truth about the events of November 22 than we were before the Commission actually began its investigations. Certainly the whole truth has not been revealed, and it is the reputation of the United States that is suffering. If a further enquiry into the assassination does take place, as a number of people have advocated, then Mr. Epstein's important and enthralling book will have played a major part in re-opening the case.

ANTHONY ADAIR

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF VIOLENCE

On Aggression by Konrad Lorenz. Methuen. 30s.

The term aggression has, in this psychiatrically orientated age, taken on a pejorative gloss. So obsessed have we become with theoretical moralising that not only are we unable to see the biological wood for the psychological trees, but we are persistently shinning up the wrong trees too. Aggression is not, in itself, a bad thing. It is, in fact, a life-saver. That is the well-substantiated thesis of this extremely important book.

Old as the amoeba, the aggressive impulse is one of the four cardinal instincts of all animal organisms. The other three are love, hunger and, complementary to aggression, flight. It is only when it is misdirected that aggression becomes a menace instead of a safeguard.

Konrad Lorenz, the distinguished Austrian naturalist, has carried out a series of pilot studies in this previously little cultivated field. The philosophical conclusions which he draws and applies to the human species are open to other interpretations than those which he elects. It seems to me that he opts a shade over-confidently for the pathetic fallacy of the anthropomorphic view, but his ethological observations are both fascinating and biologically illuminating.

In nature, aggression supplies four vital ends. By means of it a species defends its members, attacks its prey, assures the classical Darwinian survival of the fittest, and secures territorial expansion, through exclusive male domination of a selected area. It is also fundamental in establishing that hierarchic structure, the pecking order and all that, which eliminates conflict and creates the pattern of a stable society.

In nature, too, ultimate lethal aggression is rigidly extra-specific, for whereas members of different species often fight to the death, intra-specific killings are rare. Dog does not normally eat dog. The defeated animal will make a ritual gesture of submission, and the aggressor is instinctually compelled to respect it, for Nature is a kindly vestal virgin who almost never gives the thumbs down. A vanquished wolf will expose its vulnerable throat. A bested jackdaw will turn the unprotected back of his head towards the sharp beak of his assailant. And then, aggression scorned, hatred to love is turned, literally. For Lorenz, studying the greylag goose, discovered the biological safety valve of what he calls 'redirected activity'.

He observed that those same aggressive movements with which the greylag threatens an enemy are employed symbolically in ritual attack against an imaginary

KENNETH KAUNDA

A Humanist in Africa

Letters to Colin Morris

Informal and unofficial as these letters are, they throw light on the views of the President of Zambia on such vital topics as the future of nationalism, adjustments to independence and the future of Christianity in Africa.

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R.H.C. Stead DAILY TELEGRAPH 168



Longmans

rival in courtship demonstration of affection for its lifelong mate. The result is a relationship which Lorenz calls the Bond. Frequently, as in the case of the greylag, this affectional bond between individuals involves a sexual factor, but this is by no means always the case. What *is* constant is that the Bond develops exclusively in animals with marked intra-specific aggression. Thus hate is changed to love, aggressive energy sublimated, redirected, into social feeling.

Extending the concept to humanity, trespassing from the wide animal behaviourist path of ethology into the narrow tangled wood of ethnology, Lorenz hopefully opines that the Bond will ban the Bomb.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

CHRISTIANS AND SOCIETY

Man in Community. Christian Concern for the Human in Changing Society, ed. Egbert de Vries, S.C.M. Press, 45s.

This is a weighty volume. It is one of four being published in preparation for a conference to be held this year by the World Council of Churches on the theme "Christians in the Technical and Social Revolutions of Our Time". If the other volumes are of this standard, it must be granted that the profound thinking about the present state of the world and the welter of current thought by Christians drawn from all the Continents is deeply impressive. It may add to our humility, if we be capable of that virtue, that no contribution to this volume comes from the United Kingdom, unless, indeed, Professor Monica Wilson of South Africa, to whom alone is granted some grace of literary style, holds a British passport. A proper review of the book would require another volume of equal length written by some savant of incomparable range. Beyond a few comments little can be attempted here.

The first two parts of the book, on "Man in a Changing World" and "Society and Tension", I found for the most part rather heavy going, partly because most of the contributions have been translated into merely good translation English and partly, I think, because sociologists, having usurped the place of political philosophers, have developed a jargon somewhat impenetrable to the ordinary reader. The third part opens with a profound study of the Era of the Personal by D. von Oppen of Germany. Parts 4 and 5 are easier to read because the writers have generally been delivered from almost illimitable fields. Margaret Mead offers an admirable paper on anthropology. Richard Kaufmann warns us of the menace of such biologists as would turn humanity into an extensive stud-farm, which they would be good enough to organise in the interests of the not very attractive super-man of their ideal. Erna Hoch contributes an important paper on psychiatry, and Marvin Halverson is interesting on Art, Work and Leisure; Heinz Flugel treats of modern existentialist literature in France and Germany; C. I. Itty is most illuminating upon modern India. There is no superficial treatment of his theme by any writer in this book.

I should incline to pick out the last two chapters, the one more philosophical, the other more theological, as of most importance. Professor West, of Princeton, distinguishes sharply between Secularism and Secularisation. Secularism, like Communism or traditional Christianity, is an "ideology" and as such falls under the condemnation of idolatry. All ideologies, including the traditional structure of Christian thought, are man-made philosophies which men impose upon the experience of life and of the world and involve distortions of reality. Secularisation is a first task of true religion. "Secularisation is a process whereby men and societies have lost the sense of living in a totally coherent world the basic elements of which can be grasped by the human mind or by religious beliefs and practices". We must learn to recognise the relativity of all human knowledge. Christ, as Bonhoeffer said, is "the man-for-other-men". "Because Christ is there," writes Dr. West, "man is not an individual, nor part of the masses, nor the creature of a race or culture, nor the citizen of a nation, but a person in these various contexts, free for the responsibilities they carry because he is free from defining himself in terms of them". The partly parallel contentions of Paul Verghese of India make one wish there had been larger contributions to this volume from the churches we call "Orthodox".

In fine, one gets the impression from this book that when Communists and Secularists become gradually more self-critical, they will find that the Christian Church can talk a language they can understand and interpret to them the insights upon which they rest.

NATHANIEL MICKLEM

TREASURES OF FRANCE

A Guide to the Art Treasures of France. Tisne, Olivier-Michel and Gisler. Methuen. 75s.

This is a book which will delight the civilised reader. It is intelligently prepared, beautifully produced and admirably simple to use. The survey of France which it provides is both catholic and selective. The country is divided into fourteen sections, each with a map, an alphabetical list of entries and with the relevant photographs set opposite to every page of text. There are three comprehensive indices of places, people and periods which act as a key for the whole work.

Of all Western European nations, France has probably the richest individual cultural and intellectual heritage. It is also our nearest neighbour. It is valuable that we should be reminded, at a time when the vagaries of Gaullist politics have led to an increasing and often unreasoning wave of Francophobia in this country, of both these facts. Over the years the rulers of France have assembled together many different peoples, languages and civilisations. This book is a noteworthy testimony to the variety of the French regions, stretching from the Flemish and German cultures of the north-east to the Celtic origins of the north-west, from Spanish influences in Roussillon and the Bas-Pyrénées to the *romance* world of Provence. We are brought to mind of the independent history of the French provinces, by the tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy at Dijon, by the capital of Stanislas Leczinsky at Nancy, by the ancient privileges of Brittany and Languedoc and by Strasbourg, for so long the bone of contention between France and Germany which now one hopes will remain the capital of a united Europe. At the centre of the whole, the heart, as it were, of France herself, lies the *Ile de France*, ancient domain of the Capet and Bourbon Kings, which Balzac described as "of all places the nearest I have seen to paradise".

The richness of the French provincial museums is proverbial. There are over a thousand of these throughout the country ranging from the great collections at such cities as Lille, Lyons, Grenoble and Toulouse to the incredible quality of the permanent exhibitions at little towns like Bayonne or Castres. In recent years, the South of France in particular has benefitted from some remarkable new additions such as the Maeght foundation at Saint-Paul-de-Vence, the Leger Museum at Biot and the Picasso gallery at the Chateau Grimaldi in Antibes. Without re-opening the whole vexed question of the distribution of our national art treasures outside London, it is worth noting that, with a few exceptions, we have nothing to compare with these French museums. Many of their most important works of art are to be found away from the capital, such as the Grunewald altar piece at Colmar, the Bayeux Tapestry and the *Tres riches heures du Duc de Berry* at Chantilly, and there are some important painters like Georges de la Tour whose pictures can be seen chiefly in the provinces. In 1958 when the Royal Academy in London put on its great exhibition of the *Age of Louis XIV* it was able to do so on the basis of loans from French museums with scarcely a look at Paris.

Paris itself is well covered in the guide and there are interesting sections on the city's fountains and statues and on its smaller collections. The whole history of building in France is widely represented. Despite the Revolution, two world wars and the erratic genius of Viollet-le-Duc, there is still much to see. It is inevitable that a book of this kind that there are certain omissions and I am sorry that neither the charming collection of the Chateau Mouton-Rothschild nor the re-assembled Campana collection of French and Italian primitives, in its new home at the *Petit Palais* at Avignon, find any mention. Happily, some of the dottier ideas of recent years such as the Chagall frescoes on the ceiling of Garnier's opera-house at Paris

or the proposal to remit Cezanne to the summit of Mont-Saint-Victoire are included. My only criticism, in the case of private buildings, is that it is not always made clear whether these are open to the public or not. On the whole it seems that the French have been cleverer, or more responsible, with the question of preservation than we have. This is a book which should remain a standard work of reference for many years. It is sad to reflect, in the case of a similar publication covering England, how ephemeral many of the entries might prove.

ERNLE MONEY

WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT GEORGE ELIOT

George Eliot and Her Readers. Laurence Lerner and John Holmstrom. Bodley Head, 30s.

As we mark the fluctuations of literary reputations in our own century we are often tempted to look closer into their origins. When we go farther back—to Scott, Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot, for instance—we feel the need for special research if we are to understand the impact they made in their own time. A few quotations from their contemporary critics are usually available, but the rest we have to take for granted. George Eliot is a case in point, and it was a happy idea of Messrs Lerner and Holmstrom to dig out the evidence of how critics reacted when her novels first appeared. Some of the opinions are, of course, anonymous, but usually from responsible journals and reviews.

The quotations begin with one from the novelist's own journal, in September 1856, when she began to write fiction. She was thirty-seven and had proved her intellectual and literary powers since ten years earlier with translations of German religious and philosophical books, and for three years had been assistant editor of 'The Westminster Review'. It was George Henry Lewes, after they began living together in 1854, who encouraged her to write a novel, and she records that when he read the scene in 'Amos Barton' from the news brought by the shepherd to Mrs. Hackit, "We both cried over it, and then he came up to me and kissed me, saying, 'I think your pathos is better than your fun'." That story was one of three published in 'Scenes of Clerical Life' and Charles Dickens acclaimed the new novelist's talent in a letter beginning 'My dear Sir' and saying, 'The exquisite truth and delicacy, both of the humour and pathos of these stories, I have never seen the like of . . .' But he added, 'If they originated with no woman I believe that no man ever before had the art of making himself mentally so like a woman since the world began.' From the first, George Eliot won mainly good opinions from the critics: *The Times* hailed 'Adam Bede' and said its 'author takes rank at once among the masters of the art'; *The Athenaeum* described it as 'a book to be accepted, not criticised'. When 'The Mill on the Floss' appeared doubts were voiced about the characters and subject-matter; *The Times* saying, 'We are launched into a world of pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy, envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness . . . These are not promising materials, but the authoress has impressed her genius on them; and, relying on her marvellous powers of delineation, has felt that by the mere force of truth she could command our attention and compel applause.' *Macmillan's Magazine* paid tribute to the 'exquisite literary skill' and imaginative power, but asked 'what good will it do?—whether it will lighten any burdened heart, help any perplexed spirit, comfort the sorrowful, succour the tempted, or bring back the erring into the way of peace; and what is the answer? Silence.' Writing to her publisher, John Blackwood, George Eliot comments, 'Still it is a comfort to me to read any criticism which recognises the high responsibilities of literature that undertakes to represent life. The ordinary tone about art is that the artist may do what he will, provided he pleases the public . . .'

So the to and fro of creation and criticism went on as one fine or worthy novel

followed another. How sure was the impact of reality in George Eliot's presentation of character, and how inured the mid-Victorian mind was to conventional morality may be seen from the smug comment in *The Saturday Review*, anent 'Silas Marner', 'there is nothing painful in *Silas Marner*'.

As might be expected, *The Contemporary Review* is quoted twice; once, in 1872, in a lengthy analysis of George Eliot's works by Edward Dowden which attempts to present a picture of her creative self: 'we are in the presence of a soul, and a soul which has had a history . . .'; and the second quotation, from an article written after her death at the age of sixty-one, which both recognises and distrusts her portrayal of human love, 'something of mistake mixes in most upward-looking devotion as George Eliot paints it. That devotion of which all such is a feeble prophecy and type, must therefore take the very centre and focus of error.'

This is an anthology of contemporary criticism of a great woman writer which merits particular attention.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

DOYLE IN DEPTH

Conan Doyle. Pierre Nordon. Translated from the French by Frances Partridge. Murray. 55s.

In the seemingly equable family life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle there was a conflict his readers never suspected. He was a staunch family man, chivalrous to his gentle, delicate first wife, Louise, as to all women. But for ten years before she died in 1906 she was invalided by T.B., and for most of this time he had the close platonic friendship of a woman of Meredithian charm, Jean Leckie, whom he met in '97. This subjected him to acute nervous tension lest the relationship be misunderstood by members of his family and intimate friends.

M. Nordon says that Doyle felt for Jean "an intensity of passion he had never before experienced". It gave him the chance to "test himself by a code of chivalrous love which seemed to have been buried long ago in the past. A physical relationship would not only have been a betrayal of his wife but an irreparable personal degradation", a sordid adventure.

He was so stricken by Louise's death, after twenty years' companionship, that for a time it incapacitated him from work. The following year he married Jean, and later could say: "Our wedded life has been a dream, which surely proves God's blessing has been upon it". Every year until his death he kept the anniversary of their first meeting.

In this, as in other significant matters, M. Nordon's book is a study in depth, supplementing the biographies by Doyle's son, Adrian, John Dickson Carr and Heathcote Pearson with hitherto unpublished letters and other material from the family archives. He gives a detailed account of antecedents, probes into Doyle's prolific personality as writer and man of action, describes his writing methods, analyses the Sherlock Holmes myth, the historical romances of which he was infinitely prouder. He reviews, too, Doyle's travels, his service as patriot, his quixotic role in the Oscar Slater, Edjali and Casement cases. Inevitably, he covers ground already familiar, but with a thoroughness and penetration that add to it, an understanding that is at best intuitive.

Evidently Doyle inherited his rules of honourable behaviour and story-telling instinct from his Anglo-Celtic mother. He took to writing when his doctor's practice proved unrewarding, created the immortal Holmes because he thought writers of detective stories relied too much on coincidence, not enough on detection, killed him off in disgust, then resurrected him to satisfy popular clamour.

One may not agree with all M. Nordon's speculations about the origins of Holmes, Watson and other characters, but devotees of the stories will find them illuminating. Presumably there was something of himself as well as Dr. Bell in Holmes, much

of himself in Watson besides his Southsea friend and later secretary, Major Wood.

He was essentially a man of parts, interested in the world about him. "No author," St. John Adcock wrote, "could be farther from being 'all author' than he is." He could write in a train, a room full of people talking, anywhere. M. Nordon defines the principles of his intelligence as "ambition that was both realistic and disciplined by a very acute sense of duty, public spirit, and a constant unwearying desire for action." He was a balloonist, golfer, cricketer, and introduced the Norwegian ski to Switzerland. All sides of the man are presented in this lucidly translated, carefully documented study.

TREVOR ALLEN

CREATION AND CRITICISM

Conrad's Eastern World. Norman Sherry. Cambridge University Press. 50s.

Poetry of This Age. J. M. Cohen. Hutchinson University Library Paperbacks. 15s.

The Lion and the Fox. Wyndham Lewis. Hutchinson University Library Paperbacks. 15s.

Dr. Norman Sherry has written what must rank as the best-documented account of Joseph Conrad's life as a British merchant seaman in Eastern Waters. The period was between the years 1883 and 1888. The future novelist was twenty-four when, in 1881, he signed on the barque *Palestine* as second mate. The ship was bound from Falmouth to Bangkok, but after a year's delays due to storms and crew desertions in British waters, the final sailing in September 1882 proved her last; the barque caught fire and sank within measurable distance of her destination. Conrad was placed in charge of a boat with three hands, and after thirteen-and-a-half-hours' journey they landed on an island off the coast of Sumatra. Experience is the stuff of imagination, and when Conrad came to write his novel "Youth" he put into the mouth of his narrator, Marlow, his own feeling of relief at his deliverance:

"We drag at the oars with aching arms, and suddenly a puff of wind . . . comes out of the still night—the first sigh of the East on my face.

"And then I saw the men of the East—they were looking at me. The whole length of the jetty was full of people. I saw brown, bronze, yellow faces, the black eyes, the glitter, the colour of an Eastern Crowd. And all these beings stared without a murmur, without a sigh, without a movement. They stared down at the boats, at the sleeping men who at night had come to them from the sea."

Afterwards Conrad became successively first mate of the *Vidar* and master of the barque *Otago*. He took command of this ship at Bangkok, sailed her via Mauritius to Sydney and Melbourne with a cargo of teak, and in April 1889 resigned his command and left for Europe. In the records at Adelaide his departure was listed as "Captain Conrad . . . destination Southampton"—the first time he is referred to as Captain Conrad rather than by his Polish name Captain Korzeniowski. But what a wealth of colourful experience he took with him to weave into the novels and tales which so splendidly convey the atmosphere of mystery and adventure associated with the Eastern seas and archipelagoes!

Dr. Sherry has researched far and wide to obtain the material for a book which will delight seamen and all who come under the spell of the greatest of all interpreters of the South China Seas. Conrad, more than any other novelist of comparable stature, constantly returned to the truth of his experience as a merchant seaman, but by the magic of imagination and inspiration, he transmuted verifiable fact into credible fiction. In this sense he ranks as one of the master creative spirits in English literature.

Readers who wish to take a world view of 20th-century poetry will do well to read Mr. J. M. Cohen's *Poetry of this Age*, 1908-1965. First published in 1960,

the examples surveyed are English, French, German, Spanish, Italian and Russian, in all of which languages the author is at home. Perhaps Mr. Cohen's viewpoint as compiler and commentator is contained in his final chapter, "Where we stand now". Referring to the modern poets' "retreat from prophecy to personal statement" he attributes this to realisation of the condition of the world: "it has been impossible since the outbreak of the Second World War, and certainly from the time of Hiroshima, for any poet living near the centre of the crisis to make secular pronouncements concerning the world and its fate, or concerning man's place in the Universe".

Another welcome re-issue is the challenging and highly idiosyncratic volume of the late Wyndham Lewis's *The Lion and the Fox*, in which he discussed "the role of the hero in the plays of Shakespeare". First published in 1927, this work of free-ranging criticism takes its title from Machiavelli, the figure of the two animals being chosen to represent the opposing forces in Shakespeare's time—and in his mind—"the old world of chivalrous romance . . . and the new one of commerce and science". Merely to read this book calls for intellectual curiosity of a high order: what it must have meant to write it!

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

THE POISONER DETECTED

Proof of Poison. Jorgen Thorwald. Thames & Hudson. 25s.

In the continuing debate concerning the deterrent efficacy and moral justification of capital punishment, the retentionists have frequent recourse to the citing of slow and secret poisoning as a crime so abominable as to merit punitive, as opposed to reformatory, retribution. And, reading of the appalling suffering frequently inflicted by the poisoner upon his pathetically unsuspecting victim, it is in some respects an emotive appeal difficult to resist.

The angry blow, the hairy thumb of violence, the unpremeditated excessive response to overwhelming passion, these are things which it is possible, if not to excuse, at least to understand. But the methodical dispensing of meticulously measured agony is hard to stomach. This aspect of Herr Thorwald's treatise on venenation makes disagreeable reading. Disagreeable and yet also satisfying, for the author demonstrates the amazing precision that toxicology has evolved over the last century and a half in the matter of establishing proof of poison and, *inter alia*, tracing guilt to the appropriate quarter.

To the layman there must always seem something almost uncanny about the way in which the toxicologist cajoles the secret of its destruction from the inert cadaver.

Here the author performs a *reductio ad simplicitatem*. Utilising the clinical exempla of classical cases, he plots the chronological sequence of toxicological progress in terms of individual discoveries and specific applications. We are initiated into the mysteries of the Marsh and Reinsch tests for arsenic, the Stas procedure for detecting poisonous alkaloids, the Pellagri method for confirming the presence of morphine, and many other precipitant modes and analytical unmaskings. We are shown the developing picture of how the microscope and test tube have gradually brought qualitative and quantitative exactitude to what was previously chemical chaos, until now even the newest and most subtle poisons are unerringly isolated and identified.

I don't know about hanging, but this book is certainly a powerful deterrent to the potential poisoner, a comforting compendium for the potential victim, and a fascinating volume for the majority of us who, happily, fall into neither of the foregoing categories.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

THE PASSING SHOW

View of Fashion. Alison Adburgham. Allen and Unwin. 30s.

Alison Adburgham, already well known as the author of two histories of fashion and the social scene, has presented a collection of her own articles in a volume called *View of Fashion*. They are reprinted from *Punch*, *The Guardian*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *The Observer* and *The Queen*. There are ten full-page drawings and other incidental illustrations by Haro and these are both acute and sensitive to the writer's mood.

The book is cast in ten sections, each dealing with an aspect of social life as it reflects, and is reflected by, clothes and their wearers. Whilst most of the comment is made on present-day settings, one section looks back to the vagaries of eminent Victorian and Edwardian sportswomen, with engaging quotations from contemporary fashion writers whose advice to readers was frequently moral as well as sartorial. Alison Adburgham brings to her commentaries a happy turn of phrase and a racy wit. Her literary quality places her in the high rank of journalists whose work serves more than the passing hour. People, parties and fashion shows in many European capitals are described with a sense of occasion, a feeling for place and an attentive eye for personalities. It is no mere reporting on current styles in dress. She highlights the significant and the essential in any gathering, whether it is women M.P.s seen from the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, the tennis champions in the Players' Tearoom at Wimbledon, or model girls weathering a stormy crossing on the *Queen Elizabeth*. Apt background knowledge is brought to bear on costume exhibitions at the Victoria and Albert Museum and at Eridge Castle.

Miss Adburgham's view of fashion is at once humorous and seriously critical. One of her most impressive traits is an ability to assess generously the contributions to the literature of her own craft made by such distinguished colleagues as Allison Settle and Audrey Withers, former Editor of *Vogue*. Her conversations with and tributes to famous designers of the day will provide matter for future social historians and it is by no means only to readers especially interested in personal adornment that her book will appeal.

BETTY AMEL

SQUARING THE CIRCLE

Inner Circle. Jerzy Peterkiewicz. Macmillan. 36s.

A curious blend of science fiction and strongly underpinned allegory. Like Conrad, Peterkiewicz is a Pole creating in an alien language. He writes rather as a schizophrenic paints. The result is a kind of Louis Wain fragmentation—now you see the cat, now you don't. The pattern of ideation is fragmented. The narrative only obscurely sequential.

Three stories writhe through three movements. The sole continuum is Space-Time—story one: the *Surface* of the distant future; story two: the *Underground* of the problematic present; story three: the *Sky* of the remote past. The principal characters, orbiting the central vacuum, the inner circle, are a composite futuristic humanoid, a retarded boy-child, whose circumscribed secret life revolves around the Inner Circle of the present-day London tube, and primeval Eve, encircled by the Garden of Eden and the circular ciphers drawn about her by Adam.

The twin themes are entrapment and self-preservation—a struggle for identity and Lawrentian 'come through'. The parable of the parable remains undefined. The inner circle so circuitous that one never penetrates to its variously guarded hub.

The book is well constructed and illuminatingly illustrated, but the beautiful arcs never cohere. It may be a Pandora's box, but for all its crafty carving it lacks hinges. The snug-fitting lid simply won't open to reveal the treasure—or dross—encompassed.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Direct Metal Sculpture (Allen & Unwin, 50s.). The last forty years have seen the development of many new techniques in the visual arts. The creative artist has sought to liberate himself by throwing off the restraints of academic discipline and by applying himself to entirely new methods of expression. In sculpture this has taken the form of the use of fresh materials such as iron, steel, copper, brass and aluminium for both representational and abstract purposes. In this volume, Dona Mellach and Donald Seiden, of the Art Institute of Chicago, trace the evolution of this process and give a great deal of useful technical information. It is extensively and capably illustrated, both in colour and in black and white. Unfortunately the authors adopt a somewhat self-congratulatory tone that the reader may find irritating. One of the dangers of so much writing about modern art is that we are constantly being told what we should like rather than being left to form our own judgements.

One of the quotations in the forefront of Professor Margaret L. Wiley's new work, *Creative Scepticism* (Allen & Unwin, 55s.) is from a letter written by Joseph Conrad to John Galsworthy in 1901, "The fact is you want more scepticism at the very foundation of your work. Scepticism, the tonic of minds, the tonic of life, the agent of truth—the way of art and salvation." This important study of a system of thought that comprises neoscience, dualism, paradox and knowing by doing, contains essays on Spenser, Francis Bacon, Coleridge, Emerson, Melville and Henry James among others and concludes with an examination of Existentialism as "a Suspension Bridge to Indian Thought". Dr. Wiley acclaims the Greek philosopher Pyrrho (4th cent. B.C.) as the father of creative

scepticism, and discerns the sceptic thought-process notably in Indian thought and teaching.

More and more the process develops of Indian intellectuals interpreting the writings of the West. In *Aldous Huxley the Novelist* (Book Centre, Private Ltd. Bombay, Rupees 12.50) Professor D. V. Jog, of the Indian Institute of Technology, approaches Huxley's work with gratitude for his insistence on spiritual awareness in the various aspects of social and personal life. He quotes him as telling us that "Knowing who in fact we are results in Good Being, and Good Being results in the most appropriate kind of good doing." There are many passages in Huxley that would seem to be at variance with this, but no-one, repelled by certain Swiftian elements in his books, could deny the beauty and sincerity of Anthony's statement in the last chapter of "Eyeless in Gaza": "Meanwhile there are love and compassion. Constantly obstructed. But, oh, let them be made indefatigable, implacable to surmount all obstacles, the inner sloth, the distaste, the intellectual scorn; and, from without, the aversions and suspicions." This is an excellent study of a great modern writer.

The Lynching of Leo Frank (Casell, 36s.). This is the English edition of Harry Golden's dramatic account of an appalling miscarriage of justice, published in America under the title *A Little Girl is Dead*. On April 27th, 1913 a fourteen-year-old factory girl, Mary Phagan was found murdered in the basement of the factory of the National Pencil Co. in Atlanta, Georgia. A young Jew and Superintendent of the factory, Leo Frank, was charged with her murder. There is no doubt that Frank was innocent; the Court evidence was quite unconvincing. His

main accuser did, in fact, privately confess to the crime. This book contains a vivid and pungent account of the case and the popular hysteria, largely anti-semitic, fanned by a notorious political boss, which led to the conviction. This was followed by two years of legal appeals wrapped up in technicalities which precluded any real reconsideration of the merits; although Mr. Justice Wendell Holmes, in the American Supreme Court in a dissenting judgement, urged the Court to intervene: "Mob law does not become due process of law by securing the assent of a terrorised jury." With great political courage, the State Governor, on June 21st, 1915, commuted the death penalty; but he could not prevent an enraged mob from seizing Frank and lynching him to death. This is a grim and hideous story, with its implicit reminder of the risks of repetition in the racial frenzies of today.

The Problem of China (Allen and Unwin. 25s.). This is a reprint of a brief sketch of China written by Bertrand Russell in 1922 after returning from a year as Professor of Philosophy in Peking. It is a volume which provides a short historical background and an analysis of social and political conditions in China then torn by civil wars. As a scientist, the author naturally saw State Socialism as the hope for a new China, created by an enlightened patriotism in a "strongly disciplined society". In 1922, Bertrand Russell was worried by the possible growth of an expansionist China. The Chinese must not adopt a Western philosophy and thus "as soon as they had made themselves safe against foreign aggression, embark upon aggression on their own account". He saw a realizable hope that the Chinese, once safe at home, could "turn aside from the materialistic activities imposed by the Powers, and devote their freedom to science and art and the inauguration of a better economic system". Yet China, now socialist,

is still expansionist. In a very brief Foreword to the reprint, the author maintains that China is still threatened; and he would doubtless contend that this precludes her peaceful progress as a Communist State. Few today really accept that China is threatened, and Western philosophy does not account for her aggressiveness.

The Amberley Papers (Allen and Unwin. 2 vols. £5 5s.). "Bertrand Russell's Family Background", as the sub-title reads, was first published in 1937 under the editorship of Bertrand Russell and Patricia Russell and has now been reprinted without change. Lord and Lady Amberley were Bertrand Russell's parents. His father was the eldest son of Lord John Russell, the Whig Prime Minister, and his mother the fourth daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley. They were great letter writers and journal keepers, and these family documents are the basis of their biographies contained in these fascinating volumes. They are much more than valuable contributions to upper class Victorian life and manners. Both his parents were radical reformers, and regarded among their conservative contemporaries as eccentric. Lady Amberley was an ardent feminist, even advocating birth control. "The cumulative effect", write the Editors, "of free thought, feminism, and the suspicion of 'Malthusianism' was to shock society . . . They were considered firebrands, and even semi-radical friends urged caution and prudence, but the Amberleys would have nothing to do with these vices. The records of their quiet studious lives give no hint of the storm that raged about them or of the wild ways they were supposed to follow." Their marriage was tragically short. Both born in 1842, they married in November 1864. His mother died from diphtheria in 1874, and his father, always delicate, died in January 1876. It is a remarkable story and well worth a reprint.

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FORUM FEATURE

PEOPLING BRITAIN

by J. F. Standish

"PERHAPS the plaintive numbers flow" and if so, 'tis not for old, unhappy, far-off things but for matters contemporary and here at home. It cannot for one moment be doubted that the rapid increase in numbers in our midst is the most spectacular and challenging phenomenon of our time; the evidence is all around us, impinging upon every aspect of our life and living. Whether or not this rapid popular upsurge is desirable is, like most other consequential affairs, a matter of opinion, but before arriving at conclusions it is necessary to consider the vital statistics: first of all to observe the present situation and then to attempt to assess probable trends. Briefly, then, and to the point, the following figures express themselves roundly and reveal the crux of the problem.

In 1901 the population of these islands totalled 38 millions whilst in 1961 the census showed a total of 52 millions. The official estimate for 1964 is 54 millions and by the end of the century it will probably reach 70 millions. On the other hand, the land area of the United Kingdom remains constant at 93,024 square miles or 59,535,000 acres. Whereas at the beginning of this century there were approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres for every person, at the end of the same century twice the number of people may well occupy the same space, but it should be observed that this is simply a mathematical average for the country overall including hills, moorland, inland water, forests, farmland and other generally uninhabited areas. Putting it more forcibly and in a more readily recognisable way, Great Britain already experiences a very high density of population by comparison with other countries, and in England where most people are congregated there are roughly 900 to the square mile, which is 18 times the density of the United States, far greater than Japan's and, more strangely, well over twice that of India whose population is more than eight times ours.

This increase in persons, whereby in the course of a century the numbers will have almost been doubled, is due in part to natural causes, or the excess of births over deaths, and to immigration from other countries. In the first case, a natural increase is supported by a Government subsidy in the form of family allowances so that parents receive a weekly dole for each child up to the age of 16, or in certain cases for even older children, yet paradoxically, it seems, the allowances payable for the third and successive children exceed those for each of their predecessors and so it would appear that the Victorian family pattern is being encouraged by an over-paternal administration. Statistically, it is interesting to note that at the end of 1963 over 6 million allowances were paid for over $3\frac{1}{2}$ million

families, and for the year ended March 1963 over £135 million were paid out as compared with £63 million in 1951. In other words, the present cost to the Exchequer represents an annual sum of almost £3 for every head in the country, and is growing.

The second case, immigration, is a theme in itself and so only the broad outlines can be looked at here. During the past ten years about 800,000 immigrants have arrived to settle permanently in Great Britain from various parts of the Commonwealth, and if the customary influx from the Republic of Ireland is added, the total is swollen to about a million; in 1964 the net gain in immigration was 75,500 which shows a marked increase over 66,000 in 1963. Of this total those from Asia, Africa and the Caribbean amount to some three quarters of a million and this figure of course includes offspring born since their parents' arrival to these shores. Their fecundity is more pronounced than our own since the natural increase in the countries mentioned, where medical standards are inadequate, is at the rate of 2% per annum as an average, whilst in Britain where standards of health are high the rate is only about $\frac{1}{2}$ % yearly. Hence the present number of coloured immigrants should, within their own natural potential for increase, rise to 1½ millions in 20 years' time, but if on top of that the present rate of immigration were maintained, then their number would well exceed 2 millions, with presumably still the same high rate of reproduction. In short, by the end of the century out of a total of 70 million souls some 4 millions will be coloured and that is round about 6% throughout the entire kingdom, though, since the greater urban areas provide the main attraction for these new arrivals, probably one sixth of the population of Greater London and the industrial Midlands will be coloured.

Having taken due note of the facts and probabilities, we may now approach them either with equanimity or concern. It is possible, for instance, that these islands of ours could accommodate a total of 70 millions within the next three decades and that they could be fed and clothed and kept in some degree of comfort and social security within the present context of economic circumstances and assumed growth. What the breaking point for Britain might be in terms of population stress is conjectural, but it may be in excess of that figure. However, the more compelling question is whether such a vast number of people, roughly a third more than at present, would be desirable in the year 2001 or in any other year for that matter, and in these days when planning is the *sine qua non* for almost every enterprise and activity, it is not too soon to look ahead for the next generation or two.

The effect of a greatly increased number of inhabitants can in part be appreciated immediately: the obvious proliferation of people, more houses and buildings springing up, more money circulating and more commodities in greater demand; these might well cheer the heart of the economist who tends to disregard people in his earnest consideration of the economic man. Everything must be paid for, though, and the price

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becomes more evident on inspection. More people take up more living space at the expense of the countryside, and here it is not only a question of eating into agricultural land but the inevitable erosion of our natural beauty by urban expansion. Less agricultural land means not only less food produced on our own ground and more imported but also a diminishing farming activity, and whether we should, in fact, be able to afford the cost of importing extra food in an already hungry world is open to question, for thought should be given to the vast world-wide expansion of population which only aggravates the present problem. More people mean more vehicles and present a picture which would make nonsense of all Buchanan reports and would in short time alter the entire layout of our towns and their rich historical associations; this is happening already. More people mean a lowering of standards (in these egalitarian days everyone has won and so all must have prizes) and a decline in accepted values which have their basis in an established ethos, and it is difficult enough to maintain this as it is. Already it emerges that today in these islands there are some half a million children belonging to families whose income falls below that of the scales established as desirable minima by the National

Assistance Board, and this in our present elysium of prosperity and full employment. One sees an application of Gresham's Law already at work in the currency of persons. In short, more people will tend to make life more unbearable, less enjoyable, and if the enjoyment of life is diminished what can possibly be the compensation?

Our cities are fast becoming stereotyped into towering character-less slabs of offices and apartments, each resembling its nondescript counterpart, the mesh of roads and traffic lanes are already congested, and beyond are the inevitable accretions of sub-standard dwellings which degenerate into slums. Is it really remarkable that such conglomerations of people living more and more densely-packed together should become increasingly susceptible to mass persuasion with its terrifyingly successful techniques?

To prevent an excessive growth of population in this country is not an easy matter even in these days of administrative power and omniscience, but action should brook no delay. First and foremost, a national population policy should be evolved whereby the natural growth would be guided in order that the total numbers may be contained within viable limits; certainly families should not be subsidised to an extent whereby the most prolific derive the greatest financial benefit from the taxpayer, for this aggravates the predicament. Far from encouraging an unrestricted population growth, a desirable policy should postulate effective emigration to relatively underpopulated countries, such as Australia, where people are needed and who would, almost irrelevantly, stimulate Britain's export field. "It is necessary, if the community be economically stable, that there should be only a definite number of offspring"; these are not the dicta of a modern demographer but come to us from St. Thomas Aquinas who perceived the heart of the matter before the problem started to burn into a conflagration.

Then some more stringent form of immigration control is clearly necessary and desirable, though this entails transcending the bounds of exacerbated passions encompassing this inflammable subject. Whilst it cannot be fully argued here, it is abundantly apparent that an importation of bodies, regardless of colour, on the present vast scale is quite unacceptable, and the spurious theory of "full employment" should not be invoked in its support. Nor can it even be argued that Britain is going about this matter properly when "practically half of the whole body already arrived are shown to be sharing their homes with another family, and a quarter to lack even the exclusive use of a cooking stove or sink". This refers to 1961, but what of conditions today?

In these dramatically critical days the rapid expansion of population is one of the most explosive issues. Failure to grasp this nettle now can only result in a stinging crop later. *Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati*; we are the ciphers, fit for nothing but to eat our share of the earth's fruit. Is it not time for us to heed this Horatian warning, for time is not on our side?

WORLD VISTAS**GENEVA — AN INTERNATIONAL TOWN****by Bhagwandas**

IMAGINE a blue oval-shaped lake, a hundred kilometers in length and twenty kilometers wide. Imagine, further, a beautiful metropolis nestling at one end of the lake and another charming town at the other end. The towns we are referring to are the important international town of Geneva, and the less important, but equally beautiful, town of Montreux. The lake is known as the Blue Leman. The people who live around the lake are rightly proud of it and deeply attached to it.

This sparkling stretch of water is surrounded by snow-capped mountains that can compare in beauty with the best in the world. No matter where along the lake you live, you have a glorious breath-taking view of the lake and the mountains. Sunrise and sunset, sunshine and snow, provide the kaleidoscopic views in this Nature's paradise. And in this setting, is located the international town of Geneva—or Genève, as it is called in French—the second capital of the world. Geneva is in the French speaking part of Switzerland and lies almost on the border between France and Switzerland.

Switzerland, a relatively tiny country, has acquired, through the centuries, an international character that has not been surpassed by any other nation. With its declared neutrality and its border links with France, Germany, Italy and Austria, it is a natural meeting place at the crossroads of Europe. This small, attractive, neutral country is host to one and all and has no enemies to quarrel with. Small wonder that diplomats and statesmen gladly choose to come here to discuss grave political problems in an atmosphere of peace and natural beauty.

Geneva is not the only place in Switzerland where people gather to transact international business, but it has come to be the most important town among them. Montreux, Lusarne, Zurich and Berne are also places of international concourse but they have not achieved the same political importance. Perhaps language has played the decisive part in the choice of Geneva. Before the second world war, and certainly before the first world war, French was the principal language of international contact. The language of Geneva is French and the town is almost completely surrounded by French territory.

It was natural, therefore, that after the first world war, the League of Nations was established at Geneva. Although, by then, English had already achieved an important status, French was still the elegant international language. And now, it is the other way round. English is the most important language in the United Nations. However, French is not very much behind. In fact, at the Palace of Nations in Geneva, one perhaps hears French as often as English. This European Headquarters of the United Nations may well be called bi-lingual. This is not to say that no other language is used. The Charter allows the use of five official

languages.

The European Office of the U.N. is not the only international organisation located in Geneva. Many specialised agencies too have their home here. Two well-known examples are the International Labour Organisation and the World Health Organisation. The new Trade and Development Organisation also will be housed in Geneva.

Ad-hoc conferences too are often held in Geneva. Of particular current interest is the Eighteen Nation Disarmament Conference—a conference on which is focussed so much world attention and in which are centred the hopes of the peace loving people of the world. Inter-governmental conferences, however, are not the sole type of business conducted in Geneva. Several private international organisations have their headquarters in Geneva. The well known ones are the Red Cross and the C.I.O.S.

All this international activity has a profound, if not controlling, effect on the social and economic life of Geneva. The natives of Geneva are, therefore, very much concerned with the consequences of increasing international activity. In fact, among themselves, they are divided on the issue of letting such activity grow. A majority of them realise that Geneva, minus the international bodies, will be an unimportant tourist town. However, the minority is not insignificant. They claim that the ancient culture and traditions of Geneva are being submerged and wiped out by the “invading” foreigners. They further argue—and with some justification—that the high salaries of the international officials result in rising prices and inflationary tendencies; this, they claim, has an adverse effect on the standard of living of the local population. Finally, they argue that in case of a major political crisis, if the U.N.O. and the specialised agencies were to close down, the economy of Geneva would come crashing down. This kind of controversy, among the voters of Geneva, comes up to the surface quite often. The issue was, for example, debated recently when the question arose if UNCTAD should be invited to have its headquarters in Geneva. The final verdict was in favour of UNCTAD.

Thus, willy nilly, the growth of Geneva as the capital of the world continues—and this is in spite of the fact that New York is the official headquarters of the world. If one was to trace the history of Geneva during the past fifty years and draw a graph of its growth, one would notice an unmistakable upward trend, except for the short period before and after the second world war. During the period when the League of Nations was in decline, there was much scepticism all round. However, the founding of the United Nations restored much of the activity and confidence. While the importance of New York has grown with the increasing contact among nations, Geneva and other towns of the world have also had their share. It is conceivable that the nations of Asia and Africa will increasingly vote in favour of Geneva rather than for New York; with the passage of time, the centre of gravity may even move east of Geneva. At any rate, there is a constant tussle in the world for geographical decentralisation of power. For the time being, however, the pull exercised by the European nations is very strong and thus Geneva will continue to

grow in importance.

Some of the reasons for this dramatic growth of Geneva are not so well publicised. It is obvious that most of the nations would not like New York to enjoy all the limelight; they would like a share. Further, a small town like Geneva, located in a neutral country and away from the important capitals of the world, has obvious political advantages. There are no political or economic "giants" in Geneva or its suburbs. The question of distance from the various world capitals is important; Geneva is more central than New York from the point of view of most nations. Atmosphere too is an important factor. For example, many African and Asian diplomats have expressed concern over cases of discrimination in New York. In Geneva, there is no such problem.

Apart from these relative advantages, Geneva has other qualifications. There is not the rush and bustle of an industrial city. The atmosphere is calm; the pace is unhurried. There is not the noise of the subway or the Metro. There is not the strain of standing in long queues nor of traffic jams. The truly continental tempo still pervades. People have time to admire and enjoy. During the mid-day break, for example, they don't merely "grab a sandwich". In fact, sometimes the mid-day meal is a two-hour affair complete with coffee and liquor.

The atmosphere in Geneva is that of a working holiday. People look happy. Whether you are sipping coffee in a pavement restaurant or attending a U.N. conference, people have a pleasant approach which does not degenerate into casual manner. They are dignified and yet not over-bearing. In any case, you rarely come across misery or rudeness. You do not often see people with the corners of their mouths drooping. While they are busy with their work, they are not under a strain. In fact many people are able to combine work with pleasure. This applies particularly to a large number of visitors who are here to attend a conference of a short duration. After a busy day they can relax amidst the man-made attractions of Geneva. After an important conference during the week, they can take a weekend off and marvel at Nature's handicraft.

Geneva is an all-year holiday resort. During winter, there are sports in the nearby mountains. Skiing is very much in vogue. During summer, again, the mountains offer a pleasant holiday and there is the lake for water skiing and boat trips. Along the entire lake front, and particularly in Geneva, people are in a festive mood. There is much to attract the eye: the gay ferry boats, the very tall fountain visible from miles around, the huge clock on the lawn, the gift and souvenir kiosks and the open air restaurants. For the gourmet, there is the choice of French and other cuisine. For the gay birds, there are the cabarets and casinos. For the quiet sort, there is peace in Nature's beauty—the lake with its ever changing aspect and the Alps with their majestic peaks.

It is in this atmosphere of picturesque beauty, quaint romance and temperant prosperity, that the international organisations function. Here it is that the diplomats and statesmen give and take and, alas, often fight. In this town perfected by man and Nature lie the fears, hopes and dreams of the entire world.

SWITZERLAND: A PATTERN FOR EUROPE?

by Axel Heyst

FOR Switzerland last year was the "Year of the Alps", (chosen to coincide with the centenary of the first ascent of the Matterhorn by Whymper on July 14th, 1865). His great feat, marred by the tragic loss of four of his companions, opened the golden era of alpinism. More and more peaks were climbed, more and more precipitous mountain faces stormed, more and more foreign tourists—Englishmen the most conspicuous and numerous among them—flocked into Switzerland. The country became fashionable with alpinists, with holiday-makers; while at the same time revolutionary turmoils and political oppression in other European countries drove hundreds into exile there. She harboured revolutionaries, radicals, anarchists. Nearly all the European revolutionaries like Bakunin and Lenin sought refuge in Switzerland.

Switzerland became the leading tourist country of Europe and though now overtaken statistically by countries like Italy (with about 20 million foreign tourists a year) and Spain (with about 14 million) as well as by France (exact tourist figures not known but probably closer to the Italian than the Spanish) she still remains unsurpassed in quality of service and in the facilities and amenities offered. The tourist trade in Switzerland is based on three essential elements: excellent roads, clean, fast and comfortable railways constantly being modernised—the SBB now uses practically nothing but electric trains and the railway carriages are among the best in the world—and the high standard of her hotels. Switzerland does not specialise only in the Ritz and Palace type of hotel. Indeed, although the Ritz Hotel was originally founded by a Swiss, the amazing Madame Ritz who not only had the necessary business acumen but above all the practical down-to-earth qualities of a great Swiss *Hausfrau*—the real wonder of Switzerland is the average hotel or inn. From the simplest *auberge* or inn and the modest hotels in small villages to the most luxurious hotels like the Palace or Suvretta House, both in St. Moritz, we meet the same high quality of service, cleanliness and friendliness. And mind you, although the Swiss complain about the constant depreciation of their currency and the constant rise of prices—they rise slowly but steadily by about 1% p.a. while in other countries, like Italy, France and even in Great Britain the rate is faster—Switzerland has now become one of the least expensive countries in Europe.

No country in Europe can beat the Swiss at the game of organising tourism or the difficult art of the *hôteleur*. Their schools for the training of future *hôteleurs* are the best in the world. And the great tradition which has been flourishing for decades, is fortunately being maintained. It is a pleasure to come to Switzerland and to stay in a Swiss hotel or pension.

But Switzerland is not only a tourist country *in excelsis* and *par excellence*: for, after all Switzerland does not earn her living by catering for foreign tourists. Of course, the income earned by the tourist trade

forms a substantial part of the general in-take: but Switzerland lives by her industry and her agriculture—and not only by making watches as many naïve foreigners imagine. Switzerland is an industrial country of enormous potential; she manufactures everything from cheeses and canned food to anti-aircraft guns of Oerlikon fame. For a country of only five million inhabitants she contributes an astonishingly high share—about 2%—to world trade. Switzerland's economy and wealth are based on her inexhaustible will to work, her passion for work, her eagerness to earn money. The Swiss are thrifty, they are level-headed, they are practical people—but, like Americans, ready to organise enterprises of an idealistic character, the Red Cross being an example.

Over the decades Switzerland has become the refuge of international capital. The Swiss franc has long been regarded as the most stable and the safest currency in the world—a view which seems to be fully justified. The Swiss franc has a bigger backing in gold than the American dollar. Money from all the countries of the world flows into Switzerland and every international crisis is reflected in the movements of foreign capital rushing into the vaults of the Swiss banks. No wonder the foreign investor looks on Switzerland as a most secure investment. The country is actually over-invested and Swiss capital now seeks outlets in foreign countries. That is why new hotel projects in countries like Spain, Yugoslavia and Greece are being sponsored: why enormous new enterprises like the Schweizer Laden in Cologne or a new Swiss Centre in London are being built. Switzerland is bursting with foreign and domestic capital. The foreign capitalist keeping his money in Switzerland can be assured of complete discretion—a thing which does not exist in other countries, even in this country which before the war professed to believe in keeping its banking secrets. The bank "secret" has been destroyed by the war. And it is often forgotten that the freedom to decide about one's own money is among a citizen's rights: and that no country can be considered fully free which does not respect the will of its citizens to go where they want and to take with them all their money and belongings.

Switzerland is not only the refuge of international capital and a very important banking centre. Zurich is certainly not full of "malicious gnomes" as some Socialists and provincial politicians like to imagine: they are certainly not running charitable institutions those Zurich bankers but they are shrewd, hard-working and competent. They immediately reacted to President de Gaulle's amateurish excursions into world finance when he suggested a return to the gold standard. This plan has been strongly criticized by Swiss economists and bankers and it has been demonstrated to France *ad oculos* that any attempt to undermine the pound and the dollar would boomerang and badly injure the French franc.

Switzerland is also a centre for the gathering of impartial information: the Swiss press comes first among the papers of the world for the seriousness of its reporting and for the impartial spirit in which events are treated. Papers like the NZZ—with three daily editions—or the *Basler Nachrichten* or the BNZ or the *Journal de Genève* and the *Tribune de Genève*; even a paper like the *Gazette de Lausanne*—represent the highest

standard of world journalism. This small country has about 400 daily and twice-weekly papers and public opinion is correspondingly well-informed. The art of "manipulating" public opinion, well known in other democratic countries, has not yet been popularised in Switzerland.

For Switzerland is the most democratic country in Europe: probably because it escaped the two World Wars, now recognised as two European civil wars, which largely destroyed or undermined individual liberty and eroded civic freedoms throughout Europe. The power of the State has increased beyond all measure and the importance of the individual has declined sharply even in the so-called great democracies of the West.

Switzerland remains a country whose citizens are asked for their opinion on matters concerning education, exports, armaments, nuclear weapons, and defence; they still feel that they are living units and not merely cogs in the merciless State machine. Referendums are organised in Switzerland whenever there is an important issue to decide. A citizen counts: and the *commune*, that original primeval nucleus of Swiss society is still very much alive. The community cares for its sick and its unemployed: when infirm or old you simply return to your original *commune*, to the seat of your family and you will be kept by the *commune*. This great social link has been maintained in Switzerland and for this we should be grateful to Providence. For the *commune* keeps alive the spirit of independence among Switzerland's citizens.

One might almost claim that the State does not exist: who knows the name of the Swiss President? Who know the tune of the Swiss National Anthem? (Incidentally it is the same as the British anthem.) But the Swiss are nevertheless great patriots and they display their flag on every occasion. They are justly proud of their country and its achievements. But they have not been bitten by the bug of nationalism whose bite has proved such a disaster to most of Europe.

In this respect Switzerland is, fortunately, an old-fashioned country. It is also a country which, unique among European nations, reminds one of pre-1914 Europe. Switzerland has an air of solid stability as Europe had before it took the suicidal plunge into the first World War.

Switzerland is a true democracy: and the fact that women do not vote in Switzerland—a fact which seems to irk some people, especially in this country—does not change the fundamental truth. Swiss women do not seek social and political advancement: they are housewives and they acknowledge the primacy of men. They don't want to dabble in politics and they are conservative in their outlook. But a country cannot be judged as democratic or otherwise by the attitude of its women to politics. It can however be judged by how much freedom it gives to its citizens. And in that respect Switzerland leads Europe and the world. Her experiment has succeeded. She has managed to create a unity out of three or four racial mixtures: the French, the Germanic or rather the • Allemanic, and the Italian—plus a small admixture of the Raeto-Roman or Romansch population in the vicinity of Pontresina, St. Moritz and Celerina. This group is only some 40,000 strong, yet its language—the closest to Latin, and called also Latin—is the fourth official language of

the *Confédération Helvétique*. She has also succeeded in staying neutral in two world wars: and though many Swiss have qualms about it, and feel that they are undeservedly lucky they also feel that they lack a common experience—this being reflected in the plays and novels of those two outstanding Swiss authors, Duerrenmatt and Max Frisch. It should be stated that Europe ought to be grateful to Switzerland for that. For here we have preserved a model on which the torn fabric of Europe can be rebuilt.

For it seems that Switzerland is the best pattern of them all for the future United Europe which is bound to come de Gaulle or no de Gaulle. Denis de Rougemont, a brilliant Swiss publicist, has written an interesting study in which he points out that it is strange that with so many plans for the creation of a United Europe, the Swiss experiment is practically never mentioned. And yet this experiment—probably because it has been conducted on a small scale, rather like a laboratory experiment—is of the utmost importance for the future of Europe. For it shows that different nationalities can dwell together and live with each other and profit by such an association; that when cultural diversities are respected, other problems, like those of common defence and politics fall into place, if only the community can be allowed to grow slowly.

The pattern for Europe which while being the safest also safeguards the liberties of Europe, its essential diversity and its differences, is a confederation modelled on the Swiss experience.

Not that Switzerland is an ideal country. Its neutralism, as already explained, has often come under fire, people complaining that it makes for Swiss isolationism, a certain smugness and egotism. Many people have attacked the Swiss ideals of security and safety first: which, it is argued, bring about timidity, lack of dynamism, lack of a spirit of adventure. Again in the novels of Ramuz and in the plays and novels of Frisch and Duerrenmatt we find echoes of those internal struggles which range in the souls of the more sensitive Swiss. They rebel against the "bourgeois type of life", against the spirit of the *épiciér*.

Switzerland has imported over one million foreign workers and the hunger for foreign hands is still unsatiated. Swiss industry cannot expand without foreign help—so not only Italians but even Greeks and Turks are flocking into Switzerland. Not all of them are happy in the country of their choice. The Swiss complain that some places in Switzerland now sound more like Italy than their own country. Italians often grumble about the stern demands of the employers. They are not used to such efficient methods of work, and perhaps they have not got enough leisure time. When many of them wanted to bring their families from Italy (this request was often coupled with complaints about uncomfortable lodgings) the Swiss reacted by curtailing immigration. But this seems to be a two-edged measure. Even if she had already introduced automation Switzerland could not advance along the industrial road without foreign labour. Some people say that the Swiss demonstrated their narrow-mindedness in curtailing immigration; that already some factories are moving from Switzerland to France and Germany where labour conditions are better;

and that Switzerland will lose more than she gains through any restrictions on the so-called *Ueberfremdung* or over-saturation with foreigners.

Many are alarmed by the rate of rising prices. The growing gap between EFTA and the EEC is also giving rise to fears. The Swiss would like to see the EEC and EFTA reconciled and the Kennedy round of GATT negotiations in Geneva successful. But they know that such a desire is, at least for the time being, rather in the nature of a pipe-dream. The EEC crisis has resulted in gloomy forebodings in Switzerland which suspects de Gaulle of megalomaniac tendencies and fears that he is prepared to destroy the work of the EEC. Although the Swiss are not members of the EEC as a political body *in spe* as they have also abstained from membership of the UN though they actively supported the League of Nations—they would like to see the EEC prosper and so attract EFTA and make the reconciliation with EFTA more likely. Switzerland is still a great international centre and Geneva is one of the most international cities in the world. Not only does it still house several departments of the UN but it is host to dozens if not hundreds of conferences every year. For there is in the very air of Geneva a seriousness which is conducive to serious negotiation. And Switzerland, the leading democracy of the world, is fully aware that for the time being—as long as there is no centre of a united Europe—Geneva can play the part of a great emporium of ideas and of a place where people meet and discuss things. And some people like Denis de Rougemont think that Europeans should take a lesson or two from Swiss history and start building the new Europe on the basis of the Swiss experience. And, indeed, to many people outside Switzerland it seems that this would be the safest way.

SWISS TERRORS OF THE PAST

by Sidney Bernard

TODAY it is a commonplace to ascend mountains, but prior to the XVIth century they were so dreaded that necessity alone could cause them to be climbed. In those early days the Great St. Bernard was a favourite Pass with the English pilgrims and ecclesiastics who had business with the Papal See.

In the year 990, Archbishop Siric (or Sigeric) of Canterbury journeyed over that Pass to Rome, to receive his "Pallium"* from the Pope. He may well have believed that it harboured evil spirits, since between 938 and 946 an English scribe so implicitly believed in the powers of darkness haunting it that he could find no more terrible imprecation for violators of the documents which he drafted than that they might be tormented by the icy blasts of glaciers and by the Pennine host of malignant demons: "*Perpessus sit, gelidis glacierum flatibus et Pennino exercitu malignorum spirituum.*" The writer had terrifying memories of crossing the Alps!

In the Xth century highway robbery and brigandage were all too common hazards on the Alpine passes, at the hands of Saracen bandits who had established themselves at Fraxinetum in Provence, now the village of La Garde-Freinet about 22km. from La Tropez.

In 906 they sacked and burned the abbey of Novalesse on the southern slopes of Mont Cenis. In 921, 923, 928 and 929 they are on record as having destroyed bands of English and other pilgrims bound for Rome over the Great St. Bernard and Mont Cenis passes. In 940, probably crossing by the Great St. Bernard, the Saracens sacked and burned the great abbey of St. Maurice in the Rhone valley. In 954 they unsuccessfully attacked the abbey at St. Gallen.

Becoming more daring, on the 22nd June 973, between Orsières and Martigny, they seized the Abbot of Cluny, Majolus (later St. Majolus), and held him for a ransom of one hundred pounds of silver, being a pound for each of the marauding band. This was the last straw, and in 975, William I of Provence destroyed the Saracen base at Fraxinetum, enslaving the survivors. Roving bands of Magyars also menaced pilgrims and religious houses during that century.

In February 1118, John de Bremble, a Benedictine monk of Canterbury on a mission to Rome for his house, describing the terrors of the Great St. Bernard Pass, then known by its Roman name "Mons Jovis", since on the north-west side of the lake near the summit once stood a temple of Jupiter Poeninus, wrote to his sub-prior Geoffrey: "Pardon me for not writing, I have been on the Mount of Jove; on the one hand looking up to the heavens of the mountains, on the other shuddering at the hell of the valleys."

"Feeling myself so much nearer heaven," the letter went on, "that I was more sure that my prayer would be heard, 'Lord', I said, 'restore me to my brethren, that I may tell them, that they come not into this

place of torment'. Place of torment indeed, when the marble pavement of the stony ground is ice alone, and you cannot set your foot safely; where, strange to say, although it is so slippery that you cannot stand, the death—into which there is every facility for a fall—is certain death. I put my hand into my scrip, that I might scratch out a syllable or two to Your Sincerity: lo! I found my ink-bottle filled with a dry mass of ice; my fingers too, refused to write; my beard was stiff with frost, and my breath congealed into a long icicle. I could not write the news I wished".

A XVth century traveller terrified by mountain passes was the ecclesiastical lawyer-historian Adam of Usk who, being banished from England for his criticism of the government of Henry IV, left his country on the 19th February 1402, for Rome . . . "through Basel, Bern, Lucerne and its wonderful lake, Mount Gotthard and the hermitage on the summit, where I was drawn into an ox-cart half dead with the cold, and mine eyes blindfolded lest I should see the dangers of the Pass".

Adam's reference to the St. Gotthard hospice would appear to be the earliest mention of that shelter which, according to Coolidge, "belonged to the parish of Airolo and was a poor building".

To us moderns it seems strange that a belief in Dragons should have been so firmly rooted in human credulity. We learn from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* that "Belief in Dragons seems to have arisen without the slightest knowledge of the gigantic and astonishing dragon-like extinct reptiles of past ages."

Like many educated persons of his day, Johann Jakob Scheuchzer (1672-1733), a native of Zurich, botanist and mineralogist, a Fellow of the Royal Society, was a firm believer in the existence of Dragons, as is exemplified in the pages of his *Itinera per Helvetiæ Alpinas Regiones*, dedicated to the Royal Society and published at Leyden in 1723. Every apparition of these fabulous monsters was attested by a credible witness in the person of "vir quidam probus".

Scheuchzer relates that in a museum at Lucerne he found an absolutely unique object, not to be found in any kingdom or principality nor in the museums of private persons: "In regum, principum, privatorumque museis". This was nothing more or less than a *Dragonita* or Dragon-stone, alleged to possess valuable medicinal properties; it was thus similar to *Aegagropiles* or bezoar-stones, alleged to be found in the intestines of chamois!

Dragon-stones were to be found in the brain of a Dragon. In order to obtain one, first a sleeping dragon must be found, and its slumbers intensified by incantations or by scattering soporific herbs near it. The stone might then be cut out of the monster's brain. But, should the dragon wake during the operation, or die in a state of consciousness, the stone would be useless! Scheuchzer argued that, since there were many reports of ailments being cured by a dragon-stone, the existence of dragons was proven.

There were many types of dragon. One kind in the canton of Lucerne was like a snake with bat's wings; it emitted sparks as it flew and lived

in a cave on Mount Pilatus. In Scheuchzer's home canton of Zurich, one type of dragon had the head of a cat and the body of a snake. Another variety had four short legs and a cock's comb. There were scaly dragons and slimy ones; some with wings and feet; others with two or four legs, with and without wings. The "vir probus", however shaken by the dread apparition, was always able to give a full description of the monster!

The prize for fantastical horrors must be awarded to the dragon alleged to have been seen, about 1600, on the Wangserberg near Sargans in the Grisons, by Andreas Rodunarus—who was, according to Coolidge, a high official of Upper Saxony—and a friend. This frightful monster was said to be about two feet long, with a red hairy cat's head, a snake's tongue, a long, hairy forked tail and sparkling eyes!

Scheuchzer would seem to have taken the tale of the apparition from the works of J. J. Wagner, *Historia Naturalis Helvetiae Curiosa*, 1680, pp.249-250, says Coolidge, portraying a dragon—and the "vir probus"—which was seen by a person of credit, whose son informed Wagner of the circumstances.

* A vestment of fine white woollen material, embroidered with black crosses. Originally exclusive to cardinals, it was subsequently bestowed by the Pope on archbishops and high ecclesiastical dignitaries.

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RELIGION

JUDAISM — MOTHER OF CHRISTIANITY

by Blanche Thompson Richardson

IT occasionally comes as a shock to Christians to learn that their religion is an outgrowth of the Jewish religion. Christianity is what developed when Judaism reached completeness. The Jews, in their struggle to find God and meaning for life in the terms of God, came at length to the place where God might seek and find them. In Jesus we find the theology and morality of the Jews lifted by the potency of love; interpreted by the vision and comprehension of the Son of God, and the whole given a spiritual and eternal thrust. Therefore we must consider, with great respect and reverence, something of the religious development of Judaism.

Attempting to assign a date to episodes about which there is no contemporary written evidence is a somewhat precarious procedure. Somewhere about 1200 B.C. a group of semi-nomadic tribes began to make border warfare from the waste lands of the Sinaitic Peninsular upon the southern extremity, and the eastern area, of what we call Palestine. The land of Canaan was not easy to conquer. It took some 200 years before it was wholly subjugated by these Bedouin tribes. These semi-barbarians were known as Israelites. The one strong bond that held them together during all this time was the bond of religion. They all worshipped one God, whom they called Yahweh. Also serving to unite them was a common reverence for a prophetic leader called Moses, who had delivered them from slavery in Egypt. Among the multiplicity of gods then worshipped at local shrines, Yahweh had this unique distinction: his followers were convinced that He was not firmly fixed in His domicile atop the clouded desert mountain, but could move at will and travel with them. He became in their minds a grim but victorious god of war—Yahweh—sabaoth. When the Israelites were victorious it was because their god of battle smiled upon them. When defeat came to their ranks it was because Yahweh was displeased. The generations passed and by slow degrees the conquest of Canaan was accomplished. The local divinities were displaced and Yahweh became the God of all Palestine. It was no great step from this conception to the conviction that Yahweh was the great God of all the universe. Thus did the idea of God evolve in the Israelitish mind. From a tribal god to the God of all the world is a huge expansion. At the same time, or as the centuries ran, there was an equally great change in the conception of the character of Yahweh. From a grim and ferocious god of battle, or a jealous, petty and whimsical god demanding exact obedience and desperate sacrifices from his fear-inspired followers, he became increasingly in the minds of succeeding generations a God of justice, then a God of mercy, and finally a God of unwavering love and passionate devotion.

However, the conquest of Canaan was not an easy march into fertile territory and the complete subjugation of the native inhabitants almost without effort. There was a fierce warfare. The chief enemies were the Philistines, located on the coastal area of Palestine. These too were invaders from without. Frequently they were the conquerors of the Israelites, exacting tribute from them and disarming them. They were interested in a divided rule of Palestine. Samuel, of Shiloh, a seer, or holy man, effectively proclaimed that the followers of Yahweh were a political entity capable, if united under a single leader, of successful resistance to the Philistines. Samuel made Saul, who was a soldier, King by covenant with Yahweh and with the people. This was at the time of the fourth oppression by the Philistines. Saul gathered an immense body of allies to fight along with him. Saul, however, quarrelled with Samuel, and in the battle Saul's army melted away from him and the Philistines became masters and plundered Israel at will.

David, a natural ruler of men, took Saul's place. Under him there was a unification of Israel and the Philistines were defeated. David was anointed first monarch of the unified Israelitish nation somewhere around 1000 B.C. David reigned most effectively for about 30 years and was succeeded by his son, Solomon, for another 30 years. Solomon, despite his later reputation for vast wisdom, was in fact a vain, weak, unscrupulous and incompetent monarch. The people hated him for his luxurious living, his exorbitant taxation and his ridiculous pretence. When he died and his son Rehoboam attempted to carry on the Solomonic principles, rebellion split the Kingdom into two parts—Judah in the South, and much the smaller, with Jerusalem as its capital, and Israel in the North, with Samaria as its capital. This was in 939 B.C. Never were they rejoined. This period marked the first time in the history of Palestine when the country was self-governing—but the united monarchy had lasted for only 60 years.

Nor is the history of the two Kingdoms a happy one. The fervent fire of faith had died down. They were striving to live on the feeble strength of their own might. And disaster came to them as it always comes when nations forsake religion. The Northern Kingdom met disaster first. Out of the North came the terrible Assyrian host wreaking havoc and devastation throughout the land and destroying the Kingdom in 721 B.C. The Southern Kingdom met its similar fate something over a century later—this time from the enemy from the east, Babylonia. Its people were deported to Babylon in two groups, part in 599 B.C. But, between the downfall of the Northern Kingdom and the destruction of the Southern, something had happened. A new tide had swept into the affairs of the nation. The Prophetic movement had come into being. Religion had been revived. A Church had been organized. Judaism was a reality.

It is historically inaccurate to think of the Israelites as Jews. The Jew is a member of the Jewish Church. As nearly as we can date it, the Jewish Church emerges as a reality in the year 621 B.C., with the discovery of the Book of Deuteronomy. So there are no Jews, strictly speaking,

until well towards the end of the 7th century B.C. There were no Jews when the Northern Kingdom fell. But there were Jews when the Southern Kingdom was destroyed. These Jews took their Book and their teachings with them into captivity, and by the waters of Babylon they maintained their faith. And, by reason of this single fact, Judaism, the religion of the Jews survived.

The destruction of the Southern Kingdom, however, was the end of Jewish political power. It did happen, to be sure, that in 537 B.C. Babylon was overthrown by the Persians, and Cyrus, the King, released the captive Jews, permitting them to return to Jerusalem. Only a few comparatively accepted their release. The others had inter-married with the Babylonians. Those of the inner circle of the very faithful Jews did return to Palestine and in 520 B.C. commenced the laborious task of rebuilding the Temple in Jerusalem, completing it in 516. But from then on, except for a few short years under the Maccabean so called kings, the Jews were a subject people. First under the Greeks and then under the Romans they were vassals, though never entirely obedient ones. So restless did they become at length that, in 70 A.D., the roman soldier Titus, eldest son of the Emperor Vespasian, and himself to have a brief reign and rule as emperor and to achieve the description of the Magnificent, Titus sacked the city of Jerusalem, depatriated and dispersed the Jews, and later on they were forbidden to enter their holy city, on pain of death. But, though they were scattered over the world, their faith lived on. Like their ancestors of more than a thousand years before, they were held together, wherever they were, by the strong bond of an indomitable faith in Yahweh—Jehovah—their God.

Now affliction does one of two things, either to an individual or to a nation—it either breaks them down, makes them bitter, resentful and revengeful; or it deepens their character, strengthens their faith, and makes them glorious. It was this latter thing that happened to the Jews. They learned the mystery and meaning of pain and sorrow. They constantly failed; yet went on from failure, not to despair, but to understanding. God became to them ever increasingly real as the constant companion of their misery.

HOCHHUTH VERSUS PACELLI

by George A. Floris

COMMENTING on Rolf Hochhuth's play, *Der Stellvertreter*, "The Representative", one is tempted to apply Prince Mirsky's remark on the novels of Dmitri Merezhkovsky: "Judged by religious standards, mere literature. Judged by literary standards, bad literature." What has given the play of long dull monologues delivered by unconvincing, lifeless characters international significance and resounding reception was its politics. By attacking the dead Supreme Pontiff Pius XII the German playwright made a determined attempt to accomplish the almost half-century old goal of many so-called "enlightened progressives": to put the blame for all sorts of Fascist and National Socialist excesses on the threshold of the Roman Church, thus brandmarking Her as "the arch enemy of human progress".

There is, of course, nothing fundamentally anti-religious, or even anti-Catholic, in criticising the record of a Pope. By now, Pius XII is an historic figure open to historic appraisal and reappraisal just like Pope Alexander VI Borgia of whom some professedly Catholic historians would have certain unflattering things to say. What this writer feels objectionable in Hochhuth the "historian" is not his poor opinion of the late Pope, but the arbitrary mixture of fact and fiction, the unsubstantiated assumptions and the vindictive wisdoms after the events in presenting it. Therefore an attempt is made to point out some of the more blatant misrepresentations of the play that claims to convey authoritative theology as well as documented history.

To be sure, Hochhuth does not accuse Pius XII or any of his prelates of any act of commission, only of omission. The underlying refrain of his case is the well-known "Why didn't the Pope . . ." This line of argumentation in so many "might have beens" gives an air of unreality not merely to the play itself but, up to a point, to all the writings dealing with it. It is often enough difficult to discuss sensibly what *did* happen in history. It is practically impossible to explain in terms of facts, logic and common sense the "whys", "hows" and "whereabouts" of what did *not* happen. It is, nevertheless, essential that Hochhuth's allegations should be answered — not for the sake of Catholic truth which does not depend on such arguments — but for the sake of historic truth which can easily be clouded by widely recited errors left unanswered.

The first charge of the play is not directed against the Pope himself, but Msgr. Orsenigo, the war-time Papal Nuncio in Germany. In August, 1942, Kurt Gerstein, a chemist on Himmler's extermination of Jews project — a real-life character whose life and death is still shrouded in mystery — sought admission into the Nunciature. The purpose of his visit — according to Hochhuth and possibly also in reality — was to bring to the Nuncio's and through his medium to the Pope's attention the mass murders perpetrated

in the concentration camps in German-occupied Poland. The Nuncio's refusal to enter into discussion with the incongruous phenomenon of an SS-denouncing SS-officer is regarded by Hochhuth as a major crime against humanity by which the Nuncio, in Hochhuth's view, became greatly responsible for the continued operation of the gas chambers.

In the summer of 1945 the liberated concentration camps gave up their dreadful secrets. During the subsequent years, documentary evidence at war crime trials and other revelations told the world of cruelty, violence and murder which surpassed in horror the worst suspicions. It has become, thus, easy to consider — in 20 years retrospect — any association with Hitler's Germany, the observation of the most elementary courtesies there, as scandalous condonement of all that diabolic system stood for. But if we cast our minds back into the years before or even during the war, we must at once realise that National Socialist Germany had in those days been recognised as a fully-fledged member of the community of nations and was accorded the treatment due by tradition to one of the world's leading powers. It was against such a background that the Papal Nuncio had to attend to his duties in Berlin.

Before we condemn Msgr. Orsenigo in the sacred name of civilisation we may as well remember that our entire civilised international existence depends on the observance of certain diplomatic formalities. One of them is that an Ambassador, or Nuncio, is accredited to the government in office. It is not within his competence to discuss matters with members of any legal or illegal opposition, let alone a clandestine underground. Of course, now we know that Kurt Gerstein — the depositary of frightful secrets — was more than an ordinary clandestine informer. But how was the Nuncio to know this in the summer of 1942? He may even have suspected him of being an *agent provocateur* set by Nazi extremists with the task to compromise the Vatican and the active Catholics in Germany. In this context we may as well contemplate what attitude would the Nuncio in Britain have taken towards the Churchill Government had, during the same year, a *British* officer attempted at the London Nunciature to denounce some of the stern measures applied by the British authorities in India against Gandhi's "freedom movement".

The only concrete charge in the play against the Pope himself — coloured for effect on hearsay evidence and Vatican gossip — is the avoidance of specifying the Jews among the victims in his protests against German atrocities.

Fifteen years after the establishment of the State of Israel — when the play was first produced in Berlin — everybody was inclined to take it for granted that the Jews had always been anxious to be regarded as "Jews", a race apart. In actual fact, during the Nazi persecutions diametrically the opposite was the case as far as the majority of European Jews was concerned. They wished to be known as German, French, Hungarian, etc. citizens of "Israelite confession". It was, indeed, the Nazis who wanted to impress on the whole world — and on the Jews themselves — that the Jews were different from all the others.

Any emphasis on the part of the Pope in singling out the Jews as the principal quarries of the Nazis would have helped the war-time German propaganda in two ways. First, it would have confirmed the German contention that the Jews were a race apart. Secondly, it would have created the impression — also fostered by the Nazi propaganda — that it was *only* the Jews who had to fear National Socialism.

Had any reference to the cruelties been sufficient to mitigate the suffering of the victims, nothing could have been more effective than the all-embracing human solicitude expressed by the Pope in his address to the Sacred College on June 2, 1943: "We listen, deeply moved by sympathy, to the cries of those who, with hearts full of anxiety, have turned to us. These are the people who, on account of their nationality or their race, have been beset by ever-increasing disaster, tortured by ever more bitter and severe pains and, without any fault on their part, been subjected to such measures as must mean their extermination."

Hochhuth's insistent contention that any specific mention of the Jews by the Pope would have exerted a magic, mollifying influence on Hitler and his bloodhounds is not merely arbitrary and without foundation, but in actual conflict with available evidence. All the Dutch Catholic Bishops achieved with their bold denunciation of anti-semitic measures in 1942 was to induce General Governor Seiss-Inquart to deport also the baptised Jews who — unlike elsewhere — had in the Netherlands been originally exempted from that fate.

In actual fact, two young historians anxious to substantiate Hochhuth's allegations, ended up by proving him implicitly wrong — much against their own intentions and without overtly admitting it. Both Sâil Friedländer in his "*Pie XII face à Hitler*" and Guenter Lewy in his "*Die Katholische Kirche und das Dritte Reich*" made the discovery that, despite repeated Catholic overtures to change that situation, National Socialism never relented in its stiff anti-Church principles and practices — not even after the turn of the tide at Stalingrad in January, 1943. So, how could the Head of a Church that was neither liked nor feared in the Third Reich have made a successful intervention on behalf of the Jews or anybody else? Any clear plea on behalf of the Jews as such, by the Pope, could only have exacerbated the Nazi attitude even more against the Jews themselves and against the practising Catholics all over Germany and the occupied territories.

In conflict with some of his own statements Guenter Lewy insists on bringing up the case of Bishop Galen — as does Hochhuth in his play — and the Bishop's alleged accomplishment of defeating the euthenasia programme of the Nazis. It is a fact that in his valiant sermon in the St. Lambert Church in Münster, Bishop von Galen openly castigated the so-called "mercy-killings" which were about to be introduced. It is, however, not at all proven that the Bishop's sermon — delivered on August 3, 1941 — was solely or principally responsible for the partial termination of the euthenasia action soon afterwards. Once the facts about the mercy-killings of invalids became known, a wave of hysteric fear spread

all over Germany. There was a war on, soldiers could be wounded in action and civilians injured in air attacks over and above the ordinary hazards of life. So, with everybody exposed to being reduced to an "invalid", everybody developed misgivings about being delivered to the tender mercies of the euthenasia administrators. To arrest the rising panic the programme had to be stopped — or "suspended" — and the decision to do so had nothing whatever to do with any Nazi respect for the Church or Her dignitaries.

Against such considerations Hochhuth and his apologists have their own line of argument which runs, largely, as follows: "The Pope should have raised his voice in any case, on reasons of principle. Besides, he had no cause to worry about any *bad* effect of his intervention, because nothing could have made the lot of the Jews any worse."

The first point, involving "principle", has to be discussed separately. As to the second, it is simply not true that things could not have been worse for the persecuted. Small as such numbers were compared with those who perished, various Catholic institutions all over Europe did harbour many Jews — the Pope's accuser, Saul Friedländer was one of them. Such piecemeal rescue operations were possible because, in spite of the general Nazi animosity towards Catholicism, churches and convents did retain a modicum of freedom as a reluctant gesture towards local sentiment. Yet these modest sanctuaries would certainly have been wiped out, had a harsh outburst from the Vatican angered Berlin beyond a certain limit.

Another failing of the "it could not have made things worse" interpretation of German-Vatican relations is the restricted connotation. After the terrible victimisation of Jews during the war years there is perhaps an excuse now for the general inclination of looking at contemporary developments principally from their angle. Generous humanitarianism, however, cannot confine its concern to one certain group, deserving as their case may be. We must therefore realise that the Pope had also other considerations to take into account in conducting his arduous office during those trying years.

A quick glance at the chronicle of events should be sufficient to dispose of any pronounced or unpronounced suggestion of the Pope's preoccupation with his own personal safety while composing his speeches on persecutors and persecuted. His attitude towards the German — and the Jewish — problem has all the time been consistent and unflinching, whether under the protection of independent Italy, or during the German occupation of that part of the country, or after the Allied entry into Rome.

It is, however, true that the Pope was concerned — not with his own person — but with the material and spiritual welfare of German Catholics and the possible effects which his pronouncements might bear down on them. Such a concern was not only legitimate but incumbent of his office. We must, therefore, condemn the almost cynical dismissal by Hochhuth and his apologists of this paternal care for the spiritual sons in war-time Germany as something utterly irrelevant and flippant. The Pope would

not have deserved his conventional title "Holy Father" had he exposed 30 million German Catholics to burning conflicts of conscience and intensified official harassments by the meaningless gesture of publicly excommunicating Hitler — a man Catholic only by name who would not have felt the slightest personal qualms at such a proclamation from Rome. How such a measure would have helped the Jews in the concentration camps — supervised by SS-men whose organisation forbade them even the attendance at any religious service — only Hochhuth and his friends can tell. So, such a "tough move" by the Pope would have hurt the many, without aiding the few.

While the Protestant Hochhuth and his mainly non-Catholic defenders can perhaps be forgiven for consistently ignoring the point of German Catholics, even they should not be so completely impervious to the more ambitious schemes responsible for the Pope's comparative moderation in his pronouncements. He hoped — in spite of the tangible German distrust towards him — to mediate peace, at least between Germany and the Western powers. While his expectations proved far too optimistic, they did belong to the Pope's plans to mitigate human sufferings. Had he been able to stop, or to limit, the war, the worst "death factory" of all, the other notorious death factories in the concentration camps and around the gas chambers would also have ground to a halt. It is, therefore, understandable that the Pope wished to avoid appearing in German eyes as the "dupe of the Jews" and thus spoil the little chance he may have had of preventing by an international settlement the ruthless fight to the bitter end.

It is even more astonishing to note the raised eyebrows by Hochhuth and his followers at Pius XII's misgivings about Russia. While it is quite reasonable to expect the Head of a Christian community to show concern about the rise of a power pledged to destroy Jewry, it appears somewhat less reasonable to expect him to show no such concern about the rise of a power pledged to destroy Christianity.

We have unexpected recent evidence from behind the Iron Curtain of all places to show that the Pope's diplomatic efforts for peace and against Communism did not impede, but rather assisted, the saving of Jewish lives. A book published in Hungary in 1965 on the history of the Second World War (Elek Karsai, *A budai váról a gyepűig*, "From Buda Castle to borderland") tells us about developments resulting in the partial survival of Hungarian Jewry:

"Horthy (the Regent), when he received General Lakatos (the Prime Minister) in July (1944) did not conceal from him that it was not by his own accord that he had prevented the deportation of Jews, but because he had received messages of protest from Pope Pius XII, King Gustav of Sweden and, through an intermediary, also from President Roosevelt."

While there is thus plenty of evidence that Papal tact and moderation could limit the sufferings of Jews and Gentiles alike, for a student of history Hochhuth's contention that Pius XII — merely by raising his voice an octave — could have deterred an anti-religious fanatic from his

pet plan, appears to be naive bordering on ridiculous. The disapproval by the Popes of the day — however loudly voiced — could not avert the Westward drive by the Islam even during the "Christian Middle Ages". No papal protest could stem the rise of the Reformation, the outbreak of the French revolution, the victory of Russians and Chinese Communism and the emergence of the birth control movement in East and West. Why should the Head of the Roman Church be more effective in protecting Jewish than Catholic interests?

Here we reach the point where we have to tackle the other allegation: that the Pope ought to have protested for moral reasons, irrespective of the practical outcome of his protest. This controversy is particularly remarkable in view of the fact that the Church is now blamed for having been insufficiently involved with war-time politics precisely by those circles who, prior to that, had for some 150 years demanded that the Church refrain from meddling in politics. The present day intellectual confusion among the Church's critics can best be surmised by perusing a leaflet which was distributed in London by the National Secular Society during the stage performance of the "Representative". In a tone of indignation the leaflet informed the dispersing audience "that the Roman Catholic Church has tried to censor this play". It ended with an appeal for support by all those "willing to resist Catholic intrigue". In other words, the Church was condemned for trying to interfere with a play condemning the Church for alleged non-interference. Has it ever occurred to the organisers of the National Secular Society that, looking at it from the angle of the National Socialist Government in Germany, any protest by the Pope about the Jews would have been just another piece of "Catholic intrigue"?

On the one hand, Hochhuth's champions in the National Secular Society expect the Church to suffer in silence and humbly abstain from any "intrigue". On the other hand, Hochhuth-champion Guenter Lewy censures the Church for her failing to act as the "defender of the moral law". So, what is it to be? Shall the Church behave like a shy maiden to be seen — presumably from a distance — but not to be heard? Or is She to assume the mandate of a supernational *ombudsman* to thunder forth whenever a state has infringed any moral law? Or, if the two roles are meant to alternate, who is to determine when the Church has to speak up and when to remain quiet?

It is just as well that the Church is bound to proceed on the path prescribed by Her Founder. It would be even more strenuous to steer St. Peter's barque, were the helmsman to follow the course set by a board of mutually contradicting secular advisers — in retrospect.

MEMOIR

TO H. G. WELLS — IN HEAVEN OR HELL
A CENTENARY TRIBUTE

by Allan Chappelow

Dear H. G. Wells,

WHEREVER you are, in Heaven or in Hell, I am proud to pay tribute to you in the year of your Centenary.

The memory of my meeting with you, in what proved to be your last days, is still as vivid as on the day, and the occasion will always remain one of the really outstanding moments of my life. My main impression was of your tremendous mental vigour and power, coupled with your frail husk of a body—scarcely more than a vehicle for your amazing mind; the mind that has influenced life and thought and custom throughout the world, for three generations in your own lifetime, and limitless ones to come.

I was stirred and thrilled when I was introduced to you, and knew immediately that I was in the presence of real genius and greatness. Your penetrating eyes, boring right through me, and your kind, generous smile as you took my hand, are impressions I shall never forget. Your cheerful humour, and the warmth of your welcome, make it hardly surprising that I felt the cold wind of personal loss when I heard that you were dead, and now feel deeply the responsibility and privilege of my present task.

For fifty years, through no less than a hundred and fifty major works, you experimented, challenged discussion, and assembled material bearing upon the fundamental nature of Life and Time. You were the man of your age, as Voltaire was of his.

From the day when you first "squinted and bubbled at the universe, and reached out your feeble little hands to grasp it", to that day, nearly eighty years later, when your life was "rounded off and bright and done", you never allowed yourself to forget that you were a man with a mission.

You wanted to save mankind in spite of itself. Very early in life you decided that the world was going to the Devil, and that you would rescue it. You would point the way of escape, and furthermore, you would paint such pictures of the world as you knew it might be, and believed it could be, and of the immense potentialities for human happiness that science could provide, that men must needs pant and sweat after the realisation of your vision.

You wanted all mankind to be one, in this world in which there is room for all. You wanted the end of wars, prejudice and poverty, and spent your whole lifetime working for lasting world peace, through that rare and peculiar vision that was your inspiration, the Federated World State.

The whole world was your playground, and all the men and women in it your fellows. You travelled all over the world in pursuit of your aim, and

talked with the greatest of your contemporaries. Franklin D. Roosevelt, and his father Theodore, Stalin and his forerunner Lenin, the Webbs, Bernard Shaw, Freud, Einstein, Pavlov, Bertrand Russell, and many others. Always your message to mankind was "Learn from Experience, or perish!"

You kept on, all this time, wagging a finger at the world you loved, and trying to teach it the errors of its ways. You hammered away ceaselessly at your blueprint for salvation, your faith in Reason and in World Federation; — and in your ethical values of the sinking of self into something greater than self, and of the inviolable sanctity and supreme importance of the individual human soul.

All your writings, from "Select Conversations with an Uncle", published in 1895, to "Mind at the End of its Tether", in 1945, were primarily vehicles for your ideas of social progress, the medium through which you successfully sought to educate and influence the world. You were always first the social reformer, and yet as a Creative Artist, you achieved unique distinction, and immortal fame.

Your genius showed itself in your versatility (comparable to that of Leonardo); and in the amazing fertility of your imagination—as it did also in the extraordinary breadth and range of your knowledge, and in your art and skill in interpreting it. And your greatness lay in the prodigious volume of your output, and the Scope and Majesty of your contribution to Human Progress.

You educated and entertained us all. My generation, my parents' generation, and my parents' parents' generation.

You fascinated and thrilled us with your early scientific stories and imaginative romances, such as "The Time Machine", "The War of the Worlds", and "The First Men in the Moon".

You amused and captivated us with your humorous novels—"Kipps", "The History of Mr. Polly", and "Tono-Bungay". As a humorist your place is beside Dickens in the ranks of literary fame.

You charmed and delighted us with your love-romances, such as "Love and Mr. Lewisham" and "Joan and Peter".

And you aroused the intellectual curiosity and wonder of millions in biological science with "The Science of Life" written with your son G. P. Wells and Julian Huxley; and in the story of Human Evolution with your popular historical and sociological works, such as "The Outline of History", and "The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind".

You produced two books of floor games and a picture book drawn and painted by yourself, for children.

You stimulated most, if you exasperated a few, with your later works on politics and economics.

And finally you shocked and terrified us with your grim and all too accurate prophecies of the future. You foresaw Aerial Warfare in 1908, and the military tank; rocket warfare, the atomic bomb, prefabricated houses, and many other "Wellsian" things.

The Boer War had earlier moved your pen, and the First World War was brilliantly described in your novel "Mr. Britling Sees it Through". When the

Second war came you saw it through in London at 13, Hanover Terrace, flaunting superstition and continuing your writing.

But you were much more than a great genius—you were also a very great man (the terms are not synonymous)—for you were above all things, an eminently human, human being.

Not only were you entirely without affectation, as I can testify from my memory of "The Wonderful Visit", but you had seized life with both hands, and had truly lived. You had savoured life as one vast luxury, none the less precious because leavened with pain. You had lived within the full limits of your being. To quote from your own writings, "Man is, at his best, curious, teachable, and experimental, from the cradle to the grave".

You knew the Human Soul in all its aspects, and life had not spared you in the working out of your own destiny. You had endured all the hardships and disappointments, pains and woes, that are the common human lot, and many more besides; as a student, as a lover, and in your work and aspirations. You were not born with a silver spoon in your mouth, and you suffered life-long ill-health, but despite these things, or perhaps because of them, you achieved outstanding success. Your place is amongst the greatest spirits of the human race.

Oh!—Mr. Wells!—Perhaps even now, in that "New World" you have "Exchanged for the Old", you are drawing up fresh schemes for "The World Set Free". Perhaps by now you have met "God the Invisible King", and discussed "First and Last Things" with him?—Or perhaps you are discussing "The Shape of Things to Come" with other "Men Like Gods"—Newton, Bacon, Milton, Darwin—your forebears, and now, no doubt, your "Passionate Friends"!

Can you see with certainty now, through "Space and Time" into the future? What do you see—"H.G."—? How I wish I could gaze into a crystal ball and speak with you again—but you are an "Invisible Man" yourself now! What is the "Outlook for Homo Sapiens" from your new vantage point?

From my own point of view of an interest in psychology, there is just one point of criticism I would like to make—though I feel I must not run any risk of offending my venerable 'Adult Ego-Ideal'!

It is that you seemed sometimes to under-estimate the irrational elements and unconscious drives in human nature, and believed too much, like Plato, in a 'Samurai' class of enlightened aristocracy, and like Socrates, too optimistically equated knowledge alone with virtue and power. I think possibly also you placed too much value on externals and material things—the machines and inventions which are the manifestations of Man's conquest over Nature, yet now threaten to be the means to his end, with their immeasurable potentialities for Evil as well as Good. The fundamental moral problem of Good and Evil persists.

But perhaps Mankind was never meant to know the answer to the riddle of the Universe. Our human life, with all its shortcomings, would perhaps lose its purpose if we did. Certainly no mortal ever strove harder to elevate the Human Race, and lead us from the darkness of ignorance,

to the light of self-realisation, and to the limitless possibilities of individual development towards perfection in work, health and happiness. In your own words: "Man comes into life to seek, and find, his own sufficient beauty, to serve it, to win and increase it; to fight for it, counting death as nothing so long as the dying eyes still turn to it. And fear, and dullness and indolence and appetite—which indeed are no more than Fear's three crippled brothers—who make ambushes and creep by night, are against him, to hold him off, to hamper and beguile him in that quest".

You were the major architect of the new world that I and my generation must continue to bring into being. With the passion of a Prophet you hammered home your challenge to join with you in the battle against "cruelties and frustrations—stupid, heavy, and hateful things". You taught us to dream of a world in which there would be war no more; and no longer incessant toil, hunger and disease—a world of free men and free women, with souls no longer "tangled and haunted by monstrous and irrational fears, and a prey to malicious impulse". In the new world that was your vision, there would be no more tyranny: no more of man's inhumanity to man.

Not even the Second World War that you had dreaded, and all too confidently anticipated, could shatter that vision. You saw above the foul roofs of Dachau and Belsen the sun-kissed pinnacles of the city of your dreams, and the Kingdom of Heaven established on earth. In your own words, "Life for ever dying, to be born afresh, for ever young and eager, will presently stand upon this earth as upon a footstool, and stretch out its realm amidst the stars".

That was your message. Let it be your envoy!

CHURCHILL IN THE DUG-OUT

by Harold Atkins

ONWARDS from the era of Churchill there will always be an underground Whitehall, unseen and unknown to the world. It did not exist before his time but, in one form or another, it is here to stay.

Renovation has just been completed, with glossy paint and new light and heat fittings, of the maze of hundreds of offices below Great George Street which adjoin Churchill's secret citadel, the nerve-centre of the last war, and the Ministry of Defence is handing them over to another department. Civil servants will still work next to the five rooms that constitute the nucleus of what Montgomery called "The Hole in the Ground".

But the five rooms themselves remain unchanged—a national museum, with all their war fittings and furniture intact, a monument as significant to Britain as the Nelson Column, at the other end of Whitehall. After I visited them recently I was regaled with new stories of Churchill by a friend who was down there all through the war.

I had seen all Churchill's clocks still faithfully going, 21 years after, 45 feet below ground under the War Cabinet Office next to St. James's Park; I had breathed the fresh filtered air, inspected the great blue-baize War Cabinet Table still furnished with blotters and utility pencils, still surrounded by the chairs of Anderson, Attlee, Morrison, Grigg, Sinclair, Bevin, Woolton and the rest. Seventeen feet of reinforced concrete and steel, including, it was said, tramlines, separate the ceiling, with the red steel girders, from the surface.

Behind Churchill's chair remains undisturbed the red fire-bucket put there by the Royal Marines for his cigar-stubs because he complained that no ash-tray was adequate for him to empty his ash. Unchanged are the cream-painted brick walls with their supporting security beams.

Deep down there, in his siren-suit, Churchill laboured intermittently and tirelessly. "If the invasion comes this is where I'll sit," he said in 1940, "until either the Germans are driven back or they carry me out—dead." The walnut bed, with green silk counterpane, the big desk (once furnished always with the Churchill whisky), the half-dozen deep arm-chairs for visitors and the great wall map of Britain's home defences remain just as they were in his office-bedroom.

In the adjoining Map Room, on the central desk where officers of the three Services kept in constant touch with their departmental War Rooms, stands the battery of red, green and white telephones through which the latest developments of the war were transmitted day and night. The tremendous maps, still studded with thousands of many-coloured pins, rise to the ceiling. My friend was an officer in this room, working 12 hours on and 24 off for four years.

He frankly declared that all in the citadel were "terrified" of Churchill when his "concentrated hissing rage" emerged, harassed as he was with

the burden and reverses of the war. His sorties into the Map Room at 3 a.m. were matters for trepidation. If things had been going well he might be sparkling with wit—if not, his temper could be formidable.

At three one morning he sat down, glowering, and snapped a question at the senior duty officer, who began to reply "I think . . ."

"You don't *think*," the Prime Minister snarled. "Either you *know* or you *don't know*." Without waiting for more he passed to the R.A.F. man.

"How many bombs to day over . . . ?"

A quick answer came.

"It's not!" Churchill loudly contradicted. "Nothing like it!"

Gloom settled on everyone as he went to the third, another R.A.F. officer who dealt with Home Security: "Where was the first alert tonight?" Before the reply had a chance to come he was growling furiously "You're not sure, are you?"

Then to the Army man: "Where is the . . . Division?"

The answer evoked a rasping "They were, but they're not now."

Not to leave anybody out, he then turned to the narrator of this episode, at the end of the table, with a question about the convoy position. He got an immediate reply but was not to be placated.

"What's he say?" he blared. "Can't hear a damn word!" And he pushed back his chair and stamped out.

On another occasion he came into the Map Room after a Cabinet meeting that had lasted from midnight till 3, as they often did. His visit coincided with the Marines' delivery of cups of tea to the duty officers and the senior one was misguided enough to offer him a cup.

All he got in reply was an enormous reverberating growl. The air quivered with it. It was like offering a bulldog a piece of chewing gum.

Churchill would go to any military war map and point out details as he explained to an eminent visitor points of strategy in any part of the war theatre. Woe betide the officer in charge if some pin appeared to be a fraction out of place. He would call him up, place his finger on it, glare and loudly proclaim the error.

Today a lift takes you up and down but in those days a narrow staircase, guarded by Grenadiers with Bren guns and Marines with revolvers, gave access. There was a door half-way down and one day furious shouts, imprecations, kickings and thumpings were heard. This was the Prime Minister attempting to force it open the wrong way. No one moved: "No one would go down in the middle of all that."

Once in 1941 Churchill had just reached ground level when a heavy bomb fell on Horse Guards Parade, killing a sentry. The Prime Minister had poked his head into the street and his detective, pulling him back from the entrance, threw himself in front of him as protection. However good his motives, Churchill was enraged. He exploded: "Never do that again! Never touch me again!"

• He was sorry, it was said, that the Germans never hit the main building; he would have liked to test the concrete defences.

There were many funny stories of how he stormed and kicked among the milk-bottles left outside his bedroom one day, shouting that in future

the damn things should be put in another damn place; of how he was regularly infuriated at the pillar beside his bed, which he often cannoned into on getting up.

When one of the team of clocks went two minutes slow he summoned the civil servant responsible for clocks and gave him a massive dressing-down. From that day this official, with the fear of the lord well in him, was to be seen each morning parading from clock to clock carrying in his arms a large school clock with big face and hands, so that he could see it plainly enough to adjust all the others almost to a second.

Not everyone gave in to Churchill all the time. There was Admiral Sir James Somerville, Commander-in-Chief, Eastern Fleet, whom Churchill spotted in the Map Room at 3 a.m. "Hullo, Admiral, I'd like a word with you."

"Yes, sir," said the Admiral and went on talking. A little later Churchill left the room saying "Don't forget, Admiral, come and see me after this."

But Somerville was tired. He said: "He can go where he - - - likes but I'm going home to bed." And he went.

This was the man who reputedly clapped the Prime Minister on the shoulder when he was studying a pin on the sea map and said: "Want to buy an aircraft carrier? I'll sell you that."

What Churchill replied is not recorded.

In the little room with the red "hot line" telephone direct to the White House, which still has the "engaged" and "vacant" lavatory bolt on the door, the clock shows both British and American time. The red hour hand for American was added, it is said, because the Prime Minister used to ring up Roosevelt when he was asleep in bed and Roosevelt got tired of it. Whether the red hand made much difference is another question.

Not many people know that Churchill even had a special wine-cellar in the underground centre. It was on the level below, where some of the lesser people on the staff worked.

The war citadel was begun in 1937 and constantly enlarged. It had its own radio station, power plant and artesian well and fresh air was pumped from Horseferry Road. So dry and well lighted it was that when female members of the staff one year grew daffodils in bowls they shot up, it is said, to the height of a standard lamp.

The officers in the Map Room provided verbal reports to the Cabinet and daily bulletins limited to eight copies, as well as a monthly bulletin to the Commanders-in-Chief. King George VI visited the centre sometimes and also received reports from one of the duty officers, who made a daily visit to Buckingham Palace.

The few important visitors ever admitted included the present Queen, when Princess Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, the Duke of Kent (on the day before his fatal war flight), the American Ambassador, a few Russian generals, Lord Wavell and overseas Commanders-in-Chief.

Mr. Attlee, it is said, used to haunt the place a good deal at night, sometimes telling stories of what had been happening during the day in Parliament.

As I ascended from the "Hole in the Ground" a girl civil servant emerged from one of the underground offices near by and entered the lift with us. She came up quite casually. When the war ended she was not born and Adolf Hitler to her is someone unpleasant and impersonal in history books. Thus time, along with Churchill's underground clocks, moves aloofly and impassively on, always a little to the surprise of those who remember those stirring days and are not sure whether, without the Old Man, they would now be here at all.

ARCHIVE

SOME FAMILY LETTERS AND PAPERS OF THE
18th CENTURY

by W. H. Graham

Letters and Diaries of the 10th Earl of Pembroke and his circle, first published in 1939 and entitled "Henry, Elizabeth & George". Reissued 1942.

IN books of this character one obtains sketches of and references to the personages who made up the general picture of society life in the 18th century. The value in them lies in the sidelight thrown on individual men and women and help to assess their character. All three, Lord and Lady Pembroke and their son George, were superb—this is no misplaced use of the word—letter writers. Full of life and spirit they put on paper their thoughts and criticisms of those who came into contact with them. They were practised executants in the art of correspondence and this applies as much to the people who wrote to them such as the tutors appointed to look after George on his Grand Tour, Rev. W. Coxe and Captain Floyd. Indeed the latter constantly shows his brilliance in this way in later years.

As an epitome of the social life and times of the 18th century one cannot do better than turn to these papers and letters for a true record of the period.

Lord Pembroke was certainly no moralist in life. A true son of the 18th century aristocracy his Lordship was very vulgar and fond of salacious jokes. He had a lively sense of humour which he turned on friends and enemies alike. He was a keen and noted horseman. As a Cavalry commander he wrote books on the subject which became noted. He treated his charming wife disgracefully. In spite of this however her Ladyship remained constant to the marriage vows, conducting herself with an admirable restraint. She deeply loved her son George in whom her whole being was wrapped up and his future her great and sustaining interest. In a letter she wrote to him she says "So, God bless you . . . you do not write enough for indeed the hearing from you often is a great pleasure to me ever so little at a time, as you are *the thing*. I now look on myself as belonging to and you to me, which is a great comfort for I hate to feel all alone". This is but one of the many most human touches appearing in these pages.

In the early stages of Lord George's Grand Tour, the Countess was kept informed of his progress in studies of various kinds by the tutor-companions. These were the Rev. W. Coxe—later Archdeacon and Canon and Captain—later Major Floyd. In June 1776 the Reverend Tutor writes Lady Pembroke "I am going to tell your Ladyship sincerely and frankly what I think of Lord Herbert. He has very good sense, a solid judgment and good abilities . . . He has no great ambition to make a figure and he follows his studies in general, because he is desired, and

not because he feels any pleasure in them". Reporting to Lady Pembroke on the books Lord Herbert was reading with him Coxe says "I am glad to find that his opinion about Voltaire is much the same as yours and mine . . . I should be exceedingly happy could I give him a firm conviction of Christianity". On Rousseau's "*L'Esprit de Rousseau*" Coxe says "I would recommend that book to your Ladyship, it being a collection in one small volume of all the finest sentiments from that original author." On Robertson's "*History of America*" Coxe reports to Lady Pembroke "George reads it frequently by himself and indeed he has now almost finished it." He further informs her "I propose running over Burnet & Smollett with him in order to give him some notion of our history to the present times."

Both Coxe and Floyd were known to and by Lord Marlborough. Coxe an old Etonian and Fellow of King's College Cambridge was Chaplain and Librarian at Blenheim. Captain Floyd's father was a great friend of Marlborough and when he died he left John, his eldest son, to the care of Lord Pembroke. John had a most distinguished career. Being a keen and experienced cavalry man he soon rose to the highest commands. This was partly due to good fortune but none the less deserved and proved. In 1781 a regiment was raised for express service in India, and to this Floyd was gazetted Lt. Colonel. He thus showed himself a most accomplished cavalry commander and thereafter had a brilliant career. During his work in India he amassed great wealth. In 1816 he was created a baronet. During his duty as companion with Lord Herbert he wrote to Lady Pembroke from time to time descriptions of what they saw on the Grand Tour. Apparently these letters were seen by Lord Pembroke and he suggested to Floyd he was of the opinion they would read quite well in print. Floyd however hesitated over this proposal and wrote in reply "Now I look upon it as no joke to throw yourself at the mercy of the public. I will tell you fairly that as far as I remember I think the letters were well enough as *private letters* . . . If I knew of anything that would do me credit I should be ready enough to produce it but am plaguy loath to expose myself to ridicule and contempt." However Lord Pembroke's idea had sunk in and attracted Floyd who referred to the suggestion in later correspondence with the family. In a subsequent letter written in May 1781 Floyd, writing to Lord Herbert, says "I have given up all thoughts of appearing before the public in the shape of 'Letters from a traveller to his friends in England'" and he passed the matter over to Coxe to deal with as he pleased.

Lord Herbert kept a day to day diary of his Grand Tour apart from the letters he wrote home. In the latter he sometimes records very interesting details of noteworthy sights. Thus in August 1779 he tells Coxe "But alas! unlucky have I been lately; six days before my arrival at Naples Vesuvius threw up a column of hot liquid lava twelve thousand feet high and more than a mile in circumference. No men living ever saw anything of the kind and the mountain has now totally changed its form . . . stones red hot were thrown from hence." In September he refers again to the eruption "In short by all accounts it must have been

a most remarkable, horrible irruption, remarkable not from its immensity as from its particularity."

In 1780 Lord Herbert came to Nismes and saw the Ampitheatre. "There are four principal entrances to the four principal points of the compass. Underneath is the Aqueduct which brought water appropriated to a use I never before heard of, to wet the sand where the Gladiators fought, that they might not slip." From time to time in these papers Lord Pembroke makes reference to famous or noted people of the period who are of interest historically. These notes of his have their own value to us. Thus writing to Coxe in April 1778 he says "Lord Chatham came down to the House today . . . a feeble shocking sight, a wreck . . . yet he made a spirited, short speech. A few minutes after he sat down, and whilst the Duke of Richmond was speaking, he what they called fainted, fell back and was carried out." Writing later to Major Floyd he says "Lord Chatham is not only the first man, but, also the only man who can save this nation, past all doubt, but he is *out*."

In October 1779 Lord Pembroke writing to his son says "I hear that Mr. Wyndham of this country goes to Turin with Lord Mountstuart . . . he bears an excellent character. I have been a few days with him at Broadlands and like him very much. I think he will hit your eye." It will be remembered that Wyndham was a favourite of Dr. Johnson.

Lord Pembroke writing to Lord George says "Alas, poor Garrick! But I have already informed you of his death; which to me is a horrid loss."

In 1780 Lord George was elected a member of Almacks (a most exclusive club). His father wrote to him "A fine acquisition it is to the club to be sure! A long legged tall giant giblets. When to do, come over to make the club happy with your Sacrée Figure? Adieu, legs and arms!" Evidently feeling somewhat uneasy his Lordship writes to Lord George "I hope you burn my letters in general, as generally contain some Rhapsody unfit for the inspection of others."

In December 1779 Lady Pembroke writing to Lord George says "I think London life is in itself a hateful thing, but it is the only place where one meets one's friends together." In April 1780 her Ladyship informs George "I am just now delighted with having leave to take some lodgings at a Keeper's Lodge in Richmond Park; it is a leave they do not in general like to give, but the King and Queen have said a thousand civil things at the same time they have given me leave". This is evidently a form of what we know in these days as a Grace and Favour presentation.

In his "Shortened History of England" Dr. G. M. Trevelyan says "The glory of the Eighteenth Century in Britain lay in the genius and energy of individuals acting freely in a free community." In these diaries and letters of the Pembroke family and their friends the reader is presented with a picture which is one of many opening up the scene for those who wish to know some of their country's past history. E. M. Forster in "Howard's End" says "It is private life that holds out the mirror to infinity; personal intercourse, and that alone, that ever hints at a personality beyond our daily vision."

THE ARTS

THE ARTISTS IN OUTER SPACE

by Sheldon Williams

THE artist is a prophet—always has been. Starting off as a sort of shaman priest with a long tradition as king-rainmaker, he has steadily progressed to the point in modern times where he rides in science's sidecar and sometimes even several revolutions ahead of the driver.

What gives artists peculiar contemporaneity and powers of precognition? Scientifically, they are technically untrained—although many take a more than dilettante interest in technological development. But even hobbyists can scarcely claim that they ought to have the edge on the thorough-going professional scientist. And yet . . . and yet . . .

Close to our own times there was the Impressionist movement which developed—in the teeth of competition from the camera—not only the snapshot "impression", but also a breakdown on the spectrum (the juxtaposition of tints to achieve new colour ranges, instead of straight mixture of pigments), and subsequently another and very important pictorial advance—pointillism and divisionism which created a shimmering effect of light and atmosphere.

Photographers like Nadar were friends with the painters. In a sense, art and science were marching together and in step.

The next stage was more traumatic. A public, easily accessible to the optical experiments of Daguerre, found the theory and practice of Einstein more difficult to digest. The Cubists, while they had little academic understanding of the theory of relativity, were remarkably sensitive to the Einsteinian reversals of Newton. Led by Picasso, they avidly examined the potentialities of a fourth dimension and, in a purely diagrammatic form, they rendered such discoveries in their painting.

Almost simultaneously, the Futurists in Italy had become involved with the principle of kinetics; and the Italian metaphysical painters were beginning to explore the world below the threshold of the conscious, a process that was speeded up and expanded by the surrealists who followed in their wake. Although the basic research into the subconscious carried out by the Surrealists leant heavily on Freud, it should be pointed out that in this context too artists were uncontent merely to establish a new school of painting and sculpture on the findings of Freud's original theses. On the contrary, they forged ahead and found themselves quickly abreast (if not beyond) the pioneer work of other psychologists.

The purpose of these introductory remarks is to bring to the attention of Contemporary Review's readers a lecture given by *Kenneth Coutts-Smith*, to the British Society of Aesthetics at Bedford College last September. This is the first half of his essay "The Dream of Icarus". It takes up this theme in detail and with particular relevance to the present day and the launching of modern art into outer space.

Coutts-Smith is an artist in his own right. He was for some years associated with the New Vision Centre in London. He therefore sees 'new vision' in the arts from the painter's standpoint. But he is also of a philosophical turn of mind. This makes him more intellectually orientated than most artists might wish to seem. He has also been closely connected with painters and sculptors of our own generation, not only as a colleague but also —through the New Vision Centre—as a galleryman and dealer. He also writes art criticism. The combination of these elements in his make-up suggest that he is the proper person to write a book of this kind.

Purists may shudder at some of the infelicities of his prose. If the author is presenting himself as a writer, plain and simple, there will certainly be voices raised in critical distaste. This essay must not be judged by such standards. Its message is all-important. The idea that sparked off its delivery was not lightly conceived. It was not simply a case of a theory that might make a book, and thus add to the mighty library of coffee-table art books and indigestible personal theorising by would-be pundits and art personalities. Coutts-Smith's "Dream of Icarus" may/should (at this moment of pre-publication it is difficult to prophesy what will happen) be the opener of a debate more far-reaching and definitely more important than Snow's much-publicised contentions about the 'two cultures'. No doubt, much will depend upon the extent of the book's circulation and the depth of its public.

Another point. Kenneth Coutts-Smith occasionally shows uncertainty about his eventual readership. For the informed, there are inevitable platitudes; presumably included not only to strengthen the case he is putting but also because some of his assertions whilst they will be credited instantly by many, need to be re-iterated for the general. Philosophical treatises are vulnerable on this score, anyway. In contrast, Coutts-Smith also makes assumptions on behalf of his readers that are perhaps dangerous. If you are going to treat them on the one hand as innocents, it does not make much sense to suddenly take the opposite view (without automatically spelling out the more abstruse references). At the same time, it is only fair to realise that the author is making a particular case and if he went out of his way to simplify every issue the size of the book would be enormously swollen—to its detriment. The main complaint must be that an improved case might have been presented with more comprehensive research, although—again—this might have resulted in an ungainly volume.

Nevertheless, despite these views, I strongly recommend all those interested in the artist's place in Society to read this book. It says something new.

Coutts-Smith starts with the premise that the art of our own times genuinely differs from that of any other age *because* of the technological advances that have been made in the last twenty years and by the clarification of human ideals and aspirations (reflected in these) as codified in existentialism. Such a posture requires some wholesale condemnation of romanticism (typified to-day in expressionism and abstract-expressionism)

and classicism (the intention of the artist to make a fine, balanced composition at the cost of all other criteria). Both these conscious intentions, he suggests, suffer from being out of touch with informed 'reality'. Inevitably, both categories overlap into consciousness of contemporary reality and, when such overlapping occurs, artists like Jackson Pollock at one extreme and Ladislav Moholy-Nagy at the other receive a patronising pat on the back. Mondriaan and the entire de Stijl group of Neo-plasticists, on the other hand, are accused of geometrical juggling; Picasso (after *analytical Cubism*) despite all his manifest invention gets short shrift; and—to choose a more contemporary figure—a pioneer of the modern movement like Arman is jumped on sharply for 'excursions into neo-romantic and fashionable assemblages'. Mr. Coutts-Smith is nothing if not pea-green in his incorruptibility.

The British pop artists receive a slating. They are declared as traitors to reality because of private attitudinising (the Americans get off with a lighter sentence because of their awareness of the 'contemporary scene'). If one takes the same stand as Coutts-Smith, such harsh criticism is justified. Blake, Hockney, Kitaj and the rest certainly *do* build up a *private* museum of desiderata, 'frequently suggestive of being a high-brow version of the very pre-digested cultural escapism it purports to criticise'. So far, so good. Where I part company with the analysis is over the logical espousal of Richard Hamilton. This artist is so caught up with the 'flip' good taste of advertising agencies that, always supposing his intentions are what he and Coutts-Smith suggest them to be, he comes out as an artist who has defected across the frontier into the realm of anti-art in a way that makes the brutalities of Dubuffet or Jackson Pollock's followers domestic by comparison. In fairness to the author, he is aware of this weakness in Hamilton's work ('he has bequeathed a concern with advertising which no one has had the sharpness or intelligence or the restless empirical curiosity to use as a springboard for pertinent questions—rather it has become an excuse for indulgence in decoration, mere aestheticism'). But, let Hamilton speak for himself. He quotes "Playboy" magazine as the source of inspiration for the title of his series "Towards a definitive statement on the coming trends in men's wear and accessories", and he goes on to say, "(it) came directly from . . . a section on male fashion. The *Towards* was added to my title because I hoped to arrive at a definite statement but never reached a point where I felt able to drop the tentative prefix. It became immediately apparent that fashion depends upon an occasion, season, time of day and, most importantly, the area of activity in which the wearer is involved. A definitive statement seemed hardly possible without some preliminary investigation into specific concepts of masculinity. Man in a technological environment was the first area. Space research was then throwing up its early heroes, every freckle on Glenn's face was familiar to the world. J. F. Kennedy had made his incredibly moving speech inviting all peoples to join together in the great tasks awaiting mankind—the exploration of the stars among them." Fine stuff—but really . . . ! Is it any further away from nursery

romanticism and 'pre-digested cultural escapism'? To me, at least, Hamilton is no more than pop with the gilt off.

Actually, artists like Hamilton are only incidental to the book's main theme. Far more arresting is the argument for auto-destructive artists like Tinguely and Gustav Metzger. Coutts-Smith's defence of them is two-pronged. Firstly, they are represented as artists who are in touch with the built-in obsolescence of the age in which we live, so that their artifacts are deliberately impermanent (cf. Tinguely's exploding machines); and in the second place the author draws an indirect analogy between states of impermanent unreality and Heisenberg's 1927 discovery that 'within the area of dimensions of space and time smaller than a certain range, it becomes no longer possible to make observations. The actual presence, the speed and direction of an electron . . . cannot be observed. For the act of observing, itself, introduces other factors which play upon the object observed and later its behaviour. Since direct observation can only be effected through the use of light or some other band of the electro-magnetic spectrum, and the introduction of a wave complex must interfere with the electro-magnetic behaviour of the electron itself, matter (and by extension, reality) cannot, at this level, be observed—its attributes may only be deduced by the traces it leaves in its passage through time and space.' In such scientific parentheses, Tinguely's and Metzger's auto-destruction becomes logical.

How valid is such logic in the progress of modern art? Coutts-Smith maintains that even the iconoclasm of auto-destructors is tinged with 'utopianism' (a word he uses frequently to describe the opposite of romantic-classical-realist painting and sculpture. For him, there is a better purpose served in seeking truth—even in an explosion—than resting content with nudes, and views, and vases of flowers. The truth seekers, eschewing academicism and abstraction alike, may find themselves ultimately up a cul-de-sac but in reaching such a dead-end they have still extended the frontiers of understanding. Defining the 'utopian' attitude as one that sets out to discover a better (and, by the author's logic, new) existence, must therefore mean embarking on fresh and further experimentation in the arts. The main point of Coutts-Smith's book lies in equating this voyage of discovery with way-out technological investigation and man's entry into outer space. Even so, the author makes a distinction between phantasy utopia and the bread-and-butter variety.

The phantasy category is shown to include the nightmare machines in Bosch's pre-Surrealist Prado paintings as well as pre-Sputnik Science Fiction. 'Real' utopia, on the other hand, relates to applied scientific research and the discovery of actual conditions of space-flight.

Needless to say, many artists cannot easily be fitted comfortably in one pigeonhole or the other. Paolozzi, for instance, whose early (and static machines) exhibited a pregnant menace—acceptable to Coutts-Smith as reflecting a genuine reaction received from certain complicated forms of modern plant—has since gone into a more phantasy-like image whose examples have exuded twisting tentacles which, although they are not

mobile, leave the impression of writhing action.

The case of Denis Bowen is quite different. Starting from Hiroshima, although his painting was already infected with explosive character, he reached a point—curiously parallel with the shift of emphasis in atomic research from fission to fusion—when he almost automatically changed over from blast to rocketry, and thence to worlds beyond our own where teams of gold and silver suns shine heatlessly upon rock deserts. Bowen, therefore, comes nearest to being a ouija-board for scientific tendencies. He is the ideal representative of the Coutts-Smith contention.

As another example of the non-phantasist utopian, the Italian Secomandi is quoted. Black paintings with cold-cast fragments (highly polished) imposed upon them are, according to the author, 'charged fields' upon which the metal shapes are "suggestive of extra-terrestrial probes which transmit information, not only as a result of data gathered by their sensory apparati but also by implication as a result of their very behaviour". He goes on, Secomandi's "original technique of incorporating cold-cast metal, and in his more recent development, mirrors, brings out this analogy with the orbital behaviour of independant masses". I have never spoken with Secomandi, so I am forced to take such findings about the motivation of his work on trust; but there does seem to be a far closer understanding of methods and means between artists and scientists on this level than has ever been the case hitherto—some of them, anyway. The New Zealander, James Boswell is a case in point. He has spent a number of years away from his easel—occupied with cold storage and refrigeration—during which he has to some extent been involved with the problems of aero-dynamics and kindred subjects. Now that he has returned to painting, he has applied his newfound knowledge in an astonishing manner so that he is producing on canvas some informed statements on the vexed issues of heat and cold outside the atmosphere belt. Lest this kind of exercise should sound a rather bloodless one, I hasten to add that Boswell paints with colours as bright as the wings of butterflies, and in such a way that the flat and glowing pigment recalls the super-natural filters of colour photography.

Images of artists like Bowen, Secomandi and Boswell by no means fit into the descriptive language art critics use to separate realist from abstract, abstract from expressionist, expressionist from surrealist—even figuration from non-figuration.

They are, as Coutts-Smith tirelessly emphasises, true-realist in nature. By the same token, he refuses to term abstract the works of artists like, Rothko, Mathieu, Tapiés, Fautrier, Pollock, Fontana and Vasarely. All of these, he claims, despite their different intentions and although they show few if any figurative tendencies, are concerned not with *objective physical reality* but with *objective reality*.

Sometimes, the two overlap. Geissler's objects—space luggage on coiled-spring stems—have an outward 'objective reality' that suggests these to be capsules for travel through the realms of outer space. The convex eyes must be port-holes through which the voyager turns his fascinated gaze upon the universe. But put your eye to the glass . . . and what do you

see? . . . "a dream-like world where distance and space is disturbingly warped by mirrors and lenses. Human figures or isolated hands perform mysterious and enigmatic functions. Inextricably wedded into a complex of machinery, tubing and dials, they become androids, a foetal image in a mechanical womb".

Has Coutts-Smith made his point?

As a final witness he brings in Icarus himself. Not the Icarus of pseudo-classical sculpture of Michael Ayrton, but the 'potent image of man at any time'. Icarus then is conjured as the image of ambition, the desire to conquer the universe. Already, his first Daedalus-inspired step into the clouds has been accomplished by the aeronauts of our generation. Now his flight takes him onwards through Einstein's time-space.

It is not, the author establishes (meeting criticism in advance), simply that Icarus seeks knowledge, truth and understanding. This is what Prometheus sought when he stole fire from the Gods. The Dream of Icarus is far more presumptuous than that. Icarus wants parity. He expects finally to share in the control of everything. Somewhere, between mysticism and intuitive wisdom, the artist is giving advance hints about how this total achievement can become a final reality.

If the fact and the theory of his book are justified and acceptable, it means that the artist—long rejected by Society as a layabout and mountebank—will once more resume his proper place as a valued public servant whose images require to be taken with the utmost seriousness, not only by hermetic groups of aesthetes but by all of us for, who knows, their grip upon inner reality may well lead us into Utopia or, at least, protect us from a robot future in which humanity has no place.

Watch the artists.

After all, they were the first among us to enter Outer Space.

LITERATURE

HOBO AMERICANUS: JACK LONDON

by G. P. MALONE

JACK London while he lived was a publisher's delight and today he is not to be lightly discarded. A uniform edition of his works has been undertaken and so far two volumes have appeared. The measure of popular success can be seen in every newsagent's shop, in the shape of 4 paperbacks with more to follow. London's life was far more interesting than any of his stories and the definitive life has yet to be written. He had one thing in common with W. H. Davies, Maxim Gorky, and with Jim Tully who was contemporaneous with him — he was a tramp, or in that Picturesque American word a *hobo*. There the resemblance ends. He drew upon these experiences in his famous autobiographical novel *The Road*. Like Davies he rode the rails and was imprisoned as a vagrant in the Erie County Pen near Niagara Falls. He witnessed a young mulatto being thrown down five flights of stairs by prison trustees. This was a typical example of the hard school that London came through.

No writer has led such a rugged existence as London or sought adventure so avidly, his exploits would make a film scenario seem melodramatic and commonplace. The catalogue of his search for new sensations is incredible; ranching, deep-sea sailing, fringe piracy, prize fighting, gold-panning and shovelling steam-coal for eighteen hours a day. As a boy he threw in his lot with the oyster pirates who poached the oyster beds in San Francisco Bay at nightfall and pitted his wits against French Frank, a towering Canuck, the leader of the pirates. At the age of 15 he was the owner of a fast sloop which he characteristically called the *Razzle Dazzle*. Who was London? H. L. Mencken thinks that he was of Jewish origin, pointing out that Jews have a fondness for calling themselves after great cities. The usual version is that London's mother, Flora Wellman, had been deserted by an itinerant Irish astrologer, Professor William Chaney; though the child was christened John Chaney, he became known as Jack London, taking the name of the man his mother subsequently married — John London an ex-sheriff from Idaho.

London's first effort at writing was to submit an essay to a San Francisco paper which was offering a prize of \$25 for the best descriptive article submitted by a reader. It ran to 2,000 words and was entitled *Typhoon of the Coast of Japan* — he won the prize. London excelled in this type of writing and, a natural sailor, he wrote with the sheer enthusiasm of a lover of sailing. Other contributions being rejected London tired of writing and turned back to the San Francisco docks. At the age of 21 London was impatient for more adventure. The famous Yukon Gold rush started in 1898. This event stirred the imagination of the young American. Off he went and thanks to his youth and tremendous stamina he was able to

negotiate the terrible Chilkoot Pass and arrive in Dawson City. It was here that London created his famous books that have outlasted the other potboilers, *The Call of the Wild*, *White Fang* and the Klondike short stories *The Children of the Frost*. He revelled in depicting man's struggle against Nature — Nature in the raw. His haphazard reading of Darwin found a practical outlet in his own experiences in the Far North. Many of his works skimmed the margin of the potboilers. *The Lady of the Snows* is a tedious example of the pitfalls he stumbled into. Written in a stilted manner, full of tiresome tirades of gush about Nordic and Anglo-Saxon race supremacy, the heroine with the preposterous name of Frona Wells, is one of London's impossible creations. The style sounds like third-rate melodrama: "I am not done with you yet, Sir Doublefact, even if you have dropped out of the battle". Her eyes were sparkling mischievously, and the wee laughter-creases were forming on her cheek, "I purpose to unmask you".

Yet London could turn out a stirring passage that awakens the eternal boy in all of us — a yearning for exotic adventure. Here is a passage from "Call of the Wild". London carries us back to the beginning of animal creation: "It was no task for him to learn to fight with cut and slash and the quick wolf snap. In this manner he had fought forgotten ancestors. They quickened the old life within him, and the old tricks which they stamped into the heredity of the breed were his tricks. They came to him without effort of discovery, as though they had been his always. And when on the still cold nights, he pointed his nose at a star and howled long and wolf-like, it was his ancestors, dead and dust, pointing nose at a star and howling down through the centuries and through him."

I wonder, was Liam O'Flaherty influenced by London when he wrote his superb animal stories? The Frozen North of London's tales will never cease to rouse the dormant spirit of adventure in a world that has become so materialistic. While London was writing stories a former young Preston bank clerk was working on his "Songs of a Sourdough" which are still the standby of many a parochial concert.

There is a core of brutality about London that is repellant. A sharply defined sadistic streak in his makeup. Witness the conglomeration of horror as he describes the plight of the garrulous Cockney cook Mugridge in *The Sea Wolf*. Wolf Larsen the skipper of a sailing boat, a most unusual skipper, he has read Nietzsche and Herbert Spencer. The figure is too incredible to make us believe in him. Except for the scenes of brutality which London seems to wallow in, this book is a rattling good yarn. The physical attributes of Larsen correspond to London's own, possibly he projected his own character into the fictional creation. London shared with Mencken and Eugene O'Neill a liking for Nietzsche. The Superman appealed to him; remember it was the age of Kipling and the "lesser breeds without the law", the redcoat facing unperturbed the savage hordes. London felt he had to prove himself. Yet the having to prove himself was essentially neurotic, like the hodge-podge philosophy where Marx was the uneasy bedfellow of Nietzsche. London described himself

as a "materialist monist". Though he was impressed by the Darwinian rule, the survival of the fittest, London's essential humanity refused to be hardened.

While England was in the throes of jingoistic joy over the Boer War, London was living among the submerged down and outs in the East End of London. Here among the "untouchables" he wrote his searing indictment of poverty — *The People of the Abyss*. This work was a pioneer in its field; it takes its place alongside George Orwell's *The Road to Wigan Pier*. Robert Tressall's *Ragged Trousers Philanthropist* and Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*, on the shelf of proletarian sociological literature. Despite his sympathy with "lesser breeds" Jack London does not quite fit into the Socialist Pantheon. There is too much of the individualist about him. He would have made a good Labour peer. London is popular in Communist countries for obvious reasons, though I do not know what Mao tse-Tung would have to say about the character in a London tale who wipes out several hundred million Chinese with a ruthless relish. He was greatly influenced by Kipling as were most Americans at that time; moreover "Teddy" Roosevelt was every bit as much an imperialist as Kipling. With London as with so many colonials (in this instance counting the United States as a former colony), Australians, Canadians, there was a curious love-hate feeling towards the motherland.

London lacked the benefits, for better or for worse, of a formal education. He deserved the highest praise for the manly way he set about achieving his life's ambition despite the crushing burden of poverty. His style abounds in teeming examples of Wardour Street English — it resembles Frank Harris's, though Harris was unquestionably the better writer. Some Americans tend to regard London as a nature faker. The one writer he most resembles is the late Hemingway. London committed suicide at the early age of forty. However there is something in Jack London that survives and transcends the he-man attitudinising. It is in part the quality to be found in the best of Hemingway; simplicity, directness, dignity. The consolation of life in the open air, a long way from the cities; the will to survive the chances of defeat, the clumsy responses of the inarticulate: these are the things that Hemingway and London sometimes memorably convey.

London was less single minded than Hemingway, and so destroyed himself more quickly. Each wanted fame and power. Each, hating both the idea of the mob and of elitism, tended to rid himself of other people in his stories, either by killing them off, or by making do with fewer characters, or by writing about non-humans, or by writing about himself. Each wove fantasies of war and destruction; each had a real but uneasy involvement with radical doctrines. In each a rare nobility of spirit was coupled with a curiously primitive intelligence. Each saw himself as a hunter doomed to be hunted in his turn unless he took the decision into his own hands.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TASTE

by Tudor Edwards

IT is perhaps remarkable that such celebrated literary pioneers in the field of gastronomy as Grimod de la Reynière, the Marquis de Cussy and Joseph Berchoux should dwindle into obscurity while Brillat-Savarin's book remains something of a classic. Yet it is not difficult to see why the *Physiology of Taste* has gained the ascendancy, for it is an amusing, sophisticated and eminently readable collection of anecdotes and aphorisms, inspired by an academic interest in food rather than any excessive devotion to the pleasures of the table.

Anthelme Brillat-Savarin was born on April 1st, 1755, in the little Alpine town of Belley (a curiously appropriate birthplace to English ears), which lies in the old province of Bresse, an area noted for good food. He came of a family of magistrates and himself practised at the Bar. He became Mayor of Belley, he wrote some creditable pieces on legal antiquities, and he was a competent musician. He was also a wit, a splendid host and a man of affairs. As if this were not enough he dedicated his life to the art of good eating. Indeed his enthusiasm was almost histrionic, and he vowed he would not rest until a cook sat at the first place in the Institute of France. He belonged, of course, to the age of Carême, the great *saucier*, who learned his art in Napoleon's kitchens, left Alexander I of Russia because Russia was too cold, abandoned our own Prince Regent because his master did not appreciate cooking as a fine art, and ended in charge of Talleyrand's kitchen. And before Carême there had been Vatel, who committed suicide because he thought the fish would not arrive in time for a Friday dinner given at Chantilly to Louis XIV.

Yet Brillat-Savarin's masterpiece did not appear until shortly before his death in 1826. Published in two volumes, its full title was *La Physiologie du goût ou Méditations de gastronomie transcendante, ouvrage théorique, historique et à l'ordre du jour*. Its reception was favourable but, naturally enough, was not taken altogether seriously. On the eve of its publication a notice by Hoffman appeared in the *Journal des Débats*: "Step up, my gluttonous friends; a universal sage is about to instruct you in the art of good living . . . Come and listen to the Professor of Transcendental Gastronomy and learn to dine well. To dine is everything; the rest is but a long—too long an interval between a play that is always too short. To dine is the end of all human action . . ."

The significant fact, however, is that in an age of gross feeding and political instability a man like Brillat-Savarin could write subtly and delicately, not gluttonously, of food and of good manners. He was a stickler for decorum and the napkin, and he railed against the custom, then recently introduced, of cleaning one's mouth out in public. At the end of the dessert, each guest had set before him, or her—for the ladies were the greatest offenders—a bowl of cold water with a goblet of hot water standing in it. The fingers were rinsed in the cold water, the hot water was then sipped, gargled, and spat into the bowl.

Sometimes he appears to be writing with his tongue lolling in his plump cheek, "Few people know how to eat small birds . . . Take the properly plump little bird by the beak, sprinkle it with a little salt, remove the gizzard, thrust it neatly into the mouth, bite it off quite close to the fingers, and masticate vigorously. There will result a juice sufficiently abundant to envelop the whole organ of taste, and you will experience a pleasure unknown to the vulgar: *Odi profanum vulgus et arcea* (Horace)".

On wine he is an absolute heretic, suggesting that "tea is an excellent substitute for wine with a meal." This, coming from a Frenchman, is strange, but there is no reason to conclude that he was an Anglophile. The fact is that in those days even France was not yet really wine-conscious. There was not yet any system of classification, there was no appreciation of vintages, and no distinction was made as to the most appropriate wines for respective courses. Madeira had only just been introduced as an accompaniment to soup (by Talleyrand in 1801), and Champagne was often drunk throughout a meal. There was a disproportionate number of liqueurs on the limited wine list, for the French were then obsessed by the new alliance of scent, sugar and alcohol (fondly imagined to have been invented to warm the old age of Louis Quinze).

Chocolate, tea, coffee and liqueurs were in great demand. Water was anathema, akin to medicine, and prescribed only by doctors and lunatics.

Brillat-Savarin did, however, lay down two of the fundamental rules in the presentation of wine and food, decreeing that one must proceed from the more substantial to the lighter dish, while the precedence of wines is in the opposite order, beginning with the lighter wines and matriculating to those of fullest body and richest bouquet. These things are now taken for granted, but in Brillat-Savarin's day they were quite revolutionary.

Almost equally revolutionary were his now celebrated aphorisms:

"Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are."

"Animals feed and man eats, but the man of intellect alone knows how to eat!"

"The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a new planet."

"The destiny of nations depends upon the manner in which they eat."

Provocative, perhaps, but he meant every word of it, and he has a legion of followers who believe him.

He often dined at the Grande Taverne de Londres, opened by the famous cook Beauvilliers, who, magnificent with sword and frilled shirt, would pace through his elegant establishment. At the close of his life Beauvilliers wrote *L'Art du Cuisinier* in two octavo volumes. Another favourite haunt was the Café Lemblin, a political hornets' nest, and the venue of the veterans of Waterloo and the Grande Armée. Here Brillat-Savarin frequently lunched in company with his faithful dog Sultan. Once a week he dined on turbot *à la broche* at the Rocher de Cancale, famous for its oysters, whither went Balzac, Victor Hugo, Dumas père and that other formidable gourmet Grimod de la Reynière, author of *L'Almanach des Gourmands*.

Grimod de la Reynière is generally regarded as the rival of Brillat-Savarin, but who can regard seriously a man whose waistcoats were embroidered with portraits of the stars of the Comédie-Française, a man who appointed as the president of his weekly literary dinners the first guest to swallow twenty-one cups of coffee, a man who in his old age dined with a pig seated at the other end of the table? After this, Brillat-Savarin is perfectly sane and sober and fully acceptable to Anglo-Saxon stolidity, for we must not think that the English are wholly incapable of rising ecstatically to the pleasures of the table. "My idea of heaven," said Sydney Smith, "is eating *pâtés de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets."

In 1789 Brillat-Savarin sat in the *Assemblée constituante* as a Deputy of the *Tiers Etat*, which before the Revolution was the Third Estate of the realm, the Commons who, in contradistinction to the other two Estates (the clergy and the nobility), had to sustain the main burden of taxation. The Revolution compelled him, as an unrepentant Royalist, to flee the country, first to Switzerland, where he became an addict of *fondue*, and then to America, where he is said to have introduced *fondue* into New England.

He returned to the France of the *Directoire* in 1796, where he showed himself to be a man of action. When he was on Marshal Augerau's staff with the occupying forces in Germany and the officers complained about the food, saying that they had neither fish nor game, he wrote to the Head Forester of the estate and politely demanded these things. The Forester was an old soldier who loathed the French, and he replied with excuses that owing to the stormy weather and the lack of keepers, who had run away, it was impossible to catch anything. Brillat-Savarin's reply was to quarter ten grenadiers on the Forester (the practice of billeting soldiers on individuals whom it was desired to punish was known as the *dragonnade* and had been extensively applied against the Huguenots). Two days later there arrived a waggon-load of venison, woodcock, pikes, carp and other tasty morsels. The grenadiers were withdrawn, and after that the Forester's solicitude was quite remarkable.

Brillat-Savarin then had another quarter of a century in which to feast and prepare his masterpiece. When he died the townspeople of Belley put up a large bronze statue of him looking from the Promenade towards the Alps. Some of his countrymen carried his gospel across the Channel. Alexis Soyer was not only *chef de cuisine* at the Reform Club but took sound field kitchens of his own design to the Crimean battlefield, and Escoffier not only gave us *Pêche Melba* but also introduced the genuine frying-pan into English life.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE RISE OF THE COMMISSAR

Krushchev. Edward Crankshaw. Collins. 42s.

In this excellent, though necessarily interim, biography, Mr. Crankshaw illuminates many important questions about Krushchev's career. What were the qualities, he asks, that took Krushchev to the top against all odds and despite his enormous handicaps of lack of formal education and fierce competition from shrewd and able Party rivals? Mr. Crankshaw reminds us that Krushchev did not merely survive the Stalinist period; he had an astonishingly successful career as a Party commissar using methods of ruthless discipline, violence, bullying and deception. Outside totalitarian dictatorships there is simply no counterpart to this organised political gangsterism, though men like Huey P. Long used similar methods on a more limited scale in America in the twenties. Joining the Bolsheviks immediately after the Revolution Krushchev set about climbing the new Party ladder to power. In turn, Assistant Mine Manager at Yuzovka, *Politrook* in the local technical school, a District Party Secretary in the Stalino Region, he had, by 1928, hitched his wagon to the Stalin star as the dictator methodically eliminated his opponents. As Mr. Crankshaw puts it:

"Now, ten years later, the men in the black leather jerkins have stolen the country from the revolutionary dreamers . . . ; everything, everybody, that stood in their way they would sweep aside with merciless single-mindedness."

Again the author brilliantly sketches the qualities which made Krushchev a successful careerist Commissar, but which can also be seen as inadequate for the problems which faced the leadership after Stalin's death.

"The talent for intrigue, for smelling out heresy, for paying out rope in the most calculated manner until his enemies stumbled and in a short, sharp twitch of the halter broke their necks, put him in the front rank of Party hatchet-men. He could have made an outstanding career as an industrial overlord, . . . or as a Party watch-dog."

These 'talents' made him invaluable to Stalin, as First Secretary of Moscow City Region, in organising the 'Sovietisation' of Eastern Poland, as a Politburo officer in the war, and after the war as Party boss in the Ukraine. It is very hard to accept Mr. Crankshaw's guess that Krushchev underwent a change of heart in the war, that he suddenly 'remembered what it was to be a human being—and a Russian'. The author admits there is no evidence for this, and after the war, when Stalin carried out his senseless mass deportations of Crimean Tartars, and Ingush-Chechens, it was Krushchev who organised the purge of the Ukraine.

Mr. Crankshaw's account is most convincing when he demonstrates his subject as the supreme opportunist, a party boss who could learn from his mistakes. Like Stalin feeling his way to power in the mid-twenties, Krushchev was well aware of the limitations imposed on his power by other branches of the controlling apparatus, the Army, the Secret Police, and by the changing power relationship of the Soviet Union with her Empire and the outside world. But he could never shake off his Stalinist training; it bedevilled his attempts to resolve the crises of his leadership. After the 'Secret' speech to the 20th Party Congress in 1956, in which, with the cunning of his old master he contrived to blacken the reputations of all contenders for power bar himself, he was faced with the critical challenge to Soviet domination from Gomulka and Imre Nagy. With a nerve that would have been appreciated by his old chief he decided that Poland was too dangerous a problem

to meet head on, so he negotiated a peaceful settlement; on the other hand he took advantage of the military weakness and isolation of the Hungarian rebels and crushed them with Stalinist efficiency. Faced repeatedly with China's challenges to Russia's ideological leadership, he resorted to a massive campaign of vituperation, propaganda, and punitive sanctions such as the withholding of technical aid. These measures exacerbated the conflict and imposed a new pattern of cold war, on the Stalinist model, on the Communist Camp.

As Mr. Crankshaw makes clear Krushchev never produced a coherent practicable plan for the Soviet economy, or foreign policy. His 'plans' were grandiose dreams such as the agro-cities plan, the Virgin Lands Programme, or his plan for consumer goods. Unable to stabilize economic planning with practicable targets, or to adapt the Party organisation to the fluctuating currents of policy, Krushchev gave the impression of living from crisis to crisis. It is true that certain measures that were taken towards fulfilment of a Krushchev 'big idea' have been of benefit to his successors; for example, the development of the chemical fertiliser industry has contributed to the improved harvest of 1966. The failures in economic organisation, the failure of the harvest in 1963, the failure to improve the supply of good quality consumer goods, were, as Crankshaw suggests, valuable ammunition for his rivals on the Praesidium who plotted Krushchev's removal while he was holidaying by the Black Sea.

It was too much to have expected the old Stalinist leopard to have lost all his spots, but at least he stopped devouring his opponents. Mr. Crankshaw's well-informed account substantiates the view that Krushchev's main achievement was the reduction of Stalinist violence and terror. Whether he took this course through expediency, reacting to internal pressures, or from humanity and remorse, it was this capacity 'not to shoot' that made a peaceful transition to Collective Leadership possible. Yevtushenko* remarks, in another context, that 'the train of justice is nearly always late'. Most observers would agree that it was appropriate that Krushchev was among the first to benefit from the policy of non-violent retirement; it must appeal to the Collective Leadership—one never knows when one's Comrades may be arranging the same thing for oneself.

PAUL WILKINSON

MOVEMENTS IN EUROPEAN THEOLOGY

Contemporary Continental Theologians. S. Paul Schilling. S.C.M. Press. 35s.

The title of this book is borne out by the contents. The author has selected eleven leading European theologians of today, sympathetically but critically expounded their points of view, has compared them and contrasted them. This is a work of patient scholarship and religious insight. Eight of the selected theologians are Protestants. The two Roman Catholic theologians chosen and the single Orthodox are treated with much sympathy but chiefly in respect of those points in their theology of especial interest to Protestants. It may be judged that Karl Rahner, the Roman Catholic, is intellectually, and Nikos Nissiotis, the Orthodox, is spiritually the most stimulating of these theologians.

There can be no doubt that the Christian Church at the present time is being served by teachers of very great ability and of deep insight. By comparison the current general half-belief or non-assent seems shallow. None the less, as I read this very valuable and illuminating compendium, I generally felt myself to be fluttering in a gilded cage. It is, I judge, a grave misfortune that the Comparative Study

* Commenting on the death of Beria in his "Precocious Autobiography", Penguin Edition 1965, page 101.

of Religions or Religion as a whole is currently regarded as a subsection of the Philosophy of Religion and is not taken as the necessary background for the special study of Christianity. These theologians, especially the Protestants, seem unequipped and even unwilling to see Christianity in the setting of the long, moving and sometimes terrible story of man's search for God or, if the reader prefers, of God's search for man. Such an approach does not qualify the unique elements in the Gospel nor the significance of the coming of Jesus Christ, but it puts them in their larger, human context.

All these theologies, and more definitely the Protestant, claim to rest upon the exposition of the Bible as the divine revelation. None of these thinkers repudiates the modern historico-critical approach to the Scriptures, but there seems an unbridged gulf between the hesitant findings of technical Biblical scholars and what "the Bible" is confidently said to teach by these dogmatic theologians. From the Bible, or at least from the New Testament, we learn almost all that we can know of the historic figure of Jesus Christ. There can, therefore, be no question of the centrality of these writings for the Christian Church. But the underlying assumption of these allegedly Biblical theologies is the non-Biblical doctrine of the canonicity of a certain group of writings. If the canon were regarded as an open question, or a question that might be raised, the Biblicism of many theologians would need revision.

This is a technical book written for those who have a technical or professional interest in theological questions. It is very important that theological students in Britain and America should be aware of the movements of European thought, often very different in interest from their own. For this purpose Dr. Schilling's book deserves the warmest recommendation.

NATHANIEL MICKLEM

THE GOLDEN AGE OF DUTCH ART

Dutch Art and Architecture 1600-1800. Rosenberg, Slive and Ter Kuile. Penguin Books (The Pelican History of Art). 105s.

Rembrandt and the Italian Renaissance. Sir Kenneth Clark. John Murray. 63s.

How are we to account for the immense flowering of Dutch art at the beginning of the seventeenth century? Evelyn, writing as a contemporary, noted the phenomenon in terms of the inordinate fondness of the inhabitants of the United Provinces for pictures and works of art in general. At about the same time, another Englishman, Edward Norgate, commented on their fondness for landscape, "an art so new in England, so lately come ashore, as all the language within our four seas cannot find it a name, but a borrowed one and that from a people that are no great lenders but upon good security, the Dutch". More recent commentators have attempted to rationalise the problem in terms of the historical evolution of Holland as a separate nation. Fromentin, who was a man of genius as well as a sensitive and perspicacious critic, spoke of Dutch painting as being "born on the morrow of the armistice, the eager and natural efflorescence of a people happy to be alive and anxious to recognise itself". R. H. Wilenski, writing in the late 1920s, a time when the European scene was already beginning to be overcast with stormclouds not dissimilar to those which threatened it in the sixteenth century, developed the theme in terms of a reaction against the splendours and cruelty of Spanish rule, a psychological revulsion from what he termed "pageants and pain". Bode, one of the most learned critics to have considered the subject, merely saw the development of a national school of painting in the northern Netherlands as one of those inexplicable pieces of good fortune which comes to a people at any given time when the existence of a number of men of genius ignites a stirring of the general consciousness.

There are elements of truth in each of these views. Any attempt, however, to view the development of Dutch painting as an isolated occurrence suffers from strict limitations. In the first place the difficulty of Dutch as a written or spoken language has meant that, at any rate in this country, we have tended to see the question out of its true proportions and to fail to realise that the existence of Rembrandt, Hals and Vermeer was matched by a contemporary development in literature with Cats and Vondel. Secondly, the tendency to regard the sixteenth century in Holland as an era of perpetual sunlight, general bourgeois felicity and domestic tolerance is just not corroborated by the facts. Throughout the whole of this period the country was racked by continual traumas of political and religious controversy, by social inequality, violence and the threat of foreign war. It was the eighteenth century, the so-called Confucian age of Dutch history, that was the era of internal security but comparative artistic decline. Thirdly, as Professor Geyl has pointed out in his three major books on the subject, the political division between the northern and southern provinces was a *de facto* rather than a cultural one so that it is wrong to consider Holland, then or now, as a unitary, Protestant, middle-class state. As Sir Kenneth points out, Rembrandt's own mother was a Catholic and he remained steeped not only in the old learning but in the principles of both renaissance and baroque art. Lastly, and perhaps most important, our knowledge and appreciation of Dutch art is a constantly changing and developing element. For a long time both Hals and Vermeer, who are now regarded as fundamental figures to the evolution of European painting (*vide* this year's Vermeer exhibition at the Mauritshuis) fell out of general favour. Hercules Seghers was so far forgotten that it was not until Bode was responsible, in 1871, for the correct attribution of his *Great Mountain View* at the Uffizi Gallery in Florence that his work was re-identified. Other artists such as Terbrugghen and Peter Sanredam have only really come to be appreciated again in our own time.

Both these books have valuable contributions to make to our knowledge of the subject. The former is a useful addition to the excellent Pelican History of Art series and consists of a scholarly, cogent and well-presented history of the period from three distinguished hands. A particularly useful feature is the account given of the part played in the development of Dutch painting by the reception into Holland of the influence of Caravaggio through Terbrugghen, Honthorst and the Utrecht mannerists. There is a refreshingly enthusiastic account of Jan Steen, an artist still better known and appreciated inside Holland than outside it. The authors wisely point out that the obscurity into which Dutch painting fell after the death of Rembrandt was by no means as total as has sometimes been suggested and the eighteenth century produced at least one artist of European standing in the person of Cornelius Troost. The only subject that is not, perhaps, fully covered is the Northern provinces' contribution to historical painting through the work of Nicholas van Calen and later Dutch baroque artists. Architecture and sculpture are dealt with by Professor Ter Kuile, who is the part author of the companion volume on the Belgian art and architecture of this period in the same series. It is a pity, however, that limitations in the terms of reference have meant that the book does not extend to Dutch silver or ceramics or to the work in brass of such artists as the Zwolle silversmith Arent van Bolten, which seem to me to be relevant to a full understanding of the era. All in all, however, this is an extremely attractive and comprehensive introduction to Dutch art.

Sir Kenneth Clark's immediate subject is a more limited one but has an important bearing on the problem as a whole. Too often in the past Rembrandt has been treated as an isolated and unaccountable phenomenon. Sir Kenneth makes the point that his development must be considered in terms of his evolution from the

mainsprings of European art, which in the seventeenth century meant first and foremost the inheritance of the Italian renaissance. The case is argued with a wealth of scholarship and in the immaculate prose which has become a hallmark of Sir Kenneth's work. First developed as a series of lectures at the Fine Art Institute of New York University in 1964 the book still bears some evidence of its original form. Although he disclaims being a specialist in Dutch art, Sir Kenneth is one of the major living authorities on Italian painting and he brings his knowledge of renaissance sources to a close study of Rembrandt's work and of the evidence contained in the *cessio bonorum* inventory of the artist's possessions made in 1665. One immensely important point, which is often overlooked, that he stresses is that Amsterdam in the mid-sixteenth century occupied a position as centre of the market in works of art comparable to that held by London today and that many important Italian paintings and sculptures in consequence found their way there at one time or another. This would account for Rembrandt's knowledge of the original work of various Italian masters, a fact which has often puzzled previous historians since, so far as is known, he never spent a *wanderjahre* in the south. Although Sir Kenneth's study covers only one aspect of Rembrandt's development it is a new and stimulating indication of the artist's immensely inquiring and receptive mind.

ERNLE MONEY

BATTLE

Vimy Ridge. Alexander McKee. Souvenir Press. Illustrated with maps and photographs. 35s.

A military historian might be pardoned for thinking that almost everything that could have been said about a particular battle on the Western Front during the First World War had been said, and then from the presses comes something valuable to enrich all that was said before.

Alexander McKee in his *Vimy Ridge*, by prodigious effort, has made such a contribution and we should be grateful to him. His interest in this particular battle, fought by the Canadian Division, was probably aroused while he was serving during the Second World War with the First Canadian Army. Much of his text is made up of first-hand accounts of the battle and before and after it, and he has gleaned them from no less than one hundred eye-witnesses whose names he gives, many of whom he, himself, interviewed. Thus we have here, on parade as it were, representatives of the Canadian male population of fifty years ago. He has held his Court of Inquiry and his book is the result of it.

The immediate reason for the third attack on the ridge in April, 1917, now known as the Battle of Arras, was to distract the enemy's attention from a very much heavier assault to be delivered by the French at Chemin des Dames. There was much scepticism in the French government about the offensive planned by General Nivelle, then the Commander-in-Chief of the French army, and because of their doubts he offered his resignation. He promised that not again would there be massive casualties such as had marked the battles of the Somme during the previous year; and his offer of resignation was not accepted.

General Allenby, commanding the Third (British) Army, directed the operation against the ridge. The task was a formidable one. Twice, earlier, the French had failed to secure it, but the Canadians accepted the challenge and it was won by them in three days of hard fighting beginning on Easter Monday morning, 1917. It does not detract from their achievement or gallantry in battle to say that there is reason to believe that the Germans were aware of the French intention to mount their offensive further south and that they had concentrated most of their reserves there to resist it. The fact is that the Canadians took the ridge upon which stands today one of the finest memorials erected in France to mark the fallen, a monument on

Hill 145, comprising two tall towers and at their base a brooding female figure, her head bowed, to symbolise the spirit of Canada mourning her dead.

Mr. McKee's book quietly, but not disturbingly, marks the sacrifice which brought the Canadians their victory; and those libraries and private collectors who treasure such works will wish to stand it on their shelves against an earlier and beautiful tribute to those who so steadfastly sustained their country's honour, *The Canadian Front in France and Flanders*.^{*} Fifty years after the event there is little point in questioning the wisdom or un-wisdom of making the sacrifice that this relatively small action entailed. The German comment, as Mr. McKee records, regarded their defeat in this battle as a major tactical reverse but not one that overmuch disturbed them. However, if the author be called upon to provide a second edition he might find it convenient to add somewhere a note to the effect that this successful action lent great encouragement to their British brothers manning the long line north of Vimy. Your reviewer, an infantry officer, holding with his company a small sector north of Arras, somewhat dispirited after the appalling losses which his regiment had sustained during the battles of the Somme, noted at the time that when the news of the Canadian success reached them, heads were held a little higher and they sensed that what the Canadians had done, they, too, could do, and that ultimate victory was more than a possibility; and quietly, each man in his own heart, vowed that no matter how long the ordeal should last, final victory would rest with them and their Allies.

E. G. GODFREY

A SECULAR THERESA

Theresa: The Story of the Yelverton Case. Duncan Crow. Hart-Davis, 42s.

Ostensibly, the action, *Thelwall v. Yelverton*, brought before the Court of Common Pleas in Dublin in February 1861, was simply a plaintiff's suit for repayment of board and lodging afforded to a Mrs. Yelverton. In fact, the real issue before the jury was whether or not the woman was, as she claimed to be, the legal wife of Major the Honourable William Charles Yelverton.

It was alleged that, nine years before, Maria Theresa Longworth, then aged nineteen, and Major Yelverton, then twenty-seven, had become acquainted on the Channel packet at Boulogne. A three-year correspondence, some of it couched in passionately explicit language, had ensued, and a second meeting was said to have taken place in Turkey, where Theresa had gone to tend the wounded from the Crimea as a lay Sister of Mercy. The Major happened to be passing through on his way to the front. Later in the campaign, he had, it was further alleged, attempted to seduce Sister Theresa aboard a man-of-war lying off Balaklava.

The real substance of the case, however, was the allegation that two marriage ceremonies had taken place. The first was in Edinburgh in 1857, when Yelverton read out the marriage service from a Protestant prayer-book, and he and Theresa made private vows. The second and more substantial claim was that the couple contracted a Roman Catholic marriage at Killowen in August 1857.

The defendant denied that Theresa was his wife. That style, he said, belonged properly to the former Mrs. Emily Marianne Forbes, a widow whom he had married at Trinity Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, in June 1858. Under cross-examination Yelverton explained that the Scottish ceremony was intended solely for the purpose of making Theresa his permanent "mistress in law". The Irish marriage was not to be so easily discounted. The priest who had performed the ceremony testified that Yelverton had told him that he was a Catholic. Yelverton denied it. The citadel

^{*} *The Canadian Front in France and Flanders.* Lady Sheldon-Williams, with paintings by Inglis Sheldon-Williams. Black, 1920.

of his defence was that he was, and had always been, a Protestant.

At a quarter past five on the tenth day of the trial the jury retired to consider their verdict. They returned sixty-five minutes later.

"How say you, gentlemen?" asked Chief Justice Monahan. "Was there a Scotch marriage?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And was there an Irish marriage?"

"Yes, my lord."

The matter did not, however, rest there.

First there was a bill of exceptions against the Chief Justice's charge to the jury. The four appeal court judges were equally divided regarding the Irish marriage, but upheld the Dublin jury's verdict on the Scottish marriage.

The next round was the trial before the Court of Session in Edinburgh. There the judgment of the Lord Ordinary went against Theresa.

The trial was then taken into the Inner House of the Court of Session, where the Pursuer presented a note 'reclaiming the interlocutor'. The case was re-argued before three judges. By a majority of two to one the Lord Ordinary's interlocutor was reclaimed.

The legal decisions now stood as follows: a jury and six judges in favour of the Scottish marriage; a jury and four judges in favour of the Irish marriage: two judges against the Scottish marriage; four judges against the Irish marriage.

Yelverton appealed to the House of Lords, and there the majority decision went against Theresa. But still she fought on . . . for four more years.

The end came on October 29th, 1868, with the failure of a last appeal to the Court of Session to set aside the final judgment of the House of Lords. The second Mrs. Yelverton was the Honourable Mrs. Yelverton *in rem*, but Theresa was the Honourable Mrs. Yelverton *in personam*.

Two years later Major Yelverton inherited the title of Viscount Avonmore. And in 1881, Theresa, now calling herself Thérèse Lady Avonmore, died, aged forty-eight, in South Africa.

She left ten pounds in cash, a tortoise-shell ring (given to her by the Shah of Persia), a bunch of cat's teeth (given to her by the King of Fiji) and, tragi-comically symbolic, a coronet of paste (given to her by . . . herself).

Out of this ill-starred love-story, this almost forgotten Victorian *cause célèbre*, Mr. Crow has made a meticulous and absorbing book.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Jack London and the Klondike (The Bodley Head. 35s.). This is a remarkable book by Professor Franklin Walker, who gives a detailed account of Jack London's trek to the Klondike in the gold rush, in 1897-98. While London found very little gold, his experience provided the basis of so much of his later novels and stories that Professor Walker can properly give his book the sub-title: "the genesis of an American writer". Moreover, London's part in

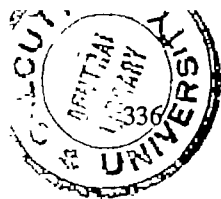
the rush is a dramatic story in its own right. There was the sea journey to Juneau, then along the Lynn Canal fjord to Dyea, the long, rugged mountain trail to Lake Lindemann on the Yukon, the three-week river trip to Split-Up Island, arriving on the 9th October, 1897, just before the freeze-up. Then there is the long Arctic winter in a wooden cabin and the visits to Dawson City. Eventually, London, disillusioned but with a wealth of experi-

ence, left Dawson on the 8th June, 1898, to float down nearly two thousand miles of the Yukon on a raft to its mouth, and disembarked at St. Michael, en route home to California. The story is reconstructed with great skill through travel diaries, the testimony of companions and quotations, from his novels and tales, which are barely disguised accounts of London's own experiences. This volume is not only biographical, but a companion volume to his tales of the Northland.

Mount Athos (Hutchinson. 63s. in U.K.). This superb volume derives from a visit paid to this historic promontory in the Aegean in 1964 by John Julius Norwich, Reresby Sitwell and A. Costa. For over a thousand years Mount Athos has been a retreat for monks and hermits; and it still enjoys a wide degree of autonomy under the Greek government. It is controlled by twenty ruling monasteries, seventeen of which are Greek, one Serbian and one Bulgarian; no women are permitted to enter this territory. There are no domestic animals, no modern roads and the Julian calendar is still observed. Lord Norwich gives an historical account of the Holy Mountain where the Virgin Mary is reputed to have passed her later years and he describes the lives of these monks and hermits, their outlook and beliefs. In the second half of the volume, Reresby Sitwell describes vividly from his diary the course of their tour, the nature of the countryside, the monastic establishments, great and small, which they visited, the hospitality received and the ancient ceremonial which constantly met them. All three contributed to the remarkable photographs, including thirty-two pages in full colour and nearly as many in black and white. Indeed, these illustrations bring dramatically to life this extraordinary and declining community still living in the Middle Ages and surrounded by Byzantine works of art.

The Scandinavians (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 45s.). This book is a description of contemporary Scandinavia by a very experienced American journalist, Donal Connery. He was first attracted to Denmark, Norway and Sweden on a visit in 1948, when he was deeply impressed by their democratic and progressive way of life, by the post-war reconstruction in Norway and Denmark, by the "better life" in Sweden but where "the war seemed to have left the Swedes conscience stricken". Since then, he has paid many visits and travelled many thousands of miles in Scandinavia and mixed with all sorts of people, with the keen eyes, acute hearing and detached judgment of the foreign press correspondent. "I am relying primarily on my own observations and a great many conversations. This is meant to be a reporter's account of the machinery of the Scandinavian civilization and its important moving parts." It is a vivid, frank and refreshing survey, appreciative but certainly not uncritical. After a general review of the region, he discusses Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland in turn, with a final postscript on Iceland, where "there is a more nearly absolute equality of income, education, and social status than anywhere else in the civilised world".

Churchill Roosevelt Stalin (Princeton University Press. London: Oxford University Press. \$3.45; 26s. 6d. in U.K.). Princeton Paperback No. 41 is a welcome reprint of this diplomatic history of World War II, written in one volume by Herbert Feis, and first published in 1957. It is an erudite work based upon research upon available sources. "In the telling of what I learned there is little invention and much care." In Britain particularly it is useful to have so easily available now an American approach to these historic events. No doubt in due course it will be valuable to have a revised edition of this work, rather than a mere reprint.



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four-and-twenty . . . Elders (Bishops) sitting . . . (and they) fell down . . . and cast their crowns (their
wisdom) before the Throne." Rev. xi. 19 : iv. 4, 10

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